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THE

REFLECTOR,

A

QUARTERLY MAGAZINE,

ON SUBJECTS OF PHILOSOPHY, POLITICS, AND THE LIBERAL ARTS.

CONDUCTED BY THE EDITOR OF THE EXAMINER.

Omnis cogitatio motusque animi, aut in consiliis capiendis de rebus honestis et pertinentibus ad bene beateque vivendum, aut in studiis scientiæ cognitionisque, versatur. CICERO.

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NOTICE.

The readers of the REFLECTOR *are informed, that the next Number will take up the three months that have been suffered to elapse during the publication, so as to make a half-yearly instead of a quarterly Retrospect, and enable the year to conclude with the second Volume, or four even Numbers, instead of dragging an odd one after it in consequence of the appearance of the first Number last Winter. With the commencement of* 1812, *the* REFLECTOR *(in justice to it's title) will put on more staid and quarterly habits; and it is trusted, that with the promises of fresh and valuable Correspondence with which the Proprietors have been gratified, their Magazine, like other wild beginners, will become better in every respect, as it acquires regularity.*

The present Number is short of its usual portion of matter; but this deficiency will be made up in the next Publication.

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THE

REFLECTOR.

No. III.

Art. I.—*On the present and future Character of the Prince Regent.*

It is customary to preface all remarks, that in any way tend to discompose the self-love of persons in authority, with declarations of good motive and of zealous attachment to the constitution; nor is it reckoned unnecessary to do so, even when the blame that may be thrown upon them is mixed with praise, for in such cases Attorney-Generals are ready at hand to interpret the praise into malignant cunning, and out of the very conscientiousness of the writer to extract depravity. Yet if such are the blindness and deafness of misrepresentation, what use can there be in preface or protestation of any kind? What use, in fact, has there been? *Evidently* none, or worse than none; for it is but a month or two back, that an Attorney-General expressly denounced all praises of the constitution, let them have been never so habitual or borne out by independence of opinion, as nothing but so many artifices laid up against a day of trial; and a Judge on the bench gave it as his opinion, at the same time, that the most ample proofs of an habitual dislike and exposure of Napoleon's offences were still less exculpatory, inasmuch as a libel upon the government of one's own country was not to be extenuated by a *libel* upon that of the enemy *. Without stopping to shew what an attempt is thus made to render the vices of all high situation unreachable, and what an insidious excuse is given to the partial admirers of Bonaparte for declining to say any thing against him, it will be our business, as it always has been in another publication, to care neither for the blame nor the praises of such persons, and still less for their suspicions. To write like Englishmen, and to endeavour that others may speak and act like Englishmen, is

* See the Trial of Mr. Drakard, Proprietor of the Stamford News, for an article against Military Flogging.

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our sole political object; and as no affected dislike of hearing England praised and it's enemy rebuked, can hide from us it's real design, which is only to put a more imposing silence upon truth in general, so having nothing to conceal on our own part, we have no language to use but what is both frank and fearless; and are as little inclined to degrade the truth by an apology, as others are to acknowledge it with or without one.

The impatience of hearing the truth, so betrayed of late by men in public situations, is naturally concluded to be in proportion to their soreness of conscience, whether as individuals or members of a body; for nothing can be more futile than the attempt to throw off the imputation of personal corruption by asserting that it is for the government in general that they feel and not for themselves. The denouncement of such and such a corruption may indeed not particularly apply to them or to their situation, but it annoys them by it's application to the general character of the system which they approve and of the friends with whom they act; and even were it not so, the voice of independence is of a nature to irritate every one who, from whatever cause, has not spirit enough to use it. Some it mortifies by contradicting their habitual way of thinking,—others by shewing the bad choice they have made even with regard to worldly happiness,—and all, by making them appear little in the eyes of those whose good opinion they cannot but respect. Thus, the worse part of them grow more obstinate, and of course more weak, in proportion as they are angered; while the better sort, stricken in the first instance with remorse at feeling how they might have talked and acted had they followed their better impulse, are gradually worked into the same gall and irritability in proportion as they find their habits too strong to be conquered, or their shame too humiliating to be acknowledged. How strange, that of the two feelings which uphold a slavish way of thinking, the selfishness should scarcely be greater than the pride! Yet nothing can be more true; and so tender is the self-love of the time-serving, that next to the loss of their interest with one whom they serve, they dread the loss of his good opinion, let him be never so disreputable himself:—they cannot bear to suppose, that after having imbibed their opinions and been spoiled by their flattery, he should learn to despise them; and every step therefore which is taken by others towards so desirable a consummation, is opposed by them with double zeal, and resented as an attack on all that is dear to their welfare, and reputable to their understanding.

Such is the secret of that resentment,—I do not say of that hostility,—but of that absolute and malicious *resentment*,—which the supporters of a bad system of things never fail to exhibit against a free spirit;—and such in particular are the feelings which

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which intercept the good advice given to Princes, and always pretend to regard it as something unnecessary and impertinent, if not revolutionary. The misfortune of Princes in this respect has been a common ground of lamentation ever since their existence; and our own times, awful as they have been in exemplifying the dangers of courtly folly, still furnish us with instances of an adulation, which, if not in so impious a taste as that of Charles the Second's time, is quite as ridiculous, and considering the understandings to which it is addressed, little less pernicious. The present Heir to the Crown, a good-natured prince, of no great strength of mind, has been fumed with this incense from his cradle; and if his dissipated habits formerly led him into situations, both private and public, in which he must have heard many an unpleasant truth,—such for instance as his quarrels on the turf and his repeated appearances before Parliament for money,—yet it is well known that truths, told in this way, have very little effect. The first business, on these occasions, of a mind that is not strong, is to find an excuse for itself, the second, a recrimination for it's accusers. In the example of the Prince's companions, both might have been close at hand; and as to his reproachers in Parliament, shared as it has long been by factions, he had only to say with a shrug "Ay, they are not of our side." Of about the same importance were the indecent and scurrilous pamphlets that have been so profuse against him. Nothing was so easy, or so natural, as to attribute them to wrong motives; and whatever truth they might utter in the midst of falshood or exaggeration, was despised for the mouth from which it came. Thus relieved and reassured, a new pursuit would quickly make him forget these little annoyances, which went rather to his nerves than his conscience; and the dose of flattery had only to be doubled in order to secure a continued intoxication. Accordingly in proportion as his Royal Highness displayed a carelessness of disposition, graced by an affable manner, and by political partialities certainly on the liberal side of things, he was exalted for every kind of generosity and princely virtue. Blessed by nature with a good person and a frank, engaging countenance, he could be no less than a perfect beauty;—affability of manner secured him the character of a perfect gentleman:—and neither ladies, nor wits, nor statesmen were wanting to assure him, that, taken altogether, he was a perfect prince. If the mutability of things has somewhat disturbed the prevalence of these opinions, they are still broached in public by a singular variety of persons, in spite of the numerous occurrences of his Royal Highness's life, which seem to have restricted his more scrupulous wellwishers to the temperate enjoyment of *hoping*. It was but a few months ago that two public prints, of

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a very opposite description, spoke of him in as passionate terms as ever broke forth from love-sick lady in romance, the Morning Post invoking blessings on the "*beauteous* Prince," and his "sacred head," and the Political Register assuring us that he was renowned for "all the amiable and manly virtues *." Did he appear in public? He struck all beholders with admiration. Did he bow to any of them? Never was such a bow witnessed. Did he stop in Bond Street to kiss the Princess his daughter? Never was such a pathetic sight,—never such paternal affection. It might be imagined, that praises so gross would have little effect upon a mind of the least delicacy; but habit had little fortified their object to resist gratification:—something high seasoned perhaps was absolutely necessary to render it palatable; and though one or two of the persons more immediately in the royal confidence might have taste and understanding enough to despise it, yet their habits had as little qualified them to be monitors as his to expect admonition. The person, for instance, who is understood to have enjoyed the Prince's confidence longer and closelier than any other, is Mr. Sheridan,—a man, whose name it is almost impossible to write without an exclamation of impatient regret. With what face could Mr. Sheridan have talked to his Prince of morals, of temperance, of self-command, of the dignity of public character! Or supposing that he could have entered upon topics so astounding, what effect could his words have, when the first comment he would make upon them would be to go and practice what they condemned? But nobody ever suspected him even of the doctrine. His first public action, when he revived comedy among us, was to exhibit his false ideas of fine character in the portrait of *Charles Surface;* and his whole life since has afforded a melancholy comment upon the hollowness and the danger of such sophisticated estimates of generosity.

But if the Prince has gone through the ordinary temptations and

* This panegyric on the part of Mr. Cobbett, had, it must be confessed, rather an air of awkwardness with it, not only on account of the strange novelty of it's style in a work that had so professed to set the great at nought, but because, just at that moment, the Prince was expected to assume the reins of government, and to indulge himself in certain gracious deeds towards such of his loving subjects as had no share in the general freedom. Our magnanimous Reformist, who of all Englishmen indeed is known to have the liveliest horror of restraint, seems to have regarded his Royal Highness as an all-accomplished Amadis coming to rescue his fainting virtue from imprisonment; and though circumstances disappointed him at that time, yet it is understood that he is not without his hopes from a similar quarter still, and this is the reason assigned for his late profound silence on the subject of the Duke of York's reappointment, the gallant Duke appearing to him no doubt as a sort of Don Galaor, who would do nearly as much good on such occasions as his brother Amadis.

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and misguidings of an heir to dominion, he has also had all the opportunities that can in any way counteract the ill fate of men in his situation, and feed in them a continual desire to make up for their public errors. The situation itself is indeed of a nature to inspire a counter feeling to the very follies which it is of a nature to indulge; and perhaps the ill chances of royalty have been in general too much lamented, when we consider how little is expected from it, and with what enthusiasm that little is received. No mistake is greater, or indeed more philosophically gross with regard to a knowledge of human nature, than to attribute to the middle and lower orders of a people what is called a naturally democratic spirit. The predominant spirit, all over the world, in every class of society, is a love of comfort; and what with this natural desire to be happy, the ties of domestic life, the daily routine of society, and the common prejudices of education and habit, which inculcate a respect for rank, it may be safely asserted not only that a democratic spirit, taken in the full extent of the epithet as now used, is not natural to a people in the present condition of society, but that whenever it does appear, it arises entirely from the faults, and the gross faults too, of the court or government. In fact, the least sense, the least virtue, the least decorum, is magnified fifty fold, in all that is said and done by princes; and if we are to allow them many excuses on account of the adulation with which servility assails them, we are to hold them inexcuseable if they once become insensible to that delicate and cordial flattery which is paid them by the natural affection of their people. Of this, the Prince of Wales has had long and affecting proofs,—affecting by their indulgent and almost unconquerable pertinacity. Never perhaps did parent more fondly cling to his hopes of a careless child than the people of this country have done to his character. They have watched it without ceasing; they have seen it guilty of follies and imprudencies without ceasing; and without ceasing they have pardoned it and awaited its amendment. He goes from mistress to mistress, and from lavishment to lavishment:—very well, he is young, and is exposed to great temptations. He comes to Parliament for money to pay his debts:—very well, he is young, and generosity is better than avarice. He comes a second time:—very well; he is still young; at least he is not old, and this will be the last application. He comes a third time, after promising too to come no more:—this is somewhat staggering, but no matter; if he is not young, he has still time enough to reform, and there is no doubt he will do so:—habit too is to be considered, and particularly the awkwardness of his situation in being a prince without power and without interest. He marries; and without seeking unwarrantably into the cause of the marriage,

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every body is transported with the Happy Union:—it is proclaimed in all possible ways; court and city revel upon it; lamps, ribbands, and garters burn with it in gold; the good old people, almost with tears in their eyes, drink it in a glass extraordinary; and the rising generation munch it contemplatively in gingerbread. What is the event? The married couple separate in a short time, and never unite again:—but then princes are much to be pitied on these occasions; they can scarcely be said to have a will of their own, much less affections; and in a word, he who had been so indulged and excused surely could not find it in his heart to trespass any further on the public attachment. Something like a shew of reformation did certainly take place, for though the Prince did not get rid of his debts, though he did not take back his wife or put away his mistress, yet he became comparatively regular and retired, and several years stole over his Brighton enjoyments with so much unexpected serenity, that the nation had almost begun to conclude him purified from all relish of what was frivolous, when an unlucky birth-day occurred, favourable for the display of shew, and his Royal Highness appeared at his parade, tricked out like an actor of spectacle, and followed by his barouche containing my Lord Erskine and *Colonel Hanger!* At this vision, I believe, a general groan went round the nation; but no new follies ensued; and hope, elastic, ever during hope, sprang up again. From that time to his Royal Highness's entrance upon the office of Regent, nearly three years elapsed, during which he was more retired than ever; and the public hailed his reappearance, under circumstances so interesting, with a cordiality forgetful of past errors, and a warmth of expectation that could have no other cause but their own ardent good temper. It is true, there must have been a number of persons who did not participate in this warmth, whatever they might do in it's good wishes; but certainly the general feeling was otherwise; and nothing that his Royal Highness has done as the Prince, or may yet do as the Regent, will hinder it from accompanying him to the throne. How he may conduct himself in that situation, may perhaps be conjectured from his late behaviour; but of this presently. So winning is a generous temper under any aspect, and so readily are it's most specious substitutes allowed to stand in the place of virtue, that as long as the Prince shall display an air of it, undisproved by direct oppression or by a series of measures absolutely contemptible, so long will he enjoy the credit of ultimate good conduct,—so long will the idea of him be pleasing to the hopes and anticipations of the people. The good and inexperienced will be particularly warm to the last moment,—granting that such a moment is to arrive.

What

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What tho' no credit doubting wits may give,
The fair and innocent shall still believe.

What is highly curious is, that with great numbers of people, excuse *of youth* will act almost imperceptibly in his behalf, and has done so, in fact, to a very singular period. Even the Duke of York, on a late occasion, was not forsaken by this remarkable plea at the age of seven and forty; and the Prince, who has been constantly before the public under the aspect of youthful error,—an aspect withal so courteous and gallant,—bids fair to be young for ever in the general mind, or at least till he takes a more staid and paternal title than his present one.

In the mean time however, allowing all that is here said of him to be correct, is this *all* that can be said of the opportunities and the lessons which have been afforded him for reformation? Are the affection and long indulgence of the nation all that can be brought forward as sufficient motives for him to become an excellent king? If so, many persons will still argue, that such lessons and motives are, in point of fact and experience, not sufficient for such a purpose; that it is too much to demand wisdom of a prince who has been so treated;—and that the foolish indulgence of the nation, if foolish, may reasonably return in punishment on it's own head. Without stopping to answer how destitute of common gratitude and sense this reasoning must suppose the Prince, it may be replied at once, that these lessons and motives are by no means the only ones that have been afforded him for serious thinking, either in his own country or abroad;—and even setting aside what he cannot but have observed at home,—setting aside the disrepute and the danger into which a wealthy knot of courtiers, outgrowing the protection so fatally given them, have brought the government and constitution,—setting aside all that he has heard and witnessed from his childhood respecting obstinate wars, encreasing debts, diminished credit and resources, irresponsible ministers, and degraded royalty,—enough has happened on the Continent alone to reach with alarming echoes into his privacy, and turn his most thoughtless moments to reflection. There is not a folly or a vice, that he has seen practised at home, but he has also seen punished abroad, and in the most awful manner. Of all the continental thrones, two only have remained entire in the space of twenty years; and however extravagantly at first, and inconsistently afterwards, their destroyers may have acted, the most bigotted politician among us will not venture to deny that their overthrow was originally owing to themselves. In the fall of the French throne was punished the long debauchery of a court, which lust of war had made odious and lust of pleasure unfeeling;—in that of the Neapolitan throne, a similar debauchery, rendered despica ● by ignorance; in that of the Spanish, a de-

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bauchery equally despicable and more hideous from it's gravity; in that of the Portuguese, the enfeebling stupidity of bigotry: and in that of Sweden, the insane obstinacy that shuts it's eyes to reform. Other thrones, not absolutely swept away, have been shaken to their foundations, or retain little but a name:—the petty princes of Italy have joined the fate of their former subjects and become mere slaves:—the House of Austria, reduced from Empire to vassalage, suffers for her insolent pretensions and shuffling policy:—and to the Prussian kinglet, who awaits in silence the final sentence of his conqueror, not a shadow, not a pretence remains of that artificial power which was created by the military talent and kidnapping principles of Frederick the Second, falsely called the Great. Never had the heir of a crown greater reason to congratulate himself on his security, and to avail himself heartily of his situation, than the Prince of Wales, surrounded as he has been, amidst all these tumults and awful warnings, with the English seas and with English affection, and enabled to survey at his leisure the terrible convulsions that at every fresh explosion swallowed up a throne. He had men about him too, discerning enough to see the real cause of the weakness of these thrones, and frank enough to point it out to him, as far as *politics* were concerned. He saw that corruption first rendered them weak, and that want of national attachment left them defenceless; and though his friends might not have chosen to be very sincere with him on the public effects of private vices in a court, yet his self-love could hardly have kept him so blind as to hinder him from seeing how invariably those vices became the aggravators of the offence, and the embitterers of it's punishment.

True, say his friends; he has discerned all this, and he has profited by it:—only wait till he ascend the throne, and you will have every proof of his experience and his patriotism.——God grant it may be so! But in the mean time, in order that he may have the chance of hearing the truth, if he has nobody to tell it him,—or at least, that every honest Englishman may not be visited with the remorse of having omitted to speak the truth when it was necessary, let us see what he does since he has enjoyed a portion of authority, and what prospect it affords us of an improvement in our affairs. If a plain statement on this head will be of little or no service, the bare possibility that it may catch a particular eye and excite one single particular feeling, is sufficient to warrant it; and at all events, it is a duty which we owe to our national pride. One thing is clear;—that if speaking can do little, silence can do less. No good whatever, either to our welfare or reputation, can possibly arise from that affected respectfulness of credulity, with which the courtiers treat every thing royal as something sacred and not to be canvassed, and in which

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which they would willingly be copied by the whole nation. We may agree, if we please, that the Prince will surely make an excellent monarch: we may agree to be silent on all subjects affecting the feelings of men in power, and to take every thing which they do for granted as the best which can be done; but the instant we act in this manner, we become pandars to the lust of arbitrary power; and no eventual service is rendered either to ourselves or our betrayers; for in the first instance, we shall become a despicable people; and in the second, the day of retribution will only come heavier upon those who have bestridden and galled us in our dumbness.

The public actions of the Prince of Wales, since his acceptance of the Regency, have been of various importance, some of them observable in an historical point of view, others of a more familiar nature and more illustrative of private character, but on that account, perhaps, the most important to our present purpose. They may be summed up under four heads; which shall be viewed in the order of their actual occurrence.

1. His Royal Highness's first proceeding was *the Retention of Ministers in Office.* This has been already canvassed in the present work, and in most others that take any particular notice of politics; and the supposition upon which the general opinion agrees to account for it, is that his Royal Highness entertained confident expectations of the King's recovery, and thought it useless to make any political change that promised to be momentary. This certainly appears the most reasonable explanation of the matter; and if he really did entertain such expectations, it is clear that he could not have acted otherwise. The very general persuasion however, among observant persons, that there was no likelihood of his Majesty's resumption of the regal powers,---a persuasion, which notwithstanding the direct and repeated contradiction of the physicians, every day has helped to confirm,---gave rise to a multitude of surmises respecting the origin of the counter-persuasion in the mind of his Royal Highness, whom they were inclined, unwarrantably enough perhaps, to regard with something like wonder on account of his opposite conclusions on that subject. They proceeded therefore, somewhat hastily, to imagine that his conviction must have submitted to some influence on the part of others, or in plain words, must have yielded too implicitly to the views of those who were interested in his forming such a conclusion; and upon this supposition, they already began to consider him as manifesting a weakness of mind, that augured little for his future judgment.

2. While they were half regarding and half turning away from this bad prospect, and hoping themselves deceived in it, suddenly came *that noble Reply to the Minister*, which electrified the national feelings

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feelings with delight, and struck a kind of willing intoxication into the minds of the most desponding. "I never *can* nor *will* consent"—these were given as his words—"to bestow any place or appointment meant to be an asylum or reward for the toils and services of our gallant Soldiers and Seamen, *on any account of parliamentary connexion, or in return for parliamentary votes. This is my fixed determination; and I trust I shall never again be solicited in the same way.*"—There, said they, is a speech worthy of an English prince:—at last we hear the voice of patriotism issuing from it's noblest sanctuary;—the measure, which of all others is calculated to save the country, is announced as the object of him who can best promote it; and parliamentary corruption,—corrupt interest of every kind,— is discovered and denounced by our future monarch!—Adieu, added the sanguine, to the hopes of the courtiers and their creatures;—adieu to the calculations of one imbecility upon another;—adieu to the vile expectations of those who trusted to work upon the Prince's good-nature, and to beguile him into measures that should at once gratify their own pride and fix on him the greatest share of the opprobium.

3. Thus were the wellwishers of the Prince enjoying themselves and paying his Royal Highness all sorts of prophetic compliments, when rumours of a lamentable contrast arrest their attention, and lo, the *Duke of York is restored to the office of Commander-in-Chief.* It is needless to enter into a question that has been argued in every possible way, and that has long been settled in the minds of all such as regard the evidence of things before connexion of any kind. Suffice it to say, that there are a great number of the "gallant Soldiers" mentioned in the Prince's speech above-quoted, to whom this situation would have been a very fit and a very well-earned "reward" for their "toils and services;" and that, whatever else may be said in favour of the Duke of York, he was the very last person whom the country expected or wished to be re-honoured with such an appointment. At this portentous occurrence, the ardent sunk back again into despondency, while the doubtful were reassured of their suspicions respecting the influence of certain connexions over his Royal Highness, and the judges of human nature made up their minds to moralize in future upon the force of habit and the non-exemption of princely intellects from weakness. With such indeed as think upon these subjects, the general impression seems to have been, that if the political habits of his Royal Highness were of a nature to choose the liberal and constitutional side of things, the habits of his nerves and his understanding, if the phrase is allowable, would allow him the choice only when those whom he liked recommended it, or those whom he disliked opposed it; in short, that

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that private influence would always be dangerous to his public virtue.

4. This perhaps is still the general opinion of thinking persons, and has been strengthened rather than otherwise by a number of little circumstances that have since taken place, not conclusive perhaps of the main point, but too indicative, they think, of a mind far from enlarged. Among these it will be sufficient to notice the *Reviews at Wimbledon* and the *Fete at Carlton House.* That a Regent, in these times, should inspect the condition and capability of the soldiery, is, of course, a particular as well as necessary part of his duty; but there is no proceeding whatever which does not acquire a colour, and help to explain a character, from circumstances. The late reviews were put off from time to time to suit the Prince's convenience, and it is notorious that during the delay our army in Portugal was in distress for horse soldiers. What then was the reason that induced his Royal Highness to wait, in this manner, for particular times and seasons, and to render the necessity subservient to his convenience? Apparently nothing but a love of shew: the day was to be fine, the troops to put on their finest aspect, the chieftains to blaze out before the ladies in their most gallant embroidery. For some days before and after the spectacle, nothing was talked of by trooper or by tailor but the promotions that were to be made in hats and coats, the feathers that were to cover the beavers of generals, and the single or double stripes of embroidery which the several regimentals were to acquire by regular advance upon their superiors. But all this was nothing to a piece of magnificence that was to take place at the approaching Fete—that is to say, a coat which his Royal Highness was to wear, and which had been in preparation for some time. Of this I happened to have a particular description from a worthy person, who supplies me with what the poet calls our "troublesome disguises," and who from studying the external wants of mankind, has acquired no contemptible insight into their internal. I would have given the reader our conversation on the subject, had not such accounts been somewhat below the dignity of even the present subject. Suffice it to say, that scarce a finger's breadth of the cloth ground was to be seen in the whole circumference, it was so covered with gold embroidery. One touch however must not be omitted. My historian, in the course of his description, took up a chair by the back, and after gravely weighing it in his fingers to my no small admiration, concluded thus:—"Sir, I would not take my oath that it is not as heavy as this chair."—The coat made it's appearance accordingly, and every body agreed that it was in excellent harmony with the other splendours of the Fete. As to the Fete itself, or Festival rather (for we are continually borrowing French terms

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terms without any necessity, and with little suspicion of the dangerousness of the custom) there needs no description of what every body has heard or seen, particularly as the thing itself, like many others that begin in merriment, has ended in melancholy. I shall therefore pass by the flowery walks, the well-chalked saloons, and that far famed stream which, glittering with gold-fish and bedded with "*weeds congenial to the soil,*" ran down the Prince's table through banks of moss and bridges of pasteboard. Neither shall I stop to examine the Golden Asses, which, with a mysterious meaning more delicate than their brother of Apuleius, stood on each side of the lord of the feast, and with their Attic panniers discharged the office of saltsellers. Still less shall I pretend to enter into the merits of those "one hundred and fifty *particular friends*" of the host, for whom seats were provided along the stream above-mentioned; and in fine, I shall absolutely deny myself the temptation of applying to the banks of that illustrious rivulet the well-known complaint of the shepherd, and of relating how

> Despairing beside a clear stream,
> The bust of a cod-fish was laid,
> And while a false taste was his theme,
> A drainer supported his head.
> The looks that flew over the table
> To his eyes with like gaze did reply;
> And the river, as far as 'twas able,
> Ran mournfully murmuring by.
> &c. &c. &c. *

All that is necessary on this occasion is to recollect what sort of a taste was exhibited at the entertainment, at what sort of season, and to what sort of visitors; and every body will judge of it for himself. The general compliment paid to it by it's admirers was that it reminded them of the splendours of the old court of the *Bourbons;* or as the newspapers called it, with that affectation of using scraps of French which forms so ridiculous a contrast to their Antigallican fury, *la vielle cour de Versailles.* What a world of reflection is opened in this single panegyric! In an English palace twenty-eight years ago, the Prince entertained at his table the well-known Duke of Orleans, who was then the most profligate personage of that profligate court; and now he entertains in the same way, the melancholy remains of the Duke's family, most of whom have been cut off with himself, their splendour extinguished, their court no more, themselves wanderers and beggars!

Well,

* See *Colin's Complaint* by Rowe, which would have furnished the poetical wags of the Morning Chronicle a good original for a parody on the present subject, had the Fete been at Wellesley or Liverpool House, instead of Carlton.

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Well, well,—it is repeated;—wait till the Prince ascend the throne, and then see what he will do for the nation:—Edward the Third was fond of shew, but he quelled the power of France:—Henry the Fifth, when Prince of Wales, was fond of pleasure, but he made a vigorous king, and quelled the same power likewise.——Well, nothing can be more proper certainly than to wait, and we will remember the characters thus quoted without enquiring minutely into the spirit of Edward's love of shew, or the age of Henry when Prince of Wales, or the peculiar intellect of either. Nobody, I believe, doubts the good temper or disposition of the Prince Regent; and if ever there was an age that with the help of such a disposition could create artificial wisdom, in spite of a natural and habitual want of it, that age is the present. Nobody willingly foregoes hope, while there is the smallest prospect of it, even though all the microscopic glasses of fancy, are necessary to catch the glimpse, in default of the ordinary powers of vision. It is very possible that a mind, which is facile to light impressions, should yield to right suggestions as well as to wrong ones; but who shall be the right suggester? Who shall tell the Prince, plainly and at once, that he is wrong to give way to frivolous partialities and tastes, unseasonable to the times, and inconsistent with English character? Who shall tell him, that it is our vital object, and therefore his vital object, not to outshine the French in what is superficial, but to maintain our superiority over them in what is solid? Who shall tell him, in short, that the long struggle between this country and it's antagonist, however it may have once been an affair of politics and of common wars, is at length neither more nor less than a struggle of moral character, a mighty warfare of mind, depending on the election of the combatants between vain glory and true, between narrow policy and enlarged, between the love of shew and the love of substance? The French are fast returning to their frivolous character: let us leave it to them, and they *become insignificant*: let us imitate it, and they *remain formidable*. This is what the Prince ought to be told, and what he ought to feel; but if he shall have neither adviser to tell, nor knowledge to feel it, and if to the corruptions of the government are to be added the corruptions of manners and moral taste, then it is clear that the sound qualities of the English character are finally about to loosen and to rot, and that English independence will ere long be ripe for the gathering.

☞

Ant.

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Art. II.—*Reflections on the late Attempt to alter the Act of Toleration.*

There is probably at this time no body of clergy in Europe so comfortably situated, or so well secured in their privileges and emoluments, as those of the Church of England. With much of the dignity, and most of the revenues, of their Romish predecessors, liberated from the most burdensome duties and restrictions under which *they* laboured, and relieved by custom from the austerity of manners required from some of the Protestant clergy, they are bound to little more than the morals of decent life, and the not very toilsome offices of parochial duty. With respect to income, the rectors have obtained their full share of the advance in landed property, and the benefits arising from improved cultivation; so that numbers of them, without being dignitaries of the church, are well able to maintain a rank among the rural gentry, and the superior class of inhabitants of towns.

It is always a matter of etiquette, when the English clergy are mentioned as a body, to speak of them as exemplary for learning, morals, and all the virtues appropriate to their order; perhaps, however, one who founds his opinion upon his own observation of individuals, will find reason to abate something of this panegyric. If not many of them offend against the decencies of the clerical character, yet luxurious indulgence, indolence, and carelessness about the professed objects of their function, are characteristic of a considerable proportion, who seem desirous rather of being regarded as gentlemen wearing black coats, than as persons sustaining an office of peculiar sanctity. Nor is this at all to be wondered at, when the manners and sentiments imbibed at their seminaries of education are considered, together with the selection of persons to occupy the best livings, who are commonly younger sons of good families, habituated to the unrestrained mode of life usual in the superior classes. "The revenues of the church," said a sagacious prelate, "are the actual property of the possessors, but they are the reversionary property of all the great houses in the kingdom." This disposition of things affords a powerful support to the church, and perpetuates a clergy well adapted to fill a place in easy and elegant society; but such as in the same degree are set at a distance from the middling and lower ranks, for whose converse they are unfitted, and whose esteem they are apt to slight. In return, they are liable to lose the respect of the people. For it is not here, as in countries where implicit reverence is paid to a clerical habit, without reference to the qualities of the wearer: the variety of sects and opinions causes every thing connected with religion

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ligion to be strictly scrutinized even by the vulgar; and a man cannot, by the notice and deference of the high, secure to himself the veneration of the low.

This estrangement between the regular pastors and their flocks has been a principal cause of the extraordinary success of that body of religionists, who, originating in the bosom of the church, and at first professing adherence to her doctrine and discipline, have at length in great measure become separatists, and have in many places almost monopolized the religious affections of the inferior classes. The Methodists now compose a sect of great public importance from their numbers, zeal, and organization; and being closely allied in manners and doctrine with some of the most popular of the old dissenting sects, they are able to unite the mass of nonconformity into one active and zealous community. The rapid increase of this body has for many years been an object of alarm to the established clergy, who, with all the security they derive from the laws and constitution, or from the private interests of the aristocracy, could not but feel with uneasiness that they were in danger of losing their hold on the attachment of the people at large. This alarm has been aggravated by the wonderful mutations which the last twenty years have exhibited, and by which the most firmly-built and magnificent structure of ecclesiastical power that ever existed has been nearly subverted—affording an awful proof, that it is not external splendour and prosperity that can secure a fabric of authority not based in the hearts of those subjected to its dominion. From these causes, it has been evident, for some time past, that the high-church clergy have borne an unfriendly aspect to that unlimited toleration which the laws of the country, administered by the spirit of the age, have introduced in practice; and nothing, probably, but the unwillingness of men in high political stations to infringe the maxim, "that things quiet should not be set in motion," together, perhaps, with a certain influence of Methodism upon themselves, could have prevented some earlier attempts to restrict the progress of sectarian proselytism. To declaim against this propensity to intolerance would be idle: it has accompanied, and ever must, all establishments of every kind which confer exclusive advantages on their members, who can never view without sentiments of jealousy and dislike any competition that seems to endanger their prerogatives. It is the business of an enlightened government to keep within due bounds this natural disposition, and to secure the benefits arising from such establishments, without permitting their selfish policy to interfere with general rights.

It has been the boast of this reign, that, during its course, toleration has not only been preserved inviolate, but has even been extended; nor have any ministers of the crown shown a disposition

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tion to innovate (at least on the illiberal side) in a matter so liable to exasperate public feelings. When, therefore, a Nobleman, who had once been at the head of his Majesty's Councils, declared his intention of introducing a Bill into Parliament to make alterations in the Act of Toleration, much curiosity, and some anxiety, were excited as to the purpose and event. His reputation, indeed, for political sagacity was not very high; for he had been the author of an indecisive peace, and had been bullied into a renewal of war, which he was incapable of conducting: neither was he supposed to carry with him any considerable party: but he was generally regarded as a man of moderate principles and honest intentions. The Bill, when it appeared, was introduced with that species of cant which expresses the greatest affection for the thing, that is the object of attack—such as we see exemplified in the profound regard for the liberty of the press which the Attorney-General professes on opening an *ex-officio* prosecution for a libel.

On examining its tenor, we perceive two objects conjoined, which it will be proper to consider separately, as, in reality, they are quite distinct in their nature. The first of these is, the abuse of the immunities granted by the Act of Toleration to Dissenting Ministers, in consequence of the assumption of that character by persons who have no rightful claim to it. Now, it is undeniable, that when the State grants favours or privileges, it has a right to prescribe the conditions on which they are to be enjoyed; and that no natural right exists in any citizens, of immunity from public offices, which they can exercise compatibly with the profession which the laws have permitted them to adopt. With respect to the ecclesiastical profession, the use of arms is, according to general feeling, inconsistent with the decorum it enjoins; for though divines have been little scrupulous of blowing the trumpet of war when the cause was consecrated by their passions or interests, they have seldom thought it becoming their office, as ministers of a gospel of peace, to appear armed in the field. Not only, therefore, the established clergy, but such teachers of sects as the State has been willing to recognize, have always been excused from military duties; but as every exemption is an augmentation of the burden to the community at large, it is an act of justice in the Government to take care that they should not be obtained surreptitiously; which would certainly be the case, if merely getting up into a pulpit should excuse one who had no other pretensions to the clerical character. The immunities from civil offices usually granted to the clergy also partly result from notions of decorum; and in general it may be argued, that persons devoted to theological studies ought to be freed from the pressure of secular cares and duties. It may, however, be remarked, that the clergy themselves have shown no aversion to undertaking such offices when

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when attended with power and dignity. Bishops have been willing to add to their pastoral avocations the onerous service of lords of Parliament; and the laborious charge of a justice of the peace is voluntarily incurred by many of our country rectors.

The case of immunities fraudently claimed under the provisions of the Toleration Act, formed a plausible topic of declamation for the Noble Mover of the Bill, and gave an apparently reasonable ground for some additional identification of the persons assuming the ministerial character among the Dissenters. It appeared, however, from his own confession, that for some years past the most important of them (exemption from the militia ballot) had been refused to itinerant preachers who belonged to no particular congregation. Had, indeed, the correction of this abuse been the principal object of the Bill, it would not have been difficult to fix upon some definition which should mark out all those for whom such exemptions could in reason be claimed; and I conceive that if none were thus indulged but persons *bona fide* set apart for the pastoral office, without participating in a secular calling, there could be no just ground of complaint. But the evils resulting from the abuses in question were much too trifling to have been the true motive for framing the proposed Bill, which, in its provisions, afforded evident demonstration that the second was the preponderating purpose, namely, an abridgment of the liberty of preaching, and eventually, an extinction of those rivals to the established clergy, who, notwithstanding their ignorance and vulgarity, were found by experience to be the most formidable on account of their influence over the people. This, and this only, could have been the cause of the exhortations to proceed vigorously in the business, given to the Noble Mover in the piles of letters which he is said to have received on the occasion from clergymen of the establishment; for, with the defalcation of names from a militia ballot, or a list of persons liable to parish offices, they could have no concern. Now it is here that the proposed innovations directly militate against the fundamental principle of toleration, which is, *that no man shall be restrained from publicly delivering his sentiments upon religious topics.* In the exercise of this right, no other limitations can be admitted but such as the general sense of decency and morality prescribe; for if once the qualifications of the individual who undertakes the office of a teacher is made a subject of magisterial enquiry, an inlet is opened to interpositions of authority totally incompatible with that freedom which the Act of Toleration was meant to secure. Where no favour is asked from Government except protection in the performance of a lawful action, why should it impose restrictions? If dissenting from the established religion be permitted as the exertion of a natural right, no good reason can be assigned why power

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should interfere in the appointment of persons to fill the pulpits of Dissenters. Of what concern is it to the Government, that a mechanic should hold forth to other mechanics?—that a coal-heaver or chimney-sweeper should wash his face on Sundays, and be listened to, by a gaping crowd, with the deference paid to any other gentleman in black? The fact is, that such men speaking to the people in their own language, and with the vehemence of downright earnest, and mixing edifying texts of Scripture with, perhaps, rant and jargon, produce effects upon their audiences which would in vain be expected from logical argument and polished eloquence; and if the regular clergy, established and dissenting, calculate their addresses exclusively for the genteeler part of their congregations, it is but reasonable that others should be found for the service of the vulgar part.

The noble author of the Bill, in his introductory speech, expressed himself as greatly shocked with some instances of notorious immorality in these self-appointed teachers; and in his provisions care was taken to require due attestations of the morals of all candidates for the non-conformist ministry. His Lordship might have spared himself this trouble. Separatists are in general sufficiently attentive to the characters of those whom they choose for their pastors, well aware that they possess no means of rendering those respectable in the eyes of the world, by titles and dignities, who are not so by their conduct. Divided into a variety of sects, each turning a watchful and often a malignant eye upon its neighbour, and sensible that much of their credit must depend upon the estimation in which their ministers are held, they are more apt to be over severe than careless in scrutinizing into their morals. Humble in rank and station as many of their congregations are, they have at least as much delicacy as their superiors in points of morality; and it would be more difficult for a known profligate to obtain one of their pulpits, than to get a presentation to a good living.

The leading purpose of the regulations in the proposed Bill was manifestly to throw obstacles in the way of admitting preachers to a license, by requiring a multiplicity of testimonials and recommendations which, in many cases, it would be very difficult to procure. These were to be subscribed by persons designated by the equivocal appellations of *respectable* or *reputable* householders, which (such is the moral laxity with which terms are applied) might be construed as synonymous with wealthy, or of the superior classes. And as the validity of these testimonials was, of course, to be judged of by the justices at the quarter sessions, of whom, in many counties, a large proportion now consists of clergymen, the decision would be thrown into the hands of the very persons most interested in reducing the number of such

preachers.

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preachers. That this stroke of policy should have obtained the concurrence of the high clergy is not to be wondered at; any more than that it should be encountered by a more resolute and unanimous opposition from Dissenters of all descriptions than was ever before known on any public question: both parties voted conformably to their principles:—but it certainly *was* wonderful that the framer himself should be so blind to the tendency of his own Bill, as to have been perfectly astonished at the violent alarm excited by it, and at the desertion of those from whom he expected support. Either an extraordinary want of penetration in himself, or the partial representations of the few whom he consulted on the subject, must have led him into this mistake. A king may enjoy the prerogative of never hearing an unwelcome truth in the course of his life. A man of rank may so far emulate royalty as never to hear one in his own house, or from his dependents and correspondents: but when he produces his plans or notions upon the stage of an open assembly, his self-delusion is at an end, and he is sure to be taught the extent of his ignorance or misapprehension. His Lordship cannot now be uninformed of the principles of toleration, as they are understood by the persons most interested in maintaining them, and who regard them as the only security they possess against a domineering spirit always ready to usurp upon their rights. To enlighten him singly would, however, be a small point gained; but the clergy themselves may have learned, that it is dangerous to tamper with a system which is now interwoven into our constitution, and in the opinion of many, is one of the most valuable things in it;—that it is their interest to remain content with the advantages they possess;—and that if they are galled by the loss of influence, through the exertions of rivals whom they despise, it will be more prudent to attempt to regain it by imitating what is laudable in these competitors, than to endeavour by political machinations to reduce them to silence.

These are times in which religion is fashionable; and although there is doubtless much cant and hypocrisy in the regard publicly professed for its interests, yet many are really serious in its cause. Such persons will not be satisfied with the pomp and splendour of a church which neglects its principal duties: they will be disposed to view with a degree of favour every subsidiary effort, however mean, to promote a religious spirit among the people, and will not readily permit obstructions to be thrown in their way. A respect for the rights of conscience, and a sense of the injustice and impolicy of civil disabilities inflicted on account of differences in religious opinions, are also manifestly gaining ground, at least among the laity; and it is not improbable that, within no distant period, the supporters of exclusive tests will

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have a difficult conflict to maintain. Under such circumstances, it must be denominated absolute folly or frenzy to exasperate men's minds, by fears and jealousies respecting the accustomed indulgences of toleration: when toleration itself is become a thing hardly acquiesced in, and its restrictions are more felt than its allowances. A few words on this last topic will conclude the present paper.

The word *toleration* properly signifies endurance of what is disapproved, and also implies that it is endured by the power which has a right to restrain or abolish it. Thus a government tolerates some evils which it is competent to correct, because more mischief might ensue from its interference for that purpose; and thus we may suppose the Supreme Being tolerating wickedness on earth, because it promotes the great ends of his providence. But upon what ground can any human authority grant religious toleration in this sense? Were a consistent Protestant asked, in what body does the right reside, of pronouncing what is true Christianity? no one can suppose him to answer so absurdly as that it resides in an English Parliament: as little would he choose to assert, that the Parliament has a right to establish what is not true Christianity. All, therefore, that can be reasonably conceded to a state in this matter, is the authority of making a public provision for the maintenance of that form of religion which is approved by the majority of its members: but this by no means authorizes the conclusion that all others are erroneous, and only allowable as matter of favour or connivance. If religion be, as is universally admitted, a thing of the highest importance to individuals as well as to the public, a prohibition of adopting any mode of it, not injurious to the public peace, which private conscience inculcates, is not less impious than tyrannical.

The Archbishop of Canterbury, in a speech upon the Bill before us, which has been praised for its tolerant spirit, began with assuming that, to be sure, the separatists from the establishment were in an error, though it was one to which due indulgence ought to be extended. Perhaps the head of the national church thought it a duty of his station to hold this language with respect to sectaries and schismatics; otherwise, I should wonder that a Protestant divine, possessing learning aswell as candour, should dogmatically ascribe error to all differing from himself upon points which he must know to have been the subject of voluminous controversies among men distinguished for their profound researches into ecclesiastical antiquity. The principal article of variance between the English and other Protestant churches relates to the episcopal function. Now his Grace could scarcely be ignorant, that within the pale of the church of England itself very different notions have prevailed as to the authority of bishops, and the necessity of episcopal ordination

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ordination to confer validity on the administration of the sacraments. Even in the time of James and Charles I., the very learned and excellent primate, Usher, held, that bishops were superior to presbyters in degree only, not in order, and that a true Christian church might be constituted by the latter alone. The extravagant and superstitious notions attached to the episcopal office by some high-churchmen were not of that indifferent nature as to be acquiesced in without opposition; and it is rather presumptuous to anathematize as erroneous all non-conformity founded on this difference of judgment.

The other diversities chiefly turn upon the forms of public worship, the use of liturgies in general, or of this or that particular liturgy, and the like; in which men may surely indulge their own peculiar tastes, without meriting an injurious appellation. To give the preference to that mode which habit and association have rendered most agreeable and edifying to the individual is not *error*, for it is no assertion of opinion, but merely following a law of our nature. A person was once asked, by a prelate, "What was the objection of Dissenters to the church service?" He replied, that "doctrines are brought forward in it in which they do not concur." This was a sufficient answer as far as it went; for the *ever-memorable* John Hales has justly said, "Whensoever false or suspected opinions are made a piece of the church liturgy, he that separates is *not* the schismatic." But as some sects do not object to the Common-prayer on this account, it would have been a better and more comprehensive reply, to have said, that they preferred their own form of worship, and saw no reason why they should change it for that of another. The *full right of choice* in religion, without either reason required or penalty incurred, is the only principle that a consistent Protestant can admit; and a gross defect will always be chargeable on the system of British liberty, till *toleration* be superseded by *equality*.

CIVIS.

ART. III.—*On the Independence of the Judges.*

THE independence of the legal bench in England is always spoken of as one of the greatest boasts of our constitution, and the most substantial security for the rights and privileges of the subject; and it cannot be denied, that when the present condition of the Judges is compared with that when the crown had a power of dismissing them at pleasure, a great step appears to be gained to-

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wards the upright administration of justice. Their places and salaries are now secured for life, except upon an address from both Houses of Parliament, which nothing but flagrant misconduct on their parts can be supposed to produce; and they may pronounce sentence without any fear of the loss of dignity or emolument. While a due value is placed upon this improvement of our juridical system, it cannot be improper to bestow some consideration on its actual extent, and to enquire what that independence is, which in general terms the judges are said to possess: for it is often found that words of lax meaning convey in popular opinion a larger import than justly belong to them.

If by *independence* be signified such a state of feeling as renders a man indifferent to the favour of those in respect to whom he is called independent, we certainly should not expect to find it in a relation, in which one person is not only attached to another by the ties of gratitude for benefits already conferred, but looks up to him for future advancement. Although the situation which he holds be secured to him so that he cannot forfeit it through any subsequent displeasure of his benefactor; yet obligation for the past, and expectation for the future, cannot fail of exerting an influence over his mind incompatible with the indifference above supposed. No one will assert that a tenant who had received a beneficial lease for life from his landlord, and at the same time entertains hopes of being put by him in a better farm, is free from a bias in his landlord's favour. However independent in respect to his present tenure, he is scarcely less shackled by the bands of gratitude and interest, than the tenant at will by present necessity.

The Judges are both first appointed, and afterwards promoted, at the sole pleasure of the crown. The situation of all is rendered highly respectable, and decently lucrative; but difference enough, in rank and emolument, subsists among them to keep expectation alive in the majority, and prevent forgetfulness of the source whence advancement is to spring. Their condition, in this respect, is exactly similar to that of the bishops; they cannot be deprived, but they may be kept where they are; and an inferior on the juridical bench is no more certain of rising from his standing or professional merit alone, than a bishop of Landaff or Carlisle on the episcopal bench. It is true, eminent legal abilities have a better chance for reward than distinguished theological learning, because they are more necessary in those concerns on which men chiefly set their hearts; but the *otium cum dignitate*, which is the final object of almost all men of business, is to be obtained only by some of those appointments which are exclusively at the disposal of the crown or its ministers.

A Judge, then, comes to his office with a sense of obligation on his mind, and, not improbably, with a political character which has

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has recommended him to the notice of the court. He is enrolled in the list of crown-officers, and naturally looks up to the crown as the origin of his dignity and authority. He also, while occupying a lower seat on his bench, looks to the same point as an expectant of future promotion. Can it then with truth be affirmed, that because the court is void of the power to remove him from the place he now holds, he lies under no temptation to favour it; when his career is but begun, and the great prize of his professional life is still in his view? Is not hope as certain in its operation on the human mind as fear? and may not the term *dependence* be as fitly applied to the influence exerted by one of these passions, as by that of the other?

Further—suppose this person to have reached the summit of his wishes, and to be secured in his station for life; still it is to be considered what is the process through which he has gone in attaining it, and with what impressions already made he receives it. If, during the course of his advancement (I put the case hypothetically) every step has been gained by an habitual attention to shape his language and conduct after the known inclinations of the men in power, and the last step of all has left him under a debt of gratitude to them, may not the existence of such a bias be inferred, as shall as effectually destroy his *mental independence* as the ulterior influence of hope and fear would do? Moreover, in a philosophical, though still in a practical sense, it may be affirmed, that the dominion of *prejudice* is in direct opposition to true independence, and we may enquire whether a vein of peculiar prejudices may not be traced in characters formed by long attendance on the courts of law. The common law of this realm is known to consist chiefly of strings of precedents and regulations made upon occasional suggestions, and to pay little respect to conclusions drawn from principles. Hence our great lawyers are usually found to be decided enemies to all general reasonings, to hold use and custom as synonymous with right and justice, and to regard what has been determined, as the same with what has been proved. Possibly this, upon the whole, is the safest line of conduct in one who is not a legislator but an administrator of the laws. But there are cases in which a more enlarged way of thinking would be more conformable to what we have been taught to believe the spirit of the times,—a spirit of good sense and liberality. Precedents may be brought from periods of tyranny and corruption which will justify acts of power the most inconsistent with the principles of a free state. If these are only to be numbered, and not weighed,—if arguments drawn from the plainest analogies of the constitution are to be refuted merely by producing records and decisions,—we may live under the Brunswicks, subject to the maxims of the Tudors and Stuarts. Lawyers, there-

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fore, who are incapable of extending their views to *principles*, and of taking part in the silent operation of reason to substitute uniformity and consistency to contradiction and confusion, may be pronounced enslaved to professional prejudices, and destitute of true independence of mind, however free from the bias of personal interest.

How far Judges, even to a late period, have shown themselves influenced by a disposition to favour the crown in cases where its claims stand in opposition to the rights of the people, I shall leave to be determined by those who have taken an impartial survey of our domestic history during the present reign. It is perhaps enough to refer to the charges delivered, and the sentences pronounced, in cases of prosecution for public libels, to decide this question. These, in reality, afford the nicest test of a Judge's independence of spirit. In trials between the King and individuals respecting matters of property, the issue is of little consequence, since, if the result deprives the crown of a sum of money claimed, the deficiency in the revenue must be made up some other way. But an attack upon the measures of Government involves the credit of the ministers, and perhaps of the constitution itself; and to determine whether such an exercise of private censure in a public matter comes within the allowable limits of free discussion, or merits the appellation of a wicked and seditious libel, demands a judgment unbiassed by party and professional prejudices, and a soul superior to the allurements of avarice and ambition. A decision by mere precedents in these cases may be almost anything that the Judge chooses to make it. Who can doubt that when the present Attorney-General instituted a prosecution against a newspaper for saying that the King's Successor would have the best possible opportunity of becoming popular, it would have been easy for the Judge who tried the cause to adduce authority for regarding such an inuendo as a scandalous libel on his Majesty's person and Government? In Elizabeth's time there is little doubt but it would have cost the writer his ears. Lord Ellenborough, however, was too enlightened to apply such a doctrine to the present period, and justly gained applause for his charge on the occasion; but who will affirm that even in the reign of George III. some Lord Chief Justices would not have given a different judgment?

No *factitious* independence conferred on judges will therefore secure that impartiality of which we are in quest, for it is the result of character, not of station. A man who has obtained a high office by a series of servile compliances, will continue servile and compliant through habit, though arrived at the summit of his expectations. One whose great object is building up a family, will under no circumstances lose sight of that object; and the higher he

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he rises, the more claims will he feel binding him to the dispensers of court-favour. He becomes more and more involved in a vortex, which irresistibly whirls him round with the general current. It is the custom to elevate our great lawyers to the peerage. As they seldom possess an ample patrimony, their perquisites of office must go to the support of this rank; and they must look for an adequate provision for sons, now become *noble*, chiefly to posts at the disposal of Government. They cannot, if they would, again descend to the level of common citizens. Here is an additional cause of dependence, acting upon those of the judicial body who might otherwise be supposed to be the most favourably situated for asserting their freedom. Indigent nobility are in all countries the most subservient class of society; and it is perhaps one of the greatest defects in our constitution that there is no limitation to the prerogative of the crown in multiplying the number. It might have been better in this instance to have made the honours of the law, like those of the church, only personal.

The purpose of the preceding observations is not to excite a prejudice against those to whom the administration of the laws among us is entrusted, and who probably compose at least as pure and estimable a body as the judicatory of any other country can exhibit; but to obviate deception in the application of a word which is liable to convey a meaning much beyond the truth,—to point out the natural tendencies of circumstances and situations,—and above all, strongly to impress the expediency of preserving every check the constitution has provided against possible partialities in judicial decisions, especially that only efficacious one, of *putting* in the hands of Juries, and not of Judges, the finall award. But this trust is rendered nugatory if Juries come to conceive that they have nothing to do but to listen to the charge from the bench, and bring in their verdict accordingly. That in certain cases a particular influence will be operating on the Judge's mind, may, I think, be reasonably concluded. Of this bias the Jury should be aware; and without blaming him for summing up the evidence, and declaring the law, conformably to his own feelings, they should reflect that it is their business to decide conformably to theirs. To them is committed the superior trust, and theirs is the most sacred obligation.

Art. IV.—*On the Right of Dower out of Personalty.*

The philosophical historian of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, thus prefaces his summary of its laws respecting the re-

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lation of husband and wife:—"Experience has proved, that savages are the tyrants of the female sex, and that the condition of women is usually softened by the refinements of social life." His following pages point out the successive relaxations of the bonds originally imposed by the stronger sex upon the weaker, through which the Roman wife found herself elevated from the purchased slave and *adopted daughter* of her master and husband,—who acquired and inherited for his sole emolument,—who might be claimed as a *moveable* by the use and prescription of a year,—whose life was subject to his jurisdiction, and might legally be taken away by him for offences against his honour or his authority,—to the equal associate of a partner who, no longer pretending to exercise controul over her person or property, sought no remedy against her misconduct but in the power of divorce, which was also extended to herself. But the progress of manners far outstrips that of legislation; and it ought to be remarked, though the observation appears to have escaped the sagacity of the historian, that it was much less by amendments of the laws of ancient Rome, than by partial evasions of them, principally among the higher classes, that the situation of women was rendered less dependent under the empire than under the republic, so that it may be doubted whether the mass of females, in low life, were much, if at all, benefited by the change. It was by certain modes of eluding the Voconian law and others which excluded married women from their father's inheritance, that they became possessed of lands and personalty, of which, by their marriage settlements, they communicated to their husbands the income, but reserved the property;—it was by a preconcerted absence of three days that they defeated the prescription of a year; and it was, in short, by waiving the ceremony of marriage, that they escaped the jurisdiction of a fully-authorised husband, and secured to themselves such large liberty of divorce (if that term be applicable where no nuptial rites have preceded), as soon degenerated into the most frightful licentiousness. In fact, the tenderness of fathers for their daughters has operated in many countries to obtain for particular women, or classes of women, peculiar favours or exemptions; but the pride of man in general, and the jealousy of husbands in particular, has every where, in the most refined states of society, rendered female subjection the rule, and any allowance to the sex of equal rights, only the exception. Judge Blackstone, aptly styled by Gibbon, "the orthodox," has indeed thought proper to close his summary of the legal effects of marriage, with the observation, "that even the disabilities which the wife lies under, are for the most part intended for her protection and benefit. So great a favourite is the female sex with the law of England." But "if lions were painters," if women were law-makers, it would probably

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probably soon be seen that these "disabilities" are considered in a very different light by those against whom they operate; I have even known men of a more liberal and impartial way of thinking, so much impressed with the hardship of many of these very laws towards women, as strenuously to maintain that Blackstone could only have intended this remark for a fine stroke of irony. It is true, that in the paragraph immediately preceding, he mentions the privilege of inflicting corporal punishment upon a wife, as still claimed and exerted by husbands of the lower class, in spite of some provisions made against it "in the polite reign of Charles II.;" he also there affirms that "the courts of law will still allow a husband to restrain a wife of her liberty in case of gross misbehaviour;" but notwithstanding all this, I dare not believe that so warm a panegyrist of the establishments of his country was here indulging himself in sarcasm. Our criminal law is so far favourable to females, that it does not punish a married woman for some felonies and smaller crimes committed through constraint of her husband; and since the punishment of burning has been commuted for that of hanging, in cases of high and petty treason, I am not aware that it is in any case more severe against the weaker sex than the stronger. Since women have no longer been considered as in a state of perpetual pupilage, one who is single and of age also enjoys the same liberty as a man in the disposal of her person and property; but from a married woman, our law requires such a total surrender of herself, and all that she is worth, to the absolute controul and possession of her husband, as is unknown, I believe, in all the countries of Europe where the code of Justinian has been made the basis of legislation. By the civil law, a man and his wife are regarded as *two* persons, consequently the wife may perform many independent acts, and sue and be sued separately; a privilege of which the French women have availed themselves so largely, that soliciting judges, and attending to the other business of a *proces*, appears to be with them one of the regular occupations of life. Accordingly, Madame de Genlis, in her Adele and Theodore, prescribes a course of law lectures as a very important part of the education of a young woman of fortune. With us the case is otherwise; English women, generally speaking, "have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them;" consequently, they are both indifferent to their provisions, and, for the most part, profoundly ignorant of them, —an ignorance and an indifference dear to the indolent and flattering to the weak, but disgraceful to cultivated understandings, and dangerous to all the civil rights of the sex. While women have slept, artful and interested men have watched; and silently, furtively, by steps of which the sages of the law themselves find it difficult to trace back the vestiges, they have torn away from before

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fore the widow and the orphan, the effectual barrier which formerly stood between them and beggary, through the posthumous caprice of a jealous husband or an unnatural father,---a monument of the mercy and the wisdom of ages! This barrier was the legal title of a widow and children to their *reasonable portions* (partes rationabiles) of the personal property of their deceased protector, which no testament of his could in any wise defeat,---a title founded on the plainest principles of nature and equity, and still secured to them, in cases of intestacy, by explicit statutes.

The annihilation in modern times of such a right, as far as it concerns widows, forms a striking exception to the position of Gibbon above cited, and on this account, as well as others, a further investigation of the subject may prove not uninteresting. The legal appropriation of a part of the property of the husband for the support of his relict, was a provision quite unknown to the civil law, but established from time immemorial among our German ancestors. The Anglo-Saxon bridegroom, though he had purchased the consent of his wife's father or guardian, receiving only a present from him in return, was yet obliged to settle upon her a dowry, of which she was to enjoy, in case of widowhood, sometimes the use, sometimes the property; and also a sum called the *morning-gift*, by way of pin-money, which immediately came into her separate disposal. By the laws of King Edmond, the widow was directed to be supported entirely out of the personal property of her husband; which makes it probable that the right of dower out of land was never acknowledged by the Saxons, but first introduced into England by the Normans, or rather by the Danes, after Swein, the father of Canute, had granted that privilege to his countrywomen, in return for their sacrifice of all their jewels to redeem him from captivity among the Vandals. In the reign of Henry II. if a man dying left a wife and children, one-third of his goods went to the wife, another third to the children, and the remaining third only could be disposed of by his will. If he left only a wife, or only children, half went to her, or them, and the other half he might bequeath. This was acknowledged to be the law of the land at the time of Magna Charta, and was laid down as such under Charles I. "But this law," says Blackstone, "is at present altered by imperceptible degrees, and the deceased may now by will bequeath the *whole* of his goods and chattels; though we cannot trace out when first this alteration began." "Whatever," adds he, "may have been the custom of later years in many parts of the kingdom, or however it was introduced in derogation of the old law, the ancient method continued in use in the province of York, the principality of Wales, and the City of London, till very modern times: when, in order to favour the power of bequeathing, and to reduce the whole kingdom to the same standard,

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standard, three statutes have been provided; the one, 4 and 5 William and Mary, c. 2. explained by 2 and 3 Anne, c. 5. for the province of York; another, 7 and 8 William III. c. 38. for Wales; and a third, 11 Geo. I. c. 18. for London: whereby it is enacted, that persons within those districts, and liable to those customs, may (if they think proper) dispose of *all* their personal estates by will; and the claims of the widow, children, and other relations, to the contrary, are totally barred." It may here be proper to observe, as one of the many anomalies of our English system, that though a widow may thus be deprived, by the will of her husband, of all share in his personalty, even where he possesses no other property, and she had no kind of independent provision, yet that the claim of dower upon land remains in full force, and can only be barred by a public and voluntary act of the wife's during coverture, or by the acceptance of a settlement or jointure, in lieu of dower, at the time of marriage,—a practice become so frequent, by reason of the many conveniences to families attending it, that widows' thirds can at present seldom be claimed upon estates of any considerable value. The causes of this change in our laws, so important to the female world, it is not difficult to assign. In a rude and simple state of society, personal property, being of little value compared with real, would naturally attract but a small share of the notice of legislators; and accordingly, our laws respecting it are mostly of a later date than those which regulate the possession and inheritance of land: consequently they have been framed, not upon the narrow views of the feudal system, but upon more liberal principles, and such as allow a greater latitude to the particular disposing will of individuals. The ancient regulation respecting the *reasonable portions* of the widow and children, militating against these freer principles, would soon be exposed to the attacks of innovators; and when we consider that the particular interest of men of the law in making specific marriage articles necessary, would coincide with the general tendency of things, there is more room to wonder that this venerable institution should have stood its ground so long, than that it should have given way at last. Upon an impartial consideration of the subject, however, it may, I think, be made to appear, that the change, as far as it respects widows, was both an extremely harsh and an inexpedient one; inasmuch as no equally eligible mode of providing for the satisfaction of their just claims either has been, or in many cases, perhaps, can be, substituted.

There would be less injury to women in the abolition of dower upon land; because a real estate, especially if entailed, is a stable security for jointure, and one that can be given by the husband without imposing upon himself any inconvenient restrictions—therefore of him a settlement might always be properly demanded

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manded by the friends of the wife. Still, a woman would feel it as a hardship to be obliged to request or stipulate for a provision which her mothers had enjoyed for so many ages as matter of right; and there can be no doubt that the friendless or portionless female would often be induced to become the wife even of a landholder, without any legal protection against a destitute widowhood. But what security can the possessor of personal property offer in lieu of dower? A sum of money vested in the funds and assigned to the trustees, is the only one to be depended on; but every one is aware of the extreme inconvenience to a monied man, especially one engaged in commerce, of thus locking up from present use any considerable part of his own capital, or often even of that which his wife may bring as her portion. It may further be remarked, that the assignment of a certain proportion of what he leaves at his death, is a provision much better adapted to the situation of the partner of a mercantile man, subject to great fluctuations of fortune, than the settlement of any specific sum. Under such circumstances, a jointure cannot well be made; a woman is naturally averse to require the security of a bond for dower from him to whose care she surrenders her person and her happiness, and many a man is but too much inclined to look upon the demand of such security as a want of proper confidence and esteem. Here the old law stepped in between, and while it prevented the necessity of an improvident grant on one side, or an improvident trust on the other, it cut short the disagreeable intercourse of bargaining between man and wife, and asserted the dignity of the latter, by securing her eventual independency: but its beneficent provisions are now abolished, and where the circumstances of the parties have forbidden a particular settlement, no power whatever exists able to redress the injustice of a brutal or faithless husband, who should think fit to bequeath away every shilling of his fortune from the partner of his life, to whom he has solemnly addressed the now nugatory declaration, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow." That instances of such extreme cruelty are common, may, it is hoped, be denied, but that even they have occurred, and that lower degrees of the same hardship are frequent, is a fact which could readily be proved; and the bare knowledge that such things *might* be, ought to be sufficient to alarm all who take an interest in the credit of their country; for what could be concluded by the philosophical historian of any foreign land, from this abolition, by modern statutes, of the ancient privileges of the female sex, but that the English nation is rapidly declining in social refinement and in legislative justice?

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Art. V.—*Defects in the English Constitution.*

As it is proposed to treat a little in the following essay on the Defects of the English Constitution, it is proper to keep in view the definitions contained in our last; for to those definitions we must occasionally revert. Let us then first consider the defects of the definitions.

The reader must have observed that ancient writers, and even some of the best political writers of our own country, are defective here, owing often to imperfect and inadequate ideas of the true basis of all political authority. He must be, therefore, content to let their principles serve the purpose of definitions, where their definitions are not sufficiently comprehensive in principles. Let us then attend to the definitions given by more modern writers.

When Dr. Johnson says "to constitute is to give formal existence, to make any thing what it is," he is guilty of a solecism, indeed of an Irishism:—what *is*, is *already made*; and to talk of making a thing which already is, is going beyond the sailor's definition of the word disembogue. When he says, further, "a *Constitution* * is an *established form of government*, a system of *laws and customs*," he misleads us, and by throwing us too soon on government, diverts us from fundamentals, which give government all their authority, and which are, or ought to be, the very soul of Constitutions. Mr. Paine's definition, that a Constitution † is a thing antecedent to government, the political Bible, is correct, as referrable to the American Constitutions; but is too permanent and unmanageable for so complicate, so variable a machine, I must be permitted to call it so, as the English Constitution. Mr. Robinson's definition ‡ is correct, so far as Civil Constitution goes; it is defective in not taking in Ecclesiastical; for the British Constitution is a Constitution of State and Church. A definition formed on Mr. Rotheram's § idea of a strong arch of government rising from different foundations, but bending towards each other as they rise, and meeting in a center, would be correct in comprehending the civil and ecclesiastical union, and, in elegant words, might be like Judge Blackstone's admired similitude of a pyramid; it would be notwithstanding erroneous, for it would suppose the Church to be *essential* and *fundamental* in the Constitution.

When Lord Fortescue ‖ and other lawyers tell us, that our "*body of laws*" is our Constitution; and others, that our Constitution

* See his Dictionary.
† Rights of Man.
‡ Political Catechism.
§ Essay on Establishments.
‖ Preface to Records.

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stitution is in our Statute-book, they tell us some truth; but let us count their words, and not be too hasty in conceding; for statutes do really exist which are unfavourable to the rights of Britons, and contrary to the spirit of the English Constitution; and lawyers have been too busy as legislators: statutes these, which are the dirty patches on a clean surtout, the rubbish about a beautiful building, the rottenness which generates ugliness and maggots in a beautiful blooming peach.

Blackstone's pyramid (which may serve the purpose of a definition) rising from a broad foundation and diminishing to a point as it rises, will apply to the Constitutions of the American States, or to any other where there resides a mixture of the three powers, with as much force as to the English. The *equilateral triangle*, with a crown at top, a similitude adopted by some, is applicable enough to a king and three estates, but does not seem to accord with the present, the real state of the English Constitution.

As I presume not to offer a new model of a Constitution while I shall attempt to point out, though I hope with due respect, some defects in the present, *so* I attempt not a new definition, though I think all the above incomplete. I shall only say, that no definition which did not comprehend principles for present rule and future direction, which did not provide for the distinct offices of the three estates, which did not make room for the church, and for laws founded on constitutional and fundamental maxims, which did not, in short, in some measure provide for those varieties which arise from change of circumstances and the alterations of time,---that no definition but such an one would be complete. Some indeed suppose, among whom, if I mistake not, was the late Mr. Charles Fox, that a certain instability or fleetingness (though I do not use their word) was an excellency in the English Constitution; and such will rest satisfied with something short of a perfect definition. But of definitions enough: let us return to the Constitution.

Though the following principles are not all exhibited in any written code, like the American, Polish, and some of the French Constitutions, yet they pervade our political theories, and, being seized as bearing points in our best constitutional writers, I consider them as essential to English liberties. I am not speaking of *their* defects, but let us take them along with us before we proceed.

All free States make their own laws;---all that are deemed such, admit or suppose this fundamental principle;---in all the different changes of the English Government, the people, or some persons in their name, have asserted this fundamental right.---Even William the Norman is said to have been called the Conqueror improperly: he was called Conquestor, say some,---quod Angliam conqui-

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conquisivit*, because he obtained or acquired England,---under a pledge to rule by the laws of the land. That we have a right to liberty is the substance of the golden clause † in Magna Charta; by that maxim may be *sanctioned* the delegations of power from the people, the best and wisest provision in our laws; from that may be *deduced* freedom of thought, freedom of speech, and a free press; from the same principle may be *deduced* the Habeas Corpus Act itself, no less than our Parliaments and Trials by Juries,---however they at first originated,---the inheritance now of every Briton, and considered now as the very essence of the English Constitution:—in short, though forms have often overshadowed principles, and some bad laws do certainly exist,---yet the three great blessings, personal security, personal liberty, and the quiet possession of personal property, may be asserted by every Briton from Magna Charta, from our fundamental laws,---according to which it has been said, Anglia jura in omni casu libertati dant favorem,---*the laws of England do in every case favour liberty;* and though Magna Charta itself is not without its defects, though it relates only to the Free Tenants, and there were at the time numerous slaves, yet subsequent laws have extended these rights to all Englishmen. The English law does not know slaves. By the English law a slave, as soon as he puts his foot on English ground, is free; and any law or action of individuals that should violate those principles would be deemed unconstitutional: such may be called our fundamentals, and such are not to be ascribed to our defects, but to our excellencies.

The ancient Britons had Public Councils, though we have nothing now remaining like a body of their laws, but in our public libraries are the Laws and Constitutions of our Saxon ancestors ‡,

* Guliel. I. Conquestor dicitur, quia Angliam Conquisivit, i. e. acquisivit, non quod subegit.—Vide Spelmanni Glossar. sub voce, *Conquestus.* —See further sub voce, Parliamentum.—Selden's opinion of this Conquest, or Acquisition, may be seen at large in Nathaniel Bacon's Historical View of the English Government. Bacon says, that he remembers judges on the bench interrupting people, who have called William, the Conqueror.

† Ch. 29. No freeman shall be taken or imprisoned, or disseised of his freehold, &c. but by lawful judgment of his peers, or by the law of the land, &c.

‡ In the Cottonian Collection, in the British Museum; in Bishop Parker's, Bennett's College, Cambridge; and in the Bodleian, Oxford. These laws, the Saxon, were first printed by Lambard, under the title of Archaionomia, published in London in 1568. Wheler published an improved and enlarged edition of them at Cambridge in 1644, and Spelman his British Councils, in 1639. But even Wheler, having many faults as well as defects, Dr. David Wilkins, at the King's command, published an edition in folio, still further improved and enlarged, in 1721. This volume contains all the Anglo-Saxon, Gallo-Norman, and Latin laws, which now remain from Ethelbert, who began

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and we now have them in print. No exemplar appears in those laws which would satisfy such persons as so rigidly demand a written Constitution. *The Book of Constitutions** which there occurs is a sort of concise book of Homilies; and what is the Dom or Doma-bek † alluded to there, it is not easy to ascertain; though it was certainly of great authority. This, however, is certain, that the laws were made in common council,---tam cleri, quam populi; in magna, servorum Dei frequentia, &c.; *i. e.* "both of clergy and people, in a great crowding, of the servants of God;" ---for thus the proceedings in the *Wittena-gemot*, the council of the wise-men, or, as it is sometimes called, the *Mickel-gemot*, the council of the *many*, are uniformly described.

In this assembly, public and general matters were transacted, Rege, Baronibus, et Populo,---"by the King, the Barons, and People;"---laws were established; leagues were formed with other nations; war and peace adjusted; and matters relating to the church arranged and established. For in the Saxon times it does not appear that there was any difference between a Synod ‡ and a Wittena-gemot; and public grievances as well as private oppressions found a remedy. With an allowance for the superstitions of that age, the laws breathed a tone of justice and goodness worthy the attention of more enlightened periods § (vinculis coercere rarum est), were not prodigal of blood; and were merciful to debtors: husbandry found strong protection; and the lands were held by easy tenures: for by a law of the Confessor's, no one holding by socage tenures could be troubled, except for his rent, nor be turned out of his farm by his lord, but for failure of doing service.

The Saxon laws, it is true, partook of mixtures and varieties ‖, as

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gan his reign in 561, the first Christian lawyer that we know of in England, to the Magna Charta of Henry III., who began his reign in 1216.

* Liber Constitutionum. Wilkins Leges Anglosax. p. 147.

† Dom, or Doom, or Doma-book, from the Anglosax. Dom and Bek, Liber Judicialis, and hence domesdæg, the Day of Judgment, and William the Norman's Domesday-book, or Census-book of all England, the fine original MS. of which is in the Exchequer. Bishop Wilkins observes of the Saxon, Dombec, in the Saxon Laws; *Dombec*, Liber Judicialis, corpus forsitan est Legum Congestum a Regibus Anglosax., qui ante Edwardum venerunt. An autem, alius quidam Liber fuerit, qui nulli hactinus innotuit, vix dicere audeo.—*Leg. Anglosax. Wilkins, p.* 48.

‡ See Chancellor Reynolds on Convocations, and Nathaniel Bacon's Historical View of the English Government.

§ Ordeal was introduced by the clergy. Torture, though it was practised, has no foundation in the Saxon Law.

‖ This, however, is said with some submission to what Bishop Nicholson says, in his Letter to Dr. Nichols, and with perfect conviction of the truth of what he says, on the meaning of Danelaga, and that the Danish Laws were not left as an intermixture in the Saxon.—*Vid. Præf. Episcopi Deorensis præmis. ad Leges Anglosax. per Wilkins, p.* 15, 16.

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as being formed much from ancient customs, local experiments, and progressive improvements. But they had some excellent things, the features of all times; and their divisions into decennaries, hundreds, and counties, was a plan of police, of prodigious strength; for the purposes both of private security and national defence replete with wisdom;—and even for their benevolence between fellow-men, worthy of the imitation of every age.

The British or Old Welsh Laws, by Hoel Dha, of a subsequent period, were alluded to in a former essay, partly as a literary curiosity, and partly because the Council called by that prince, of which the preface gives an account, seems to have been formed on the plan of the ancient Saxons *. The Proœmium mentions a Council assembled, consisting of six of the wise men from each hundred: and it has been shewn that these British Laws resembled the Saxon.

The Wittena-gemot assembled only on great occasions, and for the purpose of making laws, but at *certain* times, at first, on the new and full moon, afterwards at Easter and Whitsuntide; and at Easter the Saxons had their *Folk-mote*, or the assembly of the people, which was a confederation of fellow-citizens, for the purposes of fidelity and allegiance to the prince, and for complaints of grievance. This assembled once a-year, on the beginning of May, or on any other emergency. Our Saxon ancestors, also, had their Shire-gemots, that assembled thrice a-year or oftener: —We have nothing equal to these institutions in excellence and regularity in the present times †.

This *little* tour has been made for the purpose of returning with a *better* grace to Mr. Paine's definition, which comprehending such only as the American Constitutions, led him on to proclaim aloud, to the astonishment of many, that the English have none. But Mr. Paine's declaration should be exchanged for a modification, thus:—the English have a Constitution; the principles of which are not always either readily seen, or generally admitted—the privileges of which are frequently matter of dispute and doubt:—its *checks* often the cause of jealousies and divisions—partaking the nature rather of irritations, sometimes salutary, and often pernicious, more than of regular scientific movements; and the political liberty of which Constitution, in short, must be nugatory, the representation of the people being evasive, ineffective, and precarious;—a declaration this, which leaving us under the imputation of great defects, will be considered as humiliating, but

* Cyfraithjen Hywel Dha, Leges Wallica Hoel-Boni ex variis Codicibus MSS. erut, &c. Gulielmus Wotton, cum Interpretatione Latina, &c. See more particularly Dr. William Clarke's learned preface to this work.

† Spelmanni Glossar, sub loco.

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which still leaves room for the counter-delaration,—and for that reason I have run over our Jura Libertalis,—that the English Constitution, after all, possesses much that is good.—Let us return to our defects.

I have said the English Constitution is defective in political liberty.

Then a nation enjoys political liberty when it possesses, by a proper organization of its Constitution, the means of expressing the *public* sentiment and will, and a *controul* over its *officers* or *governors* by some *regular plan* of *responsibility*. "One nation there is," says Montesquieu, speaking of the English, "that has political liberty for the direct object of the Constitution:" hat is its excellence.

If we consider, that *representation* is the only true measure of political liberty, and acquaint ourselves with its nature and extent in this country, we shall possess the true barometer for ascertaining our quantum of political liberty, and be prepared to understand the import of Montesquieu's philosophical, freezing pause,—Ce n'est a moi a examiner, si les Anglois jouissent actuellement de cette liberte *;—*i. e.* "It is not my business to examine, whether the English actually enjoy this liberty." Such, however, has been the aim of the author of "Lectures on Montesquieu's Spirit of Laws," who, though admitting that the people of this country enjoy many advantages, as citizens, over other nations, yet proceeds to shew, that even they are defective in political liberty: and till this defect is remedied in a country, it would be too extemporaneous an impulse, an extravagant, thoughtless flight, which should hurry us away with Pope,—

> For forms of government let fools contest,
> That which is best administer'd, is best.

Monarchies, and aristocracies, in their nature, refer all political power to one or more grandees. Aristotle † and Xenophon ‡, in their systems, have no political liberty for the people. Plato, in his Republic, mistook the way §, through conceits about equality in wives, children, servants, cattle, and money. He was for banishing poetry, and all the arts which employ fiction; and he encroached in some other instances on intellectual liberty. Such an equality never ought, never could be obtained. Political liberty is the only equality at which a nation should aim. Constitutions founded on the basis of political liberty would provide for and secure, what none other can, gaudy or simple,—the public happiness. A nation may certainly adopt what form of government it best approves; but without political liberty

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*De L'Esprit des Lois.
† Περὶ Νόμων
‡ Κύρου Παιδ, Lib. I.
§ De Repub. Lib. II. ch. v.

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berty it has no security for a good administration of government; it is playing at random, a cast of a die, a mere movement of the wheel of fortune, in the event of which public misery has full as great a chance to turn up as public happiness. In our political system, then,—call it what we please,—here lies our first, our radical defect, it is defective in political liberty, and therefore is not in harmony with the great principles already laid down.

In the Saxon times, there was more of this balance, and therefore, through the Wittena-gemots, but still more their Folk-motes, the different powers of the government had more of their just equilibrium than in any other period of our history. From the time of the conquest there has been less of this balance, and the people's liberties have, in proportion, had less security. William, though bound by an oath, yet how soon did he burst that feeble restraint! How soon his successors, William Rufus, Stephen, Henry I. and Richard! And though John was forced to his recollections, and we got Magna Charta; yet did not both he and his successor, Henry III., easily violate charters, and cancel all obligations? When there was so little political liberty, whence was there to be expected security? In all contentions, from those times to the present, when we complain that our liberties are gone, this defect, if we examine the matter to the bottom, will be found the real cause: a defect altogether irremediable, I fear, to any great extent, but by a more proper representation of the people than we have ever *yet* had.

Johnson (I allude to his Dictionary) is often as futile in his definitions as he is erroneous in his etymologies; and here his definition whether bungling or artful let others determine, leaves no provision for a grain of political liberty. Princes circumstanced as those just mentioned, will be always ready with their "lingua juravi mentem injuratam tenao;" and the most mortifying part of the story is, that the citizens themselves are usually made the instruments of their own oppressions: for as Machiavel well observes,—"A town that has been anciently free, cannot be more easily kept in subjection than by employing its own citizens *." With "the blessed name of liberty" in their mouths, they lose sight of the reality. But let us proceed to another article.

Some of the Eastern nations addressed their monarchs with the titles of divinity, and approached them with adoration; and Robert Barclay, a person very much attached to the English limited monarchy, as was also William Penn,—as abundantly appears from the writings of both,—in the name of a religious, Voltaire calls them a philosophic sect, observes, as to "that title of *majesty*, usually ascribed

* The Prince, ch. v.

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cribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in the Holy Scriptures, but that it is specially and peculiarly given to God." He adds, "therefore, in all the old compellations used to princes in the Old Testament, it is not to be found, nor yet in the New*." He might have said, also, in the most enlightened nations of antiquity, the Greeks and Romans. Among the latter, their princes and magistrates were content in the best days of their empire with titles appropriate to their offices; in a degenerate period, they became gods; in the same manner as in the rise, and amidst the glories of their empire, their coins were of the most exquisite workmanship, but became base and badly executed in its decline and fall.

The title of Sacred Majesty which the Quakers used to object to so much, might be suffered to pass, in these enlightened times, as a mere title of courtesy, and unconnected with any constitutional claim, had it not been much abused, and not merely to the purposes of superstition, but of arbitrary power,—I mean by such writers as Filmer and others, who assert for the Kings of England *a divine right;* and considering them as the Lord's anointed, and the vice-gerents of heaven, claimed for them unlawful privileges, pernicious exemptions, and unconstitutional authorities. Who can help smiling to see such a man as Sir Robert Cotton (a great advocate for the Commons in opposition to the unconstitutional claims of the Lords) when claiming precedency of the Kings of England over those of Spain, write such a passage as this:—"The Kings of England are anointed as the Kings of France, who only have their pretensions over their kingdoms derived from miracles, in the cure of the regius morbus, which they can effect only, and that of antiquity; for Edward the Confessor healed many †." Who without a smile can see such a man as Lord Bacon placing James the First only next to Jesus Christ ‡, whom he would have spoken of as a deity, and conceiving, or perhaps rather affecting to conceive, something occult in magic and witchcraft, because his Majesty had written a Treatise on Witchcraft?—The unconstitutional doctrine of *divine right* was the talisman which was to effect the dormant state of passive obedience; and who knows not what an abuse of our Constitution that introduced, by placing the King above Law, and what a struggle it occasioned to break the delusion? But all this by the bye.

In the kingly office, as exercised in the English Constitution, are still united, directly or indirectly, the whole executive government,

* Barclay's Apology for the Quakers.

† A Brief Extract of the Question of Precedency between England and Spain, in Cottoni Posthuma.

‡ Lord Bacon's Advancement of Learning, in the Introduction; and in the course of his work, he speaks of witchcraft.

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ment, and one-third of the Legislature. This was shewn in our last essay; and to some this appears its prime excellence; to others it may seem a radical defect, or perhaps rather its excess. How is this, they may ask, to be reconciled to that admired maxim of our civil policy, that the executive and legislative should be distinct?

Politicians have perceived the difficulty; and they have provided, as they suppose, against it, by saying that the important *negative*, the essential to a third estate, is not enforced. True; it would be dangerous to enforce it: might not this circumstance create a suspicion, in some minds, that it ought not to exist?

But the supreme magistrate knows he has a constitutional claim to this negative; and while perceiving the expediency, even the necessity, of conceding a claim, given him by the Constitution, may he not be tempted to use a power which the Constitution *gives* him not, that of controlling or of influencing the other estates of the legislature? Might he not, even with some plausibility, plead conscience for using this influence? Some, perhaps, may be prepared, though unwillingly, to think, that in this power thus exercised, they have a key to the solution of that well-known maxim, "that corruption is essential to the English Constitution." And those who know the nature and extent of the executive power, need not be told, how immense its resources are for recovering by influence what it relinquishes from prudence.

We have been witnesses in our own time of two remarkable instances, in which the union of the executive and legislative power has been felt as a difficulty, almost insuperable. I allude to *the* suspension, through the unfortunate malady of the King, *of the* executive power, as it was said, — but in fact, was it not a suspension of the *whole legislative power too?* Could a single law be made? The government, as one forcibly expresses it, was paralyzed: what contradictory opinions were advanced! what vague uncertain conclusions drawn! and after all, what unconstitutional means devised to keep the machine of the Constitution in any sort of motion?

A man may perceive, or think he perceives, something incongruous in this system without any thing resembling dislike to the mixture of the three powers,—even with a hearty approbation of the kingly office. But what he thinks not necessary for any just purpose of favour, aggrandizement, or self-protection, may appear an excess of power, and therefore a defect in a Constitution. I know what is accustomed to be said on this subject. I know how dextrous some are in managing the balance. Those who object to the union of the executive and legislative power in the person of the Supreme Magistrate, would have similar, if not stronger, objections to the admission of his Ministers into Parliament. They

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are part of the executive power. They are the channels through which corruption must flow, if it has a tendency to flow, from the Fons Potestatis, the Supreme Magistrate: they may be responsible, but with their influence responsibility will be but a name; and it seems not to comport with the spirit of a clause in Magna Charta, which provides that certain officers should hold no pleas of the Crown;—evidently because they are supposed to be necessarily under influence.

The supreme magistracy of the Saxons, like that of the ancient Germans *, rested, ultimately, on elective principles, though suffered often to be hereditary in practice. Thus it continued till the Conquest. Without dwelling on any particular period, suffice it to say, that the supreme magistracy in this country is now hereditary in a particular family, but still subject to stipulations, and conducted on elective principles. The old doctrine of divine *indefeasible* right is gone by, to the bats and moles; and an hereditary government, thus circumstanced, is understood to be the strength and stay of the English Government.

But it has been doubted by some, whether what may be the strength and stay of the supreme magistracy, may be required in any other part of the state, either for the purpose of office or dignity, or in the interest and stay of particular families. Sufficient provision seems to be made for all these in office itself,—in the means of distinction and favour, always in the hands of a vast executive power, in the means of amassing property by men in offices, and the influence which high office always affords for promoting the interests of particular families throughout the country. Great evils may perhaps be conceived by some in this hereditary part of our system. It is said, however, by others, amidst some acknowledged evils, to be the Corinthian capital of our political system; and admired as this provision seems to be by the practice of all Europe, I shall, with due submission and respect, pass it; just observing, that among our Saxon ancestors, the Ealdorman and Earl (if indeed they were not the same) that is, the first *officers* in the kingdom, were liable to lose their dignity, both civil and military, and a Ceorl might arrive at it. The Thegns indeed were born so, and the title attached to landed property; but the rank was not exclusive, the most humble person might attain it, and the highest dignitary might lose it. The Adelings or Æthelings † were nobles of royal race (but liable to be set aside), and in a more extended sense, the magnates regni.

It has been already observed, in reference to some definitions of the

* Principes ex nobilitate sumunt.—*Tacitus de Mor. Germ.*

† See Turner's Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons, Vol. II., p. 232, and Spelman. Glossar. sub Voce Adelingus.

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the English Constitution, that the Church also is a part. The Church is interwoven with it in all our Saxon laws; the Councils of the Church and the Sovereign's power go hand in hand *; and, as Sir Robert Cotton has observed, "there is a successive record of Councils or Convocations less interrupted than of Parliaments;" and its civil rights, though not its doctrines, were provided for by Magna Charta.

The same theory also occurs in Hoel Dha's Laws; the *King* and *Laics* and *Scholastics*, who, as appears from another place, were Clergy, met in one place to frame Laws or Constitutions; the latter, the Scholastics, for the express purpose, "that nothing should be established that was contrary to the Sacred Scriptures †." The same theory also occurs in the "Lawes and Actes of Parliament Maid by King James I. and his Successours Kinges of Scotland:" according to which, not only were the Prelates to appear personally in Parliament ‡, but the "aulde privileges and freedome of Halie Kirk was preserved §, and the Civil power and Halie Kirk united anent *(against)* Hereticques, and to support and help Halie Kirk ‖."

At the Reformation, through our separation from the Church of Rome, the union of Church and State became more close, under the Roman Pontiff, as Nathaniel Bacon or Selden expresses it, "the foundation was neither on the rock nor on good ground, but by a gin screwed to the Roman Consistory ¶." By our separation from the Roman Church this gin was actually screwed more close. The King became, in regard to the Church, the Seigneur Souveraigne; and if we consider the origin and progress of our National Church, it would be found to rest partly on the authority of Princes, and partly on our Parliaments; and that the whole Constitution of the Church may in fact be considered as so many Acts of Parliaments, or rather perhaps as one great Act of Parliament.

There are those who consider this union of Church and State as a most excellent part of our Constitution. Others consider it as one of our greatest defects. You cannot form this union, say they, without disuniting all parties: you cannot form it, without something of a spirit of persecution: and the history of all Nonconformists, whether Presbyterians, Independents, Baptists, Quakers,

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* See an Answer to certain Arguments, raised from supposed antiquity, and urged by some Members of the Lower House of Parliament, to prove that Ecclesiastical Laws ought to be enacted by Temporal men.—*Cottoni Posthuma.*

† Leges Wallicæ, p. 7.

‡ Third Parliament, p. 52.

§ First Parl. p. 1.

‖ Second Parliament, p. 28.

¶ Hist. and Political Discourse of the Laws and Government of England, Part I. ch. xv.

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Quakers, Methodists, or Jews, they say, affords proof of it. It does not, say they, depend on the present Clergy; they may be able, generous, mild, and enlightened men:—the defect lies in the Constitution,—and they trace all the evils of Test-laws, exclusive privileges, and such like dividing matters, to this defect.

But though this is certainly a part of our Constitution, it may be doubted whether it is the best part of it; nor does it seem to be an essential in it:—if the Church is a fundamental part of our Constitution, we had no right to disunite it from Rome: for the union with Rome made part of our Constitution before: and a system of exclusive privileges cannot be made to harmonize with the amiable spirit of our Civil Constitution, with any thing great in Magna Charta, or that is free and generous and manly and enlightened in the mind of a true Englishman.

France, amidst the many bad lessons she has taught Europe, has taught them one that is wise,—how to unite an Established Church with a complete (not *Toleration*—in her *Concordat* she reprobates the word) liberty, at least with an admission of all the citizens to the enjoyment of the common rights of citizens, yet with all due regard to the true interest of an Established Church.

Thus have I, amidst great admiration of what is excellent in our Constitution (and there is certainly much that is truly excellent,—our fundamentals are excellent, our Parliaments and our Juries ought to be *most* excellent) pointed out, I hope with all due humility, what appear to me some of its defects. I have not gone half so far as one of our ancient writers, Andrew Horn, the author of the "Mirrour of Justices," one of the oldest writers on law in this country, and often quoted by Blackstone. Horn has not entered on the topics that are the subject of this essay. In his chapter "De Abusion," he enumerates one hundred and fifty-five abuses of the Common Law, and subjoins, "*et autres Abusions, &c.*" His next chapter invades even our GREAT CHARTER,—"Les defautes de la grand Charter;" to which he devotes eight or nine pages. These defaults relate to what more particularly concerned those times. But two defects in it (if we are to consider that as a *Constitution)* I shall beg leave to mention, as unnoticed by him. It makes no provision for Political Liberty, in the sense laid down in this essay, and says nothing on Parliaments.—The question relative to the best means of promoting the great fundamental principles of our Constitution, I may perhaps attempt to discuss in a future essay, and, I hope, in a respectful, constitutional manner. In the mean time, I close with Andrew Horne's Summary of his Chapters on Abuses, as a sort of literary curiosity, for I believe it was intended for verse, written in

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in Norman French, as the whole book is (Chapter V. Section the first).

LES CONTENTS.
Abusions de la Comon Ley,
Les defauts de la grand Charter
Les Reprehensions des Statut de
Westminster le 2d. & Gloucester.
Le Reprehension de novel Statut
De Merchants.

OBSERVER.

ART. VI. — *A Comparison between Thomson and Cowper as Descriptive Poets.*

No descriptive poem in any language has obtained equal popularity with the *Seasons* of Thomson, a work of which the description of rural nature was the proper subject, while moral and philosophical sentiment was its appendage and decoration. It was happily calculated to please as well those whose imaginations were readily impressed with the sublime and beautiful, as those whose hearts were alive to feelings of tenderness and humanity. It found so many readers, that probably no single circumstance has contributed so much to that love of the country, and taste for the charms of nature, which peculiarly characterise the inhabitants of this island, as the early associations formed by the perusal of this poem. It also, like all popular compositions, drew after it a current of imitation; and it was the model of that exact style of painting which is discernible in the performances of most of our later descriptive and didactic poets.

This style is a distinguishing feature of that very singular and original poem, the *Task*, a work, the numberless beauties of which have acquired it a popularity scarcely inferior to that of the Seasons; and have secured it a permanent place among the select productions of English poetry. Whether it is more properly to be arranged in the descriptive or the didactic class, is a question of little moment; but considering it as possessing peculiar excellence in the first of these characters, it may be an interesting topic of critical discussion to compare the different manners of the *Task* and the *Seasons* in the description of natural objects, and to estimate their several merits.

To select a variety of circumstances which shall identify the object, and at the same time present it to the imagination in strong and lively colouring, is the essence of poetical description. The qualities

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qualities enumerated must not be so lax and general as to apply equally to several species of things (which is the ordinary fault of the oriental manner of delineating); nor yet so methodically precise as the descriptions in natural history, which are addressed more to the intellect than to the imagination. Grand and sublime objects are best described by a few bold touches; for greatness is lost by being parcelled into minute portions; but objects of beauty and curiosity will bear to be viewed microscopically; and if the particulars are skilfully chosen, the effect is enhanced by distinctness. It is also desirable that the circumstances should be suggested by personal observation, else, the picture will probably be defective in accuracy, or at least will be marked with the faintness of a copy from another's conceptions.

No poetical artist can well venture to draw with minuter strokes than Thomson has done in the delineations of rural scenery and occupations which constitute the proper matter or staple of his poem, and which are generally both pleasing to contemplate and happily selected for the purpose of characterising the season. It would be difficult to determine whether the grand or the agreeable objects presented by nature were most congenial to his disposition. If his imagination was captivated by the former, his heart inclined him to the latter, especially to such as called forth kind and benevolent emotions; and as those offered themselves most copiously to his observation, they occur most frequently in his poem. His scenes of sublimity are chiefly taken from the polar and tropical regions, in depicting which, he only transcribes (with a poetical pen and fancy, indeed) the descriptions of travellers. His home scenery seems to have been almost entirely suggested by his own remarks, first made when he was a youth on the banks of the Tweed, and afterwards enlarged when he was a guest or an inhabitant in some of the finest parts of England. As he rejected no objects, however trivial, which could serve to mark the season he was describing, he appears to have thought it incumbent upon him, in order to support the dignity of verse, to intermix the figures and phraseology of the higher kinds of poetry; and to this he was particularly induced by the character of blank verse, in which he composed; for this species, being so little distinguished from prose by its measure, had acquired, in the practice of several eminent writers, an artificial stateliness of diction, more remote from common speech than the usual heroic rhyme couplet. This mixture of high-wrought language with a humble topic is one of the peculiar features of Thomson's style in descriptive poetry. A few examples will illustrate the manner of this combination.

In *Summer* a picture is given of hay-making, in which, the va-

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rious operations of that pleasing rural labour are minutely represented. The following lines are part of the description :—

> Ev'n stooping age is here, and infant hands
> Trail the long rake, or with the fragrant load
> O'ercharg'd, amid the *kind oppression* roll.
> * * * * * * * *
> ——— all in a row
> Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
> They spread the *breathing harvest* to the sun.

In the autumnal scene of the hare-hunt, when the poor animal is put up,—

> * * * she springs amaz'd, and all
> The *savage soul of game* is up at once.

The stag, in similar circumstances,

> Gives *all his swift aërial soul* to flight.

When a herd of cattle has taken alarm from the attack of a swarm of gad-flies,—

> * * * * tossing the foam
> They scorn the keeper's voice, and scour the plain,
> Thro' *all the bright severity of noon.*

All these quotations afford examples of that abstraction or generalization which is one of the distinctions of poetical language, and which, when in unison with the subject and ordinary strain of the diction, often produces a very happy effect. How far it does so in the preceding passages, the reader may determine according to his own feelings. To me, while the two last appear not only excusable, but worthy of admiration, the former give the perception of turgidity and ill-applied effort. The following lines in the description of the vintage, afford a singular mixture of vulgar and lofty phraseology :—

> Then comes the *crushing* swain, the *country floats*
> And *foams unbounded* with the *mashy flood*,
> That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
> Round the *rais'd nations pours the cup of joy.*

There are few pages of the Seasons which do not present somewhat of this combination of elevated language with common matter, which, whatever critical judgment be passed upon it, must be regarded as characteristic of the author's manner.

Another artifice which he employs to give dignity to a humble topic, is to annex to it moral sentiment, and, as it were, *humanize* the animal natures concerned in the scene. Thus, where he has perhaps descended the lowest——in his description of a spider catching flies in a window, this insect is termed

The

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> The *villain* spider * * * cunning and fierce,
> Mixture abhorr'd!

He is afterwards called *the ruffian;* and the victim fly, *the dreadless wanderer;* and the whole action is minutely told in a tragical style that would suit the murder of a Duncan or a Clarence. In like manner, the bear, seeking his winter retreat, is endowed with a human soul:—

> * * with stern patience, scorning weak complaint,
> Hardens his breast against assailing want.

Whatever be thought of these particular examples, it is presumed that no reader of sensibility will object to the pleasing details of the *passion of the groves*, though in some instances the writer may have assigned to his feathered pairs feelings which only belong to human lovers.

The frequent use of compound epithets is another circumstance by which Thompson's diction is strongly marked. These are elliptical modes of expression, by means of which, qualities or attributes are annexed to a subject in the most concise form possible. The effect of this compression is often truly poetical,—a striking idea being excited by a single word, which it would take a line to convey in detail. It is, however, a licence in language, and when arbitrarily framed, with no regard to grammatical propriety, is apt to give offence to a correct taste. This is the case when the two parts of the compound have no natural connection, or stand in no relation to each other of substantive and attribute, or of cause and effect. Thus, in the Seasons, *blood-happy*, meaning happy in the taste of blood; *thick-nibbling*, standing close and nibbling; *pale-quivering*, pale and quivering; *fair-exposed*, fair and exposed; seem examples of harsh and vicious formation. In many instances the compounding is effected merely by using an adjective adverbially, as, *wild-throbbing* for wildly throbbing; *loose-floating* for loosely floating; where too little appears to be gained to justify the licence. Upon the whole, Thomson's employment of this device to render language poetical may justly be termed excessive; and it is so characteristic of his style, that Brown, in his "Pipe of Tobacco," has personated this poet chiefly by his compound epithets:—

> * * * * forth issue clouds,
> Thought-thrilling, thirst-inciting clouds around,
> And many-mining fires.

To speak of Thomson generally as a descriptive poet, it may then be said, that in choice of subjects, he rejects none that can be rendered pleasing and impressive, and that he paints with a circumstantial minuteness that gives the objects clear and distinct

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tinct to the imagination; that with respect to diction, he is usually expressive and energetic, with frequent touches of truly poetic imagery, but occasionally verging to the turgid and cumbrous, particularly when he is desirous of elevating a humble topic by a pomp of phrase. It may be added, that no poet before him ever viewed nature either so extensively or so accurately; and that a benevolent heart, and a soul tutored by philosophy and impressed by the sentiments of a pure and enlarged theology, continually animate his pictures of rural life.

Of the merit of his versification, different ears have judged very differently. That his lines sometimes move heavily beneath an overweight of matter, and that they are occasionally harsh and unmelodious, is sufficiently perceptible; but, considering the length of his poem, such defects may be excused; and the general flow of his strain appears to me equal in harmony to that of most composers of blank verse, though rarely attaining excellence. As he is said to have been a very uncouth reader of his own lines, it is probable that his musical perceptions were not remarkably nice.

Thomson still bore the palm of descriptive poetry, and his manner was the principal object of imitation, when Cowper, who had failed of exciting attention by a volume of poems displaying abundant genius, but in a repulsive garb, burst on the public with his *Task*. This work, without professed subject or plan, consists of a mixture of description, chiefly rural, and of moral and religious sentiment, each introduced as it seems to have suggested itself to the mind of the author, with no other connection than casual association. Educated at a public school, and afterwards initiated in the school of the world; of a temper frank and undisguised; naturally inclined to hilarity, but with great inequality of spirits, which at length plunged him into a morbid melancholy, and rendered him the victim of a gloomy and appaling system of religion; kind and benevolent in his feelings, but converted by principle to a keen and caustic censor of life and manners; long consigned to a retirement in which his chief employment and solace was the contemplation of nature; Cowper brought a very extraordinary assemblage of qualities, moral and intellectual, to give direction to a genius of the first order. A free converse with men of the world, and an abhorrence of every thing like affectation, in language as well as in manners, had formed him to a style purely English, not disdaining a mixture of common words, and rendered poetical, not by a lofty cant, but by expressions warmed with the vivid imagery that played before his fancy. Equally minute and circumstantial with Thomson in his mode of description, and by no means fastidious in his choice of subjects, in which he was partly influenced by a strong relish for

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for humour, as well as a taste for the beautiful and sublime, he sometimes paints in a manner resembling the Dutch or Flemish school, but always with touches of the true picturesque. When his subject is low, he is content to leave it so, without any effort to raise it by the ambitious ornaments of artificial diction, secure of interesting his reader by the truth and liveliness of his delineation. Thus in his picture of the Woodman, which has been happily transferred to canvas, not a word is employed that rises above the matter, yet the language could present no other terms equally expressive:—

> Shaggy, and lean, and shrewd, with pointed ears,
> And tail cropt short, half-lurcher and half-cur,
> His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
> Now creeps he slow, and now with many a frisk
> Wide-scampering, snatches up the drifted snow
> With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout,
> Then shakes his powder'd coat, and barks for joy.
> Heedless of all his pranks, the sturdy churl
> Moves right toward the mark, nor stops for aught
> But now and then, with pressure of his thumb,
> T' adjust the fragrant charge of a short tube
> That fumes beneath his nose. The trailing cloud
> Streams far behind him, scenting all the air.

The Carrier, in a snow-storm,—

> With half-shut eyes, and pucker'd cheeks, and teeth
> Presented bare against the storm,—

is a draught of the same kind, something more bordering on the Dutch style, but perfect as a copy of reality. In both these passages, words are found which could not have suggested themselves to Thomson, or if they had, would scarcely have been admitted; yet what reader of true taste would change them? This masculine vigour of vernacular diction, which is characteristic of Cowper's style, and in which it resembles that of Dryden, by no means precludes (any more than it did in that poet) the highest degree of grace and elegance when those qualities are congenial with the subject. What can surpass in gracefulness of language, as well as in beauty of imagery, his enumeration of plants in the flowering-shrubbery?—The tall guelder-rose

> ——— throwing up into the darkest gloom
> Of neighb'ring cypress, or more sable yew,
> Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf
> That the wind severs from the broken wave.
> * * * * * * * *
> * * * * * * * *
> * * * * * luxuriant above all
> The jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
> The deep dark green of whose unvarnish'd leaf
> Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more,
> The bright profusion of her scatter'd stars.

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If the passage in which these lines are contained be compared with a resembling one in Thomson describing the flowers that blow from early Spring to Summer, it will appear, that whilst the latter poet attempts little more than to annex to each some mark of distinction properly belonging to it, the former associates with the subject of his description some idea of the imagination which enhances its effect by parallelism. Nothing denotes the mind of a poet so much as this operation of the fancy when objects are presented to the external senses.

That Thomson was in general an exact, as well as a minute, observer of nature is evinced in almost every page of the Seasons; yet there are some instances in which Cowper, touching upon the same circumstances with him, has displayed superior correctness. Thus, where Thomson, with a truly picturesque selection of incidents, represents the effects of a hard frost, he augments the real wonders of the scene by painting a cascade as if it were congealed into ice at the instant of falling:—

> * * * the dumb cascade,
> Whose idle torrents only seem to roar.

But this is an impossibility, and is regarded as such by Cowper, who has formed a beautiful frost-picture from the opposite appearances. Speaking of a stream stealing away beneath its frozen surface, he says,—

> Not so, where scornful of a check, it leaps
> The mill-dam, dashes on the restless wheel,
> And wantons in the pebbly gulf below.
> *No* frost can bind it there: its utmost force
> Can but arrest the light and smokey mist
> That in its fall the liquid sheet throws wide.

In this passage, too, Cowper is more accurate in the silent stealthy flow of the frost-bound stream, than Thomson, who, probably for the sake of poetical effect, represents it as indignantly murmuring at its chains:—

> The whole imprison'd river *growls* below.

Cowper's exactness was probably owing to his having been, from his situation, an observer of nature at an advanced period of life, when the novelty of common objects being exhausted, the rural solitary is reduced to pry more closely into surrounding scenes, in order to excite a new interest in them. Hence, his observations are commonly of a more curious and recondite kind than those of Thomson, who usually takes what lies obvious upon the surface of things. Every reader of the Seasons has admired the pleasing description of the red-breast, "paying to trusted man his annual visit:" it is recognized for perfect nature, be-

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cause every one has witnessed the reality: but few in their winter walks have made those remarks on the same bird which dictated to Cowper the following lines:—

> The red-breast warbles still, but is content
> With slender notes and more than half suppress'd.
> Pleas'd with his solitude, and flitting light
> From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes
> From many a twig the pendant drops of ice,
> That tinkle in the wither'd leaves below.

This picture is equally natural with the former, and has the additional merit of furnishing new images to the fancy. It was from such a mature and deliberate study of nature that Mr. White of Selborne derived that store of curious observations, which he has presented in the most entertaining miscellany of natural-history that was ever composed.

Both of these poets occasionally employ personification, which is a kind of abstract and comprehensive description. To the poet of the Seasons it was an obvious piece of mechanism that each should make its entrance as a living figure; distinguished by some characteristics of that portion of the year of which it was the harbinger; but it cannot be said that in these draughts he has displayed much fancy. The epithet of "etherial Mildness" which he gives to Spring presents no visual image; and it has been justly objected by Miss Seward, that the "shower of shadowing roses" in which she descends is an usurpation upon the property of Summer. To Summer is assigned nothing more than "refulgent youth," and an "ardent look." Autumn has the common bearings of the sickle and wheaten sheaf, with which he, or she, is oddly said to be "crowned:" and Winter is only marked by the qualities of gloom and surliness. The other sketches of personification in his poem are too slight to merit notice.

The case is very different with Cowper. His powerful imagination was equal to those *creative* exertions which are perhaps the highest triumph of poetry; and though his purpose in the Task did not urge him to frequent attempts of this kind; yet he has exhibited specimens which in grandeur and elegance have scarcely ever been surpassed. His personified figures of Winter and of Evening will justify this assertion to every reader susceptible of the charms of pure poetry; and, I think, clearly establish his claim to a higher seat on Parnassus than that occupied by Thomson.

The descriptive matter in the Seasons is diversified by some little history-pieces, the subjects of which have a reference to that part of the year in which they are introduced. It is generally admitted that the style of Thomson is little suited to the narrative

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tive of common life. Destitute of ease, and wholly unlike the language of real conversation, it proves an awkward vehicle for the dialogue and incidents of story-telling; and though an interest is excited by the pathetic of the circumstances, as in the maid struck by lightning, and the man lost in the snow, it owes nothing to the manner of narration. Cowper, on the contrary, was a master in this style. He perfectly understood common speech, and could readily accommodate his phraseology to his subject. The touching story of Crazy Kate, and the various passages in which he alludes to the melancholy history of his own life, are examples of the true natural mode of narrating; of which many more instances might be adduced from his other poems.

As the versification of Thomson has been mentioned, it will be proper, by way of comparison, to say something of that of Cowper. His blank verse is in general the apparently negligent effusion of one who, pouring out his thoughts in exuberance, does not long study to put them into measure. But he evidently possessed a musical and practised ear; and his irregularities are not always without design. It is known that in his version of Homer he paid very particular attention to the melody of his lines and its adaptation to the subject; and if, in the Task, his mind was more occupied with the sentiments, there are not wanting passages the flow of which is remarkably harmonious. One example shall suffice for a proof of his talent in this respect:—

> How soft the music of those village bells
> Falling at intervals upon the ear
> In cadence sweet! now dying all away,
> Now pealing loud again, and louder still,
> Clear and sonorous as the gale comes on.

A fine ear is, then, another poetical requisite in which nature seems to have been more liberal to Cowper than to Thomson. It would, perhaps be easy to quote from the latter, instances in which harsh or appaling sounds are happily imitated, for our language abounds with words which echo tones of that class; but to make English verse "discourse eloquent music" is a much more difficult task.

Such appear to me to be the principal characteristics of these two original poets in that delineation of natural objects and the incidents of rural life, for which both are so justly admired. Thomson is so far entitled to the first place, that if his minute style of painting had not obtained admission into English poetry, the descriptions in the Task would probably never have existed: yet Cowper cannot be denominated an imitator in them, since his manner is entirely his own, and the objects he has represented were evidently suggested by individual observation. Between the two poems no comparison can subsist; for while the Seasons is the

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completion of an extensive plan, necessarily comprizing a great variety of topics, most of which would occur to every poetical mind occupied in the same design; the Task owes nothing to a preconceived argument, but is the extemporaneous product of the very singular mind and genius of the author. It had no model, and can have no parallel.

J. A.

ART VII.—*On the different Grounds of Religious Persecution.*

IN the history of persecution on account of religion, an attentive observer will distinguish two sets of motives which have induced men to inflict upon their fellow-creatures those pains and penalties by which the assertion of private opinion in matters deemed sacred has in almost all countries been restrained. Of these, one set may be denominated purely religious; that is, they spring from a persuasion of the truth of that system of faith and worship which has been adopted by the state, and which education and habit have consecrated to such a degree, that any dissent from it strikes its votaries with a perception of impiety. The other set is purely political, arising from an arbitrary connexion between some form of civil polity, and a religious establishment, so that an attack upon the latter is thought to endanger the safety of the former. These motives are so different in their nature, that the persons severally actuated by them will conduct themselves by very different rules; and although they may occasionally concur in certain practical measures, yet, radically differing in their objects, such concurrence will not be general or perpetual. From which of these classes of persecutors the greatest evils have proceeded, and which are the most inveterate foes to the rights of mankind, are enquiries that cannot fail of being interesting and instructive. Let us enter upon them under the guidance of historical fact, and the acknowledged principles of human nature.

One of the most important differences among religions with respect to their influence on society, is that of their exclusive or their accommodating character; in other words, whether they assume to be the only true and allowable religion, or concede to others an equal authority and authenticity in the countries which have received them. The religions of heathenism were of the latter description. Each nation, adopting such deities and forms of adoration as ancient tradition or later superstition had recommended to it, framed a theological system for itself, as it did a code of laws, without calling in question the right of a neighbour to do the

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the like. Each would naturally give a preference to its own; but supposing that every religion was best suited to the genius of the country embracing it, no one would feel an inducement to propagate its particular tenets beyond the limits of its own territory. Even when dominion was extended by conquest, it was usual for the victors to suffer the vanquished to retain their own rites, unless when they were made a call to rebellion. These local faiths were, however, implicitly received where they were legally established, and every instance of open disrespect or disbelief shown towards them was severely animadverted upon; so that liberty of discussion upon theological topics was a principle by no means admitted, at least where it seemed to oppugn the ritual of the state. Socrates, though he always inculcated the obligation of conformity to the national religion, was condemned on the charge of innovating in his lectures on divinity; and there are other examples in the records of Grecian philosophy, of capital punishment inflicted upon alleged atheists and freethinkers. These were, indeed, rare and individual instances; for, as compliance with the public forms of worship was by no philosophical sect regarded as criminal, none of them, as sects, were exposed to persecution. On this account, the history of religious persecution among the nations of antiquity is very scanty. The fire of zeal lay dormant for want of fuel; and the extent of its operation on the human mind remained a yet untried experiment. The Jews, indeed, whose purer theology forbade the most distant participation in the rites of idolatry, were sometimes put to severe trials of their fortitude by the pride and tyranny of their conquerors, which they generally went through with the most unyielding firmness; but their pious scruples were more commonly respected by their masters.

The introduction of the Christian religion was the event which gave full scope to the propensity of mankind to inflict, and the capacity to endure, persecution on a religious account. With the exclusive character of Judaism with respect to its doctrines and the object of its worship, it united such powerful motives derived from a future state of existence, that its votaries were incited by every feeling in the human breast to labour for its propagation. It was no longer a matter of indifference to a friend of mankind who was a Christian, what religion was professed by others; they must either receive his own, or, according to his notions, incur the most dreadful punishment. The greatest possible benefit had been offered to the world, but there had been annexed to it an equal weight of penalty on its rejection. The immediate consequence of this sentiment was an ardent zeal in the new converts to propagate their own religious opinions, and to subvert all the received systems, which, while it rapidly promoted their

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cause, exposed them at different times to violent persecutions from the ruling powers. Unable to enter into the scruples of the Christians, indignant at the contempt with which they treated the public rites of their country, and alarmed at their bold attempts to abrogate them, the heathen magistrates regarded these new sectaries as impious and dangerous innovators, who were to be chastised, or even extirpated, by the hand of power. The measures consequently adopted were sometimes severe and sanguinary, sometimes more lenient and remiss, according to the temper of the sovereign. These persecutions, however, did not perfectly correspond to the character of religious, at least on the part of those who inflicted them; since their purpose was not to compel the adoption of any particular system of theological faith, but to silence or suppress one which was the assailant of all others.

Christianity at length triumphed over all its opponents, and became allied to supreme power. Thenceforth the object of persecution was changed, and it assumed its proper and peculiar nature. It was first turned, as might be expected, against the vanquished religion; but here it encountered a very unequal adversary. There was nothing in the principle of polytheism that could induce its votaries to suffer rather than comply, at least externally, with new rites enjoined by imperial authority: and after some struggles excited by popular superstition, the whole frame of heathenism silently dissolved away. But in the bosom of Christianity itself soon sprung up antagonists who, animated with a similar spirit, engaged in civil war upon equal terms. From a very early period differences of opinion prevailed among the Christian converts respecting the tenets of their religion; and as enquiry became more curious and refined, these differences multiplied, while each sect and party attached the greatest importance to those points which were at issue between them and their opponents. It was common to them all to hold, that the first of human concerns was the preservation of the purity and unity of the faith—that no considerations relative to this world could stand in any competition with this great object—and that it would be culpable lenity to indulge erring brethren in the profession, and still more in the propagation, of heresies endangering the safety of immortal souls. From these maxims proceeded that inexhaustible fund of religious contentions which has agitated the Christian world, and which, when power took part in the strife, infallibly produced persecution; for it was not in human nature that persons possessed of power should refrain from making use of it to give a preponderance to that party which in their opinion was the champion of truths infinitely important to mankind. Although worldly passions and interests soon mixed in these disputes, yet their origin was purely doctrinal. They sprung from different interpretations

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terpretations of Scripture, and different degrees of authority attached to the fathers of the church; and had no reference either to the rights of sovereigns, or to the prerogatives of the hierarchy. Of what personal consequence was it either to emperors or popes whether the Arian or the Athanasian hypothesis, by which the Christian world was at one time almost equally divided, should finally prevail in the contest? Many controversies of this kind are still subsisting even in countries where free discussion of theological topics is permitted: nor, without a new revelation of the divine will, does it appear possible that they can be terminated. In the mean time, the absolute necessity of a right faith to salvation, is a dogma of all established churches, and of the greater part of sects.

Persecution, then, on a religious account, which, in the times of heathenism, had no other object than to avenge insults offered to the deities recognized by the state, and to support the civil institutions blended with their worship; acquired, under the prevalence of Christianity, the new and more imperative motive of maintaining and propagating rites and doctrines essential to the happiness of mankind during an endless series of ages, and consequently of infinitely greater moment than any temporal interests. The heathen magistrate did not conceive that he had any concern with the truth or error of opinions, or their influence upon that future condition of men, of which he had very uncertain notions; and he was satisfied with external compliance with the forms of religion adopted by the state over which he presided. The Christian sovereign, with a more extended, if erroneous, philanthropy, was actuated by a zeal for securing the eternal welfare of the people committed to his charge, and therefore could not connive at errors, however peaceable, which were adverse to the only true faith. It was not long, however, that this motive operated singly. When particular churches were become powerful and opulent, they naturally contended with each other for superiority, and civil rulers took part with them as it suited their interests. They were in return assisted by the spiritual arms of that church which they espoused; and thus arose the same union between sacred and profane authority which had prevailed under the various forms of heathenism. But the consequences of this alliance were much more injurious to the peace of the world in its renewed state: for, theological systems contending now not for defence, but for conquest, and numbers being warmed with a zeal prompting both to inflict and to endure persecution, an intestine war commenced among the professors of Christianity, which has marked with traces of blood the ecclesiastical history of almost every European nation. It is with relation to this modern period of the world that the proposed enquiry particularly applies; namely,

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what are the distinctive characters of the persecution originating from pure religious real, and of that excited by worldly policy; and which is most to be dreaded?

The solution of these questions is rendered more difficult on account of the complication of both kinds in most of the instances of actual persecution, and even in the motives of the principal actors in them. For as, on the one hand, it is not easy to find a public character whose religious zeal is free from all mixture of temporal considerations, so, on the other, the examples are rare of mere men of the world who have so completely discarded "all that the nurse and that the priest have taught," as not to feel a partiality for the system of belief in which they have been educated. If we go through the catalogue of those pontiffs whose steady and unrelenting policy raised the see of Rome to a height above the thrones of the greatest monarchs, we shall discover, indeed, much scandalous profligacy and inordinate ambition united with the persecuting spirit, but seldom without tokens of bigotry and superstition, indicating real belief in the dogmas of their church. Leo the Tenth, were the saying attributed to him genuine, concerning "the gainful fable of Christ," might, indeed, be reckoned a mere political priest, who opposed the reformation only because it was hostile to his power; but several of the fiercest maintainers of the claims of Rome were strictly attached to its rites and doctrines. Among royal and secular persecutors the same mixture of motives may be discerned. The expulsion of the Moors from Spain was a measure dictated in part by bigotry, and in part by the political purpose of removing across the sea a people who were in close correspondence with the inveterate foes of the Christian name. Henry VIII. burned Papists and Protestants in the same fire; the first as rebellious partisans of the Pope's supremacy; the second as impious oppugners of those tenets of the catholic church which he still supported: and he showed his greater lenity towards the first, who were his political victims, by suffering them to be strangled before the fire was applied. Francis I. who, as a Most Christian king, committed his own Protestant subjects to the flames, as a king of France, leagued with the German Protestants against the House of Austria.

But whilst the history of persecution abounds in cases of this complex kind, there are a sufficient number of instances in which religion and policy acted separately, to afford a comparison between their different modes of action and final results. As the objects of the two classes of persecutors were essentially different, their measures were not likely to be the same. Nothing less than the extirpation of heresy could satisfy those who were incited by zeal for what they regarded as the only true faith; whereas disabling dissidents from disturbing the public peace, or endangering

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gering the government, would suffice those who took up the matter as mere statesmen. The first would slight all considerations of utility, and refuse any compromise for the purpose of averting dangerous extremities: the second would weigh the evil against the good, and rather aim at palliation, than run the risk of a violent and uncertain cure. Both might conduct their schemes with perfect disregard of the common feelings of humanity; but the first, borne up by the consciousness that they were consulting the dearest interests of mankind, would be rendered indifferent even to the reputation of lenity; while the second, having no other pretext than the temporal good of society, would feel some restraint from the public odium usually attached to extreme severity.

The Court of Inquisition presents the completest example of systematic persecution on a simply religious account; for although it was probably at its origin encouraged by the Popes as a support to their usurped authority, yet in its national adoption by the Spaniards and Portuguese it had no other object than that of preserving the purity of the faith. Indeed nothing could be more manifestly impolitic than its rigours towards peaceable citizens engaged in commerce or useful arts, whom, as suspected Jews or heretics, it imprisoned, or drove to foreign countries. Actuated by an uniform spirit, and true to its object, it has never felt the compunctions of pity or the emotions of shame, but has even braved the public odium by making splendid spectacles of its horrid executions, and compelling the attendance of the first persons of the state. It cannot be doubted that there have been in those countries wise statesmen, who, though sincerely attached to their religion, lamented the impolicy as well as the cruelty of these severities; but it was not safe for them to raise their voices against predominant bigotry.

The measures employed at different periods against the Hugonots in France well illustrate the spirit of the two species of persecution. After some respite from the ferocity of Francis I., they acquired consequence enough to become a party in the state; and during the subsequent reigns they occasionally served the ambitious views of princes of the blood and great nobles, and endured and inflicted many calamities in a series of civil wars, generally excited by the bigotry and bad faith of their adversaries. They were at one time so powerful that it seemed dubious in which religion the kingdom of France would finally settle; and Catharine de Medicis, whose only religion was the love of power, began, it is said, coolly to balance between praying in Latin and praying in French. That perfidious woman at length, in concert with the bigotted Catholics, at the head of whom was the House of Guise, planned the execrable massacre which to the end of time will remain a foul blot on the age and nation. With respect

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pect to her, this was not a religious persecution, but a *coup-d'-etat*, the object of which was the ruin of a party too powerful to be suppressed by open force; it could, not, however, have been carried into execution without the aid of that inveterate hatred which the zealous Catholics bore to the Protestants, and which perpetually urged them to contrive their utter extirpation. Notwithstanding all the blood shed by the massacre, we find the Hugonots still formidable enough to obtain a treaty confirming their privileges; and the possession of cautionary towns placed them almost in the situation of an independent republic in the heart of the monarchy. When Richelieu formed the project of laying all subordinate power in France at the foot of the throne, the Hugonot party, which had formed defensive leagues with foreign potentates, was naturally an object of his attack. By the capture of Rochelle he reduced it from a party to a sect; and being, though a cardinal, more of a statesman than an ecclesiastic, he was contented to let the Protestants live as quiet religionists, indulged in the exercise of their worship and the common rights of citizens; and they became thenceforth some of the most industrious and valuable members of the community. In this condition they continued, till Louis XIV., governed by Jesuits, and compounding for his immoralities by excess of religious zeal, undertook the pious office of converting his Protestant subjects. For this purpose he repealed the edict of Nantes, the charter of their privileges, and subjected them to a rigour of persecution which drove numbers of those who were not *converted*, to foreign countries, whither they carried their ingenious arts and industry. Such was the final triumph of bigotry over policy!

The bloody persecutions in the Low-countries under Philip II. of Spain, and his willing instrument the Duke of Alva, had their source chiefly in the bigotry of that monarch; who probably affirmed with truth, that he had rather be master of a single town of unmixed Catholics, than of a kingdom contaminated with heresy. He had also, it is true, the design of annulling the civil privileges of those provinces; but his attempts to introduce the inquisition were the immediate cause of their rebellion; and he was not satisfied with recovering the obedience of the ten Flemish provinces, without establishing in them a system of intolerance, which produced the expulsion of the Protestant inhabitants with their property and manufactures; an event from which the decline of the great commercial cities in that part of the Austrian dominions may be dated.

The most sanguinary persecution which England has witnessed was that of the Protestants in Mary's reign, which was instigated solely by the furious zeal of the Queen; for the loyalty of her Protestant subjects at her succession was unimpeachable, and her throne

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throne was perfectly secure. Such was the fanatical violence of her proceedings, that even her bigotted husband, Philip, interposed to mitigate it; and Cardinal Pole from Rome itself was continually urging her to a degree of moderation. She left behind her that horror of Popery in the minds of Englishmen which no length of time will probably extinguish, and which on many occasions has influenced the national politics. The Catholics have industriously attempted to parallel the cruelties of Mary's persecution, by the severities exercised against themselves in the reign of her successor; but the cases are entirely different. Elizabeth, in her religious system, deviated not very widely from the church of Rome, which, by the majority of Protestant episcopalians, was regarded as a true, though a corrupted, church. She was therefore little actuated by converting zeal; and her Catholic subjects might have lived unmolested under her rule, had they not been perpetually engaged in plots against her person and government. It was therefore as traitors, not as Romish priests, that so many Jesuits and other emissaries of Rome suffered death during the reign of Elizabeth.

Had the gunpowder-plot taken effect, the English history would have presented a more horrid instance of the consequences of religious hatred than the annals of any age or nation perhaps afford; but it would be unjust to impute to the spirit of the Catholics as a body, an atrocity which appears to have been generated in the minds of only a few violent fanatics. James himself so understood it; and his temper disposing him to be more intimidated than exasperated by the attempt, and he having besides measures to keep with the principal Catholic courts, the severities against popery in his reign were only of a defensive kind. Persecution indeed now began to take an opposite turn, and Puritanism was the object against which the efforts of power were principally directed. In discountenancing this sect, political considerations chiefly operated; for the Puritans formed a party in the state which held maxims in direct opposition to the high monarchical principles inculcated from the throne. The royal adage,—"No bishop, no king," ecclesiastically converted into "No king, no bishop," united crown and mitre against a sect supposed equally hostile to both: and in the reigns of James and his son, all the rigour of a political persecution was let loose upon the obnoxious party. Its severities were, however, enhanced by the mixture of religious bigotry. Laud, in whom a domineering spirit was joined with weak superstition, proceeded with the rancour of a priestly zealot against the contemners of rites and ceremonies, which he regarded as of the most sacred authority; and to his violence (condemned by all the prudent of his own party) may be attributed much of that disaffection which involved the nation in civil

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civil war. When the Presbyterians came into power, they displayed a persecuting zeal uncontrouled by those political considerations, which should at least have obliged them to tolerate sectaries equally adverse with themselves to episcopacy. Cromwell, whose interests connected him with the independents, and who, besides, appears to have been tolerant by principle, interposed to moderate their severity: it is well known that he saved the life of the Socinian Biddle, by banishing him to the Scilly isles, with a pension for his maintenance.

The persecution which the Presbyterians retaliated upon the episcopalians, was returned upon them with usury after the Restoration, and has continued to press on them, with more or less weight, ever since that period. The actual infliction of penalties for nonconformity has varied according to political events; but the spirit of the predominant party was fully displayed near the close of the reign of the weak and bigotted Ann, whose death alone, and the succession of the House of Hanover, could have saved the Dissenters from a renewal of the worst oppressions of the reign of Charles II. How far, indeed, the opposition of an Established Clergy to the toleration of separatists is owing to religious zeal, and how far to jealousy respecting their dignities and emoluments, will always be questionable; but when the laity join them, no personal object being at stake, the motive cannot be doubted! When the Earl of Nottingham, after writing a book against Arianism, brought in a Bill to inflict heavy pains and penalties on the oppugners of the Trinitarian doctrines, he might claim full credit for sincere bigotry.

A review of the whole matter above stated, which might have been much extended by a larger reference to historical facts, will apparently justify the following conclusions:—That when the adherents of one religion persecute those of another merely on account of the exclusive truth of their own, and its infinite importance to the welfare of mankind, no other limit can be assigned to the duration or degree of such persecution, than that of accomplishing its purpose, which is, the extirpation of error: so that the very purity of its motives renders it incapable of lenity or relaxation: That, on the other hand, a persecution the objects of which are political, will be limited by the views of that policy, which will change according to circumstances; and if experience has shewn that religious persecution has always been detrimental to the civil interests of a country, it may be expected that the time will come when statesmen will be sufficiently enlightened entirely to put an end to it. This desirable termination would sooner and more certainly be effected, if men, retaining their religious fervour, were to receive it as an irrefragable maxim, that human power has nothing to do in matters of religion further than

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a regard to decency and morality require; and that, consequently, every interference on its part to give a preponderance to one system of faith over another is highly unjust and criminal. But it is to be feared, that the zealots for peculiar doctrines will be unwilling to admit the truth of this maxim, at least so long as they expect power will be on their side; and if the present period is marked by unusual zeal for such doctrines, it will be incumbent on the friends of liberty, civil and religious, closely to watch its machinations. Such a zeal is by nature intolerant, and only wears the mask of moderation when under controul. It can hardly be supposed that they who consign all who differ from them to eternal punishment in another world, would refrain from bestowing a little chastisement upon them in this world, were the rod put into their hands.

ART. VIII.—*On the Genius and Character of Hogarth; with some Remarks on a Passage in the Writings of the late Mr. Barry.*

ONE of the earliest and noblest enjoyments I had when a boy was in the contemplation of those capital prints by Hogarth, the *Harlot's* and *Rake's Progresses*, which, along with some others, hung upon the walls of a great hall in an old-fashioned house in ——shire, and seemed the solitary tenants (with myself) of that antiquated and life-deserted apartment.

Recollection of the manner in which those prints used to affect me, has often made me wonder, when I have heard Hogarth described as a mere comic painter, as one whose chief ambition was to *raise a laugh*. To deny that there are throughout the prints which I have mentioned circumstances introduced of a laughable tendency, would be to run counter to the common notions of mankind; but to suppose that in their *ruling character* they appeal chiefly to the risible faculty, and not first and foremost to the very heart of man, its best and most serious feelings, would be to mistake no less grossly their aim and purpose. A set of severer Satires (for they are not so much Comedies, which they have been likened to, as they are strong and masculine Satires) less mingled with any thing of mere fun, were never written upon paper, or graven upon copper. They resemble Juvenal, or the satiric touches in Timon of Athens.

I was pleased with the reply of a gentleman, who being asked which book he esteemed most in his library, answered,—"Shakspeare:" being asked which he esteemed next best, replied,—"Hogarth."

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"Hogarth." His graphic representations are indeed books: they have the teeming, fruitful, suggestive meaning of *words*. Other pictures we look at,—his prints we read.

In pursuance of this parallel, I have sometimes entertained myself with comparing the *Timon of Athens* of Shakspeare (which I have just mentioned) and Hogarth's *Rake's Progress* together. The story, the moral, in both is nearly the same. The wild course of riot and extravagance, ending in the one with driving the Prodigal from the society of men into the solitude of the deserts, and in the other with conducting the Rake through his several stages of dissipation into the still more complete desolations of the mad-house, in the play and in the picture are described with almost equal force and nature. The levee of the Rake, which forms the subject of the second plate in the series, is almost a transcript of Timon's Levee in the opening scene of that play. We find a dedicating poet, and other similar characters, in both.

The concluding scene in the *Rake's Progress* is perhaps superior to the last scenes of *Timon*. If we seek for something of kindred excellence in poetry, it must be in the scenes of Lear's beginning madness, where the King and the Fool and the Tom-o'-Bedlam conspire to produce such a medley of mirth checked by misery, and misery rebuked by mirth; where the society of those "strange bed-fellows" which misfortunes have brought Lear acquainted with, so finely sets forth the destitute state of the monarch, while the lunatic bans of the one, and the disjointed sayings and wild but pregnant allusions of the other, so wonderfully sympathize with that confusion, which they seem to assist in the production of, in the senses of that "child-changed father."

In the scene in Bedlam, which terminates the *Rake's Progress*, we find the same assortment of the ludicrous with the terrible. Here is desperate madness, the overturning of originally strong thinking faculties, at which we shudder, as we contemplate the duration and pressure of affliction which it must have asked to destroy such a building;—and here is the gradual hurtless lapse into idiocy, of faculties, which at their best of times never having been strong, we look upon the consummation of their decay with no more of pity than is consistent with a smile. The mad taylor, the poor driveller that has gone out of his wits (and truly he appears to have had no great journey to go to get past their confines) for the love of *Charming Betty Careless*,—these half-laughable scarce-pitiable objects take off from the horror which the principal figure would of itself raise, at the same time that they assist the feeling of the scene by contributing to the general notion of its subject:—

> Madness, thou chaos of the brain,
> What art, that pleasure giv'st, and pain?
> Tyranny of Fancy's reign!

Mechanic

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Mechanic Fancy, that can build
Vast labyrinths and mazes wild,
With rule disjointed, shapeless measure,
Fill'd with horror, fill'd with pleasure!
Shapes of horror, that would even
Cast doubts of mercy upon heaven.
Shapes of pleasure, that, but seen,
Would split the shaking sides of spleen *.

Is it carrying the spirit of comparison to excess to remark, that in the poor kneeling weeping female, who accompanies her seducer in his sad decay, there is something analogous to Kent, or Caius, as he delights rather to be called, in *Lear*,—the noblest pattern of virtue which even Shakspeare has conceived,—who follows his royal master in banishment, that had pronounced *his* banishment, and forgetful at once of his wrongs and dignities, taking on himself the disguise of a menial, retains his fidelity to the figure, his loyalty to the carcass, the shadow, the shell and empty husk of Lear?

In the perusal of a book, or of a picture, much of the impression which we receive depends upon the habit of mind which we bring with us to such perusal. The same circumstance may make one person laugh, which shall render another very serious; or in the same person the first impression may be corrected by afterthought. The misemployed incongruous characters at the *Harlot's Funeral*, on a superficial inspection, provoke to laughter; but when we have sacrificed the first emotion to levity, a very different frame of mind succeeds, or the painter has lost half his purpose. I never look at that wonderful assemblage of depraved beings, who, without a grain of reverence or pity in their perverted minds, are performing the sacred exteriors of duty to the relicks of their departed partner in folly, but I am as much moved to sympathy from the very want of it in them, as I should be by the finest representation of a virtuous death-bed surrounded by real mourners, pious children, weeping friends,—perhaps more by the very contrast. What reflexions does it not awake, of the dreadful heartless state in which the creature (a female too) must have lived, who in death wants the accompaniment of one genuine tear. That wretch who is removing the lid of the coffin to gaze upon the corpse with a face which indicates a perfect negation of all goodness or womanhood—the hypocrite Parson and his demure partner—all the fiendish group—to a thoughtful mind present a moral emblem more affecting than if the poor friendless carcass had been depicted as thrown out to the woods, where wolves had assisted at its obsequies, itself furnishing forth its own funeral banquet.

* Lines inscribed under the plate.

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It is easy to laugh at such incongruities as are met together in this picture,—incongruous objects being of the very essence of laughter,—but surely the laugh is far different in its kind from that thoughtless species to which we are moved by mere farce and grotesque. We laugh when Ferdinand Count Fathom, at the first sight of the white cliffs of Britain, feels his heart yearn with filial fondness towards the land of his progenitors, which he is coming to fleece and plunder,—we smile at the exquisite irony of the passage,—but if we are not led on by such passages to some more salutary feeling than laughter, we are very negligent perusers of them in book or picture.

It is the fashion with those who cry up the great Historical School in this country, at the head of which Sir Joshua Reynolds is placed, to exclude Hogarth from that school, as an artist of an inferior and vulgar class. Those persons seem to me to confound the painting of subjects in common or vulgar life with the being a vulgar artist. The quantity of thought which Hogarth crowds into every picture, would alone *unvulgarize* every subject which he might choose. Let us take the lowest of his subjects, the print called *Gin Lane*. Here is plenty of poverty and low stuff to disgust upon a superficial view; and accordingly, a cold spectator feels himself immediately disgusted and repelled. I have seen many turn away from it, not being able to bear it. The same persons would perhaps have looked with great complacency upon Poussin's celebrated picture of the *Plague at Athens* *. Disease and Death and bewildering Terror, in *Athenian garments*, are endurable, and come, as the delicate critics express it, within the "limits of pleasurable sensation." But the scenes of their own St. Giles's, delineated by their own countryman, are too shocking to think of. Yet if we could abstract our minds from the fascinating colours of the picture, and forget the coarse execution (in some respects) of the print, intended as it was to be a cheap plate, accessible to the poorer sort of people, for whose instruction it was done, I think we could have no hesitation in conferring the palm of superior genius upon Hogarth, comparing this work of his with Poussin's picture. There is more of imagination in it—that power which draws all things to one,—which makes things animate and inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects and their accessaries, take one colour, and serve to one effect. Every thing in the print, to use a vulgar expression, *tells*. Every part is full of "strange images of death." It is perfectly amazing and astounding to look at. Not only the two prominent figures, the woman and the half-dead man, which are as terrible as any thing which Michael Angelo ever drew, but every

* At the late Mr. Hope's, in Cavendish-square.

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every thing else in the print contributes to bewilder and stupefy, —the very houses, as I heard a friend of mine express it, tumbling all about in various directions, seem drunk—seem absolutely reeling from the effect of that diabolical spirit of phrenzy which goes forth over the whole composition.—To shew the poetical and almost prophetical conception in the artist, one little circumstance may serve. Not content with the dying and dead figures, which he has strewed in profusion over the proper scene of the action, he shews you what (of a kindred nature) is passing beyond it. Close by the shell, in which, by direction of the parish beadle, a man is depositing his wife, is an old wall, which, partaking of the universal decay around it, is tumbling to pieces. Through a gap in this wall are seen three figures, which appear to make a part in some funeral procession which is passing by on the other side of the wall, out of the sphere of the composition. This extending of the interest beyond the bounds of the subject could only have been conceived by a great genius. Shakspeare, in his description of the Painting of the Trojan War, in his *Tarquin and Lucrece*, has introduced a similar device, where the painter made a part stand for the whole:

> For much imaginary work was there,
> Conceit deceitful, so compact, so kind,
> That for Achilles' image stood his spear,
> Grip'd in an armed hand; himself behind
> Was left unseen, save to the eye of mind:
> A hand, a foot, a face, a leg, a head,
> Stood for the whole to be imagined.

This he well calls *imaginary work*, where the spectator must meet the artist in his conceptions half way; and it is peculiar to the confidence of high genius alone to trust so much to spectators or readers. Lesser artists shew every thing distinct and full, as they require an object to be made out to themselves before they can comprehend it.

When I think of the power displayed in this (I will not hesitate to say) sublime print, it seems to me the extreme narrowness of system alone, and of that rage for classification, by which, in matters of taste at least, we are perpetually perplexing instead of arranging our ideas, that would make us concede to the work of Poussin abovementioned, and deny to this of Hogarth, the name of a grand serious composition.

We are for ever deceiving ourselves with names and theories. We call one man a great historical painter, because he has taken for his subjects kings or great men, or transactions over which time has thrown a grandeur. We term another the painter of common life, and set him down in our minds for an artist of an inferior class, without reflecting whether the quantity of thought

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shewn by the latter may not much more than level the distinction which their mere choice of subjects may seem to place between them; or whether, in fact, from that very common life a great artist may not extract as deep an interest as another man from that which we are pleased to call history.

I entertain the highest respect for the talents and virtues of Reynolds, but I do not like that his reputation should overshadow and stifle the merits of such a man as Hogarth, nor that to mere names and classifications we should be content to sacrifice one of the greatest ornaments of England.

I would ask the most enthusiastic admirer of Reynolds, whether in the countenances of his *Staring* and *Grinning Despair*, which he has given us for the faces of Ugolino and dying Beaufort, there be any thing comparable to the expression which Hogarth has put into the face of his broken-down Rake in the last plate but one of the *Rake's Progress**, where a letter from the manager is brought to him to say that his play "will not do?" Here all is easy, natural, undistorted, but withal what a mass of woe is here accumulated!—the long history of a mis-spent life is compressed into the countenance as plainly as the series of plates before had told it; here is no attempt at Gorgonian looks which are to freeze the beholder, no grinning at the antique bed-posts, no face-making, or consciousness of the presence of spectators in or out of the picture, but grief kept to a man's self, a face retiring from notice with the shame which great anguish sometimes brings with it,—a final leave taken of hope,—the coming on of vacancy and stupefaction,—a beginning alienation of mind looking like tranquillity. Here is matter for the mind of the beholder to feed on for the hour together,—matter to feed and fertilize the mind. It is too real to admit one thought about the power of the artist who did it.—When we compare the expression in subjects which so fairly admit of comparison, and find the superiority so clearly to remain with Hogarth, shall the mere contemptible difference of the scene of it being laid in the one case in our Fleet or King's Bench Prison, and in the other in the State Prison of Pisa, or the bedroom of a Cardinal,—or that the subject of the one has never been authenticated, and the other is matter of history,—so weigh down the real points of the comparison, as to induce us to rank the artist who has chosen the one scene or subject (though confessedly inferior in that which constitutes the soul of his art) in

* The first face perhaps in all Hogarth for serious expression. That which comes next to it, I think, is the jaded morning countenance of the Debauchée in the Second Plate of the *Marriage Alamode*, which lectures on the vanity of pleasure as audibly as any thing in Ecclesiastes.

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in a class from which we exclude the better genius (who has happened to make choice of the other) with something like disgrace * ?

The Boys under Demoniacal Possession of Raphael and Dominichino, by what law of classification are we bound to assign them to belong to the great style in painting, and to degrade into an inferior class the Rake of Hogarth when he is the Madman in the Bedlam scene? I am sure he is far more impressive than either. It is a face which no one that has seen can easily forget. There is the stretch of human suffering to the utmost endurance, severe bodily pain brought on by strong mental agony, the frightful obstinate laugh of madness,—yet all so unforced and natural, that those who never were witness to madness in real life, think they see nothing but what is familiar to them in this face. Here are no tricks of distortion, nothing but the natural face of agony. This is high tragic painting, and we might as well deny to Shakspeare the honours of a great tragedian, because he has interwoven scenes of mirth with the serious business of his plays, as refuse to Hogarth the same praise for the two concluding scenes of the *Rake's Progress*, because of the Comic Lunatics † which he has thrown into the one, or the Alchymist that he has introduced in the other, who is paddling in the coals of his furnace, keeping alive the flames of vain hope within the very walls of the prison to which the vanity has conducted him, which have taught the darker

* Sir Joshua Reynolds, somewhere in his lectures, speaks of the *presumption* of Hogarth in attempting the grand style in painting, by which he means his choice of certain Scripture subjects. Hogarth's excursions into Holy Land were not very numerous, but what he has left us in this kind have at least this merit, that they have expression of *some sort or other* in them,—the *Child Moses before Pharaoh's Daughter*, for instance: which is more than can be said of Sir Joshua Reynolds's *Repose in Egypt*, painted for Macklin's Bible, where for a Madona he has substituted a sleepy, insensible, unmotherly girl, one so little worthy to have been selected as the Mother of the Saviour, that she seems to have neither heart nor feeling to entitle her to become a mother at all. But indeed the race of Virgin Mary Painters seems to have been cut up, root and branch, at the Reformation. Our artists are too good Protestants to give life to that admirable commixture of maternal tenderness with reverential awe and wonder approaching to worship, with which the Virgin Mothers of L. da Vinci and Raphael (themselves by their divine countenances inviting men to worship) contemplate the union of the two natures in the person of their Heaven-born Infant.

† There are of madmen, as there are of tame,
All humour'd not alike. We have here some
So apish and fantastic, play with a feather;
And though 'twould grieve a soul to see God's image
So blemish'd and defac'd, yet do they act
Such antick and such pretty lunacies,
That, spite of sorrow, they will make you smile.
Others again we have, like angry lions,
Fierce as wild bulls, untameable as flies.—*Honest Whore.*

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darker lesson of extinguished hope to the desponding figure who is the principal person of the scene.

It is the force of these kindly admixtures, which assimilates the scenes of Hogarth and of Shakspeare to the drama of real life, where no such thing as pure tragedy is to be found; but merriment and infelicity, ponderous crime and feather-light vanity, like twi-formed births, disagreeing complexions of one intexture, perpetually unite to shew forth motley spectacles to the world. Then it is that the poet or painter shews his art, when in the selection of these comic adjuncts he chooses such circumstances as shall relieve, contrast with, or fall into, without forming a violent opposition to, his principal object. Who sees not that the Gravedigger in *Hamlet*, the Fool in *Lear*, have a kind of correspondency to, and fall in with, the subjects which they seem to interrupt, while the comic stuff in *Venice Preserved*, and the doggrel nonsense of the Cook and his poisoning associates in the *Rollo* of Beaumont and Fletcher, are pure, irrelevant, impertinent discords,—as bad as the quarrelling dog and cat under the table of the *Lord and the Disciples at Emmaus* of Titian?

Not to tire the reader with perpetual reference to prints which he may not be fortunate enough to possess, it may be sufficient to remark, that the same tragic cast of expression and incident, blended in some instances with a greater alloy of comedy, characterizes his other great work, the *Marriage Alamode*, as well as those less elaborate exertions of his genius, the prints called *Industry* and *Idleness*, the *Distrest Poet*, &c.; forming, with the *Harlot's* and *Rake's Progresses*, the most considerable if not the largest class of his productions,—enough surely to rescue Hogarth from the imputation of being a mere buffoon, or one whose general aim was only to *shake the sides*.

There remains a very numerous class of his performances, the object of which must be confessed to be principally comic. But in all of them will be found something to distinguish them from the droll productions of Bunbury and others. They have this difference, that we do not merely laugh at, we are led into long trains of reflection by them. In this respect they resemble the characters of Chaucer's *Pilgrims*, which have strokes of humour in them enough to designate them for the most part as comic, but our strongest feeling still is wonder at the comprehensiveness of genius which could crowd, as poet and painter have done, into one small canvas so many diverse yet co-operating materials.

The faces of Hogarth have not a mere momentary interest, as in caricatures, or those grotesque phisiognomies which we sometimes catch a glance of in the street, and, struck with their whimsicality, wish for a pencil and the power to sketch them down; and forget them again as rapidly,—but they are permanent abiding

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ing ideas. Not the sports of Nature, but her necessary eternal classes. We feel that we cannot part with any of them, lest a link should be broken.

It is worthy of observation, that he has seldom drawn a mean or insignificant countenance *. Hogarth's mind was eminently reflective; and, as it has been well observed of Shakspeare, that he has transfused his own poetical character into the persons of his drama (they are all more or less *poets*) Hogarth has impressed a *thinking character* upon the persons of his canvas. This remark must not be taken universally. The exquisite idiotism of the little gentleman in the bag and sword beating his drum in the print of the *Enraged Musician*, would of itself rise up against so sweeping an assertion. But I think it will be found to be true of the generality of his countenances. The knife-grinder and Jew flute-player in the plate just mentioned may serve as instances instead of a thousand. They have intense thinking faces, though the purpose to which they are subservient by no means required it; but indeed it seems as if it was painful to Hogarth to contemplate mere vacancy or insignificance.

This reflection of the artist's own intellect from the faces of his characters, is one reason why the works of Hogarth so much more than those of any other artist are objects of meditation. Our intellectual natures love the mirror which gives them back their own likenesses. The mental eye will not bend long with delight upon vacancy.

Another line of eternal separation between Hogarth and the common painters of droll or burlesque subjects, with whom he is often confounded, is the sense of beauty, which in the most unpromising subjects seems never wholly to have deserted him. "Hogarth himself," says Mr. Coleridge †, from whom I have borrowed this observation, speaking of a scene which took place at Ratzeburg, "never drew a more ludicrous distortion, both of attitude and physiognomy, than this effect occasioned: nor was there wanting beside it one of those beautiful female faces which the same Hogarth, *in whom the satirist never extinguished that love of beauty which belonged to him as a poet*, so often and so gladly introduces as the central figure in a crowd of humorous deformities, which figure (such is the power of true genius) neither acts nor is meant to act as a contrast; but diffuses through all, and over each

* If there are any of that description, they are in his *Strolling Players*, a print which has been cried up by Lord Orford as the richest of his productions, and it may be, for what I know, in the mere lumber, the properties, and dead furniture of the scene, but in living character and expression it is (for Hogarth) lamentably poor and wanting; it is perhaps the only one of his performances at which we have a right to feel disgusted.

† The Friend, No. XVI.

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each of the group, a spirit of reconciliation and human kindness; and even when the attention is no longer consciously directed to the cause of this feeling, still blends its tenderness with our laughter: and *thus prevents the instructive merriment at the whims of nature, or the foibles or humours of our fellow-men, from degenerating into the heart-poison of contempt or hatred.*" To the beautiful females in Hogarth, which Mr. C. has pointed out, might be added, the frequent introduction of children (which Hogarth seems to have taken a particular delight in) into his pieces. They have a singular effect in giving tranquillity and a portion of their own innocence to the subject. The Baby riding in its mother's lap in the *March to Finchley*, (its careless innocent face placed directly behind the intriguing time-furrowed countenance of the treason-plotting French priest) perfectly sobers the whole of that tumultuous scene. The Boy Mourner winding up his top with so much unpretending insensibility in the plate of the *Harlot's Funeral*, (the only thing in that assembly that is not a hypocrite) quiets and soothes the mind that has been disturbed at the sight of so much depraved man and woman-kind.

I had written thus far, when I met with a passage in the Writings of the late Mr. Barry, which, as it falls in with the *vulgar notion* respecting Hogarth, which this Essay has been employed in combating, I shall take the liberty to transcribe, with such remarks as may suggest themselves to me in the transcription; referring the Reader for a fuller answer to that which has gone before.

"Notwithstanding Hogarth's merit does undoubtedly entitle him to an honourable place among the artists, and that his little compositions, considered as so many dramatic representations, abounding with humour, character, and extensive observations on the various incidents of low, faulty and vicious life, are very ingeniously brought together, and frequently tell their own story with more facility than is often found in many of the elevated and more noble inventions of Rafaelle, and other great men; yet it must be honestly confessed, that in what is called knowledge of the figure, foreigners have justly observed, that Hogarth is often so raw and unformed, as hardly to deserve the name of an artist. But this capital defect is not often perceivable, as examples of the naked and of elevated nature but rarely occur in his subjects, which are for the most part filled with characters, that in their nature tend to deformity; besides, his figures are small, and the jonctures, and other difficulties of drawing that might occur in their limbs, are artfully concealed with their cloaths, rags, &c. But what would atone for all his defects, even if they were twice told, is his admirable fund of invention, ever inexhaustible in its resources; and his satyr, which is always sharp and pertinent, and often highly moral, was (except in a few instances, where he weakly and meanly suffered his integrity to give way to his envy) seldom or never employed in a dishonest or unmanly way. Hogarth has been often imitated in his satyrical vein, sometimes in his humorous; but very few have attempted to rival him in his moral walk. The line of art pursued by my very ingenious predecessor and brother academician, Mr. Penny, is quite distinct

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distinct from that of Hogarth, and is of a much more delicate and superior relish; he attempts the heart, and reaches it, whilst Hogarth's general aim is only to shake the sides: in other respects no comparison can be thought of, as Mr. Penny has all that knowledge of the figure and academical skill, which the other wanted. As to Mr. Bunbury, who had so happily succeeded in the vein of humour and caricatura, he has for some time past altogether relinquished it, for the more amiable pursuit of beautiful nature: this, indeed, is not to be wondered at, when we recollect that he has, in Mrs. Bunbury, so admirable an exemplar of the most finished grace and beauty continually at his elbow. But (to say all that occurs to me on this subject) perhaps it may be reasonably doubted, whether the being much conversant with Hogarth's method of exposing meanness, deformity, and vice, in many of his works, is not rather a dangerous, or, at least, a worthless pursuit; which, if it does not find a false relish and a love of and search after satyr and buffoonery in the spectator, is at least not unlikely to give him one. Life is short; and the little leisure of it is much better laid out upon that species of art which is employed about the amiable and the admirable, as it is more likely to be attended with better and nobler consequences to ourselves. These two pursuits in art may be compared with two sets of people with whom we might associate; if we give ourselves up to the Foots, the Kenricks, &c. we shall be continually busied and paddling in whatever is ridiculous, faulty and vicious in life; whereas there are those to be found, with whom we should be in the constant pursuit and study of all that gives a value and a dignity to human nature." [Account of a Series of Pictures in the Great Room of the Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, at the Adelphi, by James Barry, R. A. Professor of Painting to the Royal Academy; reprinted in the last quarto edition of his works.]

"——it must be honestly confessed, that in what is called knowledge of the figure, foreigners have justly observed, &c."

It is a secret well known to the professors of the art and mystery of criticism, to insist upon what they do not find in a man's works, and to pass over in silence what they do. That Hogarth did not draw the naked figure so well as Michael Angelo, might be allowed, especially as "examples of the naked," as Mr. Barry acknowledges, "rarely (he might almost have said never) occur in his subjects;" and that his figures under their draperies do not discover all the fine graces of an Antinous or an Apollo, may be conceded likewise; perhaps it was more suitable to his purpose to represent the average forms of mankind in the mediocrity (as Mr. Burke expresses it) of the age in which he lived: but that his figures in general, and in his best subjects, are so glaringly incorrect as is here insinuated, I dare trust my own eye so far as positively to deny the fact. And there is one part of the figure in which Hogarth is allowed to have excelled, which these foreigners seem to have overlooked, or perhaps calculating from its proportion to the whole (a seventh or an eighth, I forget which) deemed it of trifling importance; I mean the human face; a small part, reckoning by geographical inches, in the map of man's body, but here it is that the painter of expression must condense the wonders

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wonders of his skill, even at the expence of neglecting the "junctures and other difficulties of drawing in the limbs," which it must be a cold eye that in the interest so strongly demanded by Hogarth's countenances has leisure to survey and censure.

"The line of art pursued by my very ingenious predecessor and brother academician, Mr. Penny."

The first impression caused in me by reading this passage, was an eager desire to know who this Mr. Penny was. This great surpasser of Hogarth in the "delicacy of his relish," and the "line which he pursued," where is he, what are his works, what has he to shew? In vain I tried to recollect, till by happily putting the question to a friend who is more conversant in the works of the illustrious obscure than myself, I learnt that he was the painter of a *Death of Wolfe* which missed the prize the year that the celebrated picture of West on the same subject obtained it; that he also made a picture of the *Marquis of Granby relieving a Sick Soldier;* moreover, that he was the inventor of two pictures of *Suspended and Restored Animation*, which I now remember to have seen in the Exhibition some years since, and the prints from which are still extant in good men's houses. This then I suppose is the line of subjects in which Mr. Penny was so much superior to Hogarth. I confess I am not of that opinion. The relieving of poverty by the purse, and the restoring a young man to his parents by using the methods prescribed by the Humane Society, are doubtless very amiable subjects, pretty things to teach the first rudiments of humanity; they amount to about as much instruction as the stories of good boys that give away their custards to poor beggar-boys in Childrens' Books, or the tale of Carlo the Dog. But, good God! is this *milk for babes* to be set up in opposition to Hogarth's moral scenes, his *strong meat for men?* As well might we prefer the fulsome verses upon their own goodness, to which the gentlemen of the Literary Fund annually sit still with such shameless patience to listen, to the satires of Juvenal and Persius; because the former are full of tender images of Worth relieved by Charity, and Charity stretching out her hand to rescue sinking Genius, and the theme of the latter is mens' crimes and follies with their black consequences——forgetful meanwhile of those strains of moral pathos, those sublime heart-touches, which these poets (in *them* chiefly shewing themselves poets) are perpetually darting across the otherwise appalling gloom of their subject——consolatory remembrancers, when their pictures of guilty mankind have made us even to despair for our species, that there is such a thing as virtue and moral dignity in the world, that her unquenchable spark is not utterly out——refreshing admonitions,

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monitions, to which we turn for shelter from the too great heat and asperity of the general satire.

And is there nothing analogous to this in Hogarth? nothing which "attempts and reaches the heart?" — no aim beyond that of "shaking the sides?" — If the kneeling ministering female in the last scene of the *Rake's Progress*, the Bedlam Scene, of which I have spoken before, and have dared almost to parallel it with the most absolute idea of Virtue which Shakspeare has left us, be not enough to disprove the assertion; if the sad endings of the Harlot and the Rake, the passionate heart-bleeding entreaties for forgiveness which the adulterous wife is pouring forth to her assassinated and dying lord in the last scene but one of the *Marriage Alamode*,—if these be not things to touch the heart, and dispose the mind to a meditative tenderness: is there nothing sweetly conciliatory in the mild patient face and gesture with which the Wife seems to allay and ventilate the feverish irritated feelings of her poor poverty-distracted Mate (the true copy of the *genus irritabile*) in the print of the *Distrest Poet?* or if an image of maternal love be required, where shall we find a sublimer view of it than in that aged woman in *Industry and Idleness* (Plate V.), who is clinging with the fondness of hope not quite extinguished to her brutal vice-hardened child, whom she is accompanying to the ship which is to bear him away from his native soil, of which he has been adjudged unworthy: in whose shocking face every trace of the human countenance seems obliterated, and a brute beast's to be left instead, shocking and repulsive to all but her who watched over it in its cradle before it was so sadly altered, and feels it must belong to her while a pulse by the vindictive laws of his country shall be suffered to continue to beat in it. Compared with such things, what is Mr. Penny's "knowledge of the figure and academical skill which Hogarth wanted?"

With respect to what follows concerning another gentleman, with the congratulations to him on his escape out of the regions of "humour and caricatura," in which it appears he was in danger of travelling side by side with Hogarth, I can only congratulate my country, that Mrs. Hogarth knew *her* province better than by disturbing her husband at his pallet to divert him from that universality of subject, which has stamped him perhaps, next to Shakspeare, the most inventive genius which this island has produced, into the "amiable pursuit of beautiful nature," *i. e.* copying ad infinitum the individual charms and graces of Mrs. H——.

"Hogarth's method of exposing meanness, deformity, and vice."

"Paddling in whatever is ridiculous, faulty, and vicious."

A person unacquainted with the works thus stigmatized, would be

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be apt to imagine, that in Hogarth there was nothing else to be found but subjects of the coarsest and most repulsive nature. That his imagination was naturally unsweet, and that he delighted in raking into every species of moral filth. That he preyed upon sore places only, and took a pleasure in exposing the unsound and rotten parts of human nature;—whereas, with the exception of some of the plates of the *Harlot's Progress*, which are harder in their character than any of the rest of his productions, (the *Stages of Cruelty* I omit as mere worthless caricaturas, foreign to his general habits, the offspring of his fancy in some wayward humour,) there is scarce one of his pieces where vice is most strongly satirised, in which some figure is not introduced upon which the moral eye may rest satisfied; a face that indicates goodness, or perhaps mere good humouredness and carelessness of mind (negation of evil) only, yet enough to give a relaxation to the frowning brow of satire, and keep the general air from tainting. Take the mild supplicating posture of patient Poverty in the poor woman that is persuading the pawnbroker to accept her clothes in pledge, in the plate of *Gin Lane*, for an instance. A little does it, a little of the *good* nature overpowers a world of *bad*. One cordial honest laugh of a Tom Jones absolutely clears the atmosphere that was reeking with the black putrifying breathings of a hypocrite Blifil. One homely expostulating shrug from Strap, warms the whole air which the suggestions of a gentlemanly ingratitude from his friend Random had begun to freeze. One "Lord bless us" of Parson Adams upon the wickedness of the times, exorcises and purges off the mass of iniquity which the world-knowledge of even a Fielding could cull out and rake together. But of the severer class of Hogarth's performances, enough, I trust, has been said to shew that they do not merely shock and repulse; that there is in them the "scorn of vice" and the "pity" too; something to touch the heart, and keep alive the sense of moral beauty; the "lacrymæ rerum," and the sorrowing by which the heart is made better. If they be bad things, then is satire and tragedy a bad thing; let us proclaim at once an age of gold, and sink the existence of vice and misery in our speculations; let us

> ——— wink, and shut our apprehensions up
> From common sense of what men were and are:

let us *make believe* with the children that every body is good and happy; and, with Dr. Swift, write panegyrics upon the world.

But that larger half of Hogarth's works which were painted more for entertainment than instruction, (though such was the suggestiveness of his mind, that there is always something to be learnt from them,) his humorous scenes,—are they such as merely to disgust and set us against our species?

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The confident assertions of such a man as I consider the late Mr. Barry to have been, have that weight of authority in them which staggers, at first hearing, even a long preconceived opinion. When I read his pathetic admonition concerning the shortness of life, and how much better the little leisure of it were laid out upon "that species of art which is employed about the amiable and the admirable;" and Hogarth's "method" proscribed as a "dangerous or worthless pursuit," I began to think there was something in it; that I might have been indulging all my life a passion for the works of this artist, to the utter prejudice of my taste and moral sense; but my first convictions gradually returned, a world of good-natured English faces came up one by one to my recollection, and a glance at the matchless *Election Entertainment*, which I have the happiness to have hanging up in my parlour, subverted Mr. Barry's whole theory in an instant.

In that inimitable print, (which in my judgment as far exceeds the more known and celebrated *March to Finchley*, as the best Comedy exceeds the best Farce that ever was written,) let a person look till he be saturated, and when he has done wondering at the inventiveness of genius which could bring so many characters (more than thirty distinct classes of face) into a room, and set them down at table together, or otherwise dispose them about, in so natural a manner, engage them in so many easy sets and occupations, yet all partaking of the spirit of the occasion which brought them together, so that we feel that nothing but an election time could have assembled them; having no central figure or principal group, (for the hero of the piece, the Candidate, is properly set aside in the levelling indistinction of the day, one must look for him to find him) nothing to detain the eye from passing from part to part, where every part is alike instinct with life,—for here are no furniture-faces, no figures brought in to fill up the scene like stage choruses, but all dramatis personæ: when he shall have done wondering at all these faces so strongly charactered, yet finished with the accuracy of the finest miniature; when he shall have done admiring the numberless appendages of the scene, those gratuitous doles which rich genius flings into the heap when it has already done enough, the over-measure which it delights in giving, as if it felt its stores were exhaustless; the dumb rhetoric of the scenery—for tables, and chairs, and joint-stools in Hogarth, are living and significant things; the witticisms that are expressed by words, (all artists but Hogarth have failed when they have endeavoured to combine two mediums of expression, and have introduced words into their pictures,) and the unwritten numberless little allusive pleasantries that are scattered about; the work that is going on in the scene, and beyond it, as is made visible to the "eye of mind," by the mob which choaks up

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up the door-way, and the sword that has forced an entrance before its master: when he shall have sufficiently admired this wealth of genius, let him fairly say what is the *result* left on his mind. Is it an impression of the vileness and worthlessness of his species? or is not the general feeling which remains, after the individual faces have ceased to act sensibly upon his mind, a *kindly one in favour of his species?* was not the general air of the scene wholesome? did it do the heart hurt to be among it? Something of a riotous spirit to be sure is there, some worldly-mindedness in some of the faces, a Doddingtonian smoothness which does not promise any superfluous degree of sincerity in the fine gentleman who has been the occasion of calling so much good company together: but is not the general cast of expression in the faces, of the good sort? do they not seem cut out of the *good old rock*, substantial English honesty? would one fear treachery among characters of their expression? or shall we call their honest mirth and seldom-returning relaxation by the hard names of vice and profligacy? That poor country fellow, that is grasping his staff, (which, from that difficulty of feeling themselves at home which poor men experience at a feast, he has never parted with since he came into the room,) and is enjoying with a relish that seems to fill all the capacities of his soul the slender joke, which that facetious wag his neighbour is practising upon the gouty gentleman, whose eyes the effort to suppress pain has made as round as *rings* —does it shock the "dignity of human nature" to look at that man, and to sympathise with him in the seldom-heard joke which has unbent his care-worn hard-working visage, and drawn iron smiles from it? or with that full-hearted cobler, who is honouring with the grasp of an honest fist the unused palm of that annoyed patrician, whom the licence of the time has seated next him.

I can see nothing "dangerous" in the contemplation of such scenes as this, or the *Enraged Musician*, or the *Southwark Fair*, or twenty other pleasant prints which come crowding in upon my recollection, in which the restless activities, the diversified bents and humours, the blameless peculiarities of men, as they deserve to be called, rather than their "vices and follies," are held up in a laughable point of view. All laughter is not of a dangerous or soul-hardening tendency. There is the petrifying Sneer of a Demon which excludes and kills Love, and there is the cordial Laughter of a Man which implies and cherishes it. What heart was ever made the worse by joining in a hearty laugh at the simplicities of Sir Hugh Evans or Parson Adams, where a sense of the ridiculous mutually kindles and is kindled by a perception of the amiable? That tumultuous harmony of Singers that are roaring out the words, "The world shall bow to the Assyrian throne," from the opera of *Judith*, in the third plate of the series, called

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called the *Four Groups of Heads*, which the quick eye of Hogarth must have struck off in the very infancy of the rage for sacred oratorios in this country, while "Music yet was young," when we have done smiling at the deafening distortions, which these tearers of devotion to rags and tatters, these takers of Heaven by storm, in their boisterous mimicry of the occupation of angels, are making,—what unkindly impression is left behind, or what more of harsh or contemptuous feeling, than when we quietly leave Uncle Toby and Mr. Shandy riding their hobby-horses about the room? The conceited, long-backed Sign-painter, that with all the self-applause of a Raphael or Corregio (the twist of body which his conceit has thrown him into has something of the Corregiesque in it) is contemplating the picture of a bottle which he is drawing from an actual bottle that hangs beside him, in the print of *Beer Street*,—while we smile at the enormity of the self-delusion, can we help loving the good-humour and self-complacency of the fellow? would we willingly wake him from his dream?

I say not that all the ridiculous subjects of Hogarth have necessarily something in them to make us like them; some are indifferent to us, some in their natures repulsive, and only made interesting by the wonderful skill and truth to nature in the painter; but I contend that there is in most of them that sprinkling of the better nature, which, like holy-water, chases away and disperses the contagion of the bad. They have this in them besides, that they bring us acquainted with the every-day human face,—they give us skill to detect those gradations of sense and virtue (which escape the careless or fastidious observer) in the countenances of the world about us; and prevent that disgust at common life, that *tædium quotidianarum formarum*, which an unrestricted passion for ideal forms and beauties is in danger of producing. In this, as in many other things, they are analogous to the best novels of Smollett or Fielding. L.

ART. IX.—*A General Outline of the Philosophy of Sensation and Perception.*—Part I.

THE mode in which it had been for a long time fashionable, in discussing questions of intellectual and moral philosophy, to encumber them with the barbarous phraseology of ontological metaphysics, contributed, at length, to bring about such a revolution in the public taste, as to excite a most unwarrantable prejudice against

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against all subjects of mental philosophy; and, indeed, against all those studies in general, which, being of a more profound nature, required greater efforts of attention, and a considerable share of abstract reasoning and thinking, in their investigation. But although the prevailing rage for physical studies, particularly since chemistry and geology have come into fashion, has given a considerable portion of new strength to this prejudice, yet its first cause is to be found in the frivolous disquisitions of the schoolmen, and of several of their followers, which mostly turned on mere verbal quibbling, and on the other essenceless subtleties of ontology; foolish and empty disquisitions, that had nothing in common with the true philosophy of mind, except, that, unfortunately for the latter, both passed under the general name of *metaphysics*. Many able efforts have indeed been made of late to redeem from unmerited degradation a liberal, extensive, and useful department of science; but, it is much to be regretted, that prejudices similar to those that were formerly excited by the empty obscurities and verbal cavillings of ontological metaphysics, are still pretty generally entertained against all inquiries into subjects of intellectual and moral philosophy. Considering how ineffectual several of these efforts have been, I cannot have the vanity of thinking, that I am able to stem this tide of prejudice: but in a work like the present, which professes to aim at something higher and more useful than cotemporary journals, it may not be amiss, from time to time, to enter a serious protest against a prejudice so detrimental to the true interests of science. And this I am the more disposed to do, because I am persuaded, that mental studies are most intimately connected with, and subservient, more than all others, to an accurate and comprehensive knowledge of morals, laws, politics, criticism, taste, and eloquence. With a firm conviction of the truth of this observation, it may be proper occasionally to entertain the readers of this work with philosophical speculations; not, however, wrapped up in the impenetrable obscurity of a barbarous phraseology, but detailed in so familiar a manner, as to be within the reach of the meanest capacity, and in language so simple, as not to "overstep the modesty of nature." In the present article, I shall begin to sketch a general outline of the doctrines of the most esteemed philosophers concerning the Senses.

Sensation and Perception have, from very remote times, so far as we can discover, engaged the attention of philosophers; and very justly, for, without them, men could never know any thing of the existence of an eternal world, or of the laws and properties of matter. Without sensitive and perceptive faculties, it seems also probable, that we could never arrive at any perfection in the exercise of our mental powers; for Sensation and Perception, even in

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in the first instance, seem to have that effect in exciting and calling into action our dormant energies, which in after times contributes to their sure and progressive improvement, aided by the principles of the constitution, and by the provisions which Nature herself has made for their developement and refinement, amidst the various natural and artificial relations of civil and polished society.

But although the philosophy of mind has been, to our certain knowledge, cultivated for more than two thousand years, still the prevalence of an hypothetical mode of prosecuting philosophical inquiries, effectually hindered the philosophy of the senses, which may be correctly called the great entrance into the temple of mind, from being brought to any thing like certainty or perfection,—it being only within our own times nearly, that any successful attempts have been made to unfold the phenomena of Vision, which of all the senses is one of the most important.—It is true, that Pythagoras made some happy conjectures on this, as well as on other philosophical subjects, which have been confirmed by the successful discoveries of more modern times; but among the ancients these seeds produced no fruit; they were cast away, as barren, in the gardens of the Lyceum and of the Academy; or choaked up amidst a multitude of rank and precocious weeds; whilst the seeds of a spurious and essenceless philosophy, sown principally by Plato and by Aristotle, and in after times watered by the muddy and sacred stream of authority, continued to produce, for more than 1,500 years, all over the philosophic soil of Europe, essences and quintessences, definitions, distinctions and subdistinctions, doubts and difficulties about substance, modes and qualities, time, space and motion, abstractions, relations, and such stuff; about ideas and notions, entities, quiddities, and all the other etcæteras,—which constituted the numerous and base-born progeny of a barbarous, ontological, and merely verbal philosophy*."

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* All these follies, and several other abuses of philosophy and learning, are finely ridiculed in the First Canto of Hudibras.—Thus:—

"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic:
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side;
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute:
He'd undertake to prove, by force
Of argument, a man's no horse:
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl;
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination;

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We have, however, at length, by the aid of a matchless pilot, Lord Bacon, learned to stem this sweeping tide of ontology and authority, and have succeeded in steering the vessel of philosophy into a better course. Now we may either ride safely in her, at anchor, in the enjoyment of what we have already acquired, as if over the smooth bosom of a silvery lake,—

> "Calm and unruffled as a summer's sea,
> When not a breath of wind flies o'er its surface;"—

or we may, with induction at the prow and experience at the helm, prosecute the philosophic voyage, with crowded sails and a favouring tide,—confident, in such circumstances, though we may not always put into the intended harbour, that we can never miss a friendly port, where the philosophic market is well stocked and free, though the purchasers may be but few; and where we cannot fail to reward ourselves, perhaps an hundred-fold, for our toils and anxieties, and all the perils we have passed. Since the vessel has been re-launched and put into this new course, we find that the arts and sciences have lost nothing; but that, on the contrary, they have been considerable gainers.—It is true, that in our times philosophy does not always appear arrayed, as some of the ancients dressed her, in the fascinating attire of Fancy, Pride, and Reason; nor is her brow so smooth, nor her mien so soft and captivating, as in her earlier

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> All this by syllogism, true
> In mood and figure, he would do."

And again:—

> "Besides, he was a shrewd philosopher,
> And had read ev'ry text and gloss over;
> Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
> He understood b' implicit faith,
> Whatever sceptic could inquire for,
> For ev'ry *why* he had a *wherefore*;
> Knew more than forty of them do,
> As far as words and terms could go;
> All which he understood by rote,
> And as occasion serv'd would quote;
> No matter whether right or wrong,
> They might be either said or sung.
> His notions fitted things so well,
> That, which was which, he could not tell,
> But oftentimes mistook the one
> For th' other, as great clerks have done.
> He could reduce all things to acts,
> And knew their natures by abstracts;
> Where entity and quiddity,
> The ghosts of defunct bodies fly;
> Where Truth in person does appear,
> Like words congealed in northern air.—
> He knew what 's what, and that 's as high,
> As metaphysic wit can fly."

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earlier years, when courted by Plato and by Cicero, in the better days of Greece and Rome. With us she has learned to put on something like the rugged, laborious, and stern appearance of Virtue, the handmaid of whom she ought to be and the friend.—The successful industry of our times has reformed almost her whole frame, and poured into it a portion of new health, life and motion, though it has perhaps rendered her less seemly to the eye. She has not, however, been a loser by exchanging her old for newer admirers; since the moderns have converted her from her respect for the verbal worship of her first followers; and, instead of the worship of words and of shadows, have taught her to set her heart upon a more rational, because an experimental and practical adoration.—Since the time of this transformation, she has, for the most part, learned to bid farewell to her old suitors, Aristotle and his quibbling, ontological posterity *: and also, in a great measure (as Collins says),—

> "To the porch, whose roof was seen,
> Arched with th' enliv'ning olive's green,
> Where Science, prank'd in tissu'd vest,
> By Reason, Pride, and Fancy drest,
> Came, like a bride, so trim array'd,
> To wed with Doubt, in Plato's shade."

In most of our inquiries concerning the mind, we must frequently have recourse to the lights that may be drawn from physiology. This is more particularly the case, when we are considering the philosophy of sensation and perception; for in this part, we can hardly advance even a few steps with safety, unless we take physiology for our guide. And that some guide is necessary, will, I think, be readily confessed by all who have sufficiently reflected on the subject; particularly when they consider, that the first operations of the different senses were at such an early age, that we can know nothing about them in that advanced stage of life, when we are fit to enter upon philosophical inquiries, except what it costs us a long time to learn, with much difficulty, labour, and study.

The operation, to which the name Sensation has been given, is so simple, as to be incapable of definition. Obvious, however, as this truth seems to be, it has not always appeared to philoso-

* Instead of their modes of philosophizing, the following is more congenial to the spirit of our times:—

> "Trace Science, then, with Modesty thy guide;
> First strip off all her equipage of pride;
> Deduct what is but vanity, or dress,
> Or learning's luxury, or idleness;
> Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
> Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain."—*Pope's Essay on Man.*

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phers in this light; for this, as well as every other simple operation and affection of the mind, has been subjected to division, distinctions, or definitions, by one philosophic sect or another; nor has this practice been confined, as one might have expected, merely to the verbal philosophers, that is, to the sophisters of ontology and the doctors of the schools; for some authors of reputation, even in our own times,—Darwin, for instance, and some others, who, from their acquaintance with the rules of a chaster and more sober philosophy, one would suppose, ought to have known better,—have so unaccountably indulged in this spirit of false definitions, that even Hume himself has been drawn into the snare, with all his philosophical sagacity and sceptical acuteness. But although the names of those simple operations of mind cannot be defined, it is always of use to explain, or describe the meanings we attach to them; particularly if we take care to use them steadily without the slightest deviation from the explanations we have given *. It is partly for this reason, that I do not

* The abuse of definitions and of words, and the numberless imperfections of scientific language, are well ridiculed and exposed in different parts of Tristram Shandy. Plain things are often made abundantly obscure and absurd, by the language in which we treat of them, or the opinions we take up about them. Considering the aim of Sterne in his very curious work, the motto which he prefixes to his first and second volumes is excellent:—"Τάραττει τὸς ἀνθρώπους ου τα πράγματα, ἀλλα τὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων δογματα."—And he might have added, with equal truth, και ὁ περὶ τῶν πραγματων λογος; for, in truth, more than two-thirds of every day's disputes are wholly about words. It was this that made Sterne humorously and satirically say,—"When you consider this, you will not wonder at my uncle Toby's perplexities,—you will drop a tear of pity on his scarp and his counterscarp,—his glacis and his covered way,—his ravelin and his half-moon.—'Twas not by ideas—by heaven! his soul was put in jeopardy by words."—See also the concluding paragraph of the third chapter of his second volume.—In the 12th chapter he makes the following remarks:—"The common men, says my uncle Toby, who know very little about fortification, confound the ravelin and the half-moon, though they are very different things; not in figure or construction, for we made them exactly alike in all points; for they always consist of two faces, making a salient angle with the gorges, not straight, but in the form of a crescent. Where, then, lies the difference? quoth my father, a little testily.—In their situations, answered my uncle Toby: for when a ravelin, brother, stands before the curtain, it is a ravelin; and when a ravelin stands before a bastion, then the ravelin is not a ravelin;—it is a half-moon;—a half-moon likewise is a half-moon, and no more, so long as it stands before its bastion; but were it to change place and get before the curtain, 'twould be no longer a half-moon; a half-moon in that case is not a half-moon,—'tis no more than a ravelin.—I think, quoth my father, that the noble science of defence has its weak sides, as well as others."—"The bold spirit of the dogmatic philosophy was never satisfied with uncertainty. It attempted to account for every thing within the limits of nature: nothing seemed too vast for its comprehension or

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not approve of the censure passed by a celebrated medical philosopher on the usual mode of explaining the meaning of the word *Sensation*, which he denominates "a would-be explanation, made up of a long-winding, inaccurate, and very foolish circumlocution."—The explanation itself is the following:—"That Sensation means that change in the state of the mind, of which we are conscious, in consequence of an impression upon, or a change in the state of the body, from some external object."—Exceptionable as this explanation has been deemed, I have no objection to it when it is not proposed to us as a definition, explaining fully, as all definitions ought to do, the nature of the thing defined; and accordingly, in the remainder of these disquisitions, I shall use the word *Sensation* in that sense only which is expressed in the above explanation; not because I think that the explanation will ever make any body know what *Sensation* is, without the actual feeling and consciousness, but because it points out, with sufficient accuracy, the difference between such feelings and operations, as are excited by external impressions, and those that spring more immediately from within, and have the will or the mind itself exclu-

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or too minute for its research." These are the words of the learned author of "*Academical Questions*". He might have added, that some of the ancient and even several of our modern philosophers seem to consider themselves obliged to define, to explain, and to account for every thing; and to think, that not to do so would be a disgrace to philosophy. Dr. Reid justly censures Wolfe, the German philosopher (the greatest abuser of definitions) for attempting to define undefinable words, and to demonstrate things that were self-evident; and were we to examine the works of modern authors, we should find none who have trespassed more in this respect than Dr. Darwin and Mr. Drummond. But let us hear Sterne once more on the subject:—"Before I venture to make use of the word *nose* a second time, to avoid all confusion in what will be said of it, it may not be amiss to explain my own meaning, and define, with all possible exactness and precision, what I would willingly be understood to mean by the term; being of opinion that 'tis owing to the negligence and perverseness of writers in despising this precaution, and to nothing else, that all the polemical writings in divinity are not as clear and demonstrative as those upon *a Will o' the Wisp*, or any other sound part of philosophy and natural pursuit; in order to which, what have you to do, before you set out, unless you intend to go puzzling on to the day of judgment—but to give the world a good definition, and stand to it, of the main word you have most occasion for, changing it, sir, as you would a guinea, into small coin?—Which done, let the father of confusion puzzle you if he can, or put a different idea either into your head, or into your reader's head, if he knows how."——"I define a nose, as follows:—By the word *nose*, throughout all this long chapter of noses, and, in every other part of my work, where the word *nose* occurs,—I declare that by that word I mean a *nose* and nothing more or less."—If the reader would wish to see good specimens of the proper mode of defining and explaining philosophical language, let him consult the first chapter of Dr. Reid's Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man, and the Appendix of the Elements of Criticism, by Lord Kames.

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sively for their cause. We can readily conceive the mind to be conscious of this change in the state of its feelings, without any knowledge of external objects.

Nor have foolish definitions been the only fruit of this describing and defining zeal of a verbal refining philosophy; as we can trace to the very same source the origin even of the modern scepticism, relative to the non-existence of the material world, and all its train of revolting, inauspicious consequences. Philosophers could not be satisfied with considering Sensation as a simple thing; they must divide and define it,—the result of which was, a much-vaunted distinction of theirs, which the followers of Des Cartes and of Locke deemed of such originality and inestimable value, that it imposed on the excellent judgment even of Addison himself, who highly extols its novelty and utility, both in the Guardian and Spectator. And yet, after all, this memorable discovery seems to be nothing more than is within the reach of the vulgar and the ignorant, if expressed in intelligible language; and what, indeed, they seem at all times to have sufficiently understood.

The names of what have been called secondary qualities are in all languages ambiguous, signifying one time the Sensation, at another, its unknown cause. And this we must consider as the foundation of the well-known Cartesian paradox, which we need not hesitate to call as miserable a quibble as ever passed current with philosophers. It was this that led to Locke's noted distinction between primary and secondary qualities, which he and his followers would have us think of such mighty importance. In considering this subject, they thought they had discovered, that the sensations, or ideas, corresponding to the primary qualities were perfect pictures, or resemblances of the qualities themselves, as they exist in internal objects; whilst the sensations, or ideas, of the secondary qualities have no sort of resemblance to them whatever. From this doctrine it was a legitimate inference, that the secondary qualities were mere sensations, or ideas; and had no existence external to the mind: and this, accordingly, was the famous discovery to which I have already alluded. They gravely tell us, that, before their own times, the sensations (or ideas, as they call them) of the secondary qualities were confounded with them, and thought to be perfect resemblances of the qualities themselves, not only by the vulgar, but even by philosophers; though it must be evident, that no person whatever, of any information, and capable of reflecting, could for a moment confound things so very dissimilar, as a sensation of mind and a quality of matter; unless we suppose his mind full of systematic prejudice, or his judgment completely warped and perverted by the trammels and sophistries of a sectarian, or party philosophy. In the case of secondary as well as of primary qualities, sensations can exist only

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in the mind; and they are, as I have already remarked, in themselves, not only simple beyond the possibility of division, or definition, but in their nature transitory and perishable, and so completely unlike to any thing corporeal, that neither themselves, or any thing similar to them, can for a moment be supposed to exist in body. The qualities, on the contrary, which we consider as the exciting causes of our sensations, and which, from the change in the state of our minds, and the perceptions which usually follow it, we are led to refer to the objects that surround us, and to consider as existing in them only, are of a nature completely different from that of the sensations. Such qualities we cannot by any exertion, even of imagination, suppose capable of existing any where but in matter. They have nothing in common with any affection or quality of mind, with which we are made acquainted by consciousness, the only evidence of any authority in this affair. They are not, like the sensations by which they are suggested, simple and fugitive: on the contrary, they are equally real and permanent, whether perceived by us or not; and would be so, were there even no sensitive being to perceive them at all. And, besides, many of these qualities are by no means so simple, that they cannot be easily and accurately defined, and mutually compared with one another.

Obvious, however, as this matter seems to be, it did not please Locke and his followers to consider and state it in this light. Such a view of the subject was too easy and simple for a complex philosophy. Big with the importance of their notable discovery, they proceeded to state, that a distinction exists between the different properties of matter; some of which, such as solidity, extension, figure, &c. they affirmed, were pictures or resemblances of their corresponding ideas, or sensations in the mind, and which, both the vulgar and philosophers had at all times, in consequence of this resemblance, considered as certainly existing in matter; whilst there were other properties, such as heat, cold, odours, tastes, sounds, and colours, of which their sensations were so far from being pictures, that they had no sort of resemblance to them, and which, accordingly, could exist no where but in the mind; although the vulgar, at all times, and philosophers before the days of Des Cartes and Locke, considered them as real qualities, and like the others, existing in matter. To the former class, which they called *primary* qualities, they allowed an external existence in bodies; but to the latter, which they denominated secondary qualities, they allowed no existence independent of their being felt or perceived; that is, no existence separate from, or external to the mind.

This distinction, for which, in justice to Locke and to the cause of truth, it must be confessed, there is some foundation in the different

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ferent natures of these two classes of qualities, although this did not strike Locke and his followers in its full and true light, completed the foundation of that formidable scepticism concerning the non-existence of matter and of mind, which was taught by Berkeley and by Hume. The object, however, and the views of both these excellent philosophers were very different. So much so, indeed, that we find an ample apology for the good Bishop's mistakes, in his own writings and in the well-known purity of his intentions; whilst neither Hume himself, or his most partial admirers, can administer any sort of palliation for his conduct and views in this affair. And feeble, indeed, as the foundation of this sceptical system surely is, it is much to be regretted, that the coin of such an unauthorised philosophy should have such an extensive and accredited circulation, as to pass current, even with an acute and eloquent philosopher* of our own times, who, with a lusty quarto, brings up the rear of this very formidable sceptical array; in which, after having destroyed the whole world of matter, and pronounced its funeral oration, he promises us, that, in his next volume, he will erect a more goodly and lasting fabric on its site. But after all, if is probable that it will fare with his works as with those of his sceptical predecessors; or, as it does with the projector in Horace,—"Qui diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis;" and that the mighty labour of his hands is destined shortly to give way to some fairy-fabric, as shadowy and perishable as itself, and "to leave no trace behind†."

But, although sceptical magicians of this kind do, from time to time, rise up among us, and attempt, with much ingenuity, aided by the charms and spells of a seducing eloquence, to cast about us the disastrous dream of a baseless and sceptical philosophy, yet we are not so liable to be imposed upon by this artful and fascinating philosophic slight of hand, as of old, now, that we have been, for some time, accustomed to please ourselves with more homely philosophic entertainments, where the dishes are more substantial, though perhaps not altogether so savoury to a vitiated

* The Right Honourable William Drummond, author of "*Academical Questions.*"—Of the contents of this work I shall probably take some notice in some future Numbers of this REFLECTOR.

† I cannot help observing here, as Bayle remarked long since,—"that philosophy might be compared to certain powders, so very corrosive, that having consumed the proud and spongy flesh of a wound, they would corrode even the quick and sound flesh, rot the bones, and penetrate to the very marrow. Philosophy is proper at first to confute errors; but, if she will not be stopped there, she attacks Truth herself; and when she has her full scope, she generally goes so far that she loses herself, and knows not where to stop."—I shall make no commentary upon this passage at present, but simply ask, with Warton, what would Bayle have said, if he had seen the uses to which philosophy has been applied in the present times?

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tiated taste, or, in their cookery, so seemly to the eye, as those of more luxurious Greece and Rome; and at which the food, because part of it has been planted by our own hands, and watered by the sweat of our own brows, in our native soil, is not less agreeable than it would, had it been the spontaneous, or rather the forced production of some luxurious foreign clime. But, however it may fare with scepticism elsewhere, it is certain that among us, at least in our own times, it has made but few proselytes, and those too not of the thinking and the good, but of the unthinking, the bad, and the superficial. So just is the remark of Socrates, and his advice, as versified by Pope,—

> "A little learning is a dangerous thing;
> "Drink deep, or taste not the Pierean spring."

Be this matter, however, as it may, it does not appear that in our times the cause of a legitimate and sober philosophy has so many dangers to apprehend from the side of a rational and learned scepticism, as it has from a presumptuous, half-witted, and superficial materialism *. The modern rage for the study of mechanical philosophy, but more particularly of geology, mineralogy, and chemistry, and the shameful ignorance of most of those who at present apply to the study of medicine, and obtain but a very superficial view, even of the more gross and palpable doctrines of physiology, have of late generally given such a preponderance to the philosophy of matter, that, like a great mountain, it intercepts the view of our semi-philosophers, and effectually prevents them from the slightest glimpse at the beautiful and fertile plains of mind, in the vale beyond it. Nor is it very wonderful that such persons should have a very partial esteem for the knife, the furnace, and the mortar, since their studies require more the labour of hands than of brains. How consonant are their views with those of the Poet!—

> "Farewell, for clearer ken design'd,
> The dim-discover'd tracts of mind:
> Our sail shall ne'er that deep explore,
> Nor search, around its magic shore,

* A late elegant writer thinks on this subject as I do:—"The general distaste which has existed of late years in this country," says Mr. Drummond, "for all speculative and metaphysical reasoning, is thought by some well meaning persons to be our best defence against the delusive systems of false philosophers. I suspect that these good people much deceive themselves. The attentive observer cannot have failed to remark the increasing numbers of those who are professed adherents to materialism, and who loudly join in the silly clamour which mistaken zeal has raised against philosophy."—Among others, I think that Mr. Drummond, in this last sentence, had his eye upon Knox, the Essayist, whom his prejudices have led to unwarrantable censures on mental philosophy.

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"What regions part the world of soul,
Or whence thy streams Opinion roll."—*Collins.*

Equally hostile to both these extremes, and attached to the cause of a more rational and modest philosophy, some writers have prosecuted for many years, and still continue to do so, the too much neglected study of mind, in another road.—From the errors and mistakes of the ancients they have learned a better lesson than that of thinking, that the cause of science is to be advanced, as some have thought, by an undeviating adherence to authority and to antiquity. They have been taught to set upon them a juster value than has been done by some of their early and latest followers. They have learned to respect and venerate their discoveries and their worth; whilst they look upon their mistakes, numerous indeed as they are, and upon the errors that disfigure their writings, in the light of defects, not so much in themselves, as in the nature and circumstances of the times in which they lived; and consider them but as little spots, which are sometimes seen on the most beautiful skin, or as like unto the passing cloud, which intercepts for a moment the light of the sun, though it durst not approach the face of the luminary.

It can hardly be supposed, that men who think thus with respect to the ancients; and who can respect the learned scepticism of a few eminent moderns, whilst they think charitably even of the experimental insignificancy of some of their own cotemporary materialists, will set too high a value upon the authority and venerable names of Des Cartes, Malebranche, and Locke; although they will be allowed to admire the vigour of that arm that gave the last blow to the scholastic and charlatan sophistries of the ontological philosophy; and accordingly we find that the system of Des Cartes and Locke, with all its great and undoubted merits, has already given way, and that their great pretended discovery, relative to the non-existence of secondary qualities, after serving as a basis for the sceptical philosophy, has in the course of time laid also the foundation for its overthrow.—Berkeley, upon the principles of the ideal system, proved with all the accuracy of demonstration, that the primary qualities, notwithstanding the opinion of Locke, were as unlike their sensations, as the secondary, and by the same mode of reasoning, which Locke used, could not be supposed to have any real existence; whilst the doctrine was followed up by Hume, and applied with equal success, on the received principles of the ideal system, to shew the non-existence of mind *.

Such

* "The confusion and perplexity of scepticism have, in a great measure, arisen from employing the word *idea*, sometimes in its proper sense, to signify a mental image, or vision, and at others to signify *perception, remembrance, notion,*

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Such was the state of mental science when the consequences deduced from the system of Locke induced Dr. Reid to reject the ideal theory altogether, and to set about erecting a more simple and solid fabric in its place.—In the execution of this plan his first excursion was into the province of the senses, where he attacked, not only with solid sense, but also with pointed humour and ridicule, the doctrine, that there was no heat in the fire, no smell in the rose, no colour in the rainbow, no sound in the harpsichord; and exposed the nothingness of this fancied discovery, by shewing, that the followers of the ideal system departed from the established use of language, as they employed the words, heat, smell, sound, taste, and colour, to signify only sensations of mind, whilst they were always, or more frequently, used in common life, to express an unknown quality in bodies, by which our sensations are excited.

It has been sometimes maintained, I know, that the merit of a discoverer, which Dr. Reid claims to himself [See a Letter to Dr. Gregory, printed in Mr. Stewart's life of Dr Reid] particularly in detecting the fallacy of the theory of ideas and rejecting it, has been granted to him with very little justice; since it is affirmed, that the doctrine, which makes ideas distinct and separate from the mind, was given up long before by the most eminent philosophers. Locke, in a passage where he treats of retention and memory, says expressly, that having an idea of a thing is nothing but having a perception of it. In the *Physica* of Hobbes, there is a passage in which he affirms, that the phantasma (species or idea) *is* nothing different from the *actus sensionis*. And Des Cartes, in his *Principia*, is still more explicit; and his account of the doctrine of Perception is the same with that of Reid himself. In opposition to these, numberless instances may be cited from

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notion, knowledge, and almost every other operation, or result of operation, of which the mind is capable. Of motion, for instance, in a particular object, we have a *perception* when we see, or feel it move, and a *remembrance* afterwards. But of the motion of the earth, either in its axis or in its orbit, we have neither *perception* or *remembrance*, but only a *notion*, acquired by comparative deductions from other perceptions; while of motion in general we have no particular *perception*, *remembrance*, or *notion*; but only *general knowledge*, collected and abstracted from all. But we have no *idea* of either, if by *idea* be meant a mental *image* or *resemblance*: but nevertheless, to infer from this, that we have no *adequate perception*, *remembrance*, *notion*, or *knowledge*, either of motion or of body, is as adverse to philosophy as to common sense; there being no more reason why a *notion* should resemble a *perception*,—a *perception* a *sensation*,—or a *sensation* its external *cause*, than that an *exertion* should resemble an *arm*,—an *arm* a *lever*,—or a *lever* a *weight*; nor is it less absurd to make the want of resemblance between the cause, the means, and the end, a ground for doubting the reality of either in the one case than in the other."—*An Inquiry into the Principles of Taste*, by Mr. Knight.

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from the same works to prove directly the contrary; so that, if they had occasional glimpses at the truth, they soon lost sight of them and returned to the meandering delusions of error.—Dr. Brown, of Edinburgh, the abettor of the doctrine now stated, is of opinion, that Dr. Reid's mistake arose from considering metaphorical language in a literal sense, when the writers never meant it as such. In Perception there are three things; an *external object*; the *organic affection*, and the *mental feeling* or *perception*. Certain authors, particularly the Peripatetics, introduced ideas, as a fourth thing, intermediate between the mental feeling, or perception, and the object. This, however, Dr. Brown maintains was not done by Locke, Des Cartes, or Hobbes; nor even by Arnauld; as appears, he thinks, from his controversy with Malebranche. And thus, though the Peripatetic theory had been long abandoned by philosophers, the ideal phraseology remained; and the word *idea* was used in very different acceptations, either denoting images superadded to the mind, or only the actual present state of the mind. From the passages above alluded to in Locke, Des Cartes, and Hobbes, the Doctor contends, with much ingenuity, that they meant *only the latter* by the word *idea*, and, of course, that the doctrine of images in the mind was given up before Reid, though the phraseology of that theory remained; just as we now use the words "rising and setting of the sun," though the doctrine which gave them birth has been long since abandoned. The peasant may fancy that the sun performs his daily round, whilst his own earth stands still; but the philosopher, who looks with a very different eye upon the scene, knows, that the great luminary stands still, whilst our little earth performs its daily round, and, with all its appearance of rest, is, in truth, as restless as the speculations, or rather as the silly follies of its busy, bustling, and restless little inhabitants.

Dr. Reid, in rejecting the ideal theory (for I must think that he was the first who did so effectually) rejected also the doctrine of Locke, and of his followers, concerning the resemblance of the sensations of the primary, and the non-semblance of those of the secondary qualities, to their external exciting causes; for he found them all, as Berkeley had well shown, equally dissimilar, and did not think it necessary to make a parade with this distinction concerning things that could not possibly be confounded, having nothing in common with one another, except what in a few instances may be easily traced to a mere ambiguity of language. But in doing this, he laid down a more useful distinction in its place, which has been very unjustly overlooked by some modern philosophers *; I mean, his distinction between Sensation

* "The perception of external objects is accompanied with some sensation corresponding to the object perceived, and such sensations have in many cases, in

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Sensation and Perception:—the *former* denoting the change produced in the state of the mind, by some impression made on an organ of sense; and the *latter*, that knowledge of the existence of matter and its qualities, which we acquire by attending to these changes in the state of the mind,—in other words, to our *sensations*.—In *sensation*, the mind seems to be *sometimes passive*; whilst in *perception* it appears to be *active*; since in the latter some degree of attention on the part of the mind seems to be absolutely necessary. From the facts upon which this remark is founded, may be deduced the solution of a question concerning the activity or passiveness of the mind in Sensation, which has been sometimes canvassed by philosophers *. According to Dr. Reid's view of the subject, it follows, that the immediate object of the mind in *Sensation* is within itself, namely, the change, of which it is conscious in the state of its own feelings; whereas in *Perception*, on the contrary, which must be always preceded by Sensation, the immediate object of the mind is something external. Dr. Brown is of opinion, in opposition to Dr. Reid, that Sensation has an object, namely, that, by the occasion of which it is excited; and that it differs not fundamentally from Perception, which, he thinks, properly means no more, and is resolvable into *experience associated with Sensation*. He is also of opinion, that Dr. Reid's notion of the word *object* was confused, if not incorrect. But, be this as it may, it will by-and-bye appear, that the above distinction is easily conceivable in the case of three of the senses,—smelling, tasting, and hearing. But it is not so easy with respect to touch and sight,—many of the sensations of which are so intertwined by association, that it is very difficult to separate them. Besides, in the case of both these senses, we are less apt to attend to the sensations, or we confound them in such a manner with the qualities suggested by them, that we scarcely notice the sensations at all. But with respect to them as well as to the rest, if we only endeavour to make them steady

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in all languages, the same name with the object, which they always accompany. The difficulty of disjoining by abstraction things thus constantly conjoined in the course of nature, and things which have one and the same name in all languages, has likewise been frequently an occasion of error in the philosophy of mind."—*Reid's Works*, Essay I. ch. i.——"Neither ought we to expect that the sensation and its corresponding perception should be distinguished in common language, because the purposes of common life do not require it. Language is made to serve the purposes of ordinary conversation; and we have no reason to expect that it should make distinctions that are of no common use. Hence it happens that a quality perceived, and the sensation corresponding to that perception, often go under the same name."—*Ibid*, Essay II. ch. xvi.

* See Monboddo's *Origin and Progress of Language*, Vol. I. p. 46-7; and Dr. Reid's *Inquiry*, &c. Ch. II. sect. x.

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steady and separate objects of attention, we shall find the distinction equally correct. To effect this, however, in the case of touch, the sensations of which suggest the local situations of their exciting causes, we must endeavour to abstract as much as possible from the apparent locality of our sensations.

According to the usual enumeration, the senses are five in number. This enumeration, too, is sufficiently accurate and of great antiquity. Several attempts, however, have been made to narrow or extend it; for some writers have endeavoured to resolve all our senses into one general one, called feeling; and although, as will presently appear, there is some foundation for the remark, I am of opinion, that this speculation leads to over-refinement, and is rather calculated to obscure and confound than to simplify and illustrate the subject under consideration. Mr. Smith is of opinion, that we ought to make a distinction with respect to heat and cold; and Mr. Stewart thinks that the common division is accurate enough, except, perhaps, with respect to both these sensations. This, however, is not the only one that may be added to the usual enumeration; for, if we once admit this, we must also introduce, for similar reasons, a *musical sense*, to be classed with the external senses, or as Dr. Reid remarks, perhaps in a higher order.—John Archer, Physician to Charles the Second, made the number of the senses six, by adding the sense of Venery to the other five; and said, that it was above any of the others, they being all subservient to, and commanded by it. A doctrine, which, it is probable, recommended him not a little to that witty, licentious king.

I have said, that the speculation, the object of which was to resolve all the senses into *feeling*, was not without some foundation. Touch and feeling are in general considered as synonimous. Touch also seems to be the first of the senses that is exercised, as it is indeed the tutor of all the rest. In the exercise of this sense and in that of taste, a sensible contact of the object is necessary; whilst in the case of the other three senses, the sensations of which are excited through a material medium, an insensible contact only is required. Hence we see, that touch is the great foundation of all the other senses; and this is so true, that if it be destroyed in any one of them, the particular sense will be at the same time also destroyed. Touch, then, is not only the most useful of all the senses, but it is also an essential characteristic of animal existence; since the extinction of this sense, or of feeling, implies the extinction or disorganization of the whole animal: and, accordingly, although some animals want some of the other senses, we know of none that is destitute of feeling, or of touch *. If this doctrine, that touch, or feeling is fundamental

* See Smellie's *Philosophy of Natural History*, Vol. I. ch. vi.

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fundamental, to the other senses, requires any further proof, we have it in this circumstance, that it is to touch we refer pain, and every other sort of uneasy or troublesome feeling,—such as anxiety, itching, &c.; though it is certain, that pain may and does arise from the sensations of any of the other organs of sense, when vehement or in excess. Thus, then, must the sensibility of all the other organs be referred to touch alone; and, in truth, we see that, in conformity to this, they are completely circumscribed and local, whilst the sense of touch may with sufficient propriety be denominated a universal one, from the circumstance of its diffusion all over the surface of the body; so that we shall not be very wide of the truth, if we consider the other senses as nothing else than this universal one variously modified in the individual organs; the different construction of each of which renders it capable of knowing the qualities that correspond to itself, and unfit to be affected by the other properties of matter.

Touch is not only the foundation as well as the first exercised of the senses, but it is also the most infallible of them all, which shews the wisdom of making it the tutor of the rest.—The reason why it is so infallible seems to be, that it is seldomer diseased than the others; and, more particularly, because any object, the qualities of which are to be examined by this sense, must be brought into actual contact with the organ, without the intervention of any medium, the variations of which could deceive us in the Sensation or Perception. But although the sense of touch is diffused all over the body, if we except the nails and hair, yet the hand and fingers are particularly its organ. The superiority of the fingers, as organs of touch, though in a great measure the result of organization, is perhaps still more so of the attention paid to them, as is evident from their superior acuteness in the blind, who certainly differ not from their neighbours in the structure of those parts. All the sensations of touch, as has been already remarked, suggest the local situations of their exciting causes primarily, and *per se*, which is not the case with those of any other organ. Taste does so, it is true; not primarily, however, but because actual and sensible contact is necessary in the exercise of this organ. The mouth and tongue, which are the principal organs of touch among the brutes, are much more imperfect instruments for this purpose than the hands and fingers of man. One of the principal causes of the superiority of our organs of touch has been ascribed to the erect posture of our species, which seems so well calculated to improve and refine the organs of this sense. For it is certainly true, that, were we to rest on our hands, as the brutes do, our fingers would possess less sensibility and acuteness.—"Were the wrist of man," says Helvetius, "terminated by the hoof of a horse, our species would be still probably roving about the woods."—With such a structure, man's

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man's knowledge of the material world would be very limited, compared to what it is at present; nor could he possibly arrive at any perfection in the arts. But, even in this case, he may still be endowed with faculties and capacities not at all inferior to those at present possessed by our species.

Although touch is fundamental to all the other senses, still it is not equally connected with them all.—Its near relation to taste has been already mentioned, and although it is the general tutor of all the senses, it is so in a very particular and extraordinary manner, with respect to sight, as will fully appear in the progress of our speculations. The senses of taste and smell are also related in a very peculiar manner; and it seems probable, from the proximity in the situation of their organs in all animals, that both are principally intended for the guidance of animals in the choice of their food. This, at least, is the opinion of Dr. Reid; and was, at a much earlier period in the history of philosophy, the opinion both of Socrates and of Cicero.—Dr. Reid says, that the sense of smell probably serves the same purpose in the natural state of man. But it is not always a sure guide for this purpose: it is much more acute and unerring in the lower animals; and in this there seems to be manifest wisdom. From the history of animals contrasted with that of our species, we see that the Creator intended their nature to be stationary, and ours progressive; and, accordingly, from the very morning of life, we find them not only supplied with the necessary faculties and instincts, but perfect in the degree of knowledge necessary for their state, and in the use of their faculties and organs*.—Man, on the contrary, comes into the world speechless and naked, and so devoid of every thing, that to him the assistance and care of parents is more necessary, than to the young of any other animal. His infancy is longer protracted, in order that he may learn to cultivate and improve his faculties, aided by the influence of circumstances and situation; the effects of which, we know, from experience, produce little or no change in the other animals, "whom nature has restrained in their freedom, whilst she has also stinted their talents for observation, or progression in the execution of their works."—In fact, much of the knowledge, given as it were instinctively to the brutes, seems to be designedly withheld from man, in order that his reasoning faculties should have an opportunity of taking a larger range, and becoming more perfect†:—and, accordingly, the history of our species justifies us in remarking, that the use of reason in man, and his superiority in point of sagacity and intellect,

* See the Moralists, by Lord Shaftsbury; and Dr. Ferguson's Principles of Moral and Political Science.—Vol. i.

† See the Conspectus Medicinæ Theoreticæ, by Dr. Gregory.

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intellect, by enabling him to command the instincts and faculties of the inferior animals, and to avail himself of them, in many respects, to promote his own interest, convenience, and pleasures, supersede in him the necessity of a greater number of organs, faculties, and instincts, or of a greater degree of acuteness and perfection in those he possesses. "To man," says a profound and eloquent philosopher, "the faculties of observation or choice are given as an equivalent for every advantage which the lower animals may seem to possess over him, and every actual supply is withheld from him, not through a penury in the economy of nature, or a defect of resource, but as a privation proper to the lot of a being who is fitted to accommodate himself, destined to cultivate his own faculties, and to be the artificer of his own fortune; and, though of a class superior to any of the other animals, destined to receive the first lessons of intelligence itself, in providing a supply for the comparative wants and defects of his animal nature *."

We see that animals, in the choice of their food, are guided by the senses of smell and taste, except where our species brings them into a sort of unnatural state by domestication; and this circumstance renders it probable, that they were intended to serve the same purpose in the natural state of our species, although less calculated for this end, than they are in the brutes, in consequence of the great superiority of their smelling organs. But since it seems probable, that man, in the natural state, acts more by instinct than we do, so also it appears rational to suppose, that he possesses some of the senses, (for instance, those of smell and hearing), in greater acuteness, than is to be met with among men in civil society. We cannot likewise but observe a great sympathy between the organs of smell and taste; for any defect or imperfection of the one, is generally attended with some corresponding defect of the other. There is also a greater similarity between the sensations of smell and taste, than between those of any other two senses: and hence it is that we can sometimes tell the taste of an object from its smell, and its smell from its taste. Hence also the reason why we apply the same epithets to the names of both these classes of sensations; as a *sweet* smell or taste, &c.—The word *taste*, it is well known, has been applied to objects of intellect. This metaphorical application I have heard an accurate and elegant philosopher affirm to be of modern origin; since it is not to be met with in any writer before Petronius, who uses the word *sapor* as we do *taste*; and this circumstance has induced some critics to think that this part of his work is of modern origin; or at least, the production of a later age than that

* See the Principles of Moral and Political Science, by Dr. Ferguson.

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that of Petronius. "How this proportionally gross sense," says Mr. Smellie, "should have been selected and figuratively applied to the general perception of every thing beautiful and sublime, whether in nature or in art, it is difficult to determine. The inquiry, however, would not be incurious, whether men, who have an obtuse sense of tasting material substances, are likewise deficient in the perception of beauty and deformity *."

To conclude my observations on the relations of both these senses, I must remark, that they are destined to be subservient to the preservation of the animal existence, rather than to any other purpose; and that they are, accordingly, an object, rather of the natural history of man, than of intellectual or of moral philosophy. The other three senses, on the contrary, seem rather intended for, and essential to, our intellectual improvement, and become, of course, a proper object of investigation in moral and in mental philosophy.

The organs of the five senses are not themselves the actual seat of sensation, although, without them, we could never feel or know what sensation is. They act only the part of instruments, in transmitting to the mind, which is the real and only seat of sensation †, the impressions made on the body by external objects.—Nor are they in themselves sufficient even for this purpose; since the organs, without the assistance of the nerves and brain, could never minister to Sensation and Perception. It is a long time since Cicero remarked, that the senses may be compared to windows; "veluti fenestræ ad animum perforatæ."—The comparison was certainly a good one; for, as windows let in the light without seeing or feeling it, so the organs of sense convey to the mind what excites sensation, without being conscious of sensation themselves. It is therefore somewhat strange, that the learned author of the Elements of Criticism should have thought, that the organs of touch, smell, and taste, were themselves sentient (that is, conscious of sensation), since the direct reverse seems capable of demonstration. The sentient principle within us, whatever it be, not only can compare (as we know from consciousness) its different sensations with one another, but also with those various other modifications of itself, which we call judgment, desire, aversion, passions, &c. Now this comparison could not be instituted if the organs of smell, taste, and touch, were in themselves sentient;—for, in order that this comparison may be made, if these organs be sentient, each of them must feel (or be conscious of) not only its peculiar sensations, but the sensations also of all the other organs; and not these merely,

* The Philosophy of Natural History, vol. i. ch. 6.

† Νᾶς ὀργανον ἀκουει, was the doctrine of an ancient philosopher, quoted by Aristotle.

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merely, but it must also know and feel those other very different modifications, which we call judgments, desires, aversions, reasonings, passions, in a word, every species of thought*.—But, certainly, it requires no great depth of metaphysical thinking, or research, to learn that one of the organs of sense is not susceptible of the sensations of the others, any more than it is of the different modifications of thought. For, surely, no man was ever mad enough to suppose, that his hand was susceptible of the sensations of smell, or of taste, or capable of being affected by love, hatred, desire, reasoning, and judgment. But, although, this is evident, it is still true, that we refer our sensations to the organs, and to different parts of the body. Thus pain is referred to the part injured, and we refer odours to the nose, and taste to the tongue and palate. But this can be easily explained, if we consider, that by our constitution, or by the nature of the union of our minds and bodies, we are led to refer each of our sensations to a change in some particular part of the body, by which we find it from experience constantly and uniformly preceded.—This being the case, we are naturally led to confound them both, and to associate the sensation with this change so intimately, that we refer both one and the other to the part affected.—The purpose, which this association is calculated to serve, is well explained by Malebranche, when he remarks, that it was a wise provision of the Creator to constitute us so, that motions, or changes, in the different parts of our bodies, should be always followed by agreeable, or disagreeable feelings in the mind, in proportion as these motions, or changes, are calculated to contribute to its preservation, or to injure the body; and that we should, without reflection, suddenly and instinctively refer our sensations, whether agreeable, or disagreeable, to the particular parts of the body: for, in this manner, we are better enabled to attend quickly and unerringly to the preservation of the body, than if that matter had been left to deliberate calculation and reasoning †.

Though we have but five senses, properly speaking, other beings may possess many, of which we have no conception ‡: and it would appear that we have something like an instance of this in the Torpedo, and in those fishes that give the electrical shock; although, in general, the sensitive organs of the lower animals seem not to differ in kind from our own. It is also certainly possible, if the Creator wished it, that we might perceive objects by numberless organs of sense, different from those we poss ss: and

* Reid's Intel. Powers of Man, Ess. II. ch. i. and iv.; and Condillac's Essai sur l'Origine des Connoissances Humaines.

† De la Recherche de la Verite, liv. I. ch. x.

‡ See Hume's Essays, Vol. II. sect. ii.; and Reid's Intellectual Powers of Man, Essay II. ch. i.

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and since we consist, as man is generally allowed to do, of one person, made up of mind and body, it seems in some degree confirmed by our own experience, that the exercise of the organs is in a manner essential to the mind, for the original, as it certainly is for the full exercise of its powers, or faculties; for, shut up as it is in a gross material tenement, by this union with the body, it seems an impossibility for it to begin the exercise of its faculties without materials.

It is a fundamental principle in Locke's Philosophy, that all our knowledge is derived from sensation and reflection; and there are some followers of his, particularly on the continent, who even maintain, that all our knowledge originates in sensation alone.—From the concluding remarks of the last paragraph, some may be inclined to think that I am also an abettor of his doctrine. I must, however, enter my protest, and beg leave to state, that I am as far from adopting it in its usual acceptation, or extent, as I am from giving any sort of sanction to the dangerous, and, I think, unphilosophical, conclusions, that have been deduced from it.—The present subject is put in a very just light by Mr. Stewart, in his *Philosophy of the Human mind;* and as I agree fully with that learned writer on this point, and despair of setting it in a clearer light than he has done, I shall endeavour only to abridge his remarks on the subject.—The opinion we form concerning the general question, whether all our knowledge may be ultimately traced to our sensations, is of much less consequence than is commonly supposed; nor can the mind, without the greatest absurdity, be looked upon as a receptacle, gradually furnished from without, with materials through the channel of the senses; nor in that of a *tabula rasa*, having imprinted on it pictures or resemblances of external objects; and should we even admit that, without our organs of sense, the mind must have remained destitute of knowledge, this concession would not at all favour the scheme of materialism, as it only implies, that the impressions made on our senses by external objects, furnish the occasions on which the mind is led by the laws of its constitution, to perceive the qualities of the material world, and to exert all the different modifications of thought, of which it is capable. This doctrine, which refers the origin of all our knowledge to the occasions furnished by the senses, must be received with many limitations. Every one allows that the ideas, called by Mr. Lock ideas of reflection (that is, the notions we form of the subjects of our own consciousness), are not suggested to the mind immediately by our sensations; so that the amount of the doctrine just mentioned is this: that the first occasions, on which our various intellectual faculties are exercised, are furnished by the impressions made on our organs of sense; and that without those impressions we could not arrive at the knowledge of our faculties.—Explaining the doctrine thus, it may

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may be said with plausibility, and, perhaps, with truth, that the senses, either immediately or ultimately, furnish the occasions on which all our notions are formed: but this is not the meaning commonly annexed to the doctrine, either by its advocates or opponents; nor does it in this acceptation lead to those consequences which have interested one party of philosophers in its defence, and another in its refutation. The following remarks will shew that the doctrine, understood in this manner, gives no support to the scheme of materialism.—For, even if we admit, that sensations are necessary to awaken the mind to a consciousness of its own existence, and to give rise to the exercise of its faculties, it is yet certain, that all this might have happened without our knowing any thing of the qualities, or even of the existence, of matter.—To illustrate this, let us suppose a being, formed in every other respect like man, but possessed of no senses but those of hearing and smelling;—I make choice of these, because by these alone we never could have acquired any knowledge of the primary qualities of matter, or even of the existence of an external world; since all that could possibly be inferred from our occasional sensations of smell and sound would have been, that there existed some unknown cause, by which they were excited.—If we suppose a particular sensation to be excited in the mind of such a being, he must necessarily learn two facts at once; the existence of *the sensation*, and *his own existence*, as a sentient being.—When the sensation has vanished, he can *remember* he felt it, and can *conceive* that he feels it again:—after having felt many different sensations, he can compare them together in respect to the pleasure, or the pain they have afforded him, and will naturally *desire* the return of the agreeable sensations, and be *afraid* of the return of those that were painful. If the sensations of smell and sound are both excited in his mind at the same time, he can *attend* to either of them he chuses, and withdraw his attention from the other; or he can withdraw his attention from both, and fix it on some sensation he has formerly felt.—Thus might he be led, merely by sensations existing in his own mind, and giving him no information concerning matter to exercise many of his most important faculties; and, amidst all these different modifications and operations of his mind, he would feel with irresistible conviction, that they all belong to one and the same sentient and intelligent being; or, that they are all modifications and operations of himself. Various other simple notions (or, as they are called, simple ideas) would arise in his mind; thus, the ideas of *number*, of *duration*, of *cause* and *effect*, of *personal identity*; all of which, though perfectly unlike his sensations, could not fail to be suggested by means of them. Thus might he know all that we know of mind at present; and as his language, not being borrowed by analogy, like ours, from material phenomena, would be appropriated to mind solely,

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he would even possess important advantages over us in the study of pneumatology.—"From these observations," says Mr. Stewart, "it sufficiently appears what is the real amount of the celebrated doctrine which refers the origin of all our knowledge to our sensations; and that even granting it to be true, it would by no means follow from it, that our notions of the operations of mind, nor even many of those notions, which are commonly suggested to us, *in the first instance*, by the Perception of external objects, are *necessarily subsequent* to our knowledge of the qualities, or even of the existence, of matter*."

By the five senses we are enabled to discover five different kinds of properties in matter; and were we possessed of a greater number of sensitive organs, it is more than probable that we should discover many other qualities of a new kind; or, were the senses we possess at present more perfect and acute, we may acquire a knowledge of new properties, differing in degree, but not in kind, from those with which we are now acquainted.—The qualities of matter, however dissimilar in other respects, have been reduced to five classes, in order, I suppose, that they may correspond to the number of the senses. It is not, indeed, easy to classify the senses themselves, or the corresponding qualities of matter, so as to obviate all objections; for, in some of the above five classes, there are some qualities as dissimilar almost as any two things in nature can be. With respect to the qualities perceived by three of the senses, *smell*, *taste*, and *hearing*, the classification is not, indeed, very difficult or complicated, since the qualities corresponding to each of these three senses have some resemblance to each other, and are therefore easily placed in distinct classes, and referred to the individual organ to which they are peculiar. What further facilitates this is, that each of these senses has a distinct organ, circumscribed and confined to a particular part of the body, and capable of being affected only by a peculiar species of impulse, conveyed to it by a peculiar medium; as by volatile particles in the case of smell; by soluble ones in tasting; and by elastic air, &c. in hearing.—The effect, too, is much advanced by the resemblance which exists between the individual perceptions in each of these three classes; for, notwithstanding their apparent diversities, they have always something in common, which, when they are compared together, leads to a clearer view of their diversities and resemblance.

With respect to the sense of sight, this classification is still more difficult

* Those who wish for a fuller account of this subject, may consult the philosophical works of Locke, Reid, Hume, and Berkely, Monboddo's Origin and Progress of Language, Vol. I. ch. iv. and v.; Condillac's Origine des Connoissances Humaines, Vol. I. and Scott's Elements of Intellectual Philosophy.

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difficult, as that sense suggests to us objects and qualities as different from one another, as black is from white:—thus it suggests extension, figure, magnitude, solidity, roughness, smoothness, colour, and motion. We know, however, that all these perceptions do not properly belong to this sense, as it primarily perceives only visible extension, figure, and motion, with colour, or variety of shadow and illumination. These too, it must be confessed, are very different from one another; but may, without violating the rules of a just and discriminating philosophy, be placed in the same class, and referred to the same sense, since they are perceived by a common organ, through the same sort of medium, acting with a similar kind of impulse.

But when we proceed to consider the qualities perceived by touch, which consist of all those we are acquainted with in matter, except odours, tastes, sounds, colours, together with visible figure and extension, we find the classification still more difficult than even with respect to sight; since the qualities to be arranged are more numerous and heterogeneous than those of the other senses; and, as there is no shadow of resemblance between many of them, for instance, between heat and cold, and the other perceptions of touch.—However, notwithstanding those very striking diversities and disagreements, upon looking into the matter with a little attention, we perceive some links by which even these may be connected with one another.—Touch perceives a greater number of different qualities than any other sense; some of which are secondary, whilst the greater number are primary.—But, in this multitude of very dissimilar perceptions, there is one thing common to them all; namely, that we are made acquainted not only with the existence of a particular quality, but also with the particular part of the body to which the external exciting cause of the sensation is applied:—and hence it is, probably, that we refer to touch a great number of sensations which have little or no resemblance; such as heat, itching, pain, hardness, smoothness, pleasure, figure, motion, &c. But, different as all of them surely are, they agree in one respect, namely, that of suggesting to us the local situations of their exciting causes; and hence, probably, we are led to refer them to the same class *. Taste, it is true, also makes us acquainted with the local situations of its exciting causes; not primarily, however, but because the exercise of touch is necessarily involved in that of taste.

Besides the sensations corresponding to the five senses, which I have been hitherto considering, there is another class of sensations, which do not originate like these, in external impressions, but are occasioned by particular states of the body itself. These have, by some writers, been called *internal* in contradistinction

* See Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy.

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to the others, which they call *external* sensations.—I cannot, however, help thinking, that to extend the meaning of the word sensation, in this manner, is unwise, as being calculated to introduce confusion, which, whilst the word is used in the limited sense to express that mental feeling, which accompanies an exertion of the external senses, and which is generally followed by Perception, may be easily avoided. Some of the conditions of the body, from which these feelings or sensations arise, are vigour, debility, cheerfulness, torpor, lassitude, pain, itching, the appetites, such as hunger and thirst; and finally, many propensities, as those to coughing, vomiting, &c. The feelings, or sensations, arising from these, so far as they are connected with the body, we generally refer to the sense of touch *.

I have already said, that there was a foundation for the distinction between primary and secondary qualities, and the doctrines connected therewith, about which so much noise was made by the followers of Des Cartes and Locke.—But, in my opinion, it leads to a doctrine far different from that established by these philosophers, or the consequences deduced from it by Berkely and by Hume.—It seems to be the general opinion at present, that none of the senses *primarily*, except *touch*, can make us acquainted with the existence of matter; and, consequently, it is to the causes of its sensations, or to the external qualities, that are suggested by its perceptions, that we give the name of *primary* qualities: but it is not merely because they are suggested by *touch* only, that we denominate them in this manner, for touch also suggests the secondary qualities, heat and cold, but because we cannot, by any effort of the mind, conceive the possibility of matters existing without them; whereas, on the contrary, we can easily suppose it to exist without any particular one of the secondary qualities.—I do not, however, on this account, conclude with the followers of Locke against their external existence: both they and the primary qualities are equally unlike to our sensations; so that from this view of the matter, the same argument is conclusive against the existence of both. But as I am far from having any great faith in such arguments, and am firmly persuaded, that there must be some external cause of our sensations, secondary as well as primary, since we cannot, by any effort of mind or volition, produce within ourselves a single Sensation or Perception, independently of every other cause, we conclude from our sensations and perceptions, however different they may be in their own natures, or in the characters of their existence, that *secondary* qualities, as well as the *primary*, form part of the objects that surround

* See Scott's Elements of Intellectual Philosophy, Ch. II, sect. i, *ad finem*.

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surround us:—and, further than this, we can shew no reason for our belief in the existence of either, except the dictates of our constitution, which, without reasoning, lead us to believe in our own existence, and in that of our consciousness and sensations, the reality of which has not hitherto been questioned *.

The primary and secondary qualities of matter, and their corresponding sensations, differ in many respects besides that of which I have just taken notice. From the sensations and perceptions corresponding to the secondary qualities, at least in three of the senses, we could never have acquired a knowledge of the existence of an external world, or indeed of any thing external whatever: for although taste does make us acquainted with other properties of bodies besides flavour, it is not primarily, as I have more than once remarked, but because in its exercise that of touch is necessarily involved. It is not so with the sensations and perceptions corresponding to the primary qualities; all of which lead directly and immediately to the existence of an external world. Nor could the existence of matter be inferred primarily from the sense of sight, which originally suggests nothing but variety of colour and illumination, together with superficial extension and figure; all of which would, in that case, appear to be not external, but in the eye, or rather in the mind. By four of the senses, then, properly speaking, we have no knowledge primarily of matter, or of primary qualities, from which alone its existence can be deduced; but, by association and experience, in the course of life, the existence of both is suggested by these senses as well as by touch.

The qualities, then, that correspond to the original perceptions of four of our senses are *secondary*, whilst all the *primary* qualities are suggested by *touch* alone. This sense, it is true, suggests also the secondary qualities of heat and cold; which agree in this with all the secondary qualities, that they may be perceived through a medium, whilst all the other sensations of touch require a *sensible contact*. Both these sensations, though acquired solely by touch, are as specifically different from the other sensations of that sense, as they are from those of odours, sounds, and colours; and, accordingly, this circumstance has induced Mr. Smith to remark, instead of affirming, as is generally done, that heat and cold are perceived by touch, that we ought to say, that they are perceived by *feeling*, which is somewhat different, as the meaning of the word is more general than that of *touch*; and, indeed, it must be confessed, that there is some foundation for this remark in the different natures of those perceptions: but be this

* Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy; and Reid's Inquiry, &c. Ch. II. sect. iii.

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as it may, it deserves to be remarked, that the four *secondary senses*, if I may be allowed the expression, or even the most simple of them, *smell* or *hearing* (though we had not the other senses) at the same time that they would not make us acquainted with any thing external, would suggest to the mind, by their exercise, the notions of time, number, causation, existence, personal identity, and many others, as well as this is done, by the sensations even of touch itself *.

It would seem that all the secondary qualities agree in this, that they are capable of being perceived through a medium, or at a distance; that is, without *sensible contact*; whilst a sensible contact is necessary for the perception of every one of the primary qualities. It is true, that in the sensations of taste there is generally such a degree of sensible contact, as to make us think that such contact is necessary to the sensation. But it deserves to be remarked, that the soluble particles of bodies, upon which only their taste depends (for nothing produces a sensation of taste except particles soluble in saliva, and somewhat more saltish or acrid than the saliva itself) are in general so attenuated as to be themselves incapable of producing a real sensation of touch, distinct from that of taste, upon a surface so rough and uneven as that of the tongue. So that, in such cases, the accompanying sensation of touch is not produced by the soluble particles, upon which alone the taste depends, but by the compound and solid medium of saliva, and of the grosser, insoluble parts of the bodies in which the soluble particles exist, and are applied to the organ of taste †.

Thus it would appear that the grossest of all the secondary qualities, or that which seems the most to depend upon a sensible contact, is really sensible through a medium. And are not these observations confirmed by the received opinion, that taste, abstracting it from touch, or sensible contact, would afford us no evidence of the existence of an external material world? With respect to the other secondary qualities, it seems allowed by every one, that they may all be perceived through a medium, or at a distance.

Thus, then, from the remarks already made, it appears, that the primary and secondary qualities differ in the following particulars. The primary are all perceived by touch alone, whilst some of the secondary are perceived by each of the senses,—even by touch itself. The sensations and perceptions corresponding to the secondary qualities do not originally suggest the external existence

* Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy; and his Elements of the Philosophy of the Human Mind.

† Knight's Inquiry into the Principles of Taste, Ch. I. II.

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existence of a material world, which is done by all those of the primary ones.—And we can, accordingly, conceive matter capable of existing without the secondary, but not without the primary qualities. The sensations of all the primary qualities suggest the local situations of their exciting causes. It is not so with the secondary; for even those of taste, and of heat and cold, do not so originally, or if we abstract them from touch. To the perception of all the primary qualities, actual, or sensible contact is necessary; whilst all the secondary are, or may be, perceived through a medium.

I may remark here, although colour seems to be that one of the secondary qualities, without which we find it most difficult to conceive matter capable of existing, that this difficulty (arising, indeed, from early association) will immediately vanish when we consider, that persons born blind do, and must, conceive every sort of body to exist without any colour at all; of which, indeed, they can form no idea, or notion, except, perhaps, something like that of the blind man who compared a scarlet colour to the sound of a trumpet. With respect to the secondary qualities of heat and cold, we can easily conceive a body without its being hot, and another without its being cold; and we know, if we apply the hand to a body at the same temperature with itself, and of a similar conducting power, that it will produce no sensation of heat or of cold. Indeed the pen with which I write, conveys at present to my fingers no sensation (which I can distinguish) to be that of one, or the other.

In a subsequent part of these inquiries it will be shewn, that our sensations are sometimes agreeable, or disagreeable; whilst, at other times the external quality, or cause, is so, and not the Sensation or Perception. When the Sensation is agreeable or disagreeable, we generally find, that it is one of those that correspond to the secondary qualities, of the secondary senses, smell, taste, or hearing; to which we must add the sensations of the secondary qualities, heat and cold. When, on the contrary, the external qualities, and not the sensations, happen to be agreeable or disagreeable, we find that it is not the qualities suggested by the secondary sensations, but the primary qualities, at least in general, that have this effect. Thus the sensations corresponding to the primary qualities,—hardness, softness, roughness, smoothness, extension, solidity, figure, motion, and weight*, in general attract no attention at all, and are scarcely noticed; whilst we pass

* Since weight is a primary quality of matter, we cannot sufficiently wonder at the systematic prejudices of those chemists, who, in their zeal for phlogiston, could stumble upon a thing so inconceivable and absurd as a principle of absolute levity, which they supposed to be material.

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pass over instantaneously from their sensations to contemplate the qualities themselves; by some of which, particularly by figure, or form, roughness and smoothness, hardness and softness, we are usually affected with agreeable or disagreeable emotions. To these I must add the names of visible beauty and deformity, form, proportion, motion, and, perhaps, colour. If these observations be correct, in the case of the secondary qualities, it is not the qualities but the sensations that are agreeable or disagreeable; whereas, in the case of the primary qualities, this peculiarity belongs always to the qualities themselves, and not to the sensations. It deserves also to be remarked on this subject, that as we attend not to the sensations of the primary qualities, but to themselves, so, also, that we know little or nothing of those sensations, and can scarcely make them distinct and separate objects of attention, whilst the qualities themselves seem to be pretty correctly understood by all mankind*: whereas, on the contrary, with respect to the secondary qualities, the sensations of which often attract our attention as much as their causes †, we know little more, than that they constitute a certain class of unknown powers, or properties, in external objects, which, from experience, we learn to be the causes of some of our sensations. But I would not have it imagined from these remarks, that I am of opinion, that our comparative ignorance of these unknown causes is owing to this, that our attention is so much more engaged by their sensations than by those of the primary qualities, any more than I would have it thought, that our knowledge of the primary qualities is owing to our neglect of their corresponding sensations, and attention to themselves. In both cases the effect and its contrary character are to be ascribed, not to the attention and industry of man, but to the mysterious wisdom of Nature.

Conformably to some of the preceding remarks, we find, that the primary qualities are generally as well known and understood nearly by the vulgar, as they are by philosophers, and that, too, from their early years; whilst all that is generally known of the secondary qualities is, that they are the external, unknown causes of certain sensations. Nor does this knowledge of the primary qualities seem to be the result of much attention and study, or to be acquired by reflecting on the corresponding sensations and reasoning from them, as some philosophers seem to think,—for it is always acquired at a very early, and, of course, a very ignorant period of life; whereas, on the contrary, all that we know of the secondary qualities, besides their being the unknown causes

* Reid's Essays on the Intellectual Powers of Man, Ess. II. ch. xvii.
† Reid's Inquiry, &c. Ch. II. sect. ix; and his Essays, as above.

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causes of some of our sensations (and we have acquired considerable knowledge of some of them) is the result of much attention, of many experiments, and of long study, observation, and reasoning. It deserves also to be mentioned, that, from the very first, we give to the primary qualities an external and permanent existence, altogether independent of our sensations; and that the notions we form of them, from the sensations by which they are suggested, have not in general any reference to these sensations. It was partly this consideration, I think, which suggested the following remark:—"That we have notions of external qualities perfectly unlike to our sensations, or to any thing of which we are immediately conscious, is *a fact;* nor ought we to dispute the reality of what we perceive, because we cannot reconcile this fact with received philosophical systems *." On the contrary, the existence, which we allow to the secondary qualities, is merely relative, since at first we know only that they are the causes of certain sensations; and any thing more than this we can then hardly conceive about them †.

Our different sensations and perceptions not only suggest to us the existence of external objects, as their causes, but also frequently produce in our minds such agreeable or disagreeable feelings, as to make us wish for the repetition and continuation of some of them, as anxiously as we do for the perpetual exclusion and absence of others. When the sensations happen to be agreeable or disagreeable, they will be found to be those, in general, corresponding to the secondary qualities; whilst the sensations excited by the primary qualities have so little of any thing agreeable or disagreeable in them that they scarcely attract any notice at all. This peculiarity, which affords us additional reasons for making a distinction between primary and secondary qualities, deserves to be more fully investigated than it has generally been. A diversity, or contrariety of effect, so manifest in cases apparently similar, since it is the work of Nature, has not been established without an intention of its being subservient to some wise, beneficent purpose. It is now generally allowed, that the primary sensations have generally nothing either agreeable or disagreeable in them: in other words, that they seldom affect us either with pleasure or pain; and were this even not generally admitted, we could infer it from the fact of their being almost never attended to. The truth seems to be, that the sensations corresponding to the primary qualities were intended by Nature to perform merely the office of signs; and this being the case, if she had not left them indifferent, as we find she has done, but made

* Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy.

† Reid's Intellectual Powers of Man, Essay II. ch. xvii.

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made them, like the sensations of the secondary qualities, partly agreeable and partly disagreeable, she would, in a great measure, have frustrated her own wise purposes. Agreeably to this view of the subject we find, that we acquire in early life an habitual inattention to these primary sensations, which we cannot by any means altogether get over, in its more advanced stages.—[See Reid's Works, Vol. I. Essay II. ch. xvi.] Besides the consideration, that this class of sensations were left in themselves indifferent, and are not attended to, whilst the qualities suggested by them are always much attended to, there are others also which contribute to shew, that they were intended to perform the office of signs. Thus we know that they have not in any language a name, whilst their causes have always distinct names, and that too in all languages *. Further, the names of the secondary sensations are all ambiguous, signifying either the sensation or its external unknown cause: which circumstance added to this, that the sensations of the secondary qualities are partly agreeable and partly disagreeable, and thus, of course, require attention, proves that they were not by Nature intended to perform the office of signs, at least not in the same sense with the sensations excited by the primary qualities; otherwise she would have given them a character altogether similar to that of the primary, and instead of making their names ambigious, as is the case in all languages, she would have given distinct and separate names, like those of the primary, to the qualities suggested, or to the unknown external causes of the secondary sensations, whilst she would have left the secondary sensations themselves like the primary, and as they ought to be in order to perform the office of signs, uninviting, unnoticed, and without a name. The following remarks by Dr. Reid will serve to confirm these observations:—"We may see (says he) why the sensations belonging to the secondary qualities are an object of our attention, while those which belong to the primary are not. The first are not only signs of the object perceived, but they bear a capital part in the notion we form of it. We conceive it only as that which occasions such a sensation, and therefore cannot reflect upon it without thinking of the sensation which it occasions: we have no other mark whereby to distinguish it. The thought of a secondary quality, therefore, always carries us back to the sensation which it produces: we give the same name to both, and are apt to confound them together. But having a clear and distinct conception of primary qualities, we have no need, when we think of them, to recall their sensations. When a primary quality is

* See Reid's Essays, Vol. I.;—His Inquiry, &c.; and Stewart's Outlines of Moral Philosophy.

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is perceived, the sensation immediately leads our thoughts to the quality perceived by it, and is itself forgot.—We have no occasion afterwards to reflect upon it; and so we come to be as little acquainted with it, as if we had never felt it.—This is the case with the sensations of all primary qualities, when they are not so painful or pleasant as to draw our attention *".

The primary sensations having no names, whilst those of the corresponding are distinct, and they themselves well known and understood †, there cannot be in this case room for any confusion or ambiguity. But, with respect to the secondary qualities and sensations, the case is far otherwise: as the names of these are in all languages ambiguous, being equally used to designate the sensations and their causes.—It is to this circumstance, accordingly, that we must recur for an explanation of the Cartesian paradoxical opinion, concerning the non-existence of odours, tastes, sounds, and colours, &c.—All our sensations and perceptions perform the office of signs; suggesting either what is going on in the mind, or without us.—It is only when our sensations are agreeable or disagreeable, that we are led to attend to themselves.—As they are meant for signs, we in general attend more to what is suggested by them, as we attend more to the meaning, than to the words of a language.—But, since sensation, perception, and the external object succeed one another uniformly, with such inconceivable rapidity, it often happens that the sensation and its cause get the same name.—Besides this, the sensation, in order to attract attention, must be somewhat agreeable or disagreeable; and where this is the case (as it seems to be with all the secondary sensations, except that of colour), we sometimes give it the same name as to its external cause, as in the case of the secondary qualities, and sometimes a very different one; for instance, the feeling excited by the cut of a sword we call pain. But where the sensation is indifferent, it attracts no notice, and we give it no name: thus the sensations of the primary qualities have not a name in any language.—The ambiguity, then, in the case of secondary qualities, arises not from any resemblance of the sensations to their causes, but from these circumstances; that, in Perception, they and their causes are constantly conjoined, and because these causes are obscure, and but very little known or understood.

Having said that the sensations corresponding to the primary qualities are not in general either agreeable or disagreeable, but indifferent, as they ought to be, in order to perform the office of signs,

* Reid's Works, Vol. I. Essay ii. ch. xvii.; and Scott's Elements of Intellectual Philosophy, Chap. II. sect. ii.

† Reid's Works, *ibid.*

‡ Dr. Reid's Works, passim; and Scott's Elements of Intellectual Philosophy.

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signs, for which they seem to be intended; and, therefore, that they are scarcely ever attended to themselves, whilst their causes, or the qualities, suggested by them, attract constant attention; it still remains to be remarked on this subject, that there are some instances in which we cannot avoid attending even to the sensations corresponding to the primary qualities. This circumstance is not, however, at all inconsistent with what I have already said on the subject:—thus, if we receive a blow from a *hard body*, we are forced to attend, not to the hardness itself, but to the painful sensation which it excites, and to confess, that it has no resemblance to hardness, and cannot exist any where but in a sentient being.—In this case we do not say, as we usually do in the case of slighter impressions, that we feel any thing, for instance, hardness in the body from which we received the impression; but we say, that we feel considerable pain in the part affected; whilst, on the contrary, when we apply our hand gently to a hard body, we pass over the feeling excited in the mind, or the sensation, and say, that we find great hardness in the external object. In the latter case we have a sensation as well as in the former, and both excited by the same cause, operating, it is true, with different degrees of force;—and, perhaps, we may be able to get a glimpse at the wisdom of nature, by considering the different degrees of attention we pay *to* each. In the first case, where the sensation is painful, and the effect may be dangerous to the animal life, we are forced to attend to the sensation only, and to the state of our own minds: but, in the second, where there is no such danger, and where the sensation appears to be intended merely for a sign, we pass immediately from the mental feeling, which is scarcely noticed, to the object suggested, or to the external exciting cause of the sensation *.—This is a wise provision of nature; that whatever is dangerous to the existence of the body, fixes in an instant all our attention upon its preservation.—Nor is this the result of reasoning, which, it is generally allowed, would be less effectual for that purpose †, but of a provident and unerring instinct ‡.

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* Reid's Intellectual Powers of Man, Ess. II. ch. xvi.; and his Inquiry, &c.

† See Hume's Essays, Vol. II.

‡ Besides many other remarks on this subject, Malebranche has the following:—"L'ebranlement des fibres qui accompagne le chatouillement, temoigne a l'ame la bonne constitution de son corps, qu'il a assez de force pour resister a l'impression de l'objet, et qu'elle ne doit point apprehender qu'il en soit blessé: mais le mouvement, qui accompagne la douleur, etant quelque peu plus violent, il est capable de rompre quelque fibre du corps et l'ame en doit etre avertie par quelque sensation desagreable, afin qu'elle y prenne garde."—"Ainsi l'ame se sent touchée des sentimens qui different essentiellement, et qui, marquant precisement les qualites des objets par rapport a son corps, lui font sentir promptement et vivement si ces objets sont

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I have already remarked, that the manner in which heat and cold are perceived, is different from that of the other perceptions of touch.—Were we to suppose a man born blind, and devoid of the power of local motion, he would be able to perceive sounds, tastes, odours, heat, and cold, and all the secondary qualities, except colour.—But it seems true, also, that he could not be capable of the perceptions of extension and figure, of hardness and softness, roughness and smoothness, solidity and motion.

The perceptions, then, of the secondary qualities are more *immediate*, if I may so express it, than those of the primary; at least, the mode in which they are, or may be acquired is very different;—so that, in this respect, we have an additional reason for distinguishing these two classes of qualities from each other. But, although the primary qualities do not seem to be *immediately* perceived by means of their corresponding sensations, in the same way, at least, as the secondary are; and, although they may not be known in the present philosophical acceptation of their names without some reasoning and experience, still the first hint we get at the knowledge of each of them is derived from our sensations.

It is strange what a number of revolutions have taken place in the opinions of philosophers, with regard to the distinction between primary and secondary qualities.—The ancient atomists held the same opinions on this subject with the followers of the Cartesian

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sont capables de lui nuire."—" Il faut considerer, que si l'ame n'appercevoit que ce qui se passe dans sa main, quand elle se brule; si elle n'y voyoit que le mouvement et la separation de quelques fibres, elle ne s'en mettroit guere en peine, et meme elle pourroit quelquefois, par fantasie et par caprice, y prendre quelque satisfaction, comme ces fantasques, qui se divertissent a tout rompre dans leurs emportemens et dans leurs debauches."—" Si nous n'appercevions que la separation des parties de notre corps, lorsque nous nous brulons, ou que nous recevons quelques blessures, nous nous persuaderions bientot, que notre bonheur n'est pas d'être renfermé dans un corps, qui nous empêche de jouir de choses, qui nous doivent rendre heureux; et ainsi nous serions bien aises de la voire detruire."—" Il s'ensuit de la que c'est avec une grande sagesse, que l'auteur de l'union de notre ame avec notre corps, a ordonné, que nous sentions de la douleur, quand il arrive au corps un changement capable de lui nuire, et que nous sentions du chatouillement quand ces mouvemens sont modérés, sans appercevoir la verité de ce qui se passe dans notre corps, ni les mouvemens des ces fibres, dont nous venons de parler."—" Premierement, parce qu'en sentant de la douleur et du plaisir, nous distinguons avec plus de facilité les objets qui en sont l'occasion.—Secondement, parce que cette voie de nous faire connoitre, si nous devons nous unir aux corps qui nous environnent, ou nous en separer, est la plus courte—Enfin, parce que la douleur et le plaisir etant des modifications de notre ame qu'elle sent par rapport a son corps, et qui la touchent bien davantage que la connoissance du mouvement des quelques fibres, qui lui appartien droit; cela l'oblige a s'en mettre fort en peine, et fait une union tres-etroite entre l'une et l'autre partie de l'homme."—Recherche de la Verité, Tom. I. liv. I. ch. 10.

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Cartesian school *; whilst Aristotle and his followers confounded them, and would admit of no distinction.—The subject was revived by Des Cartes and Locke, and the distinction once more established: but, on the received principles, it was shewn to be futile by Berkely and by Hume, as neither primary or secondary qualities, according to their views, had any existence. The last philosopher of eminence, who has fully reconsidered the subject, and, in my opinion, set it in a true light, is Dr. Reid.—He is of opinion, that there is a real foundation for the distinction: but I shall reserve his doctrine for future discussion, and remark, before I conclude, that his observations on certain states or conditions of our bodies, on mechanical powers or forces, on chemical powers, on medical powers or virtues, and on vegetable and animal powers, considered as objects of Sensation and Perception, are well calculated to illustrate the degree of knowledge we possess with respect to secondary qualities. These states or conditions, and these different species of powers, are the unknown causes of known effects; and known by us, not absolutely in themselves, but relatively through their effects:—thus, the words tooth-ach, head-ach, &c. in common language mean disorders of the teeth and head; just as the words smell, taste, colour, signify certain properties of bodies: but as the words smell and taste signify, each of them, two things, a sensation of the mind, as well as its external cause; so the words tooth-ach and head-ach, though in common language generally applied to the disorder of the particular part, mean also a painful feeling of the mind, and that affection or disorder of the body, which is its cause.—A person, then, who would wish to be paradoxical, could, in consequence of this two-fold meaning of these words, prove that a tooth-ach is not in the tooth, nor a head-ach in the head; just as rationally and logically as the followers of Des Cartes and Locke have shown, that the secondary qualities are mere sensations, existing no where but in the mind.—But it would be evident, that his pretended demonstration was only an abuse of words, inasmuch as he applied only to the feelings of the mind, words, which in the ordinary acceptation of language, are used by all mankind to express disorders in some particular parts of the body.—"It has been observed," says Mr. Stewart, "with great truth by Dr. Reid, that Des Cartes' Reasonings against the existence of the secondary qualities of matter owe all their plausibility to the ambiguity of words.—When he affirms, for example, that the smell of a rose in not in the flower, but in the mind; his proposition amounts only to this, that the rose is not conscious of the sensation of smell: but it does not follow from Des Cartes' Reasonings, that there is no quality in the rose, which excites the sensation of smell in the mind

* Cudworth's Intellectual System of the Universe, B. I, ch. i.

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mind; which is all that any person means when he speaks of the smell of that flower. For the word *smell*, like the names of all secondary qualities, signifies two things,—a sensation in the mind, and the unknown quality, which fits the rose to excite that sensation. The same remark applies to that process of reasoning by which Des Cartes attempts to prove, that there is no heat in the fire." Mr. Stewart quotes on the same subject the following very just remarks from Malebranche:—"If you ask whether fire is hot, grass green, and sugar sweet, I answer, that, if by heat, cold, and savour, you understand such a disposition of parts, or some unknown motion of insensible particles,—then fire is hot, grass green, and sugar sweet. But if by heat and other qualities, you understand what I feel by fire, what I see in grass, &c., fire is not hot, nor grass green; for the heat I feel, and the colours I see, are only in the soul." PHILOSOPHICUS.

ART. X.—*The Law Student.*

LETTER III.

Inner Temple, August, 1811.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

YOU are of opinion that I have overpraised *Sir Vicary Gibbs*, and not done justice to the talents of *Mr. Garrow*. Since I last had the pleasure of writing to you, I have attended the Court of King's Bench pretty constantly, and am not sure that you are wrong. The refinements of the Attorney General, contrasted with the vulgarities of Mr. Garrow, have perhaps blinded my judgment; and I have not sufficiently appreciated the commanding powers of the latter advocate; he is in truth a man of most wonderful quickness, and it is this that renders him so great a favourite with the Chief Justice of his Court, my Lord Ellenborough. His lordship is overwhelmed with business, and unless his leading advocate at *Nisi Prius* were as quick and clear-headed as himself or Mr. Garrow, there would be no possibility of getting through the cause-paper. No man at the bar comprehends the Chief's *obiter* remarks so readily, and answers them so well, as Mr. Garrow; and it is quite delightful to hear his lordship and that advocate sift a point to the bottom, and come to the truth of it, divested of all its wordy disguises. A fellow-student of mine calls this Mr. Garrow's *interlocutory eloquence*; and

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shew me the man who possesses a greater share of it than he. The Attorney General is slow, elaborate, and technical in all his interlocutory remarks, more learned, but not so clear. Having allowed Mr. Garrow all his genius for his profession, all his eloquence, all his knowledge of human nature, all his activity, all his experience, I must still, in justice, revert to his illiberality, his narrow-mindedness, his want of feeling, his want of the gentleman. I do not believe any of his casual auditors ever went out of Court with a *respect* for Mr. Garrow, even if they met with no instance of his littleness of mind; and it requires a frequent attendance in Court to discern that: they are amused with his manner of brow-beating and badgering a witness: *Suave mari magno:* they are glad it is not they themselves; and they feel a prospective dread of ever undergoing the same ordeal: they fear Mr. Garrow, but they do not respect him: he is the Jack-Ketch of the bar, not to say the Jack-pudding: they laugh at him in his latter capacity; and God keep them out of his claws in the former! Mr. Garrow is often as good as a comedy or a farce; and is as full of bye-play and stage-strick as an actor. I remember his playing off an excellent joke against a witness who happened to be deaf, and whose deafness it was Mr. Garrow's part to make appear pretended. He said to the witness in a low tone,—"So, you have the misfortune to be deaf, sir?" "Yes, sir." "You have great difficulty in hearing?" "Yes, sir, very." "And it was not till I raised my voice thus *(lowering it still more)* that you could hear what I said at all?" "No, sir." The whole *affing* of the Court, and I believe the whole jury, bar, and all, roared with laughter; and the poor witness might as well have been dumb and deaf too, for all the utility of his testimony. And yet a sensible man knows very well (and no man knows better than Mr. Garrow) that it is distinctness and not loudness of utterance that enables a deaf man to comprehend one's meaning. Mr. Garrow on this occasion was painfully distinct in his enunciation, and the deaf witness *saw* what the cross-examiner said, rather than heard it. He suffered the speaker to say he had raised his voice,—just as the deaf man in *Joe Miller* said, "Don't bawl so loud," when the other only opened his mouth wide; or as the blind man said scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet. Mr. Garrow's voice *looked* loud, and the witness supposed it was so. All this is not calculated to bring the bar into any profound respect; and I am afraid Mr. Garrow thinks the profession a greater system of artifice than it really is. Those, who have had the pain, as well as the pleasure, of constantly listening to him, perceive in him a narrow-minded recognition of no country but England, of no language but English, of no religion but the Christian; and, worse than all, it is too apparent,

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rent, that although he will defend a swindler, with all his might and main, he will abandon a man who is charged with libel to all the fury of the tormentor. Though nobody can have any respect for the Editor of the Satirist, yet the manner in which Mr. Garrow held that gentleman's brief on the indictment for a libel on Mr. Hallett, well justified Mr. Manners in taking the trouble of speaking in mitigation of his punishment off his shoulders. Mr. Garrow stated, at the trial, that he had told his client, he never could say any thing in defence of a libeller, and accordingly he did say nothing. Why, then, did he take the brief? It was his duty to have said something. He might at least have said, that the remedy for private libel ought to be private action for damages, at the discretion of the defendant's equals, and that then he might have justified and proved the truth of his assertion—and not public indictment, the punishment of conviction upon which is imprisonment at the discretion of his superiors: he might have said that libels never yet did harm, and that truth always finds its own level. But Mr. Garrow constantly holds a brief in all *ex-officio* indictments for libel, and consequently has that crime in a very useful abhorrence. Give him a brief to defend a less crime, that is a more paltry and contemptible one, and he will find his tongue. Upon a similar narrow principle, Mr. Garrow holds all foreigners in great contempt; and, because he knows no language but his own, thinks there is no other. I have heard him descend to the vulgarity of repeating the testimony of a witness which was given in a foreign tongue, like something which made English indecency: and the other day he told an alien witness not to be afraid of abusing the French, but to call their capture of one of our ships *robbery*, as if our captures were not equally so. For the Jews he appears to have a hatred worthy of those reigns in which they were massacred by hundreds, and seems to think it very odd they should not profess the same religion with himself. I regret, as strongly as you can do, that such great talents should be united with such little prejudices; but a very long attendance to Mr. Garrow's practice has brought me to this (I hope) impartial estimate of the advocate and the man.

Sir Vicary Gibbs is certainly not a man of such talents as Mr. Garrow; but then he has received an education beyond all comparison with that gentleman's, is every way an elegant scholar, and has read more law than almost any man at the bar. Mr. Garrow's is the natural, and the Attorney General's the cultivated, soil. If the Attorney General does not give the student such occasional delight as Mr. Garrow, neither does he give him such occasional pain. You are always sure to be edified when Sir Vicary rises: from Mr. Garrow you are never sure of not hearing all the cant of the Robin Hood or Coach-makers' hall; for when that ad-

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vocate has a bad case, he must have recourse to noise and rant; and then you have nothing to do but to attend to the richness and vigour of his voice,—a perfection in Mr. Garrow which I have not before noticed. He folds his arms in debating-club indignation, and does not spare the character of any witness, whose testimony has made against his case. For this habit Mr. Topping, the castigator-general, took him to task in open Court the other day. But there is so much more room for criticism in Mr. Garrow than in the Attorney General, that I am continually losing sight of that truly learned advocate. I wish to say a few words upon the subject of Sir Vicary's temper, which has never appeared to me to be so prominently bad, as I have credibly heard it represented. He is impatient when attornies talk nonsense, as which of us would not be? But it has always appeared to me that I would sooner be connected in business with him than with Mr. Garrow, whom I conceive not to be so good-humoured as the Attorney-General, if he be more good-tempered, and of this I doubt much *. At any rate, Sir Vicary is a gentleman in his irritability, and can command his impatience better than Mr. Garrow can. I have oftener seen the former cool, during a controversy, in which the latter has shewn warmth, than the latter calm while the former was ruffled. The truth is, Sir Vicary is a man of more attic wit and humour than Mr. Garrow; and when, in the midst of all his warmth, he says any thing well, or with humour, it puts him into good-humour directly. There has always appeared to me to be a connexion between these two significations of the word *humour;* and I have generally found a *humourist* a good-humoured man, at least *quoad hoc* †. It is the same with Lord Ellenborough;

* Let those who think ill of Sir Vicary's heart, go to Hayes, in Kent, and ask the first peasant they meet, as I did the other day, what is that gentleman's character? "It would be better for the poor," said the woman, to whom I spoke, "if all gentlefolks were like Sir Vicary Gibbs."

† I know not whether I have made myself understood here; but it has often struck me, that in most of the anecdotes of command of temper upon record, the hero would not have been so calm if he had not had a good thing to say upon the subject, There is more perhaps of sublimity than wit, in Sir Isaac Newton's exclamation, after his dog had thrown down the candle which consumed the written labours of years, "Oh, Diamond, Diamond! thou little knowest the mischief thou hast done!" When one of the servants of Dr. Hough, Bishop of Worcester, happened to break a favourite weather-glass of the Bishop's, and spill all the quicksilver upon the ground, instead of being angry with the terrified servant, he merely turned round to the company and said, he had never seen the mercury so *low* in his life. When Marshal Turenne was mistaken by one of his domestics for the cook, and when the servant came softly behind him as he was looking out of window, and gave him in that capacity a violent slap on the breech, the Marshal instantly turned round, and the fellow, frightened out of his wits, dropped down on his knees, and exclaimed,

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lenborough, a man of stronger humour than almost any other whom I have had the pleasure of hearing speak; and so it was, I am told, with Lord Kenyon, his predecessor. But I am afraid you will think that I shall never quit the subjects of the Attorney General and Mr. Garrow. To dismiss them finally,—the one is a splendid example of the legal success of learning, and the other of talent: both advocates have made handsome fortunes, and the past year has perhaps been the most profitable of their career. The cause-papers have been crowded with mercantile cases; for in proportion as that profession is unsuccessful, the law thrives. Mercantile law has, indeed, of late years, become a science of itself; and it is my opinion, that if the law-student were to spend six months in a merchant's compting-house, he would employ his time much more profitably than in an exclusive attendance in a pleader's office. But the Courts are, after all, the best school of law; and, were I not intended for the profession, I would attend them for knowledge of the world, and for general information. Neither the Attorney General nor Mr. Garrow can now be called young; but their mental faculties are yet in full vigour. The former can look no higher, in his retirement from the profession, than to the station of a *puisne* judge; but an Attorney Generalship is usually regarded as the road to higher honours. Differing as we do from Sir Vicary Gibbs in politics, we cannot hope for his having to decide the law of libel upon publications similar to those, which he has prosecuted for such; but of this we are sure, that to whatever station he is called upon to fill, he will carry a knowledge of his profession, which would not have disgraced the greatest name in legal history.

I am happy to find that your opinion of *Mr. Park*, whom you say you have seen on the Northern Circuit, agrees with mine: he has more practice in York, I am told, than even here. I never hear him, but I wish he was there.

I omitted in my last letter the names of the three leading barristers of business behind the bar of the Court of King's Bench, Messrs. *Marryatt*, *Lawes*, and *Reader*. The first of these gentlemen is a lawyer, and nothing but a lawyer: he makes it his boast, that he never reads any book but a law-book; and you may therefore judge of the extent of his ambition: he has hit his mark, and has acquired a fortune at the bar, gratefully be-mottoing his carriage,—"*Causes* produce *effects!*" His voice is

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exclaimed, "Oh, my Lord, I thought it was George." "And suppose it had been George," replied the Marshal, rubbing the irritated part, "you need not have struck so hard." And, indeed, the point of half the *bons mots* in the jest-books depends upon the good-humour with which affronts are unexpectedly parried.

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thick and disagreeable, and his manner cumbrous and unpleasing. The second gentleman is a Special Pleader, and the third Colonel of a volunteer regiment. Ask me no more of them. Mr. *Dampier*, who has I am afraid less practice, is worth twenty such.

Since I last wrote to you, two of the eminent Serjeants, to whom I promised to introduce you in this letter, Cockell and Williams, King's Serjeants, are no more. *Mr. Serjeant Cockell* was a man of very considerable powers, principally of humour, and was particularly happy in his popular addresses to the jury. He always seemed in earnest, and was occasionally eloquent. In person he was corpulent, and bore a stronger resemblance to a well-fed monk than any other member of the profession: the coif and round gown greatly conduced to this likeness; and the Serjeants' mutual appellation of *brother* seemed to be applied to him with peculiar propriety. *Mr. Serjeant Williams* was one of the most learned men at the bar; and is the editor of the excellent *Reports* of Lord Chief Justice Saunders. His notes to this book condense all the learning, not only upon the leading points of the Reporter's cases, but upon such as are collateral and incidental to them. "*Williams's Saunders*," is one of the first books that should be put into the hands of a law-student. The re-reporter, Sir Edmund Saunders, was at the bar at the time of the decisions which he records; and the second Justice of the Court of King's Bench appears at that time to have been Sir Thomas Twysden, whose portrait adorns our Hall, and whose name is *immortalized* in Twisden's Buildings, in the Temple. He seems to have been a testy old gentleman in his time: it was he who said the Court would hear no law on the last day of term; and Sir Edmund Saunders reports, that on a certain occasion, the Chief Justice (Kelynge) being absent, "judgment was pronounced by Twysden with a *nisi*, &c.; but Saunders, of Counsel with the defendant, prayed another day, whereupon, *in furore*, he gave judgment absolutely, without giving any further day. And I think (adds Saunders drily) without *much* consideration, for the law is clear, that a bond, judgment, or statute, may be defeated by a defeazance made after, as is the common and usual practice*." The infuriate was palpably wrong. Upon many occasions, Saunders reports him to have opposed doctrines *totis viribus*. He seems, however, to have been a very able lawyer, with all his want of temper.

Mr. Serjeant Shepherd succeeded Mr. Serjeant Cockell as the King's Ancient Serjeant,—a situation which was before filled by the lat very learned Mr. Serjeant Hill. Mr. Serjeant Shepherd is not

* 2 Will. Saund. 48, *a*, *b*

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not a very old man; but he labours under a most inveterate deafness, which is very prejudicial to his professional duties. His trumpet has an unseemly effect, and with all its assistance, he is often indebted to his neighbours for the repetition of those speeches, either of the witness, or the Court, which he fails to catch. It is understood that he is so sensible of this inconvenience, that he would gladly retire from the bar into the situation even of a Master in Chancery. And yet with all this disadvantage, Mr. Serjeant Shepherd shares with Mr. Serjeant Best the leading practice of the Court of Common Pleas; and these two learned Serjeants, with Mr. Garrow, engross nearly all the business of the Home Circuit. Mr. Serjeant Shepherd is a good lawyer, and an impressive orator. His voice is somewhat thick, but greatly energetic, and he generally contrives to carry his hearers along with him. He made but little stand for Sir Francis Burdett, at the late trial at bar; but that was a very bad case, and the advocate did not advise the action, nor willingly conduct it, when determined upon. He did better when he was against the popular voice, in the "O. P." cause; but then he was on the right side, although it was his fate, in both cases, to lose the verdict. This learned Serjeant, although his difficulty of hearing be a considerable drawback to his quickness, is, nevertheless, in every other point of view, a quick and able advocate.

Mr. Serjeant Best, on the other hand, is, as the old woman would say, *as sharp as a needle*. His eye is peculiarly brilliant, and he presses his lips together, and shakes his head, with an air of determination, which makes his audience think he is sure of his verdict. He has also a peculiar manner of shaking the index-finger of his right hand, when he wishes to enforce his remarks. His voice is extremely pleasing and melodious, and his eloquence fluent and unfatiguing. To all these accomplishments, he unites a very competent knowledge of his profession; and a client's brief could not be in safer hands than in those of Mr. Serjeant Best. This gentleman must not be confounded with *Mr. Best* the Barrister, who is generally called *Second Best*, but who as a lawyer, in the opinion of some, ought rather to be designated *First Best*. There are jokes like this in every profession; and it is only for the sake of the pun, that *Mr. Scarlett* is called the *deepest red* man at the bar.

The only remaining King's Serjeant now is *John Lens, Esq.* whose name ranks before that of Mr. Serjeant Best. Mr. Serjeant Lens is a gentlemanly speaker, and a most able lawyer. Behind the bar of the Court of Common Pleas sit Messrs. Serjeants *Runnington, Marshall, Clayton, Heywood, Palmer*—(this gentleman, by the way, generally *sits* in the Court of Chancery)—*Sellon, Vaughan, Onslow, Praed, Manley, Pell, Rough, Peckwell*, and *Frere*. Mr. Serjeant Runnington is old, and would have retired

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into independence, had his friend Mr. Fox lived and continued in power. Mr. Serjeant Marshall is the author of the Treatise on the Laws of Insurance, which is a regular essay on the subject, as Mr. Park's book is only a collection of cases. Mr. Serjeant Vaughan is the brother of Sir Henry Halford, Bart., Physician to his Majesty, and has considerable practice, although I cannot say he conducts it so as to draw down my admiration. His manner is flippant and vulgar; and I have no great opinion of his profundity. Mr. Serjeant Onslow is a gentleman of family, and presides, with considerable merit, at the Surrey Quarter-Sessions. Mr. Serjeant Rough is a rising advocate, and enjoys the "vantage ground" of the *belles lettres*, being a poet and a scholar. Of the remaining Serjeants I confess myself unqualified to speak. I have attended the Court of Common Pleas but little; and it has been but seldom that the mountain has come to Mahomet. I have occasionally seen, I believe, all these learned Serjeants in the Court of King's Bench: but, with the exception of the leaders, they go thither only to argue points of law from their respective Circuits.

It is not very lately either that I have been a frequent attendant of the Court of Chancery, where practise those eminent lawyers, *Sirs Arthur Pigott*, and *Samuel Romilly*, *Mr. Richards*, *Mr. Hart*, and *Mr. Leach*. The former two of these gentlemen were the Whig Attorney and Solicitor-General; and Sir Samuel Romilly has since immortalized himself by his senatorial independence, and by his attempts to reform the penal code of his profession. Sir Samuel Romilly came to the bar late in his life, and at first practised in the Court of King's Bench, and went the Circuits, a duty which is seldom performed by the practicers at the Chancery Bar, on account of the lateness, in the Spring and in the Summer, at which the Lord Chancellor rises. Sir Samuel's bar-practice in the Court of Chancery is what Mr. Garrow's is in the Court of King's Bench; he is in almost every cause; and, as for chamber-practice, such as answering cases, of which Mr. Garrow has little, Sir Samuel is obliged very frequently to close the flood-gates of his office for months together, till he have reduced the pile of unanswered cases, which lies on his table. Sir Samuel's eloquence is gentlemanlike and insinuating, and his voice remarkably melodious. He cannot choose but be a master of the science of equity; and he is, in every other sense of the word, a most powerful advocate, rather over than under-stating his cases. He bore down, indeed, almost all before him at the Chancery-bar, like Sir Vicary Gibbs in the Court of King's Bench, till Mr. Hart was made King's Counsel, an able and firm advocate. Should Sir Samuel Romilly ever reach the highest honour of his profession, the Bench of his Court (of which

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which event there are no very sanguine hopes, and Sir Arthur Pigott, his senior, cannot be passed by) he will doubtless reflect equal credit upon the station itself, and the Monarch, who shall place him there; but should he remain in the comparatively humble rank, which he at present occupies, he will have the satisfaction of enjoying both mental and personal independence, and the pleasing consciousness of having lived for his country rather than for himself. Sir Arthur Pigott has less practice; but he maintains an excellent reputation both for ability and integrity. Mr. Richards has perhaps the second degree of business within the Chancery-bar: he is an intelligent and gentlemanly barrister, and has succeeded solely by his own merits. Mr. Hart is an acute and powerful advocate, of easy eloquence, and of intimate acquaintance with every branch of the science of equity. Mr. Leach is more *popular* perhaps as a senator, than as a barrister; but he is eminent within the Chancery-bar, and is reckoned a learned and pleasing advocate. The remaining names of note within this bar, are those of Messrs. *Alexander*, *Hollist*, and *Fonblanque*,—the last gentleman the author of the *Treatise of Equity*. Behind this bar, are many men of talent and promise, the most eminent of whom is, perhaps, *Mr. Wetherell*, an excellent real-property lawyer, and a spirited advocate: but *Mr. Bell* is reckoned by far the deepest lawyer at this whole bar, and takes the lead in the practice of equity-drawing.

With the practicers of the Court of Exchequer, the fourth and last Court of Record in Westminster-hall, I am the least of all acquainted. The principal I believe to be the *Solicitor-General (Sir Thomas Plumer)*, *Mr. Dallas*, *Mr. Leycester*, and *Mr. Dauncey*, besides many gentlemen of the other three Courts, to whom I have already adverted. Of the King's Bench merits of two of these names I spoke in my last letter: of the other two I am not competent to judge. They are all four King's Counsel, and so are many gentlemen, whose names will not be found in my letters, because they have either ceased to practice, or are by no means eminent practitioners. The celebrated *Mr. Mingay* is still alive; *Mr. Adam*, the Member, still pleads, I believe, at the bar of the House of Lords; and *Mr. Hargrave*, the celebrated Conveyancer, now and then comes into the Courts to support his own opinions on real-property points. These, and many others, are either King's Counsel, or have Patents of Precedence. A Patent of Precedence is equivalent in giving rank to the appointment of King's Counsel, and does not subject the advocate to the necessity of obtaining a dispensation from the Crown before he can plead against it *. In this Court of Exchequer there are two barristers,

* "A custom has of late years prevailed of granting Letters Patent of Precedence to such Barristers as the Crown thinks proper to honour with that

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barristers, who are called the *post*-man and the *tub*-man, from the places in which they sit, and who take precedence in motions of all others behind the bar.

I have now gossipped my paper full, and have exhausted all my information and observation upon the subject of the English bar. It certainly does not boast of much real eloquence at present; but it possesses a very considerable share of legal and other learning, and miscellaneous talent. Its respectability ranks perhaps higher than it ever did; and the practice of crown law at the Old Bailey and the Quarter Sessions is no longer thought disreputable; nor can it ever be while those bars retain the names of *Knowles* (Common Serjeant), *Knapp*, *Raine*, *Gurney*, and *Pooley*. I am, &c. †‡†

Art. XI.—*On the Custom of Hissing at the Theatres, with some Account of a Club of Damned Authors.*

Mr. Reflector,

I am one of those persons whom the world has thought proper to designate by the title of Damned Authors. In that memorable season of dramatic failures, 1806-7, in which no fewer, I think, than two tragedies, four comedies, one opera, and three farces, suffered at Drury-lane theatre, I was found guilty of constructing an afterpiece, and was *damned*.

Against the decision of the public in such instances there can be no appeal. The Clerk of Chatham might as well have protested against the decision of Cade and his followers, who were then *the public*. Like him I was condemned, because I could write.

Not but it did appear to some of us, that the measures of the popular tribunal at that period savoured a little of harshness and of the *summum jus*. The public mouth was early in the season fleshed upon the *Vindictive Man*, and some pieces of that nature, and it retained through the remainder of it a relish of blood. As Dr. Johnson would have said; sir, there was a habit of sibilation in the house.

Still

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that mark of distinction; whereby they are entitled to such rank and pre-audience as are assigned in their respective patents; sometimes next after the King's Attorney-General, but usually next after his Majesty's Counsel then being. These (as well as the Queen's Attorney and Solicitor-General), rank promiscuously with the King's Counsel, and together with them sit within the bar of their respective courts, but receive no salaries, and are not sworn, and therefore are at liberty to be retained in causes against the Crown."—3 Black. Com. 28.

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Still less am I disposed to inquire into the reason of the comparative lenity, on the other hand, with which some pieces were treated, which, to indifferent judges, seemed at least as much deserving of condemnation as some of those which met with it. I am willing to put a favourable construction upon the votes that were given against us; I believe that there was no bribery or designed partiality in the case;—only "our nonsense did not happen to suit their nonsense;" that was all.

But against the *manner* in which the public on these occasions think fit to deliver their disapprobation, I must and ever will protest.

Sir, imagine —— but you have been present at the damning of a piece——those who never had that felicity, I beg them to imagine—a vast theatre, like that which Drury-lane was, before it was a heap of dust and ashes (I insult not over its fallen greatness, let it recover itself when it can for me, let it lift up its towering head once more, and take in poor authors to write for it, hic cœstus artemque repono)—a theatre like that, filled with all sorts of disgusting sounds,—shrieks, groans, hisses, but chiefly the last, like the noise of many waters, or that which Don Quixote heard from the fulling mills, or that wilder combination of devilish sounds which St. Anthony listened to in the wilderness.

O, Mr. Reflector, is it not a pity, that the sweet human voice, which was given man to speak with, to sing with, to whisper tones of love in, to express compliance, to convey a favour, or to grant a suit—that voice, which in a Siddons, or a Braham, rouses *us*, in a Syren Catalani charms and captivates us,—that the musical, expressive human voice should be converted into a rival of the noises of silly geese, and irrational venemous snakes!

I never shall forget the sounds on *my night*; I never before that time fully felt the reception which the Author of All Ill in the Paradise Lost meets with from the critics in the *pit*, at the final close of his Tragedy upon the Human Race—though that, alas! met with too much success—

> —— from innumerable tongues,
> A dismal universal *hiss*, the sound
> Of public scorn.—Dreadful was the din
> Of *hissing* through the hall, thick swarming now
> With complicated monsters, head and tail,
> Scorpion and asp, and Amphisbœna dire,
> Cerastes horn'd, Hydrus, and Elops drear,
> And Dipsas.

For hall substitute theatre, and you have the very image of what takes place at what is called the *damnation* of a piece,—and properly so called; for here you see its origin plainly, whence the custom was derived, and what the first piece was that

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that so suffered. After this none can doubt the propriety of the appellation.

But, sir, as to the justice of bestowing such appalling, heart-withering denunciations of the popular obloquy, upon the venial mistake of a poor author, who thought to please us in the act of filling his pockets,—for the sum of his demerits amounts to no more than that,—it does, I own, seem to me a species of retributive justice, far too severe for the offence. A culprit in the pillory (bate the eggs) meets with no severer exprobration.

Indeed, I have often wondered that some modest critic has not proposed, that there should be a wooden machine to that effect erected in some convenient part of the proscenium, which an unsuccessful author should be required to mount, and stand his hour, exposed to the apples and oranges of the pit;—this amende honorable would well suit with the meanness of some authors, who in their prologues fairly prostrate their sculls to the Audience, and seem to invite a pelting.

Or why should they not have their pens publicly broke over their heads, as the swords of recreant knights in old times were, and an oath administered to them that they should never write again.

Seriously, *Messieurs the Public*, this outrageous way which you have got of expressing your displeasures, is too much for the occasion. When I was deafening under the effects of it, I could not help asking, what crime of great moral turpitude I had committed: for every man about me seemed to feel the offence as personal to himself, as something which public interest and private feelings alike called upon him in the strongest possible manner to stigmatise with infamy.

The Romans, it is well known to you, Mr. Reflector, took a gentler method of marking their disapprobation of an author's work. They were a humane and equitable nation.—They left the furca and the patibulum, the axe and the rods, to great offenders: for these minor, and (if I may so term them) extra-moral offences, the *bent thumb* was considered as a sufficient sign of disapprobation, *vertere pollicem;* as the *pressed thumb*, *premere pollices*, was a mark of approving.

And really there seems to have been a sort of fitness in this method, a correspondency of sign in the punishment to the offence; for as the action of *writing* is performed by bending the thumb forward, the retroversion, or bending back of that joint, did not unaptly point to the *opposite of that action*, implying, that it was the will of the audience that the author should *write no more*. A much more significant, as well as more humane, way of expressing that desire, than our custom of hissing, which is altogether senseless and indefensible. Nor do we find that the Roman audiences

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diences deprived themselves, by this lenity, of any tittle of that supremacy which audiences in all ages have thought themselves bound to maintain over such as have been candidates for their applause. On the contrary, by this method they seem to have had the author, as we should express it, completely *under finger and thumb.*

The provocations to which a dramatic genius is exposed from the public are so much the more vexatious, as they are removed from any possibility of retaliation, the hope of which sweetens most other injuries:—for the public *never writes itself.*—Not but something very like it took place at the time of the O.-P. differences. The placards which were nightly exhibited, were, properly speaking, the composition of the public.—The public wrote them, the public applauded them, and precious morceaus of wit and eloquence they were; except some few, of a better quality, which it is well known were furnished by professed dramatic writers. After this specimen of what the public can do for itself, it should be a little slow in condemning what others do for it.

As the degrees of malignancy vary in people according as they have more or less of the Old Serpent (the father of hisses) in their composition, I have sometimes amused myself with analyzing this many-headed hydra, which calls itself the public, into the component parts of which it is "complicated, head and tail," and seeing how many varieties of the snake kind it can afford.

First, there is the Common English Snake.—This is that part of the auditory who are always the majority at damnations, but who, having no critical venom in themselves to sting them on, stay till they hear others hiss, and then join in for company.

The Blind Worm is a species very nearly allied to the foregoing. Some naturalists have doubted whether they are not the same.

The Rattle Snake.—These are your obstreporous talking critics,—the impertinent guides of the pit,—who will not give a plain man leave to enjoy an evening's entertainment, but with their frothy jargon, and incessant finding of faults, either drown his pleasure quite, or force him in his own defence to join in their clamorous censure. The hiss always originates with these. When this creature springs his *rattle*, you would think, from the noise it makes, there was something in it; but you have only to examine the instrument from which the noise proceeds, and you will find it typical of a critic's tongue,—a shallow membrane, empty, voluble, and seated in the most contemptible part of the creature's body.

The Whip Snake.—This is he that lashes the poor author the next day in the newspapers.

The Deaf Adder, or Surda Echidna of Linnæus.—Under this head

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head may be classed all that portion of the spectators (for audience they properly are not) who not finding the first act of a piece answer to their preconceived notions of what a first act should be, like *Obstinate* in *John Bunyan*, positively thrust their fingers in their ears, that they may not hear a word of what is coming, though perhaps the very next act may be composed in a style as different as possible, and be written quite to their own tastes. These Adders refuse to hear the voice of the charmer, because the tuning of his instrument gave them offence.

I should weary you and myself too, if I were to go through all the classes of the serpent kind. Two qualities are common to them all. They are creatures of remarkably cold digestions, and chiefly haunt *pits* and low grounds.

I proceed with more pleasure to give you an account of a Club to which I have the honour to belong. There are fourteen of us, who are all authors that have been once in our lives what is called *damned*. We meet on the anniversaries of our respective nights, and make ourselves merry at the expence of the public. The chief tenets which distinguish our society, and which every man among us is bound to hold for gospel, are,—

That the public, or mob, in all ages, have been a set of blind, deaf, obstinate, senseless, illiterate savages. That no man of genius in his senses would be ambitious of pleasing such a capricious, ungrateful rabble. That the only legitimate end of writing for them is to pick their pockets, and, *that failing*, we are at full liberty to vilify and abuse them as much as ever we think fit.

That authors, by their affected pretences to humility, which they made use of as a cloak to insinuate their writings into the callous senses of the multitude, obtuse to every thing but the grossest flattery, have by degrees made that great beast their master; as we may act submission to children till we are obliged to practise it in earnest. That authors are and ought to be considered the masters and preceptors of the public, and not *vice versa*. That it was so in the days of Orpheus, Linus, and Musæus, and would be so again, if it were not that writers prove traitors to themselves. That in particular, in the days of the first of those three great authors just mentioned, audiences appear to have been perfect models of what audiences should be; for though along with the trees and the rocks and the wild creatures, which he drew after him to listen to his strains, some serpents doubtless came to hear his music, it does not appear that any one among them ever lifted up a *dissentient voice*. They knew what was due to authors in those days. Now every stock and stone turns into a serpent, and has a voice.

That the terms "Courteous Reader" and "Candid Auditors," as having given rise to a false notion in those to whom they were applied,

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applied, as if they conferred upon them some right, *which they cannot have*, of exercising their judgments, ought to be utterly banished and exploded.

These are our distinguishing tenets. To keep up the memory of the cause in which we suffered, as the ancients sacrificed a goat, a supposed unhealthy animal, to Æsculapius, on our feast-nights we cut up a goose, an animal typical of the *popular voice*, to the deities of Candour and Patient Hearing. A zealous member of the society once proposed that we should revive the obsolete luxury of viper-broth; but the stomachs of some of the company rising at the proposition, we lost the benefit of that highly salutary and *antidotal dish*.

The privilege of admission to our club is strictly limited to such as have been fairly *damned*. A piece that has met with ever so little applause, that has but languished its night or two, and then gone out, will never entitle its author to a seat among us. An exception to our usual readiness in conferring this privilege is, in the case of a writer, who having been once condemned, writes again, and becomes candidate for a second martyrdom. Simple damnation we hold to be a merit, but to be twice-damned we adjudge infamous. Such a one we utterly reject, and black-ball without a hearing:—

The common damn'd shun his society.

Hoping that your publication of our Regulations may be a means of inviting some more members into our society, I conclude this long letter. I am, Sir, yours,

SEMEL-DAMNATUS.

ART. XII.—*Greek and English Tragedy.*

ŒDIPUS,—KING LEAR.

THAT astonishing variety of incident and passion which is crowded by Shakspeare into a comparatively short space of time in his noble tragedy of *King Lear*, it would be vain to look for in any single piece of the Greek drama; which was subject to such rigid restrictions of unities, both of time and place, as imposed shackles on the excursive imaginations of the writers, and tied them down to the narrow limits of twenty-four hours of natural time, and somewhat more than the same number of square feet of deal boards.—The *Œdipus* of Sophocles, however, which occupies two

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two plays, and consequently a double portion of time and space, combines a greater variety of excellence than we are often treated with by the Greek tragedians: it involves a greater change of incident and passion than any other of the plays of Sophocles,—a change from royalty and prosperity, to blindness and banishment; from the active happiness of a patriot king to resentment, misanthropy, and resigned misery. Sophocles has embodied in it more feeling than in any other of his characters; and it is therefore more worthy than any other to be admitted to a comparison with the inimitable *Lear* of Shakspeare.

Of each of these dethroned monarchs the leading feature is resentment against his unnatural children: each of them wanders about in impotent wretchedness; and, though not forgetting that he is "every inch a king," yet refined by his misfortunes into that complacent humility which imparts so amiable a charm to suffering and degraded royalty. Each of them derives from his own reflecting conscience that consolation which only can be a sufficient counterpoise for affliction:—

"——————— Τά γ' ἔργα μου
πεπονθότ' ἔστι μᾶλλον ἢ δεδρακότα."
Soph. Œd. Colon. v. 266-7. ed. Brunck.

My works are of sufferance, rather than of action:—

or, as Shakspeare has it,—

"——————— I am a man
More sinn'd against than sinning."—*King Lear*, Act 3. Sc. 2.*

The misfortunes of *Lear* were brought on him, in some degree, by his own ill-judged and capricious affection for his daughters: those of *Œdipus* were the result of a complication of accidental crimes, ordained by an inevitable destiny, and punished by intolerable calamities. Those who submit with implicit deference to the rules of Aristotle, will immediately decide, that the character of

* That Shakspeare might have condescended to borrow from Sophocles, is a thing not at all improbable: but those laborious pioneers of literary rubbish, Messieurs Malone and Steevens, have not discovered that there was any translation of Sophocles extant in the time of Shakspeare. Shall we thence conclude, that Shakspeare was a man of profound learning?—What signifies it?—These ridiculous squabbles about his learning have had their day:—"He needed not," as Dryden says, "the spectacles of books to read nature: he looked inwards, and found her there."—It is much more probable, that his own feelings suggested to him the best consolation the old king could find in his misery; and, above all, the argument is decisive, that if these ebullitions of natural feeling were borrowed,—he who had borrowed so much, would have borrowed more.—Persons may very well talk about the learning, who are dead to the poetry, of the great bard: but they who can feel his poetry, need not be very solicitous about his learning.

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of *Œdipus* is much better adapted to tragedy than that of *Lear*; since it is quoted by the great critic himself as one—"μήτε ἀρετῇ διαφέρων καὶ δικαιοσύνῃ, μήτε διὰ κακίαν καὶ μοχθηρίαν μεταβάλλων εἰς τὴν δυστυχίαν, ἀλλὰ δί ἁμαρτίαν τινά." (Περὶ Ποιητ. § 25.).—But if Shakspeare is to be judged by rules of criticism, drawn from the practice of his rival, and rules too, which, it is probable, he himself knew and disdained,—all comparison is at an end, and he must retire disgraced and discomfited from every contest. But since it is probable that Sophocles himself represented the character of *Œdipus*, such as it is, merely because he found it such upon record, and not from any predilection for doctrines so horrible, and errors so disgusting,—it remains for us, who are freed from the despotism of Aristotle, to appeal from his dictates to nature and to feeling; and nature and feeling will give a readier sanction, and sympathise with a warmer interest in the self-inflicted sufferings of *Lear*, than in the predestinated monstrosities of *Œdipus*. Besides which, the moral is surely more awful, more instructive, more reasonable, which inculcates the mischiefs resulting from extravagant and ungoverned sensibility, than that which impresses upon us the mere tyranny of destiny, and the helplessness of innocence,—which exhibits to us a human being led on by a blind fatality to perpetrate crimes in the shape of virtues,—delivering his country, and rewarded for it with the privilege of committing incest;—in short, an unconscious personification of the Hippopotamus, which is fabled to "kill his sire, and ravish his dam."—*Lear* forces us to pity his miseries, and instructs us to avoid his faults: *Œdipus*, too, demands our pity; but all the instruction he gives us is, that our life is over-ruled by oracles, and that it is useless to endeavour after innocence; that—

> "As flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods,—
> They kill us for their sport."

The former of the two beautiful tragedies which Sophocles has written on the subject of *Œdipus*, comprehends just as much as is contained in the first two acts of *King Lear*:—it brings us to the point of the old monarch's leaving the city of Thebes, after having, with a desperate vengeance, torn out his eyes on the discovery of his unfortunate crimes. This drama is chiefly remarkable for its ingenious arrangement: it does not present the character of *Œdipus* in any striking light, except as a lover of his country and of truth; but the discoveries of his various and complicated errors follow one another in so interesting a succession, and are unravelled with so pleasing an ingenuity, that the play is justly acknowledged to be a masterpiece of the model of Greek Tragedy. The model, indeed, is bad, but the performance is good; and those who censure its erroneous foundation, may yet pause with

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delight and admiration on the beauties of the superstructure,—on the fine harmonious dignity of its language, the consistency of its characters, and the awful mysteriousness of its plot.

And yet the catastrophe of the piece, which is nothing more than the expulsion of *Œdipus*, is not brought about with so natural an ease as the exclusion of *Lear*. There is something very mechanical in making the chief incident depend on an oracle: to the Athenians, no doubt, these things appeared in a different light; but to us, who have the happiness to live out of the reach of Apollo and his oracles, it appears a very insipid resource, to rest so much on divine interference:—and we may venture to believe, that this opinion originates not merely in prejudice, but in true taste; because, if it be the province of tragedy to "come home to men's business and bosoms," this effect will be best, if not exclusively, produced by human manners, and human incidents.—Horace has accordingly limited this intrusion of the deities by his "dignus vindice nodus;" and we may make bold not only to exclude it from our own tragedy, but to reprobate it in the tragedies of the Athenians.—Now, by this contrivance, *Œdipus* is conveyed out of the city: when the business of the play is over, it is wound up by the enforcement of an oracle.—*Lear*, on the contrary, by his own conduct, and by the most natural means, is accelerating his own degradation from the very opening of the play; every scene, and almost every speech, brings us nearer to it; the bad passions of his daughters are set at work, their desires inflamed, and their plans matured: at length the eldest of his unnatural children discloses her purpose, by refusing entertainment to his allotted number of attendants; and the old man, inflamed to the height of indignation, and assured that "yet he has left a daughter," who will receive him with filial tenderness, pronounces that bitter curse, beginning—

"Hear, nature, hear! dear goddess," &c.

Upon afterwards experiencing from her sister the same treatment, his indignation is exhausted, and he sinks into a humility proportioned to his former warmth.—In this frame of mind, mingled with a vague and impotent determination of revenge, he wanders forth, not knowing whither he is going; he

"——————— abjures all roofs, and chooses
To wage against the enmity o' the air,—
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl."—*Act II. Sc. IV.*

All this is conducted in the most natural manner, and forms a striking contrast to the quiet composure with which *Œdipus* retires from the city:—each event is managed in a way suitable to the respective genius of the different authors, and the different kinds of tragedy.—*Œdipus* is dismissed by an oracle; *Lear* is carried

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carried away by the irresistible tide of events,—and of events too, which would not have been admitted by the austere taste of Sophocles. For when allowances are claimed for Sophocles on behalf of the rigid laws by which he was confined, let it be remembered, that those laws were prescribed only by the judgment of Sophocles himself, and of his fellow-tragedians.

There is always this essential difference between the Greek and English tragedy; that the one is a picture of art, the other of nature. How entirely artificial is the conduct of the sufferings of *Œdipus*! An oracle has banished him from the city, and no sooner does he arrive at the grove of the Furies in Attica, than he immediately recognizes it as the spot on which an oracle had foretold that he should perish. Thus he is introduced to us at the opening of the *Œdipus Coloneus* in the place in which he is to die, and where he has seemingly nothing to do but to die: all the incidents, therefore, of which the drama is composed, are in some degree episodical. Such is the simplicity of a Greek tragedy,—such the utter nothingness on which their noblest pieces are grounded! *Lear* wanders about in misery and want, amidst cold and tempests, darkness and desolation: his mind, by perpetually ruminating on one mournful idea, the ingratitude of his daughters, is at length subdued into a settled madness, which is pourtrayed by Shakspeare with a terrible sublimity, which every one is constrained alternately to shudder at and admire.—In *Œdipus* there is no madness; though madness might have appeared the natural result of such a series of guilt and misfortune as he had undergone: perhaps Sophocles felt conscious of his inability to do justice to all the rapid succession of images which frenzy would involve; or, perhaps, the still composure of the Grecian stage was averse to the violent agitation of passions, which the madness of such a character would have required.—Certainly, *Lear*, with his impetuous temper and warm sensibility, was, above all other characters, likely to be inflamed into distraction; but, perhaps, Sophocles judged, that he who had been plunged into despair and misery, not by his own crimes, but by the will of destiny, would be armed by patience against this event, and rather compose himself by such complacent reflections on the irresistible decrees of the gods, and his own innocence, as the following:—

> " ——— θεοῖς γὰρ ἦν οὕτω φίλον,
> τάχ' ἄν τι μηνίουσιν εἰς γένος πάλαι."—*Œd. Col.* v. 964-5.
>
> "τοιαῦτα μὲν τοι καὐτὸς εἰσίβην κακὰ,
> θεῶν ἀγόντων· οἷς ἐγὼ οὐδὲ τὴν πατρὸς
> ψυχὴν ἂν οἶμαι ζῶσαν αντειπεῖν ἐμοί."—v. 997-9.
>
> ——— So will'd the gods, perchance, in vengeance
> For some unexpiated crime of old.

* * * * * * * *

 Such

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Such crimes I've done, but all unwillingly:
The gods, th' almighty gods, my fate decreed,
And led me on; nor would my father's spirit,
Again alive on earth, gainsay me here.

Reflections of this kind, which are scattered throughout all the plays of the ancient tragedy, and which have contributed in no small degree to establish its reputation for morality, are no doubt very valuable in themselves, as they are calculated to promote the great end of tragedy, by making us wiser and better men. But not all the grave sentiments of these scenic philosophers,—not all the morality, the wisdom, nor the feeling, with which the character of *Œdipus* is adorned,—is equal in value to those admirable representations of madness, with which Shakspeare has enriched his *Lear*. Those long declamatory speeches, in which the Athenians appear to have delighted, and which Sophocles knew how to work up with such exquisite art, and, in the present play, with no inconsiderable pathos,—are yet less admirable than those short bursts of passion, which speak the strongest language of nature and feeling, and which no poet (not even Otway himself), has used with a success at all equal to Shakspeare:—

"Are you our daughter?"—
"I gave you all——"

"——— No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both,
That all the world shall—I will do such things,—
What they are, yet I know not; but they shall be
The terrors of the earth."

"——— Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand,
For lifting food to it?—But I will punish home;—
No, I will weep no more.—In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on: I will endure;—
In such a night as this!"

Nor shall we any where find so complete a picture of the anticipated luxury of revenge, as that passage in which the old monarch bethinks him of the stratagem of "shoeing a troop of horse with felt:"—

"——— I'll put it in proof;
And when I have stole upon those sons-in-law,
Then kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill."

Such are the beauties for which Shakspeare deserves to be studied as a master of feeling;—such are the excellencies which must lift him above the head of Sophocles, in the delineation of any character of complicated passion. Englishmen have been accused of admiring Shakspeare too much: but it is difficult to understand how such a writer can be too much admired, as long as our

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our prejudices do not seduce us into an admiration of his faults. His faults we do not admire; his indecencies, his occasional profaneness, his inordinate propensity to punning, we resign to unreserved condemnation; but we do maintain, and we will maintain, against all the precise formality of the French critics, that these faults are counterbalanced by such numerous and transcendent excellencies, that he is still the greatest poet the world ever possessed. Let Voltaire and his followers bring the point to the decision of feeling, the great touchstone of poetry,—let them advert to the standard of imagination, the "great test of genius,"—and Shakspeare, in spite of his farcical clowns, and farcical Roman senators, is superior to all competitors;—"nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum."

If, in the conduct of his piece, Sophocles is in some great points inferior to Shakspeare, there is yet one in which he has the advantage over him:—*Œdipus* is accompanied in his wanderings by his two daughters, *Antigone* and *Ismene:* the presence of these two amiable females gives an additional charm and a more perfect tenderness to the interest we feel in the sufferings of the aged king.—Their filial affection, too, is heightened by contrast with the unnatural behaviour of their brothers; for though neither *Eteocles* nor *Polynices* had been the active mover of the expulsion of *Œdipus*, yet, as they enjoyed the benefits of it, by being elevated to his throne, he very naturally transfers to them that resentment which he could not vent on the oracle of the god; and the art with which he is represented as alternately inveighing against the barbarity of his sons, and reposing on the patient tenderness of his daughters, is every where admirable. Take, as one instance out of many, a passage in which he is personally addressing his elder son, *Polynices*:—

"Οὐ κλαυστὰ δ' ἐστὶν, ἀλλ' ἐμοὶ μὲν οἰστέα
τάδ', ἕως περ ἂν ζῶ σοῦ φονέως μεμνημένος.
σὺ γάρ με μόχθῳ τῷδ' ἔθηκας ἔντροφον,
σύ μ' ἐξέωσας ἐκ σέθεν δ' ἀλώμενος
ἄλλους ἐπαιτῶ τὸν κατ' ἡμέραν βίον.
εἰ δ' ἐξέφυσα τάσδε μὴ 'μαυτῶ τροφοὺς
τὰς παῖδας, ἦτ' ἂν οὐκ ἂν ἦν, τὸ σὸν μέρος·
νῦν δ' αἵδ' ἔμ' ἐκσώζουσιν, αἵδ' ἐμαὶ τροφοὶ,
αἵδ' ἄνδρες, οὐ γυναῖκες, εἰς τὸ συμπονεῖν.
ὑμεῖς δ' ἀπ' ἄλλου, κοὐκ ἐμοῦ, φερύκατον."—v. 1360-9.

But what avails to weep?—These griefs are mine,
And I must wear them, ever while I live,
Rememb'ring thee my murderer. Thou hast heap'd
These woes upon me, thou hast banish'd me,
A wand'ring outcast from my throne, to beg
Of others' charity my daily food.
And were I left of daughters, as of sons,

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Defenceless,—for thy share of filial love,
My daily food had fail'd me:—these alone
Are my preservers, guardians, nurses; these
Are men, not women, in a father's cause:
But you're another's seed:—I know you not.

If *Lear*'s daughters are represented in a light almost too monstrous for their sex, the injuries of the sex are in some degree repaired by the daughters of *Œdipus*. Their affection for their father does not exclude brotherly affection; and when *Polynices* is on the point of returning, under the curse of his father, to meet his brother in battle, *Antigone* entreats him with the most earnest tenderness to give up his ambitious undertakings, and avoid the conflict, in which the two unhappy brothers were destined to fall by mutual slaughter. Her ineffectual interference, with her lamentations upon the anticipation of their death,—and the firm, but mournful, resolution of *Polynices*, are represented in a short scene of the most touching pathos (extending from v. 1414 to v. 1446), not unworthy of Shakspeare himself.

The superstition of the ancients attached great influence to curses in general, because, living under the government of deities so mercenary, it was in the power of any offended party to specify his particular curse, and then, by the sacrifice of a hecatomb to bribe this or that god (which ever tradesman he would choose to deal with), and it was executed to his taste. But the curse of *Œdipus* was attended with unusual solemnity, being pronounced in the grove of the Furies themselves,—the σεμναὶ θεαὶ, whose very names were sacred and unutterable. Since, therefore, every particular of this curse was to take effect on his unhappy sons, Sophocles was necessarily confined in it by the truth of facts, which subsequently came to pass. It accordingly does not comprise so many branches as the poetical curse of Kehama; but its brevity and simplicity are compensated by its frequent repetition. It is pronounced, perhaps, with the greatest spirit and effect in the personal interview between *Œdipus* and *Polynices*:—

"Σὺ δ' ἔρρ' 'απόπτυστός τε, κἀπάτωρ ἐμοῦ
κακῶν κάκιστε, τάσδε συλλαβὼν ἀρὰς,
ἃς σοι καλοῦμαι, μήτε γῆς ἐμφυλίου
δορὶ κρατῆσαι, μήτε νοστῆσαί ποτε
τὸ κοῖλον Ἄργος, ἀλλὰ συγγενεῖ χερὶ
θανεῖν, κτανεῖν θ' ὑφ' οὗπερ ἐξελήλασαι.
τοιαῦτ' 'αρῶμαι, καὶ καλῶ τοῦ Ταρτάρου
στυγνὸν πατρῷον Ἔρεβος, ὥς σ' 'αποικίσῃ.
καλῶ δὲ τάσδε δαίμονας· καλῶ δ' Ἄρη,
τὸν σφῷν τὸ δεινὸν μῖσος ἐμβεβληκότα."—v. v. 1383-92.

Hence, wretch despis'd! Unfather'd traitor, hence!
Begone, and take a parent's curses with thee;—

Ne'er

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Ne'er to atchieve the conquest of thy country;
Nor to thy Argos have a safe return;
But fall, unnat'ral! by a brother's hand,
And slay thy brother-murd'rer! Such my curse;
And I invoke th' infernal shades of Death
And gloomy Tartarus, to seize his victims;
I call these nameless goddesses to aid,
And Mars, the parent of your deadly feuds!

All this is exactly a history of the subsequent calamities of this wretched family, only adorned with poetical language: *Polynices* returned, and he and his brother *Eteocles* were both slain in single combat. Shakspeare in his inimitable curse was not confined by any circumstances of history, but was left to the free exercise of his judgment; and his judgment has chosen that particular species of execration, which was of all others most appropriate, most natural, and most bitter:—

——————— "Hear Nature, hear!
Dear goddess, hear! Suspend thy purpose, if
Thou didst intend to make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase;
And from her derogate body never spring
A babe to honour her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen; that it may live,
And be a thwart disnatur'd torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles on her brow of youth;
With cadent tears fret channels in her cheeks;
Turn all her mother's pains, and benefits,
To laughter and contempt; that she may feel,
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child."—*Act II. Sc. IV.*

The whole of this thrilling curse hinges, we see, on one great and pregnant idea, and that idea the very one which would most readily occur to the indignant feelings of an insulted father,—May she be cursed in her children*! The justness of this idea

 is

* Otway, who was not inferior to Shakspeare himself as a poet of feeling, —or rather, who appears to have surpassed even Shakspeare in submitting himself entirely and unreservedly to his feelings,—has, in the curse of *Priuli*, made the offended father transfer to his son-in-law the misery he had himself suffered:—

"May all your joys in her prove false, *like mine*:"—

But perhaps he has marred the excellence of the original idea by afterwards too much generalizing it:—

"A sterile fortune, and a barren bed,
Attend you both; continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter and grievous still!
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion."—

Venice Preserved; Act II. Sc. I.

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is above all praise, and is a subject of admiration only; and the poetical spirit which fills up all the component parts, and puts life into every line, is deserving of equal applause. Had Sophocles been equally left to his judgment, it is not improbable that he would have chosen the same points of execration which Shakspeare has chosen; because they were dictated by nature and feeling; and nature and feeling speak the same thing to all great poets.

Immediately after the departure of *Polynices*, *Œdipus* perceives, from some heavenly intimations, that the hour of his dissolution is at hand. The terrible scene which precedes his departure,—the thunders and lightnings, the alarm of the by-standers, and the composed dignity of *Œdipus* himself,—are represented with a masterly spirit. Inferior poets would have laboured a *description* of these things; but Sophocles represents: he brings before our eyes the exact effects which such awful prodigies would produce upon the beholders, and paints them with the most lively feeling. Upon the arrival of *Theseus*, he leaves the stage with him and his daughters, and conducted by a divine prescience, leads the way to that particular spot which was destined for his grave. We see him no more; but all the mysterious circumstances of his death are shortly after related by a messenger to the Chorus. The Greek tragedians appear to have been injudiciously fond of introducing all their noble descriptions by the mouth of that obnoxious intruder into the *Dramatis Personæ*, a messenger; and if the thing must be done by description, it matters little, in general, who is the spokesman. But description is not the proper instrument of tragedy; and in the present drama it is introduced in a manner singularly bungling and unfortunate: for, in the first place, why should the Chorus (consisting of some aged Athenians) be complimented with so particular an account of the transactions? Secondly,—*Œdipus* is accompanied a part of the way by his daughters,—then he stops and takes an affectionate parting from them,—then proceeds farther with *Theseus*, and dies. And all this is related in the description, not represented dramatically; after which description, the daughters return to the stage, and conclude the play by their lamentations. And thirdly, between the departure of *Œdipus* and the appearance of the messenger, the Chorus has but twenty-four lines to perform, and it is very improbable that in that time all which the messenger relates could have occurred.

Now, all this clumsiness might have been very easily avoided, if the old King had parted from his daughters on the stage;—and surely such an interview would have been, of all others, the most proper for a scenic exhibition: then their lamentations might have occupied the time on the stage till the return of *Theseus;*

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seus; and it would have been much more natural, that in answer to their urgent enquiries about their father, *Theseus* should have given the same beautiful description which now forms exclusively the character of the messenger. By this contrivance, an unnecessary character would have been excluded; and the play might have closed in a manner more similar to the abrupt ending of *King Lear.* It is not often that Sophocles is to be reproached with want of art; but in this instance he seems to be censurable.

That consolation which *Œdipus* has received during all his wanderings from the presence of his daughters, is imparted to *Lear,* near the conclusion of his life, by his restoration to the injured, the amiable *Cordelia.* By the conduct of Sophocles, the tenderness of the tragedy is more equably preserved, without either any violence of joy or distraction of grief; and this was desirable in a Grecian drama. Shakspeare launches out into both extremes, confident in his own powers, and not doubting that they are equal to all possible contingencies. After all the sublimities of madness, and all the gloominess of despair, he returns with a complacent ease to the softness of filial affection,—to the delicate tenderness of the meeting between the penitent father and the forgiving daughter. The behaviour of *Lear,* on first awaking from his sleep, is beautifully interesting:—

> "You do me wrong to take me out o' the grave:—
> Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
> Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
> Do scald like molten lead."
> * * * * * * * *
>
> "I am a very foolish fond old man,
> Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
> I fear, I am not in my perfect mind.
> Methinks, I should know you, and know this man;
> Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant
> What place this is; and all the skill I have,
> Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
> Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
> For, as I am a man, I think this lady
> To be my child Cordelia.
> *Cord.* And so I am,—I am."—*Act IV. Sc. VII.*

The subsequent events of the play who does not know? Of its beauties who is ignorant?—The concluding scene, in which *Lear* enters with *Cordelia* dead in his arms, is such a masterpiece of pathetic exhibition, as the whole drama, ancient and modern, cannot produce any thing to equal: no picture of imitative sorrow can be more perfect, more pure, more overwhelming than this; and if I am compelled to pass it over almost in silence, it is not that it has been already sufficiently praised, but that no praise can ever be equal to its merits.—If Tate's alteration had only

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only omitted this scene, the tragedy would still have "lost half its beauty."

But here a word or two on the catastrophe of the two dramas. Sophocles, in consistency with the "faith of chronicles," and likewise with the rules afterwards established by Aristotle, has represented *Œdipus* as dying in a foreign country, without any restoration to his throne: Shakspeare, in contempt of the "faith of chronicles," has exhibited *Lear* as making the same unhappy end, and his daughter *Cordelia*,—"the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious" *Cordelia*,—is hanged in prison!—This catastrophe, as every one knows, was afterwards changed by Nahum Tate,—a man who——It is only to be lamented that he was the friend, instead of the enemy, of Dryden:—Dryden alone could have done him justice.—This man, having unfortunately more influence in the theatre than taste and the memory of Shakspeare, altered entirely Shakspeare's beautiful original, burlesqued its pathos, destroyed its simplicity, and degraded its every excellence:—above all, he restored the old monarch to his throne, and his daughter to life; and then (what more can I add?) they "all live very happy after:" and this drama of Tate's is actually in existence to this day as one of the acting plays of our Theatres Royal!

On this sickening subject nothing new can be said: Addison, who was an excellent critic, maintained the superiority of Shakspeare over Tate; and Dr. Johnson, who was a nervous critic, from that cause alone (as he indirectly acknowledges) preferred Tate's alteration! It is now, I believe, generally agreed among men of taste (and from this number theatrical managers are of course excluded), that Tate deserved nothing but infamy for his attempt to improve Shakspeare; that Shakspeare is of himself a very good writer; and that the paltry consideration of poetical justice, which is established on grounds very unphilosophical, ought not to be brought in competition with the tenderness, the sublimity, and the various beauties of the original tragedy of *King Lear*.

It is more than probable that Sophocles, had he been guided by his own judgment, and not by the event of history, in the choice of his catastrophe, would have chosen exactly that which he has now exhibited. And this catastrophe makes his *Œdipus* more worthy of a comparison with the *Lear* of Shakspeare.—The death of *Œdipus* is of a more composed kind than that of *Lear*, and is more calculated to fill us with awe, than to melt us into tears: but, though far inferior to the same event in Shakspeare, it is yet introduced with a solemnity and conducted with a judicious art, which well deserve to be admired.

Upon

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Upon the whole,—the *Œdipus* of Sophocles, with all its excellence, is not that striking character which can exalt the Grecian drama to a level with the more various, more lively, and more intricate sketch of character peculiar to modern,—and, I might almost add, to English tragedy. It partakes too much of the frigid monotony of the Grecian cast: its pathos is powerful, and its sublimity is noble: but it has not sufficient life to make it worthy to be placed on an equality with the *Lear* of Shakspeare. This is saying little, however, in its dispraise: for with the *Lear* of Shakspeare, what character, even of his own, can stand a comparison? Much as opinions may vary on the relative merit of his dramas, I think there is no detached character in his writings which displays so vividly as this the hand and mind of a master; which exhibits so great a variety of excellence, and such amazing powers of delineation; so intimate a knowledge of the human heart, with such exact skill in tracing the progress and the effects of its more violent and more delicate passions. It is in the management of this character more especially that he fills up that grand idea of a perfect poet, which we delight to image to ourselves, but despair of seeing realized:—

——— "Vatem egregium, cui non sit publica vena,
Qui nihil expositum soleat deducere, nec qui
Communi feriat carmen triviale monetâ,—
Hunc, qualem nequeo monstrare, et sentio tantùm."
Juvenal, Sat. VII. v. 53—6.

——— "The bard of every age and clime,
Of genius fruitful, and of soul sublime,
Who, from the glowing mint of fancy, pours
No spurious metal, fused from common ores,
But gold, to matchless purity refin'd,
And stamp'd with all the godhead in his mind;
He whom I feel, but want the power to paint *."—*Gifford.*

This is Shakspeare. S.

* "Nequeo monstrare,"—"want the power to paint."—Charles Dryden has it,—"He whom I fancy, but can ne'er express:" and this may be the meaning. The commentators are not so unanimous on the subject as the translators; and, but for good authority, I should have understood it, "I cannot *point out*." This is the most obvious signification of *monstrare* (*monstror* digito prætereuntium); and certainly, Juvenal had no contemporary whom he could quote as an instance of a true poet.

ART.

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Art. XIII.—*On Burial Societies; and the Character of an Undertaker.*

Sir,

I was amused the other day with having the following notice thrust into my hand by a man who gives out bills at the corner of Fleet-market. Whether he saw any prognostics about me, that made him judge such notice seasonable, I cannot say; I might perhaps carry in a countenance (naturally not very florid) traces of a fever which had not long left me. Those fellows have a good instinctive way of guessing at the sort of people that are likeliest to pay attention to their papers.

BURIAL SOCIETY.

"A favourable opportunity now offers to any person, of either sex, who would wish to be buried in a genteel manner, by paying one shilling entrance, and twopence per week for the benefit of the stock. Members to be free in six months. The money to be paid at Mr. Middleton's, at the sign of the *First* and the *Last*, Stonecutter's-street, Fleet-market. The deceased to be furnished as follows:—A strong elm coffin, covered with superfine black, and finished with two rows, all round, close drove, best black japanned nails, and adorned with ornamental drops, a handsome plate of inscription, Angel above, and Flower beneath, and four pair of handsome handles, with wrought gripes; the coffin to be well pitched, lined, and ruffled with fine crape; a handsome crape shroud, cap, and pillow. For use, a handsome velvet pall, three gentlemen's cloaks, three crape hatbands, three hoods and scarfs, and six pair of gloves; two porters equipped to attend the funeral, a man to attend the same with band and gloves; also the burial fees paid, if not exceeding one guinea."

"Man," says Sir Thomas Browne, "is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave." Whoever drew up this little advertisement, certainly understood this appetite in the species, and has made abundant provision for it. It really almost induces a *tædium vitæ* upon one to read it. Methinks I could be willing to die, in death to be so attended. The two rows all round close-drove best black japanned nails,—how feelingly do they invite and almost irresistibly persuade us to come and be fastened down! what aching head can resist the temptation to repose, which the crape shroud, the cap, and the pillow, present? what sting is there in death, which the handles with wrought gripes are not calculated to pluck away? what victory in the grave,

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grave, which the drops and the velvet pall do not render at least extremely disputable? but above all, the pretty emblematic plate with the Angel above and Flower beneath, takes me mightily.

The Notice goes on to inform us, that though the society has been established but a very few years, upwards of eleven hundred persons have put down their names. It is really an affecting consideration to think of so many poor people, of the industrious and hard-working class (for none but such would be possessed of such a generous forethought) clubbing their twopences to save the reproach of a parish-funeral. Many a poor fellow, I dare swear, has that Angel and Flower kept from the *Angel* and *Punchbowl*, while, to provide himself a bier, he has curtailed himself of *beer*. Many a savory morsel has the living body been deprived of, that the lifeless one might be served up in a richer state to the worms. And sure, if the body could understand the actions of the soul, and entertained generous notions of things, it would thank its provident partner, that she had been more solicitous to defend it from dishonours at its dissolution, than careful to pamper it with good things in the time of its union. If Cæsar were chiefly anxious at his death how he might die most decently, every Burial Society may be considered as a Club of Cæsars.

Nothing tends to keep up in the imaginations of the poorer sort of people a generous horror of the workhouse more than the manner in which pauper funerals are conducted in this metropolis. The coffin nothing but a few naked planks, coarsely put together, —the want of a pall (that decent and well-imagined veil, which, *hiding* the coffin that hides the body, keeps that which would shock us at two removes from us), the coloured coats of the men that are hired, at cheap rates, to carry the body,—altogether, give the notion of the deceased having been some person of an ill-life and conversation, some one who may not claim the entire rites of Christian burial,—one by whom some parts of the sacred ceremony would be desecrated if they should be bestowed upon him. I meet these meagre processions sometimes in the street. They are sure to make me out of humour and melancholy all the day after. They have a harsh and ominous aspect.

If there is any thing in the prospectus issued from Mr. Middleton's, Stonecutter's-street, which pleases me less than the rest, it is to find, that the six pair of gloves are to be returned, that they are only lent, or, as the bill expresses it, for use, on the occasion. The hoods, scarfs, and hatbands, may properly enough be given up after the solemnity: the cloaks no gentleman would think of keeping; but a pair of gloves, once fitted on, ought not in courtesy to be re-demanded. The wearer should certainly have the fee-simple of them. The cost would be but trifling, and they would

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would be a proper memorial of the day. This part of the Proposals wants reconsidering. It is not conceived in the same liberal way of thinking as the rest. I am also a little doubtful whether the limit, within which the burial-fee is made payable, should not be extended to thirty shillings.

Some provision too ought undoubtedly to be made in favour of those well-intentioned persons and well-wishers to the fund, who having all along paid their subscriptions regularly, are so unfortunate as to die before the six months, which would entitle them to their freedom, are quite completed. One can hardly imagine a more distressing case than that of a poor fellow lingering on in a consumption till the period of his freedom is almost in sight, and then finding himself going with a velocity which makes it doubtful whether he shall be entitled to his funeral honours: his quota to which he nevertheless squeezes out, to the diminution of the comforts which sickness demands. I think, in such cases, some of the contribution-money ought to revert. With some such modifications, which might easily be introduced, I see nothing in these Proposals of Mr. Middleton which is not strictly fair and genteel; and heartily recommend them to all persons of moderate incomes, in either sex, who are willing that this perishable part of them should quit the scene of its mortal activities with as handsome circumstances as possible.

Before I quit the subject, I must guard my readers against a scandal which they may be apt to take at the place whence these Proposals purport to be issued. From the sign of the *First* and the *Last*, they may conclude that Mr. Middleton is some publican, who, in assembling a club of this description at his house, may have a sinister end of his own, altogether foreign to the solemn purpose for which the club is pretended to be instituted. I must set them right by informing them, that the Issuer of these Proposals is no publican, though he hangs out a sign, but an honest superintendant of funerals, who, by the device of a Cradle and a Coffin, connecting both ends of human existence together, has most ingeniously contrived to insinuate, that the framers of these *first* and *last* receptacles of mankind divide this our life betwixt them, and that all that passes from the midwife to the undertaker may, in strict propriety, *go for nothing:* an awful and instructive lesson to human vanity.

Looking over some papers lately that fell into my hands by chance, and appear to have been written about the beginning of the last century, I stumbled, among the rest, upon the following short Essay, which the writer calls "*The Character of an Undertaker.*" It is written with some stiffness and peculiarities of style, but some parts of it, I think, not unaptly characterise the profession to which Mr. Middleton has the honour to belong.

The

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The writer doubtless had in his mind the entertaining character of *Sable*, in Steele's excellent comedy of the *Funeral.*

CHARACTER OF AN UNDERTAKER.

"He is master of the ceremonies at burials and mourning assemblies, grand marshal at funeral processions, the only true yeoman of the body, over which he exercises a dictatorial authority from the moment that the breath has taken leave to that of its final commitment to the earth. His ministry begins where the physician's, the lawyer's, and the divine's, end. Or if some part of the functions of the latter run parallel with his, it is only *in ordine ad spiritualia.* His temporalities remain unquestioned. He is arbitrator of all questions of honour which may concern the defunct; and upon slight inspection will pronounce how long he may remain in this upper world with credit to himself, and when it will be prudent for his reputation that he should retire. His determination in these points is peremptory and without appeal. Yet with a modesty peculiar to his profession, he meddles not out of his own sphere. With the good or bad actions of the deceased in his life-time he has nothing to do. He leaves the friends of the dead man to form their own conjectures as to the place to which the departed spirit is gone. His care is only about the exuviæ. He concerns not himself even about the body, as it is a structure of parts internal, and a wonderful microcosm. He leaves such curious speculations to the anatomy professor. Or, if any thing, he is averse to such wanton enquiries, as delighting rather that the parts which he has care of should be returned to their kindred dust in as handsome and unmutilated condition as possible; that the grave should have its full and unimpaired tribute,—a complete and just carcass. Nor is he only careful to provide for the body's entireness, but for its accommodation and ornament. He orders the fashion of its clothes, and designs the symmetry of its dwelling. Its vanity has an innocent survival in him. He is bed-maker to the dead. The pillows which he lays never rumple. The day of interment is the theatre in which he displays the mysteries of his art. It is hard to describe what he is, or rather, to tell what he is not, on that day: for, being neither kinsman, servant, nor friend, he is all in turns; a transcendant, running through all those relations. His office is to supply the place of self-agency in the family, who are presumed incapable of it through grief. He is eyes, and ears, and hands, to the whole household. A draught of wine cannot go round to the mourners, but he must minister it. A chair may hardly be restored to its place by a less solemn hand than his. He takes upon himself all functions, and is a sort of Ephemeral Major-domo! He distributes his

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his attentions among the company assembled according to the degree of affliction, which he calculates from the degree of kin to the deceased; and marshals them accordingly in the procession. He himself is of a sad and tristful countenance; yet such as (if well examined) is not without some shew of patience and resignation at bottom: prefiguring, as it were, to the friends of the deceased what their grief shall be when the hand of Time shall have softened and taken down the bitterness of their first anguish; so handsomely can he fore-shape and anticipate the work of Time. Lastly, with his wand, as with another divining rod, he calculates the depth of earth at which the bones of the dead man may rest, which he ordinarily contrives may be at such a distance from the surface of this earth, as may frustrate the profane attempts of such as would violate his repose, yet sufficiently on this side the centre to give his friends hopes of an easy and practicable resurrection. And here we leave him, casting in dust to dust, which is the last friendly office that he *undertakes* to do."

Begging your pardon for dêtaining you so long among "graves, and worms, and epitaphs,"

I am, Sir, your humble servant,

MORITURUS.

ART. XIV.—*Ψυχης Ιατρειον; or an Analogical Essay on the Treatment of Intellectual Disorders, together with an Account of a surprising Cure performed therein by the Writer when asleep.*

WE are always pushing our analogies either too far, or not far enough; and more injury is done in the latter instance than people imagine, though the abuse in general is certainly on the other side. Upon that side indeed, the fault is so notorious and has been so well exposed, that it stands a good chance of amendment; and even the ladies, though they are aware (charming rogues!) how much an innocent little mistake or two become them, may in time be induced to call hats and horses by their proper epithets, and not term every thing *sweet* and *sweet pretty*—sweet caps, sweet ponies, sweet pretty greys, &c.

There is however one of the most obvious and commonest analogies, to which we do not pay sufficient practical attention, though it's language is perpetually in our mouths:—I mean that between mind and body. In speaking of these dissimilar, but at the same time inseparable and sympathizing moieties of our nature, we borrow from each of them, and apply to both indiscriminately,

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nately, a set of phrases and epithets, which if we reflected upon what we talked, would be of infinite service to us in the treatment of ourselves; but it is the fate of good phrases, as well as good things, to share the odium of common-place in proportion as their utility and popular use have borne testimony to their merits; and the common language of society, made up of all sorts of profound inferences and combinations, would present to a being of a superior nature, a curious instance of a whole race of rational animals talking like philosophers and thinking like fools. Every one is familiar with the epithets which mind furnishes to body, and body furnishes to mind. Such and such a person is said to have a *strong* intellect,—his mind is well *informed*, that is, well shaped or fashioned,—his apprehension has a fine *tact* or *touch*—he is a man of *taste*, a man of *sound* thinking, a man of *parts*:—then, at the same time, his figure is *graceful*, his gestures are *easy* and *unaffected*, he has an *intelligent* eye, a *lively* smile, a *decided* but *amiable* countenance. Cowley, who suffers no such analogies to escape him, handles this sympathy of mind and body with great elegance, and carries it just as far as it will bear—a great piece of moderation with him. Speaking of a lovely female, he says,—

> Her pure and *eloquent* blood
> Shone in her skin, and *so distinctly wrought*,
> That one might almost say, *her body thought*.

Accordingly if the person above-mentioned falls sick, if his smile becomes less lively, and his countenance less animated,—if the body in short loses it's accustomed powers,—the remedy is immediately suggested by the mind;—we must go up to the *cause* of the disorder; in doing away the cause we do away the effect; and this is the common maxim of physicians. But here the analogy ceases, or rather the practical application of it. In spite of our common phrases of *strong* mind and *weak* mind, of *sound* mind and *diseased* mind, people forget that the principle of bodily cure is equally that of mental; it is true, they acknowledge it in their common talk, but it is without thinking; their philosophers have made a maxim of it, but their philosophers themselves have neglected it; and while every body looks to the cause of his bodily ailments, or calls in the physician, or thanks his friend for giving him advice upon it, the commonest mental infirmity is suffered to encrease without notice; the clergyman, who is the constituted doctor on these occasions, would think you mad to apply to him on the subject; and the friend who should advise you to think seriously of the cause of it, would stand a good chance of being turned out of the house. A person, for instance, has a tooth-ache or a head-ache, and he immediately be-

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gins to consider how he came by it: he says to himself, "I have been sitting in a draught," or "I was up too late last night," or "I have been drinking too much," or "I wonder what could have taken me to that Thelwall's to be ranted to death." Accordingly it is probable that he finds out the real cause of his complaint, and is enabled to avoid it in future: or should he fail to discover it himself, his physician or his friend may do it for him. But let the same man be in an ill temper, or be seized with a fit of envy, or fall into a habit of stinginess,—all of them maladies of an alarming nature and a thousand times more tormenting than head-aches or tooth aches,—and instead of searching into the cause of the disease, he is sure to begin glossing it over to himself and encouraging it's continuance: the spiritual physician does not think of interfering; and friends, who have been honest enough on such occasions to give advice, have generally found it so badly received, that they either fall in with the self-deception, or watch the disorder in silent agony. To probe the wound is in general only to make the patient worse. Tell him that his head-ache is owing to drinking wine, and he will agree with you; but tell him he is ill-tempered because somebody broke his wine-glass, and his sullenness changes into anger. "Ill-tempered!" he will exclaim:—"I ill-tempered! Come, that's excessively ridiculous. Never was man of a better temper than myself; but the fact is, that it is on account of my good temper that I am so treated." So saying, he becomes twenty times worse, calls his wife "cursedly obedient," kicks a dog for being lazy whom he has taught to lie on a cushion,—slaps his child for doing something which he suffers it to do every other hour of it's life; and woe betide the servant or the dependent who happens to be in his reach for the rest of the day. The envious man, in like manner, takes every possible means of persuading himself that in holding up every body as a fool, coxcomb, or knave, he is only justifiably severe or nobly contemptuous: he feels the torment of his disorder; he has no comfort in what gives pleasure to other people; the sunshine of other faces make him sick; and yet instead of looking into the cause of his mental soreness, he takes pains to make it worse in proportion as it galls him, and presents as lamentable a spectacle as an invalid who should sit pounding his own bruises or thumping his aching head. The miser's folly we have been accustomed from our infancy to hear compared to a dropsical thirst, which increases at every draught; but let us look at the more familiar instance of what is called stinginess, or a habit of mean economy, that is to say, an economy disproportionate to the necessity, and betraying itself as much by what it freely offers as by what it niggardly withholds. Those who are guilty of this vice lead a desperate life, especially if they see any company.

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company. No people take so much pains to deceive themselves and others, and no people succeed worse. You know them instantly by their anxious parsimony in great things and their still more anxious liberality in little. Such persons will practise all sorts of manœuvres to hinder you from drinking wine at dinner, and beg you to fall heartily on the bread and butter at tea. If there is the least excuse in the season, they will have no fruit for the desert, and be the first to lament the deficiency, or to cry out, with an air of sudden recollection, "Bless me, I might have preserved some fruit, *if I had thought of it.*" If there is no such excuse in the season, they heap the table with bad apples and pears, and take a great deal of trouble to assure you that there are no better to be had. If they must surprise you with something decent or seasonable, they are careful to have as small a quantity as possible: and as they are accustomed to deny themselves good things in private, they contrive to make a merit of that deficiency by eating none of the salmon or the green peas, and forcing upon your plate the remaining spoonful. But at other times, nothing shocks them so much as the not having enough: to spare what is homely, they think, must betray them at once; and therefore, with lively denunciations against people who serve up small dishes, and ardent entreaties that you will do them the favour of shewing a good appetite, they set before you the hugest and coarsest meats, complain all the time that you eat nothing, and finish the dinner with a pie that seems made for a set of paviors, and that almost requires pickaxes to get at the fruit. I say nothing of their more private anxieties—of their sidelong vigilance upon butter and sugar, their fortifications of pantry and coal-cellar, their lectures upon humility in general, and the shamefulness of waste in particular, the figures which they and their family cut on ordinary occasions, or the blaze which the wife and daughters make in company, contrasted with the ragged elbows and sullen visages of those who are left at home. It is sufficient, that they are always exposing themselves to contempt, always making it worse with their excuses, and always on thorns from their anxiety to deceive or their mortified consciousness of not deceiving. And all, for what? What is the *cause* of this fatal disorder, which cuts up their comfort by the roots, and which they can never be brought to remedy, much less to avow? It is the salvation of a few shillings, which no more makes up for the satisfaction and the respectability which they lose by keeping them, than laying by their hats or gowns could make up for the colds which they would catch, or the ridiculous figure they would cut in the streets. Besides, it is ten to one that the shillings are not saved after all, for though bad meals may not be so heartily eaten as good, yet the saving plan in clothes, furniture, &c. which seduces them to what are called

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called cheap shops, is found to be the most wasteful in the end; and the use of bad provisions, bad wine, bad butter, &c. is most probably revenged by a doctor's bill, which carries away all the shillings so painfully scraped off the table. Here, then, is a disorder as easily remedied as it is painful to themselves and disgusting to others; but give them a hint of it's existence—insinuate the least necessity of a cure,—and you only rouse the obstinacy of a self-love, which from the sufferings which it persists to endure, might be rather called self-hatred. Yet supposing for an instant, that a doctor might be called in to mental as well as corporeal maladies, how entirely would he act, in the former cases, upon the principle of remedy in the latter! To the ill-tempered person he would say, "Sir, your mind is subject to continual fever: we must do our endeavours to make you cooler, and to this end, I must insist that you keep yourself quiet. Avoid much meat, which fills your head with vapours, and much wine, which sets your blood in a riot; and when your system is brought down a little, and you get rid of this tendency to delirium, you will no longer turn pale at sight of an ill-roasted joint, or red at every joke that is aimed at you, or grow sullen at kindness, or become enraged at one that treads on your toe, or be fretful all day for having cut yourself while shaving, or wreak your revenge upon objects that cannot resist you, or suffer a pin, a hair, an inuendo, to make you wretched for a week to come, or in short, drive away all your friends from your infirmity, lest they should catch the contagion, or suffer all sorts of annoyances when you expose yourself."—To the envious person he would say, "Sir or Madam, your perceptions are all disordered, you are troubled with a spleen, which turns every thing you hear, see, and feel, to a monster, or at least to something which you try to persuade yourself is a monster. Seek the society of your friends, enter heartily into their amusements, and when you hear one of them say a good thing, or play a good tune, or receive a good compliment, try all you can to enjoy it as well as the rest. They will be surprised; they will become as social with you as with others; and instead of calling their faces ugly, their gestures fantastic, and their heads empty, you will find them very well-looking, decent, and sensible people; or, if their qualities should not amount to so much, you will at least not be disgusted with their manners, or impatient at their ignorance; and above all, you will no longer be subject to that unhappy trick of fancying that in proportion as your acquaintance appear respectable, you, who are their companion, must seem ridiculous. Thus we shall remove your disorder by going up to it's cause; your blood, which is inclined to become stagnant, will circulate freely from your heart; and you will shortly get rid of this intolerable oppression, which is neither more nor less

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less than a waking nightmare."—To the stingy person, the advice would be short and simple;—"My good friend, your heart's blood is too poor; you must live better; I do not mean richly, which is badly; but always have the best of what is necessary, and instead of laying by a few shillings to be wasted on the apothecary, or to purchase of yourself endless anxieties, throw them at the head of this imaginary necessity which haunts you, and which is a mere bugbear that destroys your comfort, and frightens away your friends." As to sheer avarice, it is, I am afraid, an incurable disease: the mortification has taken place; the heart is ossified; and a general rheumatism, locking up the faculties, prevents the wretched sufferer from administering even to the common sustenance of his nature. But if there is any crisis in such a malady, at which the mental physician could interpose, he would say, "Miserable being, shake off your lethargy and look about you. To what a state have you reduced herself! Your feelings have no play; you have no taste for a sound enjoyment; the eye of your conscience never closes. Nothing can save you but a recurrence to the grand and simple remedies which Nature and Reason furnish to the unvitiated. Your heart must be set free; it is too much confined in that narrow bosom: it wants air and exercise; it must walk abroad among the beauties of creation, where every thing breathes a glorious enlargement, and where you may regain your spirits for comfort and your appetite for benevolence."

But it is needless to expatiate on the obstructions which mental patients always present to their own cure with a madness so pertinacious. They will not only deny their disease altogether, but will swear they have not a symptom of it, though every thought, look, and action declare to the contrary. They are like vain persons with shoes too tight for their feet, who though galled at every step, and rendered ridiculous in every movement, would rather die on the spot than own themselves uncomfortable. Accordingly they carry about their respective infirmities with a gravity so inflexible, that were we not convinced of their sufferings, their appearance would be altogether ludicrous, especially if we personified the figures they cut by the supposition of a similar behaviour under bodily afflictions. For instance, the man of bad temper may be regarded as one with a whitlow at the end of every finger, which smarts with agony at the slighest touch, and which he nevertheless persists in keeping sore. The envious man is one who in the height of a fever is to be satisfied with nothing less than running his head against his neighbour's wall, or hanging himself upon a pear-tree that looks over it, or getting his best friend to beat him about the head and shoulders. The ladies under this affliction resemble those superannuated gallants, who when-

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ever they see a white hand, imagine they feel it smacking their faces or scratching their eyes, and fall into an agony of admiration at every beauty that comes across them,—with this difference however, that the flames and racks, of which the latter talk so ridiculously, are felt in all their misery by the former, and the agony above-mentioned does really constitute the torment of their lives. A person with mean habits of saving, who is continually pinching and shuffling, is as stupid as one who should cherish an affection of the skin, perpetually irritating to himself and disgusting to others; but the confirmed miser is a man positively vain of his wen, and not only so, but anxious to increase it by all possible means to an intolerable burden.

I forbear to follow up the analogy beyond these common and every day maladies, which every body may compare. It is sufficient to know that there is not a single one of them, the cure of which is out of our power, if we set ourselves earnestly to look for it's origin; but such is the fatality of human folly, and so resolute are rational beings to keep themselves wretched, that they hug disease to their hearts when they would shudder at a chilblain or a cut finger. And yet if people would really think of this origin,—if they would really exercise their reflection upon the causes of the chagrins, the anxieties, the mortifications, the tears, and the agonies that are continually arising from the pettiest and most despicable things, it is hardly possible but that many of them would alter upon self-inspection, even were there nothing more to induce them than a *sense of the ridiculous.*

Meditating on this subject the other evening, at that still and delightful hour, when it is just too dark to read but too light to have candles, I got into one of my usual reveries, and fancied that I was a kind of mental doctor above-mentioned, who from being overwhelmed with practice had stolen an hour's slumber after dinner. In the midst of my enjoyment, I thought that a footman came abruptly in to call me to his master, who had been in a dismal way, he told me, ever since the preceding morning,—refusing every kind of solace, and giving symptoms of what was apprehended to be insanity. I asked the footman what he had seen of the disorder; and, while I was getting ready to go, he gave me the following relation: "Sir," said he, "I have always thought that my master was not quite right; but for these two days he has been worse than ever. Such snapping, and snarling, and kicking this thing and kicking t' other, for all the world as if he had been bit! This morning, I only went to give him his shoes, which never can be polished enough to suit him, and he kicked his slippers off in my face, and asked me whether I meant to ruin him in blacking? At dinner yesterday he said that the sweet wine was vinegar; broke one of the tumblers and kicked the dog under the table

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table for it.; swore that my mistress meant to provoke him because she helped him to all the nicest bits at table; and smacked my young lady's cheek for going out of the room, which he said was flying in his face. Afterwards he grew a little quiet, but nobody dared to come near him, or to look that way, or to make the least noise, he was so touchy. In the evening we had company, and then, Lord! Sir, to see how pleasant he was, so smiling and good-natured to every one that came! Think's I to myself, who would take you to be such a devil! But I'm told it's always the way with these mad people, Sir; and Mr. Mitchell, my lord's chaplain, next door, who is a great scholar, says, that you might walk with one of 'em all over London, before you found him out, they're so sly and mysterious. When the ladies and gentlemen were gone he fell into his old way again, not so savage as before, but glumpy and impatient. All this morning you would have thought there was a corpse lying in the house, every body looked so dismal and went about like a ghost. But just now he has been getting worse than ever, and Mrs. Kitty the housemaid says he was heard talking of disinwriting—disinheri—what is it? You know what I mean, Sir;—hindering my young master, the Counsellor, from coming to the fortune, and all for not having done something in the law, which they tell me he can't be expected to do as yet, being only forty years old. So my mistress, being frightened more at this than all the rest, thinks he must be mad outright, and has sent me to your honour, to see if any thing can be done."—I was glad to learn from honest John's relation that the fit had not lasted more than two days, since I should not have so much difficulty in tracing it up to it's cause, as would have been the case with a longer duration. I proceeded as fast as possible to the house; and on seeing his new visitor, the patient did not favour him with the accustomed smiles; he was aware that I understood his malady; and guessing my object, seemed to resign himself to the scrutiny with a kind of patient impatience. After feeling his pulse, examining what muscles had been most affected in his face, and satisfying myself from those about him how he had passed the last forty hours, I was pretty well enabled to follow back the disorder through it's various excitements. I traced it speedily from his present fit of disinheriting to a wig-box belonging to his son, which happened to have fallen in his way; from the wig-box to a snuff-box which he had let fall after dinner; from the snuff-box to an uneasy dozing in his chair; from the dozing in his chair to an enormous meal during which he had abused all that he swallowed; from the enormous meal to a speech made by his wife, who had kindly begged him not to venture so much upon a dish that had disagreed with him; from the speech of his wife to the face of a servant who stood near, and who appeared to him to be laughing in his sleeve: from

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from the servant, after a number of petty turns and stumbling blocks too numerous for detail, to the well-blacked shoes; from the well-blacked shoes to a hasty mouthful of hot tea; from the hasty mouthful of hot tea to getting up late; from getting up late, which it seems he did half from sleepiness and half from being ashamed to shew his face, to restlessness and peevishness all night; from restlessness and peevishness all night to a hearty supper, which he abused as usual; from the hearty supper to another entreaty on the part of his wife:—here I lost scent for a time, for as the footman had said, he had been uncommonly pleasant during the stay of his company; but I found the link again in the gentleness of his daughter, who had left the room, as the footman related;—from the gentleness of his daughter, who I found was very like her mother, I went on with my tracing to the good things to which his wife had helped him at dinner; from the good things to which his wife helped him at dinner to a glass which he broke in the middle of it; from the broken glass to an agitation of nerves, arising from a refusal which he had just given an old friend who wanted to borrow a little money of him; from the refusal given his old friend to the tears and patience of his family all the morning; from the tears and patience of his family to a long lecture which he had been giving them on their want of real attachment to him; from the long lecture he had been giving them to another sulky and peevish breakfast; from the sulky and peevish breakfast to a private, mysterious lecture given to his wife before he came down stairs; and, at last, from the private lecture, I came to the grand secret of all,—to the fountain of this Nile of tears,—to the immediate cause of all the taunts, trials, and miseries which a whole family had been suffering for two long days, and which nobody but myself dared to mention to the unhappy being.—It was A PIN!—Our hero had taken up the comb to his head, when a pin which had unluckily found it's way between the teeth and hung at a right angle from it by the head, gave him a light scratch on the pericranium. "Zounds!" exclaimed the gentleman, turning red. "Bless us!" ejaculated the lady, turning pale;—and then the said lecture ensued, which put an end to two whole days of good-humour on his part and an equal holiday of comfort on that of his household.

I asked whether my patient had any turn for humour, and understanding that if any thing could get him out of his fits, it was a droll story, a repartee, a stroke of wit, or any other pleasant surprise, I went down to his sitting-room with great gravity, holding in my hand a little packet of many papers curiously wrapped over one another and containing, in the nucleus or innermost shell, the cause of his irritation. At sight of me, he uttered a half-smothered exclamation of impatience, and casting down his eyes

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eyes and turning aside a little in his chair, began a kind of restless duet between his right leg and his watch-chain. I did not ask him how he felt or whether he was better, well-knowing that such questions in such disorders were something worse than of no use, but striking at once into conversation, I remarked how easy the cure of a malady became when once it's origin was ascertained.

"Ah"—said he, "I put no faith in medicine."

"And myself little or none," returned I, "particularly in diseases of the mind; but there is one thing in which I put a great deal of faith,—and that is good sense."

He left off his duet, and looked up in my face with less sulkiness of manner, as if he was eager to take to himself a compliment so new to his conscience.

"I do not mean," he rejoined, "to shew any disrespect to your profession, Doctor; but you must allow me to say that you are a rare personage for a physician, mental or bodily."

"Not so rare," replied I, "as you may imagine. There are many of us, of both classes, who are not slow to acknowledge the smallness and uncertainty of our scientific knowledge. The abuses of physic are as much owing to ignorant people who will not be well, as to ignorant doctors who cannot make them so."

"People who *will* not be well," cried he, beginning to smile; "they must be fools indeed. For my part I certainly do think highly of good sense, though I confess I don't care a pin for medicine."

"Have a care, my good friend," said I, with increasing gravity, "how you speak disrespectfully of pins." He stared, but I affected to take no notice of his surprise, and went on:—"These little instruments, formed and perfected by a greater number of hands than would take to write five epic poems, have acted an important part on the theatre of the world,—for not to mention the infinite service they render to our modern fair ones in fixing their shapes and giving them beauties not to be found in nature herself, let it be recollected, that with a pin a Roman Emperor once passed away his leisure hours and diverted his death-dealing qualities from men to flies; let it be recollected, that with a pin the wife of Antony thought herself amply revenged on the fatal eloquence of Cicero, whose tongue she pierced with a hundred wounds; and let it never be forgotten, that in the Abbey of Westminster, the repository of England's poets and philosophers, a lady who owed her death to the prick of a pin, owes to it also her immortality."

"Ridiculous enough," cried he, containing himself no longer: —"You see, Doctor, what a fuss these women make about their pins, and I do not wonder you are struck with the folly of the poor things!"

"Nay,"

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"Nay," said I, still keeping my countenance, "you forget the Roman Emperor I mentioned. But what will you say, if I shew you an instance of sheer misery produced among one's fellow-creatures in familiar life by means of a pin, and this too from it's influence upon a thinking and well-informed man, who in all things else is as sober as you or I?"

"Why," returned he, "I do not know what you mean by keeping that grave face of yours, but how such a man could be thinking and well-informed, unless he is a genius run mad, I cannot imagine. But you are joking, I see, and I like a man of your vein prodigiously. Yes, yes, Doctor, you and I must be friends; I see that."

"You do me honour," said I, with an inclination of the head; —"the unfortunate gentleman, of whom I am speaking, has invited my friendship, but I hardly know what to say to it."

"Why, if the man is mad," rejoined my patient, "it is rather an awkward business. But perhaps you may do something for the poor fellow."

"Your feelings delight me," said I, "and I am sure they will not be less well-inclined when you hear the whole of my new friend's case."—So saying, I told him how I had been called in by the gentleman's family, and in fact, commenced his own story in a way which, if it had not been *himself* that was hearing it, might have been discovered in an instant. It was curious however to hear how he reproached the hero for giving such way to his disorder, and above all, how he pitied those about him, who had to bear so many ill-humours,—not forgetting to laugh in the midst of his comments, and to wonder what ridiculous nonsense could have given rise to such a fit. Seeing him in so fair a way to receive my physic, I then drew out my pocket-book, and from the notes I had made, proceeded to read over to him the list of his own vagaries, commencing regularly with the wig-box as aforesaid. At first, he started somewhat violently; but in a moment looked down with great seriousness, and made every now and then signs of amazement: when I came to the mouthful of hot tea, he could scarcely refrain from laughing, but I observed, that the treatment of his daughter touched him, and at the passage about refusing his friend a little assistance, he shifted uneasily in his chair:—at last, on arriving at the words that ushered in the climax of the account, I stopped very quietly, and unwrapping, one by one, the several papers in my hand, laid it on the table by his side, uttering, as it came in contact with his eye, those melancholy monosyllables—"It was—*a Pin!*"

For a few moments there was a dead silence; till my patient, looking up, and having, as I saw, no traces of his disorder remaining, exclaimed, "My dear Doctor, what must you think of me! What

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What can I think of myself! For it would be worse than affectation in me not to know who is the hero of your story, and worse than stupidity not to make proper account of it.—Nay, nay," "continued he, seeing me about to interrupt him, "you shall not soothe down the self-contempt, which at this moment I feel and ought to feel: you have probed me deeply, I confess, but you have done your duty, and by the blessing of restored reason, I will do mine." So saying, nothing could hinder him from instantly sending his servant to fetch his wife and daughter—"Or stop," he cried: "I should go to them myself," and after begging the servant's pardon for ringing him up to no purpose, to the great and most respectful admiration of poor John, he requested me to accompany him to the room in which they were sitting. It is needless to recount all the particulars of the meeting, and indeed I should blush to relate the very handsome terms in which he was pleased to introduce me to the ladies as the restorer of their peace and of his senses. The wife looked her thanks delightedly, but had too delicate an affection for her husband to add to his humiliation by fine speeches; but the daughter, who was in the main a very lively girl, and had the loveliest oval face and long black eyes I ever beheld, seemed as if she would fairly have kissed me, and could by no means suffer the servant to hand me any refreshment:—she would do it all herself;—so that what with my new friend's delight at feeling comfort again, the silent gratitude of his lady, and the lively cordiality of my little Hebe, all humiliations and troubles were quickly forgotten, and we made as pleasant a party at dinner (for they made me stay dinner), as was to be found in the whole compass of the metropolis.—I must not forget to mention that in the course of the desert my friend seemed to threaten a relapse, for the young lady happening to say something playfully about ill-natured people, he looked suddenly towards her very gravely, and I turned with as great gravity towards him. "Do not be alarmed, Doctor," said he, smiling, "I know she did not mean to offend her father."—"No, indeed, papa," said the charmer, her eyes filling with tears. "I was only turning," he resumed, "to observe with how much gentleness an innocent mind speaks even of the tempers most unlike itself, and how contrary to my daughter's manner on this occasion would have been my own stupid asperity if I had retained it. But perhaps," continued he, "you think I am not quite secure yet?"—"Indeed," replied I, "you have no reason to think so ill of yourself, especially after the philosophy you have shewn in these *public* acknowledgments of your fault. If you had made only partial acknowledgments and private resolutions about it, I should have set very litttle value on what I have known so often to come to nothing; but voluntarily and manfully to expose one's self-

love

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love to the triumph of equals and inferiors,—or—I beg pardon for the word triumph—but at least, to their pity and forgiveness, is one of the noblest of human victories, and almost implies the conquest of any weakness and any habit which the vanquisher may chuse to undertake.—The conversation then became general, and in a short time, not without many regrets, I took my leave, in order to finish my visits for the day.

What these visits were, or rather were intended to be, I should have disclosed to the reader, had I not been prevented by a singular accident; for after paying but three of them, one to a fine lady whose daughter had just been presented at court, another to two families who happened to reside in the same house, and a third to my friend the Attorney-General whom I found writhing under a violent newspaper attack, I went to look at the progress of a poor little infant afflicted with fits of crying, and upon merely hinting to the mother that she was too indulgent to it at one time and too violent with it at another, she contradicted me by such a slap on the face, that I awoke!—My first feeling, on looking about me, was to congratulate myself on having to do with no such forcible reasoners; but I could not help lamenting that my surprising cure of the gentleman had been only a dream; and his daughter had made such an impression on me, that whenever I see an innocent, sprightly, peace-making face like hers, though it may not be precisely the same in beauty, I cannot, for the life of me, help dreaming again for the moment, and being fairly enchanted.

☞

ART. XIV.—*On the Advantages of the Present Age.*

O fortunatos nimium, sua si bona norint.—VIRGIL.

MR. REFLECTOR,

There is certainly no disposition of mind more desirable than the habit of dwelling on the bright side of things, of reflecting on the advantages, and throwing out of our thoughts the disadvantages, of our situations, of resolving "to have what we like, by liking what we have *." For this reason, I have a particular affection for the advocates of existing institutions, and the sticklers for "our gude auld gaits;" and cannot but think we are greatly indebted to those speakers and writers who, by a "happy alchemy

* French Proverb.

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chemy of mind," can elicit good from seeming evil, and who always endeavour to turn our eyes from the contemplation of our disasters and misfortunes, by holding up to our view a brilliant picture of our comforts and advantages. I have been often cured of apprehension and discontent by the reasoning of this useful class of philosophers. When I had been thrown into a melancholy fit by the perusal of *Cobbett* on Sinecure Places, and the Corruption of Parliament, I have been instantaneously relieved by a reflection in the *Morning Post*, that we had the best of kings, and a constitution the envy of Europe. I quite forgot the miseries of my countrymen at Walcheren, whilst I read with exultation that we had the most vigorous of Ministers, and a larger army and navy than at any former period. When I was somewhat out of temper on considering the disabilities to which the Catholics are liable, my peace of mind was restored, on being told that by the rejection of their claims we had been prevented from forcing the King's conscience, and putting the Church of England in danger. Deeply impressed with the beneficial effects which all such information and discoveries must produce in the minds of my countrymen, I am induced to present to your readers a more extended view, than has yet been exhibited, of the advantages of the present age.

How easy is now the acquisition of knowledge! Surely the prophet's prediction, "every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain," may be interpreted in favour of the successful labours of the mental engineers of the present times. Pope's comparison of the progress of a student to that of a traveller over the Alps, Aikin's Hill of Science, and many other similes and allusions of a like kind, will have nothing but the beauty of their language to recommend them to succeeding generations. A ready-made translation of all the quotations in use has made the study of Greek and Latin not absolutely necessary for acquiring the reputation of a scholar.—Natural philosophers tell us that all the matter of the world might be compressed into a ball of an inch diameter; and our modern booksellers, reasoning by analogy, have concluded that all the mind of the world may be put almost into as small a compass. Thus they have given us the whole circle of the Sciences in one pocket-volume, and all the beauties of Literature in another. It was said, in the praise of Socrates, that he had drawn Philosophy from the heavens to reside amongst men: it may, with equal justice, be affirmed, to the honour of Sir Richard Phillips and his coadjutors, that they have enticed her from the libraries of men, to take up her abode in the play-rooms of children. Young ladies and gentlemen may be taught every branch of natural philosophy

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losophy without the aid of the mathematics; and yet, to encourage them to take the little pains which the acquisition of that once abstruse branch of science requires, we are assured, by the elegant author of the *Evening Amusements*, "that the greater part of the mathematics now taught in the University of Cambridge, may be made level to the capacities of boys and girls under seventeen years of age*". Chemistry is explained in charming conversations between Mr. B. and Misses Emily and Caroline; and in short, every art, science, or language may be learned by a new and improved method, and we can calculate to an hour the time necessary for attaining it.

The present age will be nobly distinguished in the annals of history, by the wonderful experiments which have been instituted in politics and political economy, and which have demonstrated that our government may be administered without a king; that our trade can be carried on without gold; that our Ministers may direct affairs at home or abroad, with the greatest vigour, without having common sense; and that a General may obtain a splendid victory by running away. Posterity will not fail to remark with admiration the advantages we have obtained over our enemies, by having discontinued the use of those troublesome things called Declarations of War.

"Go, from the creatures, thy instruction take,"

said Pope, and we have very wisely followed his advice. The cat does not mew, nor the tiger growl, nor the eagle scream when about to seize on its prey. How absurd, then, was it in our ancestors, when they had it in their power to pounce upon an unsuspecting offender, to put him upon his guard, by filling "the post-horns of all Europe," with a ridiculous bravado against him.

"The lion calls not to his prey,
Nor bids the wolf the lambkin stay."—GAY

Somebody has said, that if we hate vice, we must hate mankind, —an observation, of the truth of which the present generation seems justly sensible. We have, therefore, left out of our vocabulary all such terms as seemed to imply any sort of detestation of the crimes and persons of many unfortunate creatures, and have substituted others which convey no unfeeling sentiments respecting them. A courtezan is termed a lady under protection; adultery, an afair of crim. con.; a self-murderer, a lunatic; an embezzlement of the revenue, a misapplication of the public money; and thus, in a spirit of Christian benignity, hardly perhaps contemplated

* See the Preface to Mr. Frend's Algebra.

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templated by the founder himself of the religion, our Charity covers a multitude of sins!

It is certainly a proof of a delightful freedom of manners in the present times, and a matter of infinite importance in a trading country, that any man who has money, and will give elegant entertainments, may have the princes and nobles of the land for his visitors. Our great men have none of the *hauteur*, or of the assemblies "*sans œuvre melee**" of the Germans. Riches are a ready passport to fashionable society, no matter how a man came by them.

For personal and domestic comforts and conveniencies, the present age is certainly unrivalled. The defects and decays of nature may be almost miraculously remedied. Thanks to the ingenuity of our admirable artists, the climax of the poet,—

"Sans eyes, sans ears, sans nose, sans teeth, sans taste, sans every thing,"

is not now applicable to any individual at any time of life. Old age is disarmed of half its terrors, and the perusal of the advertisements in a London newspaper, by the help of a pair of periscopic spectacles, will do more towards rendering the prospect of it endurable, than the most intense meditation upon *Cicero de Senectute*. How greatly is our sex indebted to *Mr. Packwood* for his inestimable contrivance of a razor, by which a man may shave himself at full gallop; and the ladies cannot do otherwise than put in practice the noble sentiment of gratitude every time they *see* the *invisible* petticoat. How blessed are we in the possession of our water proof hats, coats, and shoes, our polygraphs, our compendious walking-sticks, whether comprising a flute, an umbrella, or a map of London, our trinitarian writing-desks, and a thousand other *equally* useful conveniences! If any one is inclined to sneer at the mention of some of these things, as matters of little importance, I would have him seriously reflect upon the truth recorded by the *Mammoth* of literature, that the misery of man proceeds not from any single crush of overwhelming evil, but from small vexations continually repeated; and it's corrolary, that his happiness is less owing to any individual advantage, however great, than to the useful multiplication of petty conveniences.

In enumerating the advantages of the present age, the pious man will chiefly delight to dwell upon the important benefits conferred upon us by the Rev. Rowland Hill's improved style of preaching. With the truest knowledge of human nature, this Rev. Gent. forms his discourses upon the model of the Italian Sermons, which Voltaire

* An assembly "*sans œuvre melee*," is, in the style of the German nobility, an assembly from which not only commoners are excluded, but even those whose nobility is liable to the slightest suspicion.

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Voltaire denominates "*Comedies spirituelles.*" By this means, he is enabled to illustrate the doctrines of grace and regeneration, by an anecdote of a dancing-master, or a story of a drowned lap-dog, and to demonstrate the difference of heaven and hell, by a west wind in autumn, and the kitchen-fire of the London tavern in the dog-days As some of the early fathers of the Church confirmed their converts in Christianity, by performing divine service in the heathen temples, so this worthy minister cultivates the attachment of his audience to psalms and spiritual songs, by having them sung to such tunes as "Tell me, babbling echo," "Water parted," and "God save the king." He thus happily associates in the minds of his *people* the ideas of religion and entertainment, and practically enforces the maxim of Dr. Watts, that—

> "Religion never was design'd
> To make our pleasures less."

And now, Mr. Reflector, I cannot help indulging the most confident expectations, that this view of our literary, political, moral, domestic, and religious advantages, will make my countrymen so well satisfied with the times in which they live, that they will see the folly of making themselves uneasy about the mismanagement of an expedition, a slight departure from the principles of the constitution, two or three trifling sinecures, or even the increase of the national debt. And they will, no doubt, be sensible of the unreasonableness of their complaints about corruption and intolerance, when they contemplate the many blessings they enjoy, of which their ancestors never dreamt, and which were never provided for in Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.

E. B. H.

ART. XV.—*Cursory Remarks on the proper Objects in the Education of the Middle and Lower Classes; and on the most effectual Mode of obtaining them.*

IT is, perhaps, no easy task to say any thing new on the subject of Education. At least, the multitude of writers, whose leisure and talents have been devoted to the invention or illustration of different plans for the communication of knowledge, seems sufficient to stifle the ambition, as well as almost to preclude the possibility of novelty. Here, however, is our best hope; for while the necessity of novelty is by no means apparent, and cannot, indeed, be rationally insisted upon, there is little doubt that

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that he will be most beneficially employed who most exactly ascertains the merits of his predecessors,—who selects from their various systems the most rational and practical features,—gives them a new and more judicious combination,—and enforces them by more powerful argument. The opinion of Longeroue, more than a hundred years since, that the world was already in possession of a sufficient number of good works on every subject, is at least true on this; and a writer, who has enough common sense to aim at utility rather than at splendour, will content himself with the humble employment of a careful compilation; nor deviate into novelty till he has satisfactory assurances that preceding writers are erroneous in their views, or defective in their arrangements. On such a subject the slightest errors may be productive of incalculable mischiefs; and, on such an occasion, very little reflection, it is hoped, is necessary to persuade writers to sacrifice vanity to benevolence,—the empty desire of distinguishing themselves to the heart-felt satisfaction of benefiting mankind.

It has been the general error of writers on this subject, to give a more obedient attention to the impulse of fancy, than to the dictates of reason, or the evidences of experience; and yet there are few who have not commenced with certain standing censures and common-place lamentations on this very fault of their predecessors, whom they have then proceeded to plunder with as little of reserve or consistency, as of good sense or honesty. The existing edifices have been demolished, not to raise a new building, but almost invariably to erect upon the same foundation, and with the same materials, a superstructure on an almost similar plan. However erroneous or defective may be the plans of those who have gone before them, it would be as well, that is, as reasonable, if these authors had softened the acrimony of their reproaches, and mitigated the poignancy of their sorrows by reflections, not more consolatory than true,—that it is the glory of our country to have produced a splendid succession of writers on almost every subject that has exercised human intellect,—as lively, as sound, as original, as philosophical, as any the world has produced;—and that it is her pride and happiness, no less than her bulwark, that her sons are with justice ranked as high in the comparative estimate of moral feeling and practical virtue as any nation under the cope of heaven. But while the consideration of these circumstances ought to relax the severity of censure, and cheer the hopelessness of despondence, they will by no means warrant either indifference or neglect. The pre-eminence of our writers, it is more than probable, is owing to the natural energy of their minds, which has risen superior to a mistaken and prejudicial education, rather than to that education itself. A fortunate

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combination of contingencies will often concur, even under the worst systems, to produce what are called great geniuses; and, indeed, it is difficult to conceive one so defective and pernicious, that illustrious and even good characters shall not be formed under it. So very little consideration, however, is necessary to convince us, that the excellence of our writers has been, or is, influenced in but a small degree by the superiority of any particular system of education, that it is not likely any argument will be drawn from that source in favour of not interfering with established practices: nor can their continuance be more powerfully justified by the national and private virtues; for however high may be our comparative rank,—however we may shine by the force of contrast,—*Stellas inter Luna minores*,—there is still too fatal a scope for the benevolent exertions of the philsopher and the philanthropist, to authorise the inactivity of either.

It is, however, to the latter only of these just-mentioned objects, that every wise system of education will direct its unceasing attention. The formation of authors, or of any class of men, whose mental endowments and acquisitions are to contribute the public stock of either information or entertainment,—will occupy but a small portion of any plan that has pretensions to practical utility and real good. Those who employ themselves in teaching or entertaining mankind, are already more than sufficiently numerous to answer all the demands of necessity or of pleasure. The hope of public approbation is incentive sufficient to recruit the ranks without the culture of education; nor is the number likely to diminish so long as man has vanity or notoriety has charms. And yet to form a judgment from the labour and the means recommended by most writers on education, as well as from the almost uniform conduct of those concerned in it,—one might conclude, not only that the world is miserably in want of proper employment for the hours of retirement and of proper relaxation for those of gaiety; but that it is necessary to a man's existence in this world, and happiness in the next, to make him either a poet or an orator, or a metaphysician; to give him a capability of declaiming with a good grace and in set language, and a skill in unraveling the intricacies of thought and arresting "the shadowy tribes of mind."

Doubtless it is a fine thing in theory to watch the progress of knowledge,—to see the untaught mind and narrow notions of childhood proceeding, by easy steps, and a multitude of small acquisitions, till they at last expand into the keensightedness of the philosopher and the statesman. The inviting splendour of such an employment has led many from the consideration of what was most useful on such a subject, to the more agreeable occupation of devising the best mode of forming and finishing such exalted characters.

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characters. But it is fortunate for mankind that these absurd attempts have nearly as much ill-success as they deserve. As greatness is comparative, and as ambition has ever yet found means to surpass, in a given proportion, all its competitors in the course of glory, these elevated stations can be gained only by a few; and the necessities of the day force such numbers from the contest, that they are not contended for by many. To provide the needful, not to procure the splendid and useless, is the aim and is sufficient to employ nearly all the time and talents of the vast body of mankind. Why then we should be prepared and armed for a contest to which neither interest nor inclination impels,—and from which necessity is imperiously calling us off, must be left to that folly which inspired the idea to answer. No reflection is necessary to convince us that it is neither likely nor necessary but both prejudicial and improbable, that men in general should become statesmen, poets, orators, or philosophers; and but little experience is requisite to shew that the attention should be most carefully directed to a consideration of the various inconveniences of life, and to the best mode of evading or combating them, or at least of alleviating and diminishing them. Once in the course of a long life, perhaps, a man may be called upon to argue acutely, and to speak fluently;—but an expertness in the active duties of life is a knowledge useful every moment, and to prepare for and be capable of executing them, is of infinite importance not only from their number and their constant recurrence, but from their influence on private happiness, and their intimate connexion with national prosperity.

People in general have, individually, no more concern with the conduct of their fellows than as that conduct is hurtful or beneficial to themselves;—not to govern, therefore, but to obey;—not to instruct, but to learn;—not to attempt to entertain, but to be easily satisfied,—are among the most useful lessons they can be taught. To infuse into the mind simple and few desires, not ambition,—patient fortitude, not refined sensibility;—to give a love for innocent amusements,—and to teach the practice of the milder virtues,—are objects on attention to which, in a great measure, depends our present happiness. And yet, how little of all that has been said on this subject is reducible to these simple principles!

One would think that the best system of education must obviously be that which could be most generally adopted, most easily executed, and most speedily completed; but it is evident, from the extent and solidity of the foundations which these authors usually lay out, that the splendid edifice it is intended to raise will require more labour, time, and expense than people in general have either inclination or opportunity to bestow or procure. If this be the case, and that it is there are volumes of evidence on the

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shelves of every well-stocked library to prove,—either all the labour which has been bestowed on this subject is useless, owing to a false pre-supposition of means not in existence,—which is a great want of foresight; or it has been intended solely for the service of the affluent,—which is a still greater want of charity.—Either way authors exclude the middle and lower classes from the advantageous results of their speculations. On these, however, the great body of the community, depends not only the physical strength but the intellectual energy of a nation; and from these classes alone can we deduce the real state of national elevation or depression; for on their numerousness or deficiency and on their civilization or barbarism,—rest the vigour of the whole body as well as its mental excellence. It will soon be seen, from a perusal of the works which treat on this subject, with what a culpable negligence it has been considered, as far as it relates to the public good in this point of view. Locke, in his *Thoughts on Education*, professes to regard that of the "gentleman's calling" only (as he phrases it); leaving the good conduct of the inferior classes to the influence of this favoured one. Mrs. Macauley Graham, too, from whose Whig principles, if we were not to be eternally deceived by the professions of that party, we might expect something more liberal—she admits that her "plan can alone be carried into general practice by the opulent; and that the needy and those of moderate fortune are, by their circumstances, precluded from attempting it *." She, like the last-mentioned author, leaves it entirely to the good sense of the lower classes, to follow the good example of their superiors; declaring that "there would be no end of forming rules of education for all the different ranks and situations of men." The aim of the Treatise of Knox, a work abounding in excellent observation and sound practical direction,—is "to exalt the endowments of human nature, and render it capable of sublime and refined contemplation †." The improvement of the mental faculties and their refinement, is, no doubt, the load star by which every sensible pilot directs his course, and among the universally admitted objects of education; but at the same time, while the remembrance of Swift's *Laputa* leads us inevitably to associate a *general* turn for refined and sublime contemplation with something eminently ridiculous, useless, and prejudicial, the mention of such an object let us at once into the author's narrow views, in excluding from his consideration the interests of the middle and inferior classes —a circumstance still further confirmed, when it is found that the completion of his design will require eighteen or twenty years. This

* Preface to the Letters on Education.
† *Liberal Education*, Vol. I., Introduction.

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This alone renders it incompatible with the views, the interests, and the necessities, of those who have to provide not merely for the imbecilities of old age, but "for the day which is passing over their heads." Dr. Barrow, who in general follows the steps of the lastmentioned author with a singular and rather suspicious exactness, has the merit of occasionally deviating into the more useful path, and certainly endeavours to render his system of more general utility than his predecessor's. The plan of the Edgeworths,—so admirably calculated, when it can be adopted, for the production of excellence,—requires the inclination and assiduity of virtuous parents, as well as the leisure and means of rich ones. As to Rousseau, that compounder of brilliant paradox, he sets out with a supposition that his imaginary pupil is possessed of wealth and nobility; and in the room of a reason for this choice, he says that "the poor require no education, since that of their station is confined, and they cannot attain to any other." His forgetfulness of a middle class may be accounted for; but his exclusion of the next inferior, cannot be easily reconciled with his professed philanthropy. From the enumeration of many other authors, who have equally narrowed the extent of their beneficial influence, we pass to the more agreeable duty of mentioning, as an exception, the loose thoughts on this subject, which appear in the Essays of Goldsmith. If any thing is necessary to give weight to the results of his experience, for he had been practically concerned in education, it is the temperate and rational tone of this sketch. It bears, as do most of his essays, marks of haste; but, however inefficient or defective his proposed measures may be, it unites the merit of good intention to that of standing almost alone in considering the subject in its most useful light.

And yet, with whatever measure of freedom we may point out in our predecessors the error of not having regarded their subject in its widest range and its most useful application, it would be a contemptible and useless piece of ingratitude not to join the public testimony in favour, generally speaking, of their genius and industry, which, as far as they have gone, have thrown great and most assisting light on the subject. We have already stated it as our opinion, that the works of the standard writers on this subject are the magazines from which future authors must draw the major part of those materials, which they are to fashion and combine, to retrench or amplify, agreeably to the results of their observation and reflection. In such an occupation, an author has but one standard by which to approve or to reject,—usefulness and practicability. To estimate the merits of every proposed measure by this standard may appear simple and easy; but it will be found to require a greater portion of care and impartiality than at first appears requisite: for it is to be feared, that what-

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ever the author has found to be beneficial in realizing his own hopes or promoting his own interest, will be his rule of usefulness; and that whatever his is able to perform, will be his standard of practicability. What we have long considered, generally acquires an importance, and what we have acquired, though by dint of unremitted and painful labour, loses half its terrors when we come to take a retrospect. It is on this account, most probably, that we so often see recommended pursuits not at all of general utility, and means not at all adequate to their accomplishment. Keeping this standard in view, it is proposed to consider, first, what is most useful in the education of the middle class, or those designed for what is generally called business,—and, secondly, what is likely to be the best mode of attaining it;—seldom entering into particulars, which can be detailed in an elaborate treatise only, but regarding mostly such general principles as become a sketch of the present description. From general principles it is easy to deduce such particulars of practice as the exigencies of particular situations may require.

I. The talents requisite to filling both successfully and effectually such stations as are open to the general mass of mankind, are neither numerous nor difficult of acquirement. And yet, at present, how much of our most valuable time, never to be recovered, is wasted in endeavouring to attain how many different species of knowledge never to be used! The immediate and absolute wants of the majority in England may be fully satisfied by a rapidity and accuracy of penmanship and calculation. But from a ridiculous love of display, or, at best, from a mistaken notion of providing for exigencies that never arrive, the existing modes of education embrace ancient and modern languages,—mathematics,—history and chronology,—geography and astronomy,—music, and dancing,—and numerous etcæteras, which many parents have sufficient ignorance to require, and many preceptors have sufficient presumption to profess teaching, in a period of time not adequate to the purpose of proper elementary instruction. It is not surprising that such a ridiculous attempt should produce an effect diametrically opposite to its profession. If not the aim, at least the effect of this mode is to gorge the pupil with such vast loads of learning as are absolutely indigestible. People, indeed, who lay up stores to dispose of may procure them wholesale; but those who have to provide for their own necessities only, generally purchase by retail. The scholar, it is true, acquires a long catalogue of names, which, if he be vain, enables him to talk on various subjects; but it often happens that he acquires in addition an indifference, and not unfrequently an absolute antipathy, to exhibiting even this shadow of knowledge. Education should qualify mankind not for talking, but for action; if those who spoke

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spoke best acted the wisest part, the lives of so many great persons, both in ancient and modern times, would not be so severe a commentary on their sayings.

Without at present canvassing the abilities of those who thus undertake to perfect us in nearly the whole round of science and art, without loss of time or retirement from business (as another species of quacks says),—it must be apparent that the necessity of making a shew of doing *something* in every study, prevents much progress in any; and of course that all, or nearly all the knowledge the student can acquire, is rudimental. The modes of life in which men in general are doomed to act will not allow of sufficient time for such advancement in any of these branches as may reward the diligence or repay the labour of overcoming elementary difficulties. A bitter knowledge of the asperities, and little or no acquaintance with the beauty or utility of such pursuits, is the consequence; and, instead of bestowing a taste for elegant and harmless relaxations, that might make the hours of leisure those of innocence, it produces an utter detestation of them.

It must however be admitted, that even when so broad a basis is not proceeded upon,—when the objects of attention are not so many, and the whole vigour of the mind is left to exert itself upon one or two of the most necessary,—whether it proceeds from the inadequacy or the misapplication of the means,—youths are sent into the world very poorly prepared for the great work they are frequently forced to undertake. It is often found that the whole advantage resulting from the uninterrupted appropriation of the first fourteen or fifteen years of life, and of considerable sums of money, is the mere negative one of having kept the boy out of harm; and not unfrequently there is no ground even for this unsatisfactory consolation. Many whose youthful years have been tortured into what is miscalled a preparation for the world, are sent forth uninformed and unprincipled; their minds barren for want of cultivation, and their passions violent for want of controul. A future opportunity will be found to state the cause and point out the remedy of this evil.

Of the opposite errors, a system in its aim too extensive, or one too limited,—the former is more prejudicial. The eye wanders over a boundless prospect, and is too distracted with the multitude of objects to convey to the mind a distinct idea of any; in a more confined view it has leisure to become perfectly acquainted even with the minutest parts. By too diffuse a plan, we incur the risk of acquiring nothing perfectly; while on a limited one it is a well-founded expectation that at least a little will be acquired, and, what is of consequence, will be acquired perfectly. "What is worth doing at all," says the proverb, "is worth doing well;" and if parents and preceptors

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would pay a little more attention to this maxim, and a little less to shew, their pupils would be better prepared for the commerce of the world; and, if they did not procure them such an early honour, would certainly a more lasting one. The Sage of old said, "a half is greater than the whole;" and on this occasion, at least, it is true. To execute extensive plans requires much time,—more, indeed, than the duties of life will suffer most of us to spend in preparation. Those who depend almost altogether on their own exertions, are generally called into life so early, that, under such a system, their education is in danger of being scarcely commenced when it ought to be completed. To obtain any thing like success, therefore, the number of objects should be as much as possible abridged, by dismissing all superfluous ones, and retaining such only as are absolutely essential. The object of the first importance, is to fit the pupil for the most obvious and indispensable duties of his situation; and the second,—which is of an importance little short of the first,—is to supply him with proper employment for those hours of leisure which every man possesses.

It has already been stated what will meet the immediate necessities of most persons in England; to which perhaps should be added a general knowledge of the rules of grammar. As to the studies generally pursued which we would reject, powerful and very apparent reasons point out as the most prominent,—the ancient languages, the higher parts of the mathematics, geography, as it is usually taught, and astronomy,—chronology altogether,—and much of history. It may be said, that with the exception of the ancient languages, these are regarded and treated as the collateral business of education; but it cannot be denied, that even the little knowledge that is obtained of them is acquired at the expence of much misspent time and useless labour. For while they remain among the ostensible objects of education, the necessity of doing something at them will always occupy considerable time; and the utter impossibility of doing much will always render that time misapplied.

The ancient languages we reject not merely on account of their uselessness, but from their absolutely pernicious effects, when not pursued with greater ardour and for a longer continuance. The misapplication of classical learning has been a subject of animadversion ancienter even than the time of Locke. The attention with which some late revivers of this censure have been heard, and the avidity with which they have been followed, give a pleasing hope that its reverberation is scarcely necessary. At the same time, the enemies to the cultivation of the dead languages,—many of whom at the bottom will be found no warm friends of any enlarged species of intellectual improvement,—must not forget that the censure is levelled at it, not as a folly in all cases, but only in those where it interferes with what is of prac-

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tical utility and becomes the pernicious cause of withdrawing the attention from more necessary pursuits. If the acquisition of Greek and Latin be considered as more than the keys to vast repositories of wisdom,—if, like the miser, we rest satisfied with merely having these riches at command, and use them not,—this indeed is a most reprehensible confusion of means and end. But it were far better that this error should hold its present ground unmolested (for it is impossible it should ever become universal) than that the noble remains of antiquity should fall into disrepute and neglect. The Latin language particularly should not be disregarded, where its cultivation will not interfere with objects of greater use and more absolute necessity. To reject both Latin and Greek, however, from the education bestowed on most persons in the middle class, and all in the lower gradations of society, is no proof of insensibility to their beauties, or of ignorance of their worth. It is a measure which necessity demands. To acquire a relish for the excellencies and beauties of these languages, and to derive any real advantage from their "healthful stores," requires a long and unremitted attention, and a portion of time incompatible with the interests and the wants of those ranks. Besides, the poverty of our language, and, if not the paucity of our authors, at least their want of skill and interest either to inform or to delight, which, in the infancy of our literature, drove us to seek foreign assistance, no longer exist in this our day of meridian lustre. Under any circumstances, the study of the classics, unless pursued with considerable diligence, and for a considerable time, is productive of most pernicious consequences. No doubt, an acquaintance with the fundamental principles of the mechanism of the Latin language will very much facilitate a knowledge of universal grammar. Its expression of the change of mood, tense, number, person, gender, case, &c., by a variety of termination, exhibits these fluctuations in the import and influence of words in so *visible* a manner, as renders them capable of a more speedy and exact comprehension than any other mode. Beyond this, the study is tiresome, laborious, and even highly hurtful.—Those who, unfortunately for themselves, and perhaps for society, have been in early years tortured into an acquirement of the rudiments of the dead languages, and whose early call from their studies did not allow opportunity to apply their hardly-earned knowledge to the purposes of actual utility, or even of transient amusement,—if they are capable of giving a transcript of their own feelings,—will declare, that the effect produced on their minds was an utter dislike to study,—that they considered grammar as a scholastic demogorgon, and all kinds of literary application as among the most grievous ills of humanity, and as included in the curse entailed upon us by the delinquency of our first parents.

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The present mode of distracting the attention and oppressing the minds of young scholars with such various and opposite occupations cannot be too severely or too successfully reprobated. It overwhelms the finest talents, disappoints the best hopes, and clouds some of the happiest years of life in an attempt, which, from the short time allowed it, is unattainable, and which, even if it could be accomplished, is unprofitable. After education has satisfied what the immediate wants of life are likely to demand, it ought necessarily to turn its attention to the best mode of giving the pupil a capacity to discover, and a taste to enjoy, in his hours of leisure, such occupations as are at once agreeable, harmless, and rational. By judiciously counteracting, or indeed preventing in early life any false associations of application and restraint, of idleness and liberty, it is in the power of a wise preceptor to make his pupil, when engaged in active life, regard the calls of business or profession, and the employments of leisure, what they really are, as agreeable and necessary changes of occupation;—to make business as pleasing as amusement, and amusement as useful as business. Individual happiness and the good order of society are very observably influenced by the regard which is paid to providing for every man a continual employment. The Epicureans placed idleness among the joys of a future state; but, no doubt, such of these sons of pleasure as took an experimental foretaste of this bliss, speedily found that its concomitant evils rendered it unfit for earthly enjoyment. We see numbers who seek to rid themselves of the languor of idleness in the revels of dissipation and the riots of intemperance. The intervals of business are gulphs in which so many are swallowed up, that their proper employment is of great importance; and Aristotle reckons it among the advantages of a good education, that it enables a man to employ his leisure well.—Imperfectly as the existing style of education is calculated to impart a sufficient knowledge of the transactions of the world, it is still less adapted to teach the proper employment of leisure.

The first step towards this is, to give the pupil a taste for general knowledge. Young persons should always have books about them. They should not, however, be forced upon them, and every appearance of design in placing them in view should be judiciously avoided. This caution will be unnecessary when those who superintend the work of education are of studious, or, more properly speaking, of reading habits. The conversation of such people will be of a nature to awaken some desire of knowledge; the imitative propensities of young persons, and the pride of doing like their elders, will incite still further; and books will be at hand to gratify and confirm this propensity. Our language is so abundant in miscellaneous literature, that, the desire of knowledge once given, there will be no difficulty in satisfying, con-

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confirming, and extending it. One of the best incentives to a taste for general literature, is biography. It is particularly gratifying to the natural curiosity of a young mind, and will give, in the easiest and most delightful manner, an acquaintance with the world; and is, above all things, most likely to create and fix a love of knowledge; for let who will be the subject, the author seldom neglects the numberless opportunities he has of recommending the cultivation of the mind, and of expatiating on the charms of letters. After being acquainted with the circumstances of an author's life in particular, it is natural to seek further information in his writings: and the spark thus kindled will never afterwards be extinguished.

It is excellently observed by Goldsmith, that "in the several machines now in use, there would be ample field both for instruction and amusement; the different sorts of phosphorus, the artificial pyrites, magnetism, electricity, the experiments upon the rarefaction and weight of the air, and those upon the elastic bodies, might employ *idle* [why idle?] hours with profit. It would be sufficient, at first, if the instruments and the effects of their combination only were shown; the causes might be deferred to maturer age, or to those times when natural curiosity prompts us to discover the wonders of nature. * * * * * A mind thus leaving school, stored with all the simple experiments of science, * * * * * * would make a wiser man, and would retain *a more lasting passion for letters*, than he who was only burdened with the disagreeable institution of cause and effect."

Natural history, too, is a most captivating study to a young person, and the "Animated Nature" of the author just quoted, defective and (in some instances) erroneous as it is said to be, is, perhaps, as pleasing and as useful a book as can be put into the hands of an enquiring youth*. The alluring graces and perspicuity of the style adapt it peculiarly to his taste and understanding. They who still retain a remembrance of the delight with which

* If the author accomplished his design,—and that he did, few, I think, will deny,—the motive for recommending this work will be obvious:—"Let us dignify Natural History never so much with the grave appellation of a useful science, yet still we must confess that it is the occupation of the idle and the speculative more than of the ambitious part of mankind. * * * * * * * * It will be my chief pride, therefore, if this work may be found an innocent amusement for those who have nothing else to employ them, or who require a relaxation from labour. Professed naturalists will, no doubt, find it superficial; and yet I should hope that even these will discover hints and remarks, gleaned from various reading, not wholly trite or elementary; I would wish for their approbation. But my chief ambition is, to drag up the obscure and gloomy learning of the cell to open inspection; to strip it from its garb of austerity, and to shew the beauties of that form which only the industrious and the inquisitive have been permitted hitherto to approach."—*Preface to History of Earth and Animated Nature.*

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which they perused works of fiction, and who are not ashamed to acknowledge the pleasure they still receive from them, will scarcely prohibit them to the present generation. Robinson Crusoe, The Arabian Nights, and many others of that description, have given an innocent charm to an hour of relaxation, to enjoy which again, it were almost gain to forego the more solid delights of knowledge. Goldsmith, in his desire of censuring "Tom Jones, Joseph Andrews, and a hundred others, where frugality is the only good quality the hero is not possessed of," recommends that "there should be men of wit employed to compose books which might equally interest the passions of youth,—where such a one might be praised for having resisted allurements when young, and how he at last became lord-mayor, and was married to a lady of great sense, fortune, and beauty." This, however, is a deception of the worst kind,—it wears the appearance of truth; and unless the preceptor explains the fact (which of course he will not, as counteracting his design), the pupil's own experience will soon dissipate the mist, and he will play off those tricks which have been practised on himself;—these are "instructions, which being taught, return to plague the inventors." Multitudes of books may be found, infinitely more engaging and beneficial to young persons;—stories which exhibit life as it is; which represent virtuous men as struggling with misfortune, and which, by engaging pity on the side of virtue, induce the practice of it. Much depends on carefully watching and seizing occasions of the pupil's curiosity being excited, as the most favourable opportunities of fixing a desire for information. A conviction of his ignorance the pupil is not likely to be long without; it must be the aim of the preceptor to add to it a thirst for knowledge; when once this begins to operate, there is good foundation for the best hope;—it produces endeavour, and that, properly seconded and directed, is certain of final success.

A youth thus prepared for the active employments of his station, and with a stock of innocent amusements at command for his hours of leisure, will discharge his various avocations with success, and is in no danger of contracting licentious habits, or of committing any gross outrage on the decorum of society. The pleasures he has been taught to seek can be procured only in the quiet of domestic life; and the delight he will feel in that will prompt him to a diligent cultivation of its precepts. Thus formed, and with such views, if he is not likely to astonish us with brilliant talents, or to awe us with austere virtue, it is more than barely probable that he will endear himself by his mild behaviour and useful qualities,—by his good sense and his consequently correct discharge of his duty, political and religious.

II. The comparative merits of public and domestic education have

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have been stated with far greater accuracy, than most other questions relating to the subject. Perhaps, as Sir Roger de Coverley says, much may be said on both sides; and, indeed, so much has been said,—this excellence has been so often balanced by that defect, and the existence of good in the one system has been so often parried by the absence of evil in the other,—that whoever attempts decision for either, is not a little bewildered. It is not of much importance, however, which system is adopted, so that it be pursued with steadiness and skill. What Pope says of forms of governments is true of forms of education: "Whate'er is best administer'd, is best*." Even they who are not disposed to admit this, will allow that a defective system, judiciously acted upon, is likely to be productive of more benefit, than a perfect one managed negligently. Both systems have produced excellent scholars and good men; and no doubt to the cause last mentioned may be referred most of the failures.

Considered with regard to its practicability in an extensive application, the public form is certainly superior to the domestic. The means and conveniences of few persons below the higher classes of society, are calculated to meet the necessary expence and assiduity required by the latter mode. Even were these obstructions surmounted, there are other considerations which put a private domestic education quite out of the question, with regard to the middle class of people. The sole and fatal cause of the defects in the present style of education, and of the inefficiency of the adopted measures, is to be found in the indolence, the ignorance, the mistaken partiality, and the empty vanity of parents in general. Some of them, in choosing a school for their children, give an idle acquiescence to the recommendation of an acquaintance (perhaps one of the schoolmaster's tradesmen),—others are dazzled and overcome by the splendid promises of these literary quacks,—many are cajoled by the common cant of tender treatment, and a whole body by the quantity that is offered for a little money. Is a man of such an easy credulity, and of such careless habits, a proper person to stamp the future destiny of a fellow-being? A sensible, well-informed, diligent, and rationally affectionate parent is, undoubtedly, the best person in the world either to conduct or overlook the education of his family; and, likely enough, this is the reason that the virtues of such parents are almost invariably inherited and practised by their offspring. If parents in general had ability, virtues, and facilities of life, competent to the superintendance of their children's education, and on a plan similar to that detailed in the Practical Education of Edgeworth, the almost certain effect would be the production

* Essay on Man, Epist. III.

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production of *usefully* virtuous men, who, by the force of contrast, would exhibit in its true light much of the ancient virtue. The exertions of a stranger, however stimulated by reward, and by a conscientious regard to the importance of his charge, can never equal the unceasing care, and patient labour, of a sensible and affectionate parent; consequently, if the abilities of the hired and natural preceptor are alike, the exertions of the latter stand the best chance of success. This is so apparent, that were the majority of parents fitted for the undertaking, the question would be no longer problematical. But that want of penetration, of reflection, and of common sense, which causes them to be deceived by any ignorant pretender, and to acquiesce in any system, however contrary to their continual experience, shews at once what might be expected from their actual care. Till parents give better samples of their judgment in selecting tutors, the less they employ themselves in the education of their children the better. The ability, then, which they exhibit in the little concern they take in this important matter, is a decisive testimony against them; and private education, for general use, being rejected, it remains to be considered what is the best mode of public instruction.

If parents in general are bad instructors, many of those who undertake the office of schoolmasters are worse. If among them we may find some learned, many industrious,—or even if the majority, as likely enough is the case, be learned and industrious, there are still so many ignorant, idle, and mercenary impostors among the body, that the mischief, hourly done to society by them, is incalculable. Nor is the public the only sufferer; men of merit are frequently deterred from engaging in a profession to which their inclination prompts them, because they are too modest to enter into a competition on such an occasion, and too dignified to stoop to the artful meanness and pompous professions by which their opponents, less scrupulous, and less honest, cajole and deceive ignorant and unthinking parents. To enter largely into the characters of such schoolmasters, were to write a continued invective; but as railing is not a pleasant occupation, nor so beneficial as remedying, it will be better to pass on, to consider the best mode of opposing and overthrowing these literary usurpers*.

The ancient legislators, seemingly aware how the business of instruction might be neglected and abused, and what a powerful, as well as beneficial engine, in the hands of the state, is a system of national education,—made that a grand feature in their policy. Not to mention the prescriptive deference properly paid to such venerable

* See Dr. Barrow's Essay on Education, Vol. II., ch. vii.—The Doctor speaks from experience, and points out a remedy for this evil, with much sagacity and eloquence.

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venerable institutions, the beneficial effects which flowed from them, most powerfully call upon the existing governments, if not for their adoption, at least for a patient investigation of their merits, and an impartial estimate of their effects. The general practices, indeed, of those countries and times of simplicity, it is neither possible nor requisite to adapt to the habits of the present day. It is not recommended that we should accustom young men to behold the naked female, in order to teach them modesty; nor that the ladies should publicly wrestle, in order to brace their nerves; nor that we should all dine at a public table, in order to learn temperance. That those means were bad, or were productive of effects different from the intended, is, however, no argument against the general principle. Much of their practice we resign to well-merited censure, and many of their plans to unlamented obscurity; but the principle, that the education of the individual is one of the most imperious duties of the state*, is worthy of a most serious consideration, that we may decide upon its expediency, to what extent it should be adopted, and where it is necessary that we should retrench, extend, and improve that distinguishing part of ancient policy, which so decidedly marked, and so long preserved, the national character. A recurrence to the customs of the earlier ages is beneficial at all times, and particularly when there is a tendency to luxury and deterioration. Such a review will call off the attention from superfluities, and fix them upon the necessaries of life:—the former of which, any people far advanced in refinement, is apt to regard too much, and the latter too little. The more the practices of those times are reverted to and renewed, the more likely is this evil to be remedied; for mankind had then too many wants to allow leisure, and too much occupation to breed inclination, for more than practical knowledge.

It is not my intention to propose even the outline of any plan of national education. It may be done at some future period; but would at present lead into a discussion much too long. It will be sufficient for this occasion to observe, that it might be under a management nearly similar to the established church: the managers to have the examination and nomination of the schoolmasters, the choice of situation, and the appointment of the number of scholars; and an uncontrouled power over the objects and mode of education. The abolition of sinecure places has been

* 'When the boys were emancipated from the jurisdiction of women, they were not entrusted, as in other countries, to the mercenary tuition of slaves, who might degrade their sentiments and corrupt their morals. The education of youth, *as an object of the highest confidence*, was committed to those who had enjoyed, or who were entitled to enjoy, the most splendid dignities of the republic.—*Gillies' Ancient Greece*, Vol I., ch. iii.

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been so often recommended, and the salaries so often appropriated to other purposes, that it would be too hard to press them into the support of the expences of this establishment. But these may be defrayed from a fund raised by a regular and proportionate levy on the country in general; and it is likely enough that this would be much lighter than the sums now paid for the same purpose. With a view of more correctly estimating the effects of the plan, as well as forwarding its views, there should be periodical public examinations, and the schools should be always subject to visitations of the directors.

In a country so jealous,—so properly jealous, of its liberty, as England, an instantaneous objection will be raised to the addition of power, which, on the adoption of such a plan, would necessarily be reposed in the government. But this watchfulness, in general so laudable, is, in this instance, needless. In this country, at least, so wisely balanced, so composed of checks and counter-checks—if there were inclination, opportunity, and an attempt to violate this confidence, there is a remedy provided to visit the transgressors with punishment proportionate to their crime. A House of Commons, composed of men possessing, in the least degree, honour and public spirit, has power to stop the progress of any innovation, or abuse of the trust. Besides, there are already (nay, there must be) many other discretionary powers placed in the hands of the rulers; these are so seldom abused, that custom has rendered us almost insensible to them. The ordaining of clergymen,—calling law-students to the bar,—licensing physicians,—and others of like nature,—what are they but so many instances of the same power, to which the same jealous spirit might take similar objections? And yet few evils arise from the exercise of these customs. It is true, that worthy characters might occasionally be rejected through the influence of a great man, or from some particular prejudice. But this will not exclude them from making use of their talents and following their inclination; since the same toleration which permits unordained persons to expound the doctrines of Holy Writ, and unlicensed persons to practise physic, need not be denied to an unauthorised schoolmaster. No evil then can arise in the selection of the master, and still less can be feared in the objects of education to be pursued by the pupil. These once fixed, any deviation from them will be speedily observed and easily corrected. Above all, the system adopted in ancient Greece, so far from possessing a tendency to the subversion of liberty, was the great promoter of public spirit, and consequently the great preserver of public liberty. "It will not be easy," says an historian, "to point out a nation who united a more complete subordination to established authority with a higher sense of personal independence, and a more respectful

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ful regard to the dictates of religion with a more ardent spirit of martial enterprise. The generous quality of their establishments raised them to a certain elevation of character which will be for ever remembered and admired *. Gilbert Wakefield, too, that man of sincerity and simplicity, that dignified sufferer in the cause of mental freedom,—after mentioning the little progress he made under his first two or three masters, arising from their ignorance and unskilfulness, declares it to be his "humble opinion, that this enormous usurpation of stupidity and impudence ought to be made a national concern." And in allusion to the supposed danger of liberty, he adds, "I cherish liberty, I think, with a warmth of attachment inferior to no man; but I should rejoice to see, I confess, some restrictions in the case before me. Men of acknowledged qualifications should be appointed to examine, with a scrupulous and conscientious accuracy, the competency of all who undertake the business of teaching; and none should be allowed to exercise this arduous office, but those who could endure the fiery ordeal. For my own part, I look upon the generality of these preceptors as robbers of hope and opportunity,—those blessings for which no compensation can be made†." This, it is true, is only an opinion; but the testimony of such a man possesses the power of an argument ‡. Even taking for granted this supposed hostility to liberty, perhaps even then, it will be only a question whether a man shall be the slave of himself or of others. We need not go to philosophers, with this alternative, to learn in which instance he would be most miserable in himself as well as most noxious to society.

The advantages of such a plan are many and great. The preceptor would possess a less irksome and a more honourable station, together with a more certain and permanent reward;—the pupil would receive a more useful education, and, consequently, the state would become possessed of better subjects. If we are not allowed to calculate upon the benefits which proceeded from it in former times,—public spirit, patriotism, a contempt of danger, an endurance of pain, generosity, a well-regulated sensibility, &c.,—we may certainly be allowed to suppose that it will the better fit men for the duties of life, because it will be better supplied with good instructors; and that it is most likely to bring into notice, and to apply in the best way, to the national advantage, superior talents of every description. The system of the

* Gillies' Ancient Greece, Vol. I.

† Memoirs of Gilbert Wakefield, Vol. I.

‡ "Argument is like an arrow from a cross-bow, which has equal force though shot by a child. Testimony is like an arrow shot from a long bow, the force of it depends on the strength of the hand that draws it."—*Bacon.*

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Jesuits* may here be adopted, not for the advantage of a few, but for the general good. The particular turn of every individual (no matter whether derived from nature or produced by accident) may be directed to national advantage, and talents in general be allotted to such occupations as may be most congenial to them.

Another advantage would be in the overthrow of scholastic quackery. Though perhaps we may every where find people pretending to more knowledge than they possess, yet professions are peculiarly exposed to the intrusions of mere pretenders to science. As few or none could pass the examination without the necessary qualifications, of course the number of ignoramuses who would be excluded, would make room for men duly worthy of the station. The place now impudently usurped by ignorance might then be occupied by many of our poorer clergy,—men whom it is impossible to name, as a body, without a mingled sentiment of respect and regret. Their office requires that they should be scholars, and their education gives assurance that they are gentlemen. That such men should be in indigence for want of proper employment, and in solitude for want of proper society, is what a feeling person cannot think of without the keenest sorrow. Their poverty precludes their enjoyment of the pleasures of elevated society, and their education makes them unable to enter into those of the lower classes. To give them occupation in the instruction of youth, would be an additional incitement to them to become good scholars, and the pecuniary advantages they would derive from the occupation, would enable them to fill the rank they are entitled to possess. On a proper education, too, depends, in a great measure, the success of the doctrines they inculcate from the pulpit. Where, then, can we find persons more worthy or better capable than they, of undertaking the office? Every day more imperiously

* "In order that the general, who is the soul that animates and moves the whole society, may have under his eyes every thing necessary to inform or direct him, the provincials and heads of the several houses are obliged to transmit to him regular and frequent reports concerning the members under their inspection. In this they descend into minute details with respect to the character of each person, his abilities, natural or acquired, his temper, his experience in affairs, and the particular department for which he is best fitted. These reports, when digested and arranged, are entered into registers kept on purpose, that the general may, at one comprehensive view, survey the state of the society in every corner of the earth; observe the qualifications and talents of its members; and thus choose, with perfect information, the instruments he would employ."—*Robertson's Charles V.*, Book VI.

How much good might this society have done, if it had laudably directed its attention to national advantage, and not confined itself to the prosperity merely of its order. As it was, however, the services it rendered to literature, and to the freedom of human intellect, will be remembered and live in their effects longer than the avarice and the ambition,—in a word, the selfishness, of this remarkable body.

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imperiously demands the adoption of some plan to oppose, in an effectual and *proper* manner, the progress of dissenting principles. Those who differ with the doctrines or the practice of the Established Church, now begin a system of proselytism at a time when the impression is most easily and most permanently made. And whether their aim be commendable or not,—in the erection of Sunday-schools and other seminaries,—they must be allowed to have taken the most effectual means of securing its accomplishment. To imitate their commendable zeal, will very considerably check the further progress of their doctrines, and defeat the only plea that exists for their interference.

The mitigation of the criminal code has lately occupied the attention of the legislature,—a measure, of which, however necessary at present, there would be little need if education were a national concern, and more widely diffused. The perseverance, the unceasing prudence, and the moral rectitude so common among our northern brethren, from which, more than any thing else, proceeds their universal success, is to be attributed solely to the diffusion of knowledge among the lower classes. To infuse similar principles into the general body of Englishmen, would be productive of the same effect. The legislature, therefore, if it is not disposed to acquiesce in a mitigation of the severity of the laws, is bound to take every precaution which may prevent their infringement. No doubt this is to be found in the proper administration and universal diffusion of instruction; for there is scarcely a single unfortunate sufferer under the violated laws of his country, whose crimes may not be traced to the errors or the neglect of his education.

The very first mention of a system of national instruction is likely to provoke a retort of the charge of speculation, which this paper mentioned at its commencement. It has, however, the practice of ancient times to countenance it,—and its effects to defend it. That it is not inconsistent with the present time, examples, apparent on the least reflection, may readily be adduced. It is neither theoretical nor impracticable; the existing system is, generally speaking, abominable; and the adoption of a new one, if it will not rectify all the present errors, will certainly destroy a great many; and at least it will rouse attention to the subject, and increase the volume of experience. The furtherance of such a plan is an object which any one anxious for glory, or solicitous for the public good, must contemplate with delight. Its accomplishment would shed lustre round a throne and diffuse happiness among a people.—Nor could a reign commence with greater glory, or with the real good of society more in view, than one, the first act of which should be an attention to carrying into effect a system of National Education. R. F. E.

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Art. XVI.—*Retrospect of Public Affairs.*

The first quarter of the year closed with an extraordinary interest excited in the public by the events passing in Portugal, from which country the French, under the command of Massena, were making a hasty retreat. We shall therefore begin by pursuing the narrative of these transactions. After a brisk action on the 3d of April, upon the banks of the Coa, in which the French endeavoured, without success, to check their pursuers, they quitted Portugal and entered the Spanish frontier on the 4th, and continued their retreat across the Agueda. Lord Wellington, in the mean time, invested the fortress of Almeida; suffering the French to retire unmolested, their superiority in cavalry rendering further pursuit too hazardous. Massena employed himself in collecting all the force within the neighbouring provinces, and in the beginning of May re-crossed the Agueda at Ciudad Rodrigo, for the purpose of making an effort for the relief of Almeida. The allied troops stationed on the Spanish frontier fell back as the enemy advanced, and on May 3d, the French, with their usual impetuosity, made an attack on the village of Fuentes d'Honor, which, after a temporary success, was repulsed. On the 5th they again, with their whole force, attacked the posts of the allies, especially the village above-mentioned, but after a long and severe action, were repulsed with great loss, and finally withdrew to some woods at a small distance. They soon after broke up, re-crossed the Agueda, and left Almeida to its fate. This fortress was evacuated on the 11th, after blowing up some of the works, by the French garrison, which made its escape almost unobserved through the English blockade, but suffered some loss in its further retreat.

About this time the French, under Marshal Soult, advanced in force from Seville to relieve Badajos, besieged by the allied army under the command of Marshal Beresford. That general found it expedient to raise the siege on their approach, and take a position, with all his force, between Badajos and the enemy, at Albuera. He was there attacked, on May 16th, by the whole of the French army, and a most sanguinary contest ensued, which lasted five hours, when the French were repelled in every point, and driven back over the rivulet of Albuera.

The loss of the English on this occasion was greater than in any other action of the present war, amounting, in killed, wounded, and missing, to more than 3,500 men. That of the allies was also very considerable. The French appear to have been still greater sufferers.

When the intelligence of these events arrived in England, the nation

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nation was justly elated with the additional honour acquired by the British arms in such severe encounters, in which uniform valour and steadiness had been displayed. The commanders were publicly thanked, and the actions were spoken of, especially by those of the ministerial party, as splendid victories. The sanguine predicted a speedy and total expulsion of the French from the peninsula, and with it the downfal of the *Corsican Tyrant.* Consequences, however (from which alone military success is to be estimated), have unfortunately proved that these expectations were, at least, premature. The siege of Badajos, which was resumed by Lord Wellington, who took the command in this quarter, after costing a number of men in two unsuccessful attempts to gain possession of an important fort, was again abandoned in June on the advance of a French army: and we have the mortification of concluding this part of our retrospect with the view of the allied troops defensively posted within the frontier of Portugal.—A relation of the further occurrences in the Peninsula would anticipate the matter of our ensuing Number.

The British navy has lately had few opportunities of distinguishing itself for want of an enemy. One gallant and successful action, however, was added to its long list of honours, in the month of March. A squadron of four English frigates, under the command of Captain Hoste, fell in with a combined French and Italian squadron, consisting of five frigates, three of them much superior in size to any of the English, with several smaller armed vessels, off the island of Lissa in the Adriatic; and after a severe action, captured two of the frigates, and destroyed another, that of the commodore, who was killed in the engagement; a fourth, which had struck her colours, took an opportunity of escaping.

Of domestic affairs, the first demanding notice is the state of the King's health. The bulletins in April made uniformly favourable reports; and that of the Queen's Council, published, according to the Regency Act, on April 6th, after stating that his Majesty is still unable to resume the Royal functions, affirms,—"that his Majesty appears to have made material progress towards recovery, and that all his physicians continue to express their expectations of such recovery." But these hopes, whatever were their foundation, proved in the event wholly illusory. At the approach of his birth day it was not to be concealed that his mental malady had so much augmented, that he could no longer be permitted to appear in public; and since that time he has been entirely committed to the care of Dr. Willis and his assistants. Of the state of his bodily health different accounts are propagated, but it seems at length universally, however reluctantly, admitted, that his mind is irreparably deranged. Without using Mr. Burke's

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it had any, were intimidated from appearing, and the Noble mover was left singly to withstand the storm. The Ministers disclaimed it; the Archbishop of Canterbury declared himself convinced that more mischief than good would arise from it; other lords buffetted it; and the second reading was negatived without a division. The result will, it is to be hoped, prevent any other inconsiderate attempt to tamper with an Act, which is the sole legal protection against that persecuting spirit which will always, in some degree, accompany interested zeal in alliance with power.

The budget was opened by Mr. Perceval on May 20th. If the gradual augmentation of the public expenditure had not rendered the nation callous, alarm would doubtless be excited by the idea that we are in the midst of an apparently interminable war, in which we are obliged to maintain a navy at a charge of twenty millions, and an army at twenty-one; and that in addition to the prodigious revenue derived from taxation, the product of which is ostentatiously brought forwards as a proof of the great national prosperity, a loan of twelve millions for Great Britain, and four and a half for Ireland, was requisite. Can any one seriously think it possible that such a system can last, under an obstruction in the sources of foreign commerce which has shaken private credit to its center? "One cannot (says the Chancellor of the Exchequer) go through the country, in any direction, without seeing proofs of its increasing prosperity." No doubt, a view from the window of a post-chaise will present abundance of new houses and ornamented grounds; but what says the detail of private life in the middle ranks of society? what is to be inferred from the countless lists of bankrupts in the gazette? Men from the elevation of rank and station overlook all this; but those upon the level both see and severely feel it.

On May 31st Mr. Grattan moved, in the House of Commons, "That the Petition of the Catholics of Ireland should be taken into consideration by a Committee of the whole House." He was supported by several able speakers, but opposed by the will of the Minister, and his motion was negatived. A similar motion was afterwards made in the House of Lords, with the like success. It was probably in contemplation of such a cause of disaffection offered to the great body of the Irish, that the plan of an interchange between the British and Irish militias was devised, and which has been in part carried into execution.

The disparity between paper and cash or bullion, at length became so notorious, that some remedy for the effects it produced was obviously necessary. Legislative interference was hastened by the circumstance of a notice issued by a Nobleman (Lord King) to his tenants, that he should insist upon receiving his rents in gold,

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gold, according to the letter of the contracts, or if in Bank-paper, at an addition of seventeen and a half per cent. of the nominal value, the rate of its supposed depreciation. Concerning the justice of this demand, much has been said, and it is not for us to decide; but we shall venture to assert, that if the great landed proprietors entertain the notion of shifting off the burden of the times from their own shoulders to those of any other class of society, they are directly leading the way to a revolution like that of France.—While the state creditors, and all those who gain their living by the exertions of their industry, are obliged to accept their payments in paper, however depreciated, will it be endured that the opulent proprietors of land, who have been continually raising their rents in proportion to the increased price of commodities, should insist upon being paid in a different currency? For whose interests, so much as for those of the superior orders, has all the waste of the long war under which we are groaning, been increased? This is a dangerous string to touch, and we forbear to say more.

The cause of the Bank-notes was at length taken up in parliament by Lord Stanhope, a peer who acts from his own suggestions, more, probably, than any other member of that House; and it was a singular proof of the embarrassment felt by the Ministry on the subject, that they were glad to adopt the project of one who was almost a constant opponent, and never scrupled to treat them with severe censure and sarcasm. He introduced, late in the Session, a Bill, the chief purpose of which was to render it illegal to give more for gold coin than its lawful value, or to take Bank-notes at a depreciated value. Though it did not make Bank-notes a legal tender, it in effect obliged a creditor to take them or nothing; and the plea was, that nothing else is to be had in the present deficiency of bullion. As his lordship affirmed that he went upon the principle that the Bank of England is solvent, it seemed necessary to accompany the Bill with a clause restricting its paper-coinage to a definite sum, and this the mover appeared to intend; but Ministers would not admit such a restriction. The Bill was regarded as only a temporary expedient, and being hastened through both Houses, though not without much opposition, passed into a law on July 24th, just before the prorogation of parliament. It is now manifest that the circulating medium of the nation is placed entirely at the discretion of the Bank Directors, or of the Ministers, with whom they are identified; and this must continue as long as the war lasts.

The transactions in the other parts of Europe during the period of which we treat have not been of great moment. The war between the Turks and Russians has been carried on languidly; and there seems nothing in the circumstances of either power that should

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should prevent its speedy conclusion, were the rulers of mankind prepared to make any sacrifices of pride or ambition to the welfare of the people subjected to their dominion. It is the wish of this country that a peace between these powers may take place, to be immediately succeeded by a sanguinary war between Russia and France. Doubtless it is on every account desirable that Russia should assert its independence of French councils or commands; and if this cannot be effected without a breach with the despot of Europe, the political freedom of that empire may be worth such a hazard; yet its sovereign will perhaps pause before he again engages in an encounter where not a province, but a crown, will be the stake. In the mean time it is said that the financial difficulties of Russia have compelled it already to give indirect admission to British commerce; and it is probable that the first resistance to the French system of exclusion will commence in that quarter.

In Sweden, the war with England is manifestly unpopular, and serious insurrections have occurred in some of the provinces on account of the military conscription. The deposed king of that country, who impatiently quitted the protection of an English frigate, and landed in Denmark, was apprehended by an order of the French government, and will probably end his days in an honourable confinement.

The assembly of the French clergy, convoked for the purpose of rectifying the disordered state of the Catholic church of France, and filling the numerous episcopal vacancies, appears to have made little progress; and difficulties probably occur which even the uncontrouled power of Napoleon is unable to overcome. The Pope is residing at Savona, in a state of exile from his proper capital, and is thought to be still refractory to the commands of his oppressor.

From America, the most important intelligence to this country has been that of an unhappy rencounter between a British ship of war and one belonging to the United States. On May 16th, the King's sloop *Little Belt*, commanded by Captain Bingham, while cruising off the coast of North America, descried and gave chace to a strange sail, which proved to be the United State's frigate, of forty-four guns, the *President*, Commodore Rodgers. She was chased in her turn, and in the evening the chaser came within hail. To the mutual questions of What ship? no answers were returned; shots were fired, from which vessel first is a matter of dispute, and without explanation on either part, a brisk action commenced, which terminated in great damage and loss of men on the part of the *Little Belt*. They parted for the night; and the next morning an elucidation took place, with some offers of assistance from the American, which were declined by Captain Bingham;

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Bingham; and thus the affair terminated. Whether design, naval etiquette, or accident, were the cause of this unfortunate act of hostility, must be ascertained by further enquiry; in the meantime it must have the effect of adding another source of dispute to the differences subsisting between the two nations.

In Spanish America, war is still waged between the party attached to the mother country, and the votaries of independence; it is said with advantage to the latter. To that country the eyes of the speculative politician are turned with peculiar interest, as presenting a distant perspective of events which may be highly important to mankind, when the old world may be replunged into barbarism.

ART. XVII.—*On the Talents of Frey and Piranesi, considered with reference to the State of Italian Engraving in the Century which preceded them.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR.

SIR,

WHEN we reflect on the advantages possessed by the artists of Italy compared with those whose inferior fortune it has been to exist in the other countries of Europe, we cannot but feel some surprise that in the course of the seventeenth century, so few engravers who are justly entitled to rank high in their profession, should have appeared in that highly-favoured country. While France, Germany, and the Low Countries, with inferior opportunities, present a respectable display of talent in that art, and are even brightened with some rays of original genius, the history of Italian engrav. g, from the time of Agostino Caracci to that of Piranesi and Giacomo Frey, is little better than a dull record of creeping mediocrity.

If we derive more salutary knowledge from example than from mere precept, it is surely desirable to ascertain the cause of an effect so remarkable, and so interesting when considered with reference to the future progress of the art of engraving, and if it should be found ascribable (as generally happens in cases of this kind) to a combination of causes, to shew in what degrees they each contributed to its production; or, whether the decline of the art were more owing to paucity of Italian patronage; or to dearth of that particular kind of genius, combined with patient assiduity, which is requisite in order to excel in this art; or that it was not studied and practised in Italy (as it was at this time in the north of Europe) as a distinct profession from that of painting;

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painting; or, that no philosophical view was then and there taken of the principles and practical energies of engraving, though painting and the art of the statuary were abundantly honoured with the literary attentions of their Italian professors and critics, which must have contributed largely to the diffusion of taste and knowledge in those arts among the people.

I do not propose any thing more at present than to state these questions, and invite your reflecting correspondents (or yourself, Mr. Reflector, if you should think proper) to their discussion. I shall add such biographical notices of the two artists whom I have named, and such remarks on their professional merits, as reading and observation enable me to supply, and as may peradventure shed some light on the questions at issue. The works of Frey and Piranesi, who, early in the eighteenth century, stood forth the distinguished leaders of Italian engraving, at least proved to their contemporaries that the genius of the art had not fled for ever, to climates less genial, and less benefited by the re-appearance of the sculptured wonders of antiquity.

Giacomo Frey was born at Lucerne, in Switzerland, in the year 1681, and his life presents a remarkable instance of the indestructibility of genius; which it should seem that no rigour of adverse fortune can subdue, and no fire of intemperate passions can consume.

He was apprenticed to the trade of a cartwright, and in spite of his propensities toward the Fine Arts, was obliged to follow that trade till he attained the age of two and twenty, when he surmounted the obstacles that stood in his road, and, somehow or other, made his way to Rome: but in quitting the peaceful and placid vale of Lucerne, he seems to have broken loose from all sober restraint; and on his arrival in Italy, his passions, which the self-denials of modesty and the fortitude of innocence had hitherto held in check, hurried him into every dangerous excess. Yet as the same Po, which roars and riots down the Alps, winds afterward a stately river through the plains of Italy, so it was with our artist: when the ebullitions of passion was over, he listened with delight to the advice of Arnold van Wirtenhout, and the instructions of Carlo Maratti, and from that period began to make surprising progress in the art of engraving.

A speech of Maratti to his pupil, which strongly marks the good sense and sound observation of that master, has been recorded: —"The engravers of history (said he) make too much use of the *burin*, and hence arises a certain hardness in their contours; I would advise *you* to familiarize yourself with the etching-point, because it operates in a far more picturesque manner than the graver."

Frey followed this advice, at once with the docility of a pupil,

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gil, and the intuitive readiness of a master. Robert van Audenarde of Ghent was at this time his fellow-disciple and liberal rival, but the rapid strides of Giacomo soon left him at an immense distance, though a man of ability. He drew with superior taste, had a fine eye for the harmony both of colours and chiaro-scuro, etched with a degree of spirit and freedom which have very rarely been attained, and worked over and finished his etchings with the graver at once with firmness and facility; incorporating the whole by means of such exquisite feeling of the merits of his original, that it has been emphatically said of his prints, that they appear rather painted than engraved. He was the Gerard Audran of Italy, and seemed only to differ from Audran himself as Raphael, Guido, Dominichino, and Guerchino (after whom his principal works were engraved), differ from Le Brun. In short, his feeling for the peculiar excellencies of the first masters of the Italian schools, was of the highest, and purest kind; so that it may be said, almost without a metaphor, that in his engravings their forms appear revivified by the spirit of Giacomo Frey.

He died at Rome in the year 1752, the admiration of every intelligent artist, yet before he had received more than an earnest of the praises that are justly his due.

It is to be regretted, that when his plates, which were published by his son Philip, began to wear, they were injudiciously retouched, perhaps by Philip himself, who destroyed all his father's sweetness and harmonious mellowness; so that good impressions of the engravings of Frey in their original state, are now become rare, though they have not yet, in this country, nor perhaps in any other, attained their intrinsic value.

The works of Frey are somewhat numerous, notwithstanding that they are in general of large folio dimensions. Most of them are highly worthy of particular criticism, and are excellent studies for young historical engravers; but as my present intention reaches no further than to treat of the general merits of two extraordinary artists, one of them the first historical, and the other the first landscape engraver, of their age and country, and who both shone forth at once, after a century of chalcographic dulness, I shall proceed to Piranesi.

Giovanni Baptista Piranesi was born at Rome early in the eighteenth century (Huber says in the year 1707) and died in that metropolis A. D. 1778. Of his parentage nothing is recorded; nothing of the events of his early youth; nothing of the steps which preceded his grand career. We gather from circumstances, that they were few, firm, and rapid; and that he must have started a candidate for fame before most other men have half completed their preparatory studies; but we only know from facts, that he became a distinguished antiquary, architect, draughtsman, and

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and engraver; evincing in all (but more especially in the latter art) the most vigorous and original powers. He appears to have had no tutor,—at least none has been mentioned by his biographers,—but to have built up a grand style of engraving perfectly homogeneous with those majestic and picturesque edifices which he delighted to represent, on his own strong and keen observation of Nature and the great remains of antiquity. Yet it should be recollected that books or a master must have supplied the materials of that mathematical foundation, on which alone his extensive practical knowledge of perspective could have been confidently rested. In this science he had among his contemporaries no equal: but in the characteristic treatment of ruined buildings, he so far excelled other artists, that he may be emphatically said to have had no predecessor; and though he will always have numerous imitators, he has yet met with no rival in Italy, nor even in Europe, unless we should except our own countryman, Edward Rooker.

The professional industry of Piranesi was unremitting, yet his mind and his hand have so far outstripped time, that after we know this, we remain in astonishment at the vast quantity of his works, which, when their number and magnitude are taken together, exceed the productions of any other engraver whatever. A pile of more than twenty large folio volumes, replete with taste and intelligence, seems too much to have been produced by the labour of a single individual, even after we have made ourselves acquainted with the rapidity of his powers: yet in the case of this engraver, all these are etched from drawings made by himself: and some of these drawings, of which the subjects are the Greek temples at Pæstum, and which attest the vivid feeling and masterly powers of execution which he possessed in that branch of the art, are now in this country, having been purchased, within these few years, in Italy, by Charles Lambert, Esq., of the Inner Temple.

Indeed, in no instance that I have seen, has Piranesi engraved after any other pictures or drawings than were the production of his own hand, which sometimes present us with the magnificent remains of ancient Italy, and at others, are the ready offspring of a mind stored with architectural wonders. He is therefore one, of many irrefragable proofs that might be adduced to render idle the sophisms of those who assert that engraving is not an original art,—unless those arts which are capable of independant existence, might justly lose their claim to originality, by condescending to copy, where the general and inseparable interests of arts and society, require such condescension. No man denies originality to a picture because a sketch or cartoon of the same composition

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position by the same painter has previously existed, nor to the art of the sculptor because he models in clay before he chisels in marble.

Toward the middle period of his life, or rather before, our engraver became a member of the Roman Academy of Arts; but on account of some feuds, with the merits of which (if any merit attached to them) we are not acquainted, he was expelled by the voice of the majority of Academicians. After some few years however had elapsed, and animosity was cool, motives were explained or mistakes were discovered, and Piranesi was honourably invited by his brother artists to return.

Of the Academy, as a school for the study of the human figure, he appears to have made little use: yet though the figures which he introduced into his landscapes are ill drawn and extravagant in their attitudes, they act the parts which they were intended to act—they serve to shew that the ruinous scenes which he commonly represented are inhabited (if not by whom), and they are a scale whereby he induces the spectator unwittingly to measure the relative magnitude of those edifices which were the real and the ostensible objects of his art. In his characteristic treatment of these edifices, and of the vases and other ornamental remains of antiquity, his line, varying as occasion admitted or required, was peculiarly expressive of stone, bronze, stucco, brick, and all the various materials of which Greek and Roman sculpture and architecture consist, discriminating, with exquisite observation and inimitable skill, whether those materials retained their original sharpness of workmanship, or were mouldered by the hand of Time, or stained by the weather, or split and cracked by the frost, by Vandal barbarity, or other sudden casualty; and whatever his subject, he always seems to have worked with easy vigour, with unlimited freedom of hand, and as if "out of the abundance of his heart."

Trees do not often occur in the prints of Piranesi, but when they do, they in most instances too much resemble sea-weed; yet the wild raggedness and unexpected forms which mark both them and the clouds which float over his landscapes, and even his ill-drawn figures, have a certain air of enterprize, which accords with the forceful and chivalrous character of his chiaro-scuro, and rather augments than diminishes the general sentiment of romantic magnificence which many of his compositions, and more especially the large frontispieces which fold into his large folios, inspire. In some of the latter all the grand architectural forms of Egypt, Greece, and Italy, appear to be assembled as if by magic, and the mind of the spectator is led to wander in poetic reverie, through irregular avenues of obelisks, sarcophagi, pyramids, columns, and triumphal arches. In others, which are of subterraneous characters,

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character, the author appears to have penetrated the cemeteries of departed greatness; and here, monstrous and forbidden things are crawling and twining their slimy convolutions among moldering bones, broken sculpture, and mutilated inscriptions, and an air of dankness and dilapidation and sepulchral gloom, is diffused through the cavern, as if Time and Envy were beckoning to Oblivion to break down what remained of the trophies of the brave, and obliterate the wisdom of the wise.

In his technical process, Piranesi was the first engraver who made free and abundant use of the ruler, as may be seen in his Interiors of St. Peter's Cathedral, his antique vases, and such other subjects as required it, or as admitted it only in certain parts; for he sometimes artfully contrasted in the same plate, the wildest sallies of the etching-point, in the broken or weather-stained parts of his lights, with ruled passages in his shadows, where the utmost regularity and perspicuity were preserved. Thought always accompanies his deeds even where he seems most careless. The reflex light of a bright climate, might seem to the inconsiderate in a humid one, to partake of flimsy transparency,—in the works of Piranesi, they shew the justness of his observation. If he was stimulated by an adventurous spirit, he was restrained by judicious caution, which sat so easy on him, that he exerted it without the least seeming effort. In short, with the skill and conduct of a brave general, it was his to adapt his mode of execution and qualify his prowess, by the nature and demands of the occasion which called it forth: he used the graver with boldness when he did use it, but used it only as an auxiliary to his etching. He knew that this was the main body of his native force on which he could most depend. He doubtless felt that he was here the Alexander of his art, and that none could here, with any hope of success, dispute with him for the palm of victory.

I am, Sir, &c. &c.,

PHILOGRAPHICUS.

London, August, 1811.

ART.

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Art. XVIII.—*Retrospect of the Theatre*

As the last article on this subject entrenched on the season now under review, with a carelessness for which the irregular appearance of the Magazine hitherto may in some measure help to account, little is left me at present but to notice the opening of the Haymarket Theatre and the only two pieces which it produced up to the end of June.

The opening of the Haymarket Theatre presented us with the usual appearances of an ill-managed stage. The performers, engaged from the larger theatres, Elliston, Munden, Liston, and Mrs. Glover, were indeed eminent; but never were good performers seconded by a more wretched multitude of barn-house recruits; and a very few weeks had elapsed, when we were threatened with the loss of the former gentlemen by new squabbles at law respecting the management. The business however was compromised on their parts; the proprietors were left to annoy each other and to pursue the ruin of their concern in private; and the performances went on as usual, reminding us at one minute of the best times of Drury Lane Theatre, and at the next transporting us to the booths and grown puppets of a country fair. It was on these occasions, that a London audience had full insight into the merits of that judicious custom at the said fairs, which allows any character in a drama to be "left out by particular desire." The only new performer worth notice is a lady of the name of Barnes, who with a poor voice, a small person, and a countenance not handsome, is deficient neither in judgment nor feeling, and would produce a still better impression than she does could she get rid of a certain fastidiousness of tone and gesture, which makes her appear affected where she most desires to be energetic. By far the most agreeable novelty however was the re-appearance of Mr. Elliston, after filling his coffers and wasting his reputation at the Circus. A considerable increase in flesh makes him look much older, and is not very fortunate for the elegance and vivacity of his best characters; but the liveliness of his genius is still the same, and his return to his proper sphere would have been hailed with double pleasure, had he brought with him no greater enemy to interesting effect than his additional bulk. It is to be feared however that he has given himself a desperate blow in the good opinion of his best admirers, by having laid himself out to the gross admiration of a Circus audience, and what is worse, to the imputation of having preferred gain to a good name.

The best thing to be said of Mr. Hook's farce, the *Trial by*

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Jury, is that it did not answer to it's name, that is to say, it did not abound in the clap-traps which the dramatic use of those "twelve respectable men" so generally announces. It was a mere little piece of intrigue with lovers in disguise and ladies in a dilemma, and it's comparative freedom from puns and other common provocatives, shewed a manifest progress on the writer's part in the negative duties of his calling. However, for a young man of any ardour, he advances very slowly in other respects; and it is to be feared, that any little promise he may have given, has been completely spoiled by the early perversion of his ambition to the amusement of frivolous minds. Mr. Dimond, in his new drama, the *Royal Oak*, deserved a similar praise, though in higher proportion, for evincing less attachment to a puerile declamation and floweriness than in any of his former productions; and the piece was altogether much superior, not only to what he himself has written, but to most of the dramas that have been lately brought forward. It's plot, founded on the adventures of Charles the Second after his defeat at Worcester, had more interest than common; the language was of very gentlemanly superiority to that of the Reynoldses; the manners of the times were for the most part well preserved; but the character of the hero, who in his youngest and most interesting days was notorious for his selfishness and want of principle, was most unwarrantably, and, as far as any effect might be attributed to the piece, most perniciously exalted into something absolutely generous and heroic; the language, if it was free from the ordinary vulgarity, presented nothing new besides it's refinement; and upon the whole, Mr. Dimond has gained as little positive solidity on the side of thinking, and promises as little genuine power in the art of dramatic writing, as Mr. Hook.

Such are the authors that, together with Mr. Colman the Manager, seem to enjoy full possession of the Haymarket stage; and though Mr. Colman is much their superior, and now and then produces, after a thousand efforts, something that is full of real service to his brother proprietors, yet it perhaps would be much better for them if the theatre had nothing to do with him; for every thing that is seen and heard of it, proclaims it's wretched and ruinous management. They may be in the wrong, to a certain degree, as well as himself; but when the principal manager and writer of a theatre has brought himself into such habits and into such a situation, that he can attend to the concern neither with his pen, nor with common prudence, nor even in person, the public will most assuredly, and I believe, most justly lay the principal blame at his door. Under proper direction, this little theatre, with it's reasonable size, might become the very best in town, in spite of it's poor accommodations; but in it's present condition,

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condition, no sensible or decent family can be repaid for the continual annoyances they endure from the time they enter the place to the hour of their release. The very threshhold of the door is beset with a crowd that needs no description; for as the Proprietors in their want of better management profess that they cannot afford a half-price, the company becomes indiscriminate the moment the doors open; and after wading through this croud, and literally exchanging a scraping with every single person in the narrow passages, it is fortunate for you if you do not find your neighbouring bench occupied with persons who for a whole evening will pollute or terrify the ears of your family with conversation fit only for a brothel. Add to this, the heat of the summer weather, the noise of the lobbies, the continual laughter and interruptions of idlers walking into the boxes, the wretchedness of all the inferior actors, and the general mediocrity or nonsense of the pieces represented, and it will argue no very fastidious taste either in morals or arts, if you and all your acquaintances resolve never to visit the place again. Such is the effect of bad management, and of bad management *only*. Under Mr. Colman, *as he ought to be*, the Haymarket theatre might revive the hopes, and occupy some of the pleasantest evenings, of the truest lovers of the drama:—under Mr. Colman, *as he is*, it is neither a comfortable nor a creditable place of amusement in any one respect.

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Art. XIX.—*Short Miscellaneous Pieces.*

THE TRUE ENJOYMENT OF SPLENDOUR:—A CHINESE APOLOGUE.

Doubtless, saith the illustrious Me, he that gaineth much possession hath need of the wrists of Hong and the seriousness of Shan-Fee, since palaces are not built with a teaspoon, nor are to be kept by one who runneth after butterflies. But above all it is necessary that he who carrieth a great burden whether of gold or silver, should hold his head as lowly as is necessary, lest in lifting it on high he bring his treasure to nought, and lose with the spectators the glory of true gravity, which is meekness.

Quo, who was the son of Quee, who was the son of Quee-Fong, who was the five-hundred and fiftieth in lineal descent from the ever-to-be-remembered Fing, chief minister of the Emperor Yau, one day walked out into the streets of Pekin in all the lus-

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re of his rank. Quo, besides the greatness of his birth and the multitude of his accomplishments, was a courtier of the first order, and his pigtail was proportionate to his merits, for it hung down to the ground and kissed the dust as it went with it's bunch of artificial roses. Ten huge and sparkling rings, which encrusted his hands with diamonds, and almost rivalled the sun that struck on them, led the ravished eyes of the beholders to the more precious enormity of his nails, which were each an inch long, and by proper nibbing might have taught the barbarians of the West to look with just scorn on their many-writing machines. But even these were nothing to the precious stones that covered him from head to foot. His bonnet, in which a peacock's feather was stuck in a most engaging manner, was surmounted by a sapphire of at least the size of a pigeon's egg; his shoulders and sides sustained a real burden of treasure; and as he was one of the handsomest men at court, being exceedingly corpulent, and indeed, as his flatterers gave out, hardly able to walk, it may be imagined that he proceeded at no undignified pace. He would have ridden in his sedan, had he been lighter of body, but so much unaffected corpulence was not to be concealed, and he went on foot that nobody might suspect him of pretending to a dignity he did not possess. Behind him, three servants attended, clad in the most gorgeous silks; the middle one held his umbrella over his head; he on the right bore a fan of ivory, whereon were carved the exploits of Whay-Quang; and he on the left sustained a purple bag on each arm, one containing opium and Areca-nut, the other the ravishing preparation of Gin-Seng, which possesses the Five Relishes. All the servants looked the same way as their master, that is to say, straight forward, with their eyes majestically half-shut, only they cried every now and then with a loud voice,—"Vanish from before the illustrious Quo, favourite of the mighty Brother of the Sun and Moon."

Though the favourite looked neither to the right nor to the left, he could not but perceive the great homage that was paid him as well by the faces as the voices of the multitude. But one person, a Bonze, seemed transported beyond all the rest with an enthusiasm of admiration, and followed at a respectful distance from his side, bowing to the earth at every ten paces and exclaiming, "Thanks to my lord for his jewels!" After repeating this for about six times, he encreased the expressions of his gratitude, and said, "Thanks to my illustrious lord from his poor servant for his glorious jewels,"—and then again, "Thanks to my illustrious lord, whose eye knoweth not degradation, from his poor servant, who is not fit to exist before him, for his jewels that make the rays of the sun look like ink." In short, the man's gratitude was so great, and it's language delivered in phrases so choice, that

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that Quo could contain his curiosity no longer, and turning aside, demanded to know his meaning: "I have not given you the jewels," said the favourite, "and why should you thank me for them?"

"Refulgent Quo!" answered the Bonze, again bowing to the earth, "what you say is as true as the five maxims of Fo, who was born without a father:—but your slave repeats his thanks, and is indeed infinitely obliged. You must know, O dazzling son of Quee, that of all my sect I have perhaps the greatest taste for enjoying myself. Seeing my lord therefore go by, I could not but be transported at having so great a pleasure, and said to myself, 'The great Quo is very kind to me and my fellow-citizens: he has taken infinite labour to acquire his magnificence, he takes still greater pains to preserve it, and all the while, I, who am lying under a shed, enjoy it for nothing.'"

A hundred years after, when the Emperor Whang heard this story, he diminished the expenditure of his household one half, and ordered the dead Bonze to be raised to the rank of a Celao.

☞

ON THE WORD HUMOUR.

Humour, in its sense of something ludicrous, is supposed to be a word to which there is nothing correspondent in any other language. In the signification, however, which has unquestionably led to this meaning, the English language is by no means peculiar; for the Italian *umore*, and the French *humeur*, equally with *humour*, denote a certain natural disposition or temper of mind by which individual character is marked. When such a temper or disposition displays itself in a manner which excites ludicrous emotions, the representation constitutes an *humorous* delineation, according to what I suppose the most appropriate use of the term. Dr. Johnson, however, I must observe, gives no limitation of it to the *ridiculous in character*, but makes it, in its comic sense, synonimous to "grotesque imagery, jocularity, and merriment." But that this is too lax an interpretation, is, I think, evident; since were humour identified with these words, there would be nothing national or peculiar in its meaning, but it might be rendered by equivalent terms in almost every language. A man may be very jocular, and excite merriment, by grimaces and distortions, by mimicking bodily defects or oddities of speech and gesture; but if this be humour, it is at least of a very trivial

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kind. True humour, on the other hand, consisting in strokes by which the ridiculous in manners and character is displayed, is often a refined and delicate address to the perception of the ludicrous, exciting the smile of the mind, rather than the grin of the countenance. Thus, when the Archbishop of Granada, after having urged Gil Blas to give him immediate warning should any of his pulpit compositions indicate a decay of faculties, preaches a sermon "qui sentoit l'apoplexie;" and his monitor, with the utmost caution hinting the falling off, is immediately dismissed as one utterly destitute of critical taste—though no reader laughs, all who possess discernment are much amused with the pleasantry of this trait of character. All good comedy consists almost entirely of this kind of humour; for comic *incidents* are a much inferior species of the ludicrous, except as they are contrived to bring out the other. Humour may be either broad or delicate, but still equally humour, if it proceed from the genuine source; for whether we laugh at *George Dandin* and *Mons. Jourdain*, or smile at the *Misantrope* and *Tartuffe*, or do both alternately at the *Malade Imaginaire*, the entertainment still proceeds from delineations appropriate to the persons of the drama; like those in the pictures of Hogarth, who was as great a master of humour with his pencil, as any writer of comedy, or novellist, with his pen. It is commonly asserted that Congreve, with a profusion of wit, has no humour; but this is by no means the case. It is true, his men of the town, and his coxcombs, are framed in one mould, and all his personages occasionally make repartees; but there is much individual character among them, and his scenes of *Sir Sampson*, *Foresight*, *Ben* and *Miss Prue*, *Lady Wishfort* and *Millamont*, are full of genuine and exquisite humour. Humour was abundant in English comedy till its place was usurped by sentiment. I fear it would not be too severe a censure to assert, that that the want of humour is now supplied by quibble, cant, and extravagance.

J. A.

OPTIMISM.

A curious example of the manner in which ingenious men delude themselves and run into inconsistencies in their reasonings by following pre-conceived systems, appears in a letter from Rousseau to Voltaire. The latter had written a poem on the dreadful catastrophe of Lisbon, in which, painting in strong colours the horrors of the disaster, and the miseries of mankind in general, he

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he deduces from them an argument (or rather a declamation) against the principle of optimism, or *all for the best*, maintained in the philosophy of Leibnitz and the poetry of Pope. Rousseau remonstrates with Voltaire on account of this attack on Providence, and easily shews that his conclusions are founded on a very partial view of the state of things in this world,—that his assumption of the omnipotence of Deity at the expence of his goodness, is unphilosophical; and that when he asks why the earthquake did not take place in a desert rather than in a populous city, he overlooks the great laws by which physical effects are governed in the creation, and which cannot be expected to give way to temporary and local considerations.

But Rousseau himself, in his eloquent declamations against civilized society, had dwelt in equally strong language upon the evils undergone by men in the actual state in which the greater part of the species exist, and had inculcated the idea that happiness could be found only in a certain savage condition, the draught of his own lively imagination. He is obliged, therefore, to justify himself from apparent inconsistency by saying, that the wretchedness which he painted was the consequence of man's own fault, and that he had at the same time taught him how it might be avoided.

But it is evident that the propensities which induce men to assemble in large bodies, to build towns, to form socialin stitutions, to cultivate arts and sciences, and improve to the utmost the intellectual faculties bestowed upon them, are equally natural, and part of the established order of things, with any physical phenomena; and that the evils thence arising present difficulties as great to one who undertakes to "justify the ways of God to man" as earthquakes, tempests, volcanoes, and the like, which are the (probably) unavoidable consequences of those operations in Nature that maintain the universe in its regular course. The results of men's passions and other motives of action must have been as much the objects of God's foreknowledge, as those contentions of the elements that occasionally produce devastation in the earth which man inhabits; and that such mischiefs proceed from the mistakes of his reason or perversions of his will, makes no difference with respect to that Being, who created him with erring reason and corruptible will.

The true theory of optimism requires the arguer to take every thing that exists within the reach of human apprehension just as it is, with all its mixture of apparent good and evil, and to strike such a balance as may satisfy the mind that *good* was the grand purpose, and has been the effect, of the exertion of creative power. No evasions must be admitted by imputing faults to subordinate agents, who are only what their Creator foresaw that they *would*

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be when he called them into existence. If he foreknew, yet permitted, that the internal construction of the globe would in future time produce an earthquake at the spot where Lisbon stands, he also foreknew and permitted the founding of a great city there, with all its moral and physical consequences; and it is an idle apology of Rousseau's to say, that if the Portuguese had chosen to live scattered like savages, ten thousand of them would not have been crushed under the ruins. J. A.

ANECDOTES FROM THE MEMOIRS OF LA NOUE, NAMED BRAS-DE-FER, A DISTINGUISHED LEADER OF THE PROTESTANT PARTY IN FRANCE: BY MOSES AMIRAULT.

When prince Casimir, who had brought a body of troops out of Germany to the assistance of the French protestants, had made a junction with the army of the prince of Condé; the viscount de Turenne, la Noue, and le Plessis-Mornay, were deputed to give Casimir and his officers a regale after the German manner. The glass circulated freely; and after supper, the three Frenchmen retired to rest in the same chamber. According to the custom of good calvinists, they were used to pray together before they went to sleep; and on that night, it was the viscount's turn to officiate. He soon, however, found his head so confused that he could not go on, and desired la Noue to take his place. La Noue began, but had not gone through two sentences, before he also found himself obliged to stop; and not being able to recollect his thoughts, he turned to le Plessis, and desired him to finish. Le Plessis, sensible that he was in no better condition, prudently said, "Gentlemen, let us go to bed, and each pray there for himself, and to-morrow we will resume our usual custom."

After one of the treaties of religion, the protestants being by the articles restored to the liberty of public worship, those of Rouen attempted to resume their usual religious exercises. On this, the cardinal Bourbon, archbishop of Rouen, accompanied by several counsellors of parliament, went to prevent them. The cardinal entered without violence into their church, and mounted the pulpit, either to pronounce an interdict against their assembling, or, as some thought, to give them an exhortation; for he was a man of a simple and downright character. The people, however, unaccustomed to hear such preachers, all quitted the place and left him by himself. It was afterwards jocularly told to the king, Henry III. that the cardinal had driven the Huguenots

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nots from Rouen by the cross and banner; upon which, his Majesty, forgetting his dissembled satisfaction with the treaty, hastily replied, "Would to God they were as easy to be expelled from the other towns, were it even by holy water."

Generosity and Disinterestedness of la Noue.—La Noue having carried to the king of Navarre a troop of a hundred good horse, levied and equipped at his own expence, the king expressed great obligations to him, and being destitute of money to give him as a recompence, proposed to make him a donation of an estate, which he possessed in that quarter. In consequence, without acquainting him, the king caused an instrument for that purpose to be drawn up by his chancellor. The papers being brought to la Noue when he rose next morning, he received them with many expressions of gratitude; but immediately waited on the king, and holding the papers in his hand, thus addressed him: "Sire, I consider myself as greatly honoured by this testimony of your Majesty's kindness, which I would not refuse, were your affairs in a condition to admit of such liberality. When I shall see you, Sire, superior to your enemies, and possessed of a revenue proportioned to the greatness of your mind and birth, I will cordially receive your gratuities. At this time, if you were to recompense in the same degree all the services done you, your Majesty would be ruined." He then very respectfully put the papers into the king's hands, and could not by all his persuasions be induced to take them back.

Several years afterwards, in the war of Henry IV. against the League, la Noue having the command of an army, raised for the relief of Senlis, then besieged by the enemy, had caused some powder and ammunition to be collected to throw into the place. As the troops were about to march to attack those of the League, the merchants, by whom these articles had been furnished, made a demand of payment or security. Ready money was not to be had, and neither the contractors and army agents who had enriched themselves by the war, nor the nobles of high rank who were present, chose to come forward to take upon themselves the obligation. La Noue, after having in a severe speech chided the backwardness of those, who might have been expected to hazard every thing for their king and country, concluded by saying: "For myself, whilst I have a drop of blood, and an acre of land, I will employ them for the defence of the state of which God has made me a native. I will, therefore, be responsible for this ammunition, and will make the debt my own. Let those keep their money, who prefer it to their honour." He then engaged all his property to the merchants, even an estate which belonged to his second wife, who subscribed to the mortgage; and there is evidence, that his grandson was suffered actually to pay the debt.

La Noue's

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La Noue's example appears on a former occasion to have infused a similar spirit of disinterestedness into his soldiers. Being at the head of a body of French auxiliaries to the insurgents against Spanish tyranny in the Low-countries, he received advice, that some money for their payment, which had been long expected, was arrived at Menin. Assembling the men, he informed them of the circumstance, and offered to lead them by that town, if they wished to receive their pay; but they replied, "Sir, this is not a time to count money, but to fight, and to perform actions worthy of those who have learned virtue under your discipline."

Beza's Sentiments on Toleration.—In the early part of Henry the Third's reign, when the zealous catholics were forming a league to restrict the favourable terms which had been granted to the protestants by the last pacification, there was much difference of opinion among the latter, as to the degree in which they should submit to this injustice under their present state of weakness. La Noue, however unwilling to yield, seems to have been sensible, as were many others, that some accommodation was necessary; but the ministers were very strenuous in resisting any infringement of the privileges respecting freedom of worship which had been granted them. Among the rest, the celebrated Theodore Beza wrote a letter to la Noue, from Geneva, in which are some remarkable passages. Concerning the proposed limitation of protestant worship to particular towns, he says, he does not see how in conscience they can consent to confine the Spirit of God to certain places, and to exclude it from towns, which do not die and change like the hearts and houses of princes. He is likewise unwilling to consent to an entire amnesty of the cruelties that had been practised upon them, and to shut the door of justice against themselves, when God should please to open it; and rather than agree to such conditions, he advises them to suffer without resistance.

Beza goes on to say, that he has been informed, that the catholics of Bearn (in the king of Navarre's dominion) are very importunate for the restitution of their public worship. "But (says he) I beg of you well to consider, that there is a great difference between tolerating idolatry for a time, till we have leisure to make it known, and the re-establishment of it after it has been lawfully abolished; which I think cannot be done without horribly offending the Lord, the consequence of which cannot but be lamentable."

Such were this reformer's sentiments on toleration, declared in the very letter in which he complains of the persecution of his own sect! In fact, no religious party at that time seems to have had any just notions of the right of private judgment in matters of religion; and the sole ground they went upon was, "our faith

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is the true one, and that of our adversaries is false and damnable, and ought to be abolished"—a principle that manifestly gives the justest cause to the system already established, since its supporters are the defenders of institutions sanctioned by antiquity and numbers; whereas the others are assailants and innovators.

INQUIRIES RESPECTING JACK KETCH, AND THE OLDEST MAN ALIVE.

Mr. Reflector,

The sadly amusing history of your correspondent Pensilis, leads me to hope for some particulars from him on a subject, which has long baffled all my researches and enquiries. It relates to no less a personage, than to that public, yet obscure character, *Jack Ketch*. I had long despaired of gaining any accurate information, respecting the vie privée of this illustrious person, till reading your last number, hic est quem quero, said I: this is the man to give me the information I want. May I then, without inflicting a new wound on the too delicate feelings of your correspondent, put the following questions to him? And first, who and what is *Jack Ketch?* Whence is the name derived, and what is the true orthography of the word? Is Ketch a title of office, derived from some foreign language, and significant of the duties attached to it; is it the name of the present occupier of the office, or is it the appellative of the founder of that dynasty, and transmitted to his posterity like the title of Dolly's beef-steak house, &c. Of what species are the Ketches? Are they αυτοχθονες, born from the earth, and without natural descent: does the reigning Ketch rise like a phœnix from the ashes of the Ketch defunct; or do they follow the common laws of nature, as to their entrance into this stage of existence? Again, is there any truth in the report of a *Ketch* having come into the world with a gibbet in one hand, and an axe in the other; or does Pensilis consider this, as a mere improvement on the story of the learned divine, who came into the world in the full costume of a doctor of divinity; a dress, which some commentators, alluding to the trencher cap, sensibly think, must have much incommoded his mother? Is the present Ketch married, and did your correspondent ever see him in his tender moments? Who is Mrs. Ketch, and what is her *coterie?* What appear to be the natural propensities of the *Ketchidæ*, or the Masters and Misses Ketch; with remarks upon their pathological and physiological feelings. Quære, have they any speculative notions respecting the *sublime* and

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and *beautiful*?—Supposing the race of the Ketches to be extinct, what *cross* does Pensilis think necessary to re-produce the breed? I have a very pretty knack myself at guessing what mixtures of different bloods will generate the ordinary professions of life; as a judge, an alderman, a bishop, &c. &c. but shall be happy to defer to his superior knowledge in this particular experiment of the art. Your correspondent, no doubt, is aware, how many generations it will frequently take a family, who value themselves upon their exterior, to wear out any little deformity; as for instance, a snub nose, or a long chin. I could mention one noble family, whom it has cost a dozen intermarriages with the yeomanry, to introduce a stouter pair of legs among them; and another, which has been obliged to go through a course of milk-maids, to throw a little colour into their cheeks. Has your correspondent ever considered in what term of years a spirit of Ketchicism may be introduced into a family; and conversely, in how many generations the milk of human kindness may be instilled into, what Burke would call, a pure, unsophisticated, dephlegmated, defecated *Ketch*? In which light does Pensilis imagine, that the emphatic term, Ο ανθρωπος, of the ancients, is to be viewed, as a mark of infamy, or a title *par excellence*? I should further wish to know, what constitutes a *finished* Ketch. But this, I suppose, like complete excellence in all other professions, consists in those happy graces, which lie beyond the reach of art, and are attained by instinct alone—a titilating mode of untying the cravat—a degagé manner of putting on the last night-cap—a janty style of jerking the legs; an air, a tone—but I shall get into the language of the mystics. It should appear from an anecdote told of the late George Selwyn, of facetious memory, that the former Ketches used to travel for improvement in their profession. The anecdote may be new to some of your readers, and is as follows.—It is well known, that this famous wit had a peculiar fancy for attending executions. Being at Paris, and wishing to see a noted criminal disposed of, he pressed so near to the executioner, and appeared so intent upon the proceedings, that the man, taking him for a brother of the trade, who had come over to learn the last Parisian cut, politely offered him the axe. "Favour me, Monsieur," said the Parisian. "Excuse me, Monsieur," replied the wit; "you are very polite; but I am only an amateur, not a practitioner."—Do the present Ketches continue this practice, or is a man thought capable of officiating, without making the grand tour? I have many more interrogatories to put to your correspondent; but shall content myself at present with the foregoing. Your friend, I shall only add, knows what it is to be in a state of suspence, and will, no doubt, be happy to relieve me from a condition so little enviable.

P. S. There

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P. S. There is another obscure person, respecting whom, it is probable that I may trouble you at some future period. He goes by the name of "the oldest Man alive." His acquaintance appears to be chiefly among journalists and the minor historians: yet he seems to be a person of no small consequence, for though other great men are content to be announced by a beat of drums, or a flourish of trumpets; yet the person above mentioned, seldom condescends, I observe, to make his entrée under a storm, or a violent gale of wind at the least. What appears to me very remarkable, is, that he seems to be thought equally respectable for what he does *not*, as for what he does remember; a negative kind of distinction, which, I thought, belonged to those geometrical problems only, which are content to have their merits proved *ex absurdo*. I apprehend he has very little taste for literature or politics: for I am confident, that old as he may be, he never saw a more consummate general than my Lord Wellington, nor a more promising genius than my friend Mr. Campbell; yet I do not recollect, that he ever came forward to stake his *non*-portion of memory, which seems to be his most valuable gift, in these two particular points. With a forbearance equally criminal, he has never formally adverted to the insufferable vanity and egotism of the illustrious general Baron de Geramb, to the late *patriotic* assertions of the Morning Chronicle respecting our seamen, or to the wonderful change which took place in the sentiments of Mr. Ponsonby and others respecting the Duke of York; parallels to which, he will, I am sure, in vain seek to find among the recollection of his earliest days, however remote those days may be. Nothing would be easier than to put a hundred such instances of omission to him. Has he even deposed in terms sufficiently glowing to the late attack upon the *Little Belt*: a transaction, sufficient to make his old blood boil within him. Upon the whole, the character of this "oldest Man alive," appears far from being an amiable one. He seems to have a great propensity for a storm, and to take a lively satisfaction in a hard frost; and though it must be confessed, to his honour, that he came forward to testify in favour of the abundant harvest, in the year when that very wise prophet Cobbett had foreboded a famine, yet generally speaking, tempest and murder seem to suit his gloomy soul, and the aged monster appears to lie perdue, till some distressing phœnomena of nature occur, when with a mysterious ubiquity, this epicure in miseries is sure to be present and announce the fatal tidings. By the bye, how does he come by this power of omnipresence? Has he no fixed abode or habitation? Is there no chance that he will take to his bed and be still; or does he, like the Llama, enjoy a state of perpetual regeneration? For my part, I am not without my suspicions, that he is the wander-

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ing Jew; but my thoughts, like those of Lord King on bank notes, are at present very hasty and ill-digested; and therefore, I shall act more wisely than his lordship by keeping them to myself.

M.

THE PATRIOT'S ALMANACK.

At a time, Sir, when periodical publications seem almost totally to engross the attention of this *thinking* nation, it is wonderful that there has not appeared among us a National and Political Almanack, such an one, I mean, as no patriot or statesman should be without. The idea of such a work occurred to the writer in the beginning of the year 1809, and early in the ensuing May, he sent a private letter upon the subject to an eminent bookseller in the city, who approved of the design, but thought it would be advisable to place in the title-page the name of some literary gentleman of eminence. Such a name was not then to be obtained, and the design failed. But surely, Sir, if such a work would not stand on its own merits, it should not be published at all; and I send you the following sketch, in hopes, that through your publication, the desired object may be yet attained.

Idea of a Political or Patriotic Almanack.

An almanack is usually divided into two distinct parts:—the calendar and supplement. To the various dates of the calendar, besides the usual allotment of saints days, holidays, and birthdays, I would add those great political events, which form a certain æra in our history; such, for instance, as the passing of magna charta, petition of right, habeas corpus, bill of rights, &c. &c. Nor would I omit to mention the fate of great and eminent men—as Russell, Sidney and others, of whom numerous examples would be supplied from the state trials. Junius, Hardy, and Horne Tooke, would, of course, not be forgot. Tumults, riots, insurrections, revolutions, &c. might also find a place; but I shall not enlarge upon this part of my subject, as I wish to draw the attention of your readers principally to the supplement; and herein should stand prominent

1. A MANUAL OF LIBERTY, OR A MASTERLY SKETCH OF THE BRITISH CONSTITUTION, substantiated by extracts from the best constitutional laws; resolutions of both houses of lords and commons;

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mons; and decisions of the most constitutional and upright judges and statesmen.

2. An *alphabetical* list of pensioners and placemen, with their various merits and demerits.

3. The national debt and taxes;—with observations upon the increase of the poor, and various topics of finance and political economy.

4. A good chronology, embracing every political event of importance.

5. A register of the successive administrations of this country, and the contemporary leading ministers of France, Holland, and other countries.

6. Some account of elections, meetings of the people, addresses, speeches of eminent popular characters, &c.

7. Various infringements of our laws or constitution—such as suspensions of the habeas corpus, acts of indemnity, &c.; here might be mentioned, arbitrary fines, severe punishments, and even some acts of parliament, as the mutiny, riot acts, 6 Anne, &c. &c.

8. Last, though not least, some account of the boroughs, with the proprietors, and number of voters.

These topics, and many others of a similar kind, which any patriotic mind would easily suggest, and of which the passing years are pregnant with examples, would supply more than ample materials for an almanack; and I am firmly persuaded, that the labour of the compiler would meet with its due reward: if, indeed, there should be any doubt upon this subject, that doubt may be resolved by this single reflection, that a small volume, containing an *unarranged* list of pensioners and placemen only, has already gone through several editions; and surely, when there is added the apparent utility, and, I had almost said, demand for such a work as the one above described, any further argument is useless. If such, Sir, be your opinion, I trust you will have no objection to give publicity to the thoughts of a

POLITICIAN.

London, 25th April, 1811.

LINES

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LINES ON HEARING CERTAIN PROTESTATIONS MADE BY SIR C.——P.—— M. D.

A Parody on HORACE'S ODE, *Ulla si juris, &c.*

If, dearest doctor, when you swore,
You look'd less graceful than before;
If all your protests could efface
The splendors of that Sunday face;
Make your dear feet to right lines swerve,
And bend them from that gentle curve;
I then might fancy Jove, ere long,
Would deign to visit that perfidious tongue.

But you no sooner heav'n defy,
Than, gainer by your perjury,
Your solemn suit of pompadour
Betrays a gloss unknown before;
Your clouded cane and solitaire
Assume a gayer, jantier air;
And your bag wig with pomp unfurls
A larger flow of tie, and thicker groves of curls.

Your tongue with sacred safety plies
Love's whole artillery of lies;
"As I'm a knight—upon my sword—
I vow and swear,—'twas never heard;
That ought I meant, but what was civil,
Fore gad—'pon honor—whew—the devil:"
Such fibs the ready Graces shrieve,
And easy Venus laughs within her sleeve.

'Tis this points out to fathers sage
The gay Lothario of his age:
Hence, mothers learn with stricter care
To guard the pride of daughters fair;
Hence, as he views those roving eyes,
The husband thinks his honor dies;
A spurious race around him sees,
And dandles fancied doctors on his knees.

M.

ON

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ON THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY, OXFORD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR.

"On the visitation days in the afternoon, in the Natural Philosophy Schools *of the University of Oxford*, there is a Speech delivered by a Member of Christ Church College, in praise of Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder 'of the Public Library.'"

This extract is made from *An Account of the Origin of the Bodleian Library*, and it is made merely for an opportunity of prefacing the following short narrative with a few observations by the shrewd author of the *Fable of the Bees.*

Out of four crowded pages of sarcasm and abuse on the founder of a public library at Oxford, Mandeville proceeds as follows:—

"The British Esculapius was undeniably a man of sense, and if he had been influenced by charity, a public spirit, or the love of learning, and had aimed at the good of mankind in general, or that of his own profession in particular, and acted from any of these principles, he could never have made such a will; because so much wealth might have been better managed, and a man of much less capacity would have found out several better ways of laying out the money. But, if we consider that he was undeniably a man of vast pride, as he was a man of sense, and give ourselves leave only to surmise, that this extraordinary gift might have proceeded from such a motive, we shall presently discover the excellency of his parts, and his consummate knowledge of the world; for if a man would render himself immortal, be ever praised and deified after his death, and have all the acknowledgments, the honours, and compliments paid to his memory, that vain-glory herself could wish for, I don't think it in human skill to invent a more effectual method."

So much and a great deal more Mr. Mandeville on the founder of a public library at Oxford, though he had not in view Sir Thomas Bodley.

This is not the place to make minute investigations,—to inquire over-nicely into motives,—nor yet to sift the principles of Mr. Mandeville. None can doubt the utility of a public library, and few will question the ingenuity of Mr. Mandeville. Two reflections shall suffice: one is, that the value of a treasure like the Bodleian, or even the Radcliffe, library, cannot be affected by any supposed motives in a donor: the other, that the case of benefactions devised at death (and to such cases Mr. Mandeville's

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observations were principally applied) does not exactly apply to the case of Sir Thomas Bodley; for the plan of the library was formed, the funds for its establishment were raised, and the rules for its regulation drawn up, during the lifetime of the founder.—After these previous hints and reflections, we proceed to give a short account of the origin of this inestimable deposit of ancient and modern literature.

Previously to the creation of public libraries, the religious houses and hostels contained within them a few manuscripts, such as evangelisteries and mass books, writings of Augustine and a few more of the fathers, with Latin translations of Aristotle and some of the Latin classics, but with no Greek. The first public library at Oxford composed of similar materials, was established about the year 1295, of which the founder was Richard Angerville, alias de Bury, Lord Treasurer of England and Bishop of Durham; for in those days the clergy held the highest civil and ecclesiastical offices at the same time.

In the year 1320, Cobham, Bishop of Worcester, founded another library, which was considerably augmented by Henry IV., and his nobles. This, also, would necessarily partake of the narrowness of the times. It, therefore, remained for another person to enlarge it in more auspicious days. This person was Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester; for he it was who about the year 1439 formed the plan of a new library at Oxford, which he furnished with MSS, procured at great expense from foreign countries. The books, composing the old library, were also conveyed to this. And thus Duke Humphrey obtained the honour of being considered the founder of this new library.

It would not, perhaps, be difficult to ascertain the extent of this library, nor of the old library at Cambridge, the names, at least, of the books, being probably preserved in the archives of the Universities. But this would be unnecessary, it being supposed, that none of the books in the present libraries appertained to the old. As to Duke Humphrey's, comprehending, also, the Bishop of Durham's, in no less a space than eighty years after its establishment, it was completely destroyed, nor was the sad consolation left of being able to say of it,

> **Urbs antiqua ruit, multos dominata per annos.**
> VIRG. *Æn.* Lib. II.

Suffice it to have said thus much concerning the old library.

It then remained for Sir Thomas Bodley to repair the ruins of the old house, or rather to begin the building anew; for though the old structure remained, it was enlarged and very considerably improved by this new benefactor. He not only contributed largely himself, both in books and money, but procured large donations

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donations from others. Purchases were made from all parts of the continent. Many private gentlemen brought from their own libraries some of their most valuable books to enrich that of their Alma Mater. Religious houses, not long since abolished, had been previously ransacked; and some colleges were drained of their choicest literary stores, to replenish the public reservoir. Such was the glory of this grand receptacle of ancient and modern literature, to which the name of Sir Thomas Bodley now stands,—a name to which Alma Mater pays her yearly tribute of gratitude and praise, and will probably continue to pay it as long as her present laws and constitutions exist.

Thus much, and indeed more, was done during the lifetime of Sir Thomas Bodley; but his attentions were not bounded by the grave; he left an estate at his decease to the fabric, in order to purchase books, and to pay salaries to officers. He, too, as the founder, was allowed to draw up those rules and regulations which still operate on this library; for having been confirmed by convocation, they obtained the authority and name of statutes.

Sir Thomas Bodley begun his labours 1597, and died in 1612. His *Letters to Dr. James*, the first librarian of the Bodleian, though somewhat dull, are interesting, as shewing the progress of the founder in forming the library; and the rules drawn up for its regulation, though not without defects, are in several instances a model for other public libraries.

This library, as it will be supposed, has obtained numerous other benefactors besides the original founder; and, perhaps, it now contains four times the number of books that it did during the lifetime of Sir Thomas Bodley.

AN OBSERVER.

A PAIR OF PORTRAITS.

MR. REFLECTOR,

As you profess an intention of dedicating a portion of your work to short miscellaneous articles, the following pair of portraits is heartily at your service, if you think them worthy of insertion. I send them as they stand hastily sketched in my travelling common-place book: for nobody, as you know, travels at present without the hopes of meeting some adventure at the inn, or laying the landlord or chambermaid under contribution for a characteristic trait. Should these specimens catch the eye of any fashionable tourist who may be in want of such an article, I shall

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be happy to deal with him in the large or by the piece, having a considerable assortment by me.

Castle Angus.

The landlord is dressed in a light coat and black straw hat. He wears white cotton stockings, and small clothes and gaiters of the same; the gaiters reaching exactly half way up the leg. He occasionally dusts his shoes with a silk handkerchief, which he afterwards carefully folds up before he puts it in his pocket. When he steps to the door to see how the night wears, he always puts on his hat. He finishes every sentence by calling you *Sir*, in such a manner and accent, that if he finds you afterwards to be a person of less consequence than he at first imagined, it is a title of civil condescension; whereas, if your real distinction is greater than your appearance, it is a sufficient shelter for not having been deficient in respect. It further prevents all posterior acts of attention in consequence of such acquired knowledge from wearing an air of servility: for "mine host" rents a farm in the neighbourhood, and therefore neither uses nor receives the usual freedom of intercourse between landlord and guest. He gives his family a high opinion of his knowledge, by mysteriously conning over the papers on the Income and Assessed Taxes, Schedules *A* and *B* being to his wife and daughters as Hebrew Greek. He imposes upon his servants by affecting a little hesitation in admitting their calculations, and then quickly allowing their rectification: this, he thinks, gives them an idea of his minute acquaintance with all the economy of the house. He sits in a particular corner of the room, in his own sacred arm-chair, and there being a cupboard in the same corner of the room, to which it is necessary that his wife and daughter should have occasional access, he rises from his chair upon such interruptions, at first with an air of dignified resignation, but if too much delay takes place, he seems to expostulate with fortune, that a man of his character and dignified deportment in life is to be exposed to such petty vexations.—*Ex uno disce omnia.*—He has been to Bath, riding his own poney, by easy stages, for the benefit of his health;—his complaint, a slight fit of the gout; his wife, however, thinks it was the rheumatism, not but what it might have been the effects of a cold, which he caught in drawing off some wine; though the apothecary thought it might be an attack of bile, something of an influenza or epidemic disorder, or probably a nervous complaint, and that a little relaxation from the fatigues of business was necessary.

August.—N. B. To day, there being a slight change in the weather, the landlord's cotton stockings are changed for woollen, and he cautions his daughter not to leave the door a-jar.

New

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New Forest.

I am residing at present with one of those comfortable old ladies who, after living a certain number of years with a great family, marries the gardener or the cook, and upon his death, lets out her house in lodgings. Any young man who is not of a close, reserved disposition, is sure to be a great favourite with a lady of this cast; and as, in addition to the above recommendations, I have entered into a treaty of peace with her cat, and am upon terms of sworn friendship with her spaniel, her partiality for me knows no bounds. I am a sufferer by this, in one respect; for the old lady will cram me with her nice things, of which she always has a store in the house. If I ask for a crust of bread before dinner, she produces some plumb cake; and if I want a glass of water, she recommends her ginger wine as an excellent stomachic, and all this with so much kindness and earnestness, that though such dainties before dinner do not suit the economy of my stomach, I connot for the life of me offend her by a refusal.—My books are not yet arrived, but I can give a pretty good guess of what I shall meet with in my landlady's library. There will be the *Pilgrim's Progress*, an odd volume of the *Spectator*, probably one of Fielding's novels, *Taplin's Farriery*, *Harvey's Meditations*, and the *Complete Gardiner*, which belonged to her late husband; when these are finished, I must be content to regale myself with the *Whole Duty of Man*, doubled down where the old lady left off last Good Friday, and the *Army* and *Navy Lists*.—The following trait pleased me:—Walking out yesterday, I met a fresh-looking man, whom I engaged to come and clean my boots every morning. Upon my return, I told my landlady what I had done. Lord, Sir, said she, with a most significant countenance, I fear you must not employ him. Seeing that she wished to be pressed, and anxious to know what article of the decalogue the man had broken, so that he might not be employed in cleaning those necessary articles of my dress, I asked what evil he had done. Why, said she, with an air of great secrecy, it is not *six* months ago since all his family and he had the *itch*; but, continued she, in a whisper, be sure, Sir, and don't mention that I ever said such a thing.—The old lady's sphere of action is at present a little confined. Preparation for meals, a due adjustment of provisions for her cat and dog, and administering to the wants of her only pig, form the principal occupation of the day, —while a sober whist party, where all the news of the village is discussed, concludes the evening. When her gout permits, the old lady attends the church; and woe be to the luckless maiden who betrays any undue finery or adjustment of person on these occasions. She can espy seduction in the new turn of a cap, and prophecy ruin from an undue proportion of ribbons. Her grandest employ-

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employment, however, is to assist on great occasions at the House, as she emphatically styles the scene of her former labours. For this due preparation is made, and a double suit of clothes is laid by her bedside the preceding evening, that her dress may be regulated by the nicest state of the barometer. In her more active days, she had had the honour of providing for the entertainment of the Royal Family, when on a visit to her mistress. As every body. Goldsmith observes, is fond, however mean himself, of hearing anecdotes of great persons, the following dialogue, by which I drew from her an account of this interesting epoch of her life, may not be unacceptable:—

A. But what pleasure can our company be to you, who have been accustomed to entertain royalty?

B. La—Sir—(with a smile in which vanity, gratitude, and a desire to be further questioned were the principal ingredients.)

A. You must disdain us plebeians as mere stop-gaps in life?

B. O no—Sir.

A. But come, pray give us some account? Did not you feel some little palpitation at the first mention of the business?

B. Why I must say that I did not sleep very well for the first week or so. There was I giving such orders—Betty do dust these rooms better; John don't burn the rolls so much; how do you think his Majesty, who has been accustomed to so much better things, will be able to abide them. I am sure I don't know what our vicar thought of me; for for two Sundays I never set foot in the church; I was so busy.

A. Well, and did you see his Majesty at last?

B. See him? Aye, and speak to him too,

A. The devil you did?

B. I wanted to touch him; but there were the officers always about him; so I thought I had better not venture.

A. And what did his Majesty say to you?

B. Why, Sir, you must know I was down in my room making the dough for the rolls; very busy, but little thinking what was coming. Suddenly open flies the door and in comes his Majesty. Lord, Sir, there was I, and the plague was that I had on my darned apron. If I had but had the Holland one, which I bought—but I dare say his Majesty is so accustomed to see fine things that he would not have thought much of it. Well, Sir, as I was saying, I was kneading the dough: Ah my good woman, says he, what are you about there, eh? making rolls, eh? making rolls for us, eh? Yes, Sire, says I, dropping a curtesy, as it might be, so.

A. Sire?

B. Yes, Sire! that was what the pages and the great dukes called him.

A. Well,

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A. Well, and what did his Majesty say next.

B. Ah, says he, my good woman, you'll be very glad when we are gone; we're sad troublesome people, sad troublesome people.

A. And what answer did you make to that?

B. No, Sir, that I am sure you cannot be.

A. And wer'nt you very much frightened?

B. Not very much: Lord bless you, I had seen him once before.

A. The devil you had, and where was that?

B. Why in London, at the playhouse: and Lord, who do you think was there that night too?

A. Upon my soul, I don't know.

B. Why, Mr. Bott.

A. Who the devil is Mr. Bott?

B. What! don't you know Mr. Bott? Why the great oilman in Ludgate-hill.

A. Upon my soul I have not the honour of his acquaintance.

B. I thought the King looked very hard at Mr. Bott: but probably he might not know him too.

A. Well, and with the King I suppose you saw his great minister, Mr. P—; upon my word, I envy you the sight of such a man as that.

B. Lord, Sir, he was an aukward, ungain thing. No, Sir, the thing was to see the King in all his glory. I shall never forget one day, when he went out to breakfast. Never was there a lovelier day; and there were all the great lords prancing on their horses, and the colonels, and captains, and them sort of things; and then there were the trumpeters, and the bugle-horns, and the postillions, and——

A. And the King himself, I suppose, made his appearance with a golden crown upon his head, diamond buckles in his shoes, and a purple robe floating below his heels.

B. Lord love you: not he: he had on a shabby blue coat, with a great hole in it; and then he led the Queen along, and he kissed her hand. Oh, thinks I to myself, there's fine pomp and ceremony among you; and there they set off, the sun shining, the music playing, the flags waving—Lord, Sir, it was like being in heaven.

A. Well, but didn't you get any thing for your trouble?—Didn't his Majesty tip———

B. O Lord, yes: how much do you think? ten guineas in a purse.

A. The devil he did? and who brought it?

B. Why, one of the pages.

A. And what did you say to his Majesty?

B. Say? Why, I said God bless his Majesty, and so I say still.

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THE BALLOON.

THE *airy ship* at anchor rides;
Proudly she heaves her painted sides
Impatient of delay;
And now her silken form expands,
She springs aloft, she bursts her bands,
She floats upon her way.

How swift! for now I see her sail
High mounted on the viewless gale,
And speeding up the sky;
And now a speck in ether lost,
A moment seen, a moment lost,
She cheats my dazzled eye.

Bright wonder! thee no flapping wing,
No labouring oar, no bounding spring,
Urged on thy fleet career:
By native buoyancy impelled,
Thy easy flight was smoothly held
Along the silent sphere.

No curling mist at close of light,
No meteor on the breast of night,
Nor cloud at breezy dawn,
No leaf adown the summer tide
More effortless is seen to glide,
Or shadow o'er the lawn.

Yet thee, e'en thee, the destined hour
Shall summon from thy airy tower
Rapid in prone descent;
Methinks I see thee earthward borne
With flaccid sides that droop forlorn,
The breath ethereal spent.

Thus daring Fancy's pens sublime,
Thus Love's bright wings are clipped by Time;
Thus Hope, her soul elate
Exhales amid this grosser air;
Thus lightest hearts are bowed by Care
And Genius yields to Fate! L. A.

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THE

REFLECTOR.

No. IV.

Art. I.—*On the Favourites of Princes.*

An uncourtly saying is recorded of the loyal Mr. Burke, that "kings are naturally fond of low company." Besides the authority derived to this maxim from the experience of so sagacious an observer, it appears to be confirmed by numerous facts in the history of royal favouritism. Court memoirs of all ages and nations are filled with examples of persons, either low by birth, or low in character and acquirements, who have been able to ingratiate themselves with the most potent sovereigns, and even with some whose personal qualities were not unworthy of their exalted stations.

It is not difficult to assign a reason for this circumstance. The condition of royalty has been raised so high by the mechanism of society, that scarcely any point of intercommunity is left between it and that of a subject of any degree whatsoever, so that all distinctions from birth, title, or merit, are levelled before it. In the choice, therefore, which a prince makes of his company, it is a matter of indifference from what class of his subjects they are taken; he is equally to all in the light of a master, and the liberties to which they may be admitted in conversation are to all alike matter of favour and condescension, not of claim. His notice alone is sufficient to confer honour where it did not before exist, and bestow a gilding on meanness and insignificance. "Who is that dishonourable knight!" says Cœlia to the Clown in *As you like it*. "One that old Frederick your father loves." "My father's love is enough to honour him," says she. Louis XIV. that consummate *dictor* of royalty, never for a moment laid aside *le maitre* among his courtiers, though the greatest persons in his kingdom; and when he threw his cane out of window that

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he might not be tempted to lay it upon the shoulders of the Duke de Lauzun, who had upbraided him like a man with a breach of his word, he certainly thought himself as little obliged to use ceremony with a nobleman, as with one of his valets.

But although this is the true etiquette of Majesty, yet royal personages, through youth, natural bashfulness, or even an involuntary sense of respect for greatness not of their own creation, are apt to feel a kind of restraint in the presence of men elevated above the mass of their subjects by high birth or extraordinary qualities; nor can the possessors of these advantages always bring themselves to forget their relative consequence, and submit to all the servility of the courtly crowd. It is related of Clermont Tonnere, bishop of Noyon, a thorough-bred courtier, but yet the proudest man in France of his genealogy, that when Louis XIV. one day expressed to him his surprise that so few names of his family were to be found in the lists of officers of the crown, he replied, "It is, Sire, because my ancestors were too great to be the servants of yours." After such a speech it is probable that even Louis le Grand would not find himself perfectly at his ease in a *tete-a-tete* with the bishop; for pride is always in some degree awed and baffled by a kindred pride. Kings, therefore, although they may *command* the submission and services of the greatest in their dominions, will generally be better pleased with receiving them without such an effort. They chuse to have about them, and to distinguish by their favour, persons who have no natural claims to preference; and they justly expect to find those most obsequious to their will, who without that will would have been nothing.

The two distinctions among men that kings cannot make or unmake, and which therefore arrogate a kind of independence offensive to monarchical superiority, are high birth, and great abilities: these are therefore qualities which will seldom be met with in favourites; their owners are not of the true spaniel breed, nor readily admit of that careless familiarity which is both the cause and the effect of contempt—for it is to be observed, that a degree of contempt is not at all incompatible with favouritism. Exalted virtue might be mentioned as a third quality even more conducive to the dignity of independence than the other two, and therefore less adapted to the post of favourite; but it will never be among the competitors for such a post. Knowledge and talents are particularly apt to excite the jealousy of princes, because their defects of education, and the mode of life to which they are condemned, usually leaving them profoundly ignorant, they cannot avoid being under some apprehensions of displaying their ignorance before those from whom it cannot be concealed, and in whose estimation they must be lessened by it. A mere man of rank and title may be as uninformed

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uninformed as themselves, and bed-chamber lords are seldom formidable critics; but to hold a conversation with persons eminent for science or literature is both an exertion and a hazard. Though many sovereigns have affected the patronage of letters, very few of them, I believe, have chosen favourites from the learned tribe. James I., who really possessed no inconsiderable share of erudition, such as it was, took for his peculiar favourite one of the most empty and ignorant youths about his court, and indulged the pride of superiority by acting at once as his king and his schoolmaster. Henry VIII., also a scholar, though he gave all his political confidence to Wolsey, and studied polemics with More, yet chose for his friend and the companion of his private hours Charles Brandon, who was distinguished only by a good person, and dexterity in chivalrous exercises. Kings have sometimes been desirous of information and have had the discernment to resort to the proper sources whence it was to be obtained; but the persons preferred to the task of answering royal questions have been limited to that office, and when the allotted hour was spent, have been dismissed to make way for the mistress or favourite.

The favourites of princes (as, indeed, of all other persons who are able to *keep favourites*), will in general be those who are best qualified to minister to their pleasures; and by studying their leading propensities it is not difficult to foretell what kind of men are most likely to obtain an influence over them. Is the sovereign one of a light and trifling mind, mean in his tastes, and averse to application? he will chuse for his favourite the master of some trivial accomplishments which may amuse his indolence, and keep off that *ennui* which is ever ready to seize one who has exhausted all common gratifications, and has no turn for serious business. Louis XIII., whose own greatest acquisitions at the age of seventeen were beating a drum and blowing a trumpet, was captivated with the address of Luynes in training butcher-birds to hawk at sparrows, and raised him to the highest offices of state. To his feeble and melancholic character, a favourite who could entertain him was so necessary, that Cardinal Richelieu, who was really king in every important exertion of power, found it necessary to supply him with a minion of his own choice, though at the hazard of being undermined by him. The individual vices and follies of the Roman emperors may be traced in the description of men whom they honoured with their especial favour. Thus, Nero, who was an eminent dramatic amateur, made his chief intimate of a famous pantomimical actor: and Commodus, whose passion was the amphitheatre, was happy only in the company of gladators and athletes. Whatever additional qualities the favourites of profligate princes possessed, they were sure, however, to be equal to their masters in profligacy; for vice can never be at

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ease in the society of virtue. And hence arises the principal mischief of favouritism. As it must always be probable that one born to royalty will early be initiated into licentious pleasures, the ministers of these pleasures, who are readily to be found among the retainers of a court, will enjoy the first opportunity of obtaining his favour, and contracting that familiarity with him which is rendered peculiarly intimate by participating in disgraceful secrets. And thus an ascendancy will be acquired, which, if the character of the prince be feeble and pliable, may never be shaken off; especially if such a confidant possesses the convivial qualities which give a zest to sensual gratifications. As the objects of a favouritism founded upon this base must be radically mean and vicious in their principles, their company may communicate an indelible taint to the mind of the future sovereign, and blight the buds of all honourable and dignified sentiments. It was not all the discipline of adversity, nor the obligations of gratitude to faithful servants and to a whole loyal nation, that could recover the depraved mind of Charles II. from his attachment to panders and buffoons, or inspire him with a single permanent feeling of the honour of a man or the duty of a sovereign. What, indeed, can be expected from one who has habituated himself to the society of persons whose influence over him must ever depend upon fostering his vicious propensities, and alienating him from every serious and laudable pursuit? We often see the effects of such a training in private life, and they must be still more prejudicial in a station which has no superior.

The degree of external splendour to which favourites have arrived has been very different in different countries. In despotic monarchies, they have often been entrusted by their weak and indolent masters with the whole weight of the administration, generally to the great detriment of the state, and not unfrequently to the destruction of both prince and minion. In mixed governments, where a salutary control exists over the misguided will of the sovereign, and public opinion is of some consequence, the elevation of notoriously worthless and incapable subjects to important posts can scarcely be ventured upon; a secret influence may however be maintained, which shall exert a decisive sway over all appointments, and abuse it to purposes of private or party interest. The internal history of courts abounds with examples of this kind, especially under the dominion of female favourites, who cannot in person exercise the absolute power with which they are often invested. The Montespans, Maintenons, and Pompadours of France, were for a long series of years main springs in the administration of that country; and by their intrigues influenced the nomination of generals and ministers, and avenged their sex of the unpoliteness of the Salic law. In this country we have not as

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yet been much under the influence of this class of favourites; for our sovereigns have mixed too little sentiment with their amours to give them much weight in their serious deliberations.

That weakness of mind which disposes a prince to throw himself into the arms of unworthy favourites, is unfortunately insurmountable, for advancing years only strengthen the habit of yielding, where there is no natural solidity of character. All that is left for a friend of his country who foresees dangers of this kind, is to mark the indications of disposition afforded by the choice of intimates, and prepare against the consequences. Is the favourite known to be a man of corrupt and arbitrary political principles?—let the patriot look well to the checks and safeguards of a free constitution. Is he profuse, dissipated, and profligate?—let the public morals and the public purse be objects of peculiar jealousy. Is he low and vulgar in tastes and talents?—let care be taken to inspire a due respect for the arts that polish and elevate the mind. It may be difficult, even in a limited monarchy, to counteract the example set by the possessor of regal authority; yet an union of the most respectable and considerate part of the community cannot fail of a certain effect; and upon the whole, it may be better for a nation to commence a new reign with a sense of the necessity of guarding against probable misgovernment, than with the blind confidence inspired by more flattering presages.

I cannot conclude this paper without making some remarks on the strange inconsequence and partiality shewn by Hume in his account of the circumstances attending the attachment of Edward II. to his minion, Piers Gavaston. This youth obtained such a complete ascendancy over his weak master "by supplying him (says Hume) with all those frivolous amusements which suited his capacity and inclinations," that the wise Edward I., foreseeing the dangers of such a connexion, a short time before his death banished Gavaston the kingdom, and made his son promise never to recal him. The first act of royalty exercised by the new king, "whose heart, (according to the softening of Hume), was strongly disposed to friendship and confidence," was to send for him to court, create him earl of Cornwall, and marry him to his niece. The insolence and rapacity of Gavaston after his return, were only equalled by the extravagance of Edward's fondness, who seemed disposed to lay his whole kingdom at the feet of his favourite. Gavaston being left guardian of the realm with unusual powers during Edward's absence in France, the great barons, justly indignant at the unbounded authority of this upstart, entered into a confederacy, in virtue of which the king, *at the next parliament*, was obliged to consent to the banishment of Gavaston, from whom an oath was exacted that he would never return. Edward,

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however, as soon as he was able, broke through the condition, procured his minion an absolution from his oath, received him back with transport, and reinstated him in all the plenitude of favour. This decisive proof both of the king's bad faith, and of his utter incapacity to govern of himself, caused the barons to adopt some more effectual plan for redressing the public grievances, of which, however, Hume chooses to speak in the following terms: "Though there had been scarcely any national ground of complaint, except some dissipation of the public treasure; though all the acts of mal-administration objected to the king and his favourite, seemed of a nature more proper to excite heart-burnings in a ball or assembly, than commotions in a great kingdom; yet such was the situation of the times, that the barons were determined, and were able, to make them the reasons of a total alteration in the constitution and civil government." Is it possible that a sober historian can speak so lightly of such an instance of abuse in the royal office as an infatuated and unprincipled attachment to a foreign minion, by his own account, lavish, rapacious, and content with nothing less than trampling upon all that was constitutionally great in the kingdom! In the sequel it appears, that the commissioners to whom a temporary exercise of the supreme authority was committed, made many wholesome ordinances, among which the most offensive to the king was the second banishment of Gavaston; and that as soon as the restraint over Edward was relaxed, he recalled his favourite, and restored him to power, on which, says Hume, "the barons saw that his or their ruin was inevitable." They again confederated, took up arms, obtained possession of Gavaston's person, and without ceremony beheaded him. This act, which by Hume's acknowledgment was a necessary measure of self-defence, and was the result of repeated perfidy both in the king and the favourite, he denominates a murder; and he proceeds in his usual mode of epithets and artful glosses, to fix the whole wrong upon the barons in these transactions. Yet from his own relation it appears that they returned to their allegiance as soon as their persons and privileges were secured; and that Edward might thenceforth have reigned happily, had he not relapsed into the incurable weakness of favouritism.

ART.

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Art. II.—*On Contempt for Popularity.*

Though the present age is by no means remarkable for the self-denying virtues, yet there is a species of renunciation that we sometimes hear proclaimed in our public assemblies with no little emphasis, which is, that of any title to, or wish for, *popularity*. So far from courting the applause of the people, these high-minded ascetics express a kind of horror at such a gratification, and declare open war against it. If this language proceeded solely from men of an independent spirit, whose conscious virtue elevated their minds to a superiority over praise or censure, we might admire their dignity of sentiment, however we might think it verged to a stoical excess. But, in fact, indifference to popular fame is often paraded by those who are the furthest in the world from a philosophical estimate of things, and who look for much more substantial rewards for their conduct than self-approbation. Their contempt for popularity is only comparative; they would prize it were it the readiest road to wealth or honours, but they have discovered a more direct path to their objects in pleasing a court or serving a minister. They have made their election of the patronage which they judge to be the most effectual, and the possession of that, necessarily precludes them from the other. From their first setting out in life they forfeited all claim to the attachment of the people, and they may safely affect to despise what was never within their reach. They were initiated from youth in aristocratic pride and courtly subserviency, and never knew the feeling of fellow-citizenship.

But without dwelling longer upon the motives of persons whose characters render discussion unnecessary, let us consider the point abstractedly, and endeavour to ascertain the true foundation both of the love and the contempt of popularity.

To obtain the esteem and affection of those with whom we are to pass our days is so natural a desire, that it may be regarded as one of the characteristics of a human being. There have, indeed, been instances, even in this country, of persons who appear to have adopted the sentiment of the Roman tyrant, "Let them hate, provided they fear me;" but such men have either originally been monsters in their kind, or have been spoiled by a bad education and exorbitant power and opulence. To be respected and beloved may therefore be reckoned the universal wish; and to be so on account of that branch of social duty which has the widest influence on the good of society, may justly claim the highest place in that desire. How then can it happen that men who feel a sensible gratification from the good name which they

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have acquired in their own immediate connexions, should be indifferent to the reputation they bear in the general body of their fellow-citizens? It can only be because they have associated some mean and degrading ideas with this kind of popularity, probably regarding it as the expression of the sense of the vulgar exclusively, and as usually resulting from unworthy arts on the part of the possessor, and from ignorance and caprice on that of the bestowers. The grounds of such an opinion are first to be examined.

In a country where the conduct of men in public stations is laid open to the whole community, and canvassed with freedom, it is scarcely possible that the political character of every distinguished individual should not be estimated with tolerable exactness; for though motives may be concealed, actions are apparent, and from them alone even the most sagacious must be content to draw their inferences. Now, the inferior ranks have access, at least secondarily, (on the supposition above made), to just the same evidence of fact that their superiors have; and in their deductions they follow no other rules than those adopted by the classes immediately above them. It is a matter of notoriety who defends and who attacks public abuses; who promotes and who resists reforms; who is the protector and who the invader of constitutional rights; and it requires no long experience to discover who acts the part of a patriot and who of a mercenary. The people, as a *whole*, cannot in a popular government be much or long mistaken in these points; and in that *whole* there is no reason to suppose that the less enlightened many will judge differently from the more enlightened few, for the former are always swayed in their opinions by the latter. There is not, I will venture to assert, a single instance in history of a popularity of any continuance which has not been founded upon some real display of public virtue, how much soever it may have failed on a further trial; nor, on the other hand, is there an instance of popular odium attending a public character without some apparent ground for it, however erroneous this feeling may afterwards be proved to have been. The test which the people apply in judging of political conduct is always right, for it can be no other than promoting the good of the community; but they may apply it unskilfully.

The democracy of Athens is particularly referred to for examples of the propensity of the common people to judge rashly and erroneously; and there are, doubtless, in the history of that republic too many instances of such a fault. At the same time there is, perhaps, no example of a state of no greater magnitude which has produced so many distinguished public characters; and as these were raised to their stations by popular votes, it cannot be said that the people were in general bad estimators of merit. Some men

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men who never flattered them, but, on the contrary, very freely told them their faults, obtained their esteem and confidence, and were employed by them on all important occasions. Of the number of these was the excellent Phocion, who indeed was remarkable for his professed contempt of the popular opinion; yet his being above forty times appointed to the command of the Athenian armies, is a proof that the people were not so light and irrational as to reject the services of an able and virtuous man, because he spoke harshly to them. His unmerited fate, indeed, was a lamentable instance of the effect of popular rage under the impression of mistake and passion; yet the circumstances of the time, when Athens was in the dying agonies of her liberty, together with a false step really made by Phocion through his overconfidence in the Macedonian general, may be pleaded in extenuation of the cruel and disgraceful act—and what passionate despot has not done as much or more?

Aristides owed to his reputation for that virtue which conferred on him his surname of the Just, the popular esteem which raised him to the first offices of the state; and surely the public confidence was never more nobly placed, or more faithfully repaid. His banishment, and that of many other eminent Athenians, by the sentence of ostracism, has often been adduced in proof of the inconstancy and ingratitude of a popular government; but it was, in fact, the mildest mode of getting rid for a time of an influence which, in a constitution without checks and balances, (the radical defect of a pure democracy), was continually endangering the public liberty. A single tyrant kills when he suspects.

The popularity of political characters is commonly the result of exertions to resist those encroachments and abuses which may always be expected from uncontrouled power in whatever hand. Under the weight of monarchical or aristocratical oppression, the body of people have always looked up to men who were willing and able to assume the part of their protectors; and there have never been wanting in mixed governments, persons of the superior classes, who have thought the popularity thus acquired as worthy an object of pursuit as the approbation of a court or a senate. The Poplicolas of Rome were for several generations revered as the patrons of the people; and in our own country, families might be named which have established hereditary claims to popular attachment. Now, there seems to be no reason why, on one hand, the people should be vilified for honouring the defenders of their rights; or, on the other, why patriots should be censured for taking pleasure in that public applause which they have well merited. The people give the most valuable thing they have to bestow, in giving their hearts; and the patriot receives that reward of his labours which, to say no more, costs his country the least, in accepting the demonstrations of their affection and esteem.

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They who wish to depreciate popularity are fond of producing instances in which it has been conferred upon vicious characters. It were, indeed, much to be wished that public and private virtue should always be found in conjunction; but such is the imperfection of human nature that this is not the case; and when they present themselves apart, we must make the best compromise with each that we are able. It is not, however, true that moral character weighs nothing in the scale of popularity. In this country, private virtue scarcely ever fails of its due estimation with the people, when they are made acquainted with it; and examples might easily be pointed out in which that alone has obtained more credit for a public character than it deserved. On the other hand, when a man has taken a part in public life which accords with the wishes of his fellow-citizens, and sustains it with spirit and ability, it would be neither just nor wise to refuse him the meed due to him as a patriot, because his conduct as the master of a family has been exceptionable. And why should the people be more delicate in this respect than their rulers, who never scruple to engage and remunerate the services of one whose talents may be useful to them, whatever be his moral defects? If the favourites of the people have sometimes been profligate, what have been those of kings and princes?* It is true, the patriotism which has not virtue for its base is not confidently to be relied upon; yet there is a kind of honour, which, however artificial, will sometimes keep a man steady to the cause he has espoused, notwithstanding the temptations of interest, though he may be incapable of resisting the allurements of pleasure and fashionable dissipation. At least, such persons are often more to be trusted than those who, confiding in the reputation they have acquired from observing the ordinary decencies of life, feel no restraint from public opinion when they make themselves the tools of a court or a minister.

The good will of the vulgar, it must be acknowledged, is sometimes gained by arts which experience and reflection would from the first discern to be unworthy and contemptible—by vehement and empty declamation against every exertion of authority; by personal abuse, and imputations thrown at random upon the characters and designs of men in power; by aggravated pictures of public distress, and pathetic lamentations over unavoidable evils. But there must be some real causes of discontent before much credit can be obtained by such practices; some misgovernment, the effects of which have entrenched upon the comforts of life in every

* When Wilkes was under prosecution for the *Essay on Woman*, there were in the House of Lords, and even in the King's Household and Cabinet, persons who formed a conspicuous part of that abandoned society in which the obnoxious piece took its origin.

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every class of society. The public in an ill humour may be misled both as to their friends and their enemies, though the ill-humour itself may be justly founded.

Another species of popularity which well deserves both the contempt and abhorrence of every well-disposed member of the community, is that sometimes consequent upon lavish profusion employed for purposes of corruption, or for the indulgence of those propensities to idleness and debauchery which characterise the lowest and most dissolute of the populace. When a people are so debased that they think of nothing but *panem et Circenses*, —largesses and shows,—they will bestow their affections upon the vilest of mankind who provide liberally for those wants; thus the very worst of the Roman emperors were favourites with the soldiery and the mob of Rome. But the candidates for this popularity cannot be less than princes or fortunate commanders, and there is little danger that they should be mistaken for patriots.

A kind of ridicule has been attached to popularity in consequence of the modes in which the vulgar sometimes display their regard. When the biped takes the place of the quadruped in drawing the carriage of the hero of the day, it is scarcely possible to restrain a sarcasm at such a voluntary degradation of those whose acclamations constitute the chief honour of the exhibition; though, it is to be observed, the greatest contemners of the mob are well enough pleased to enjoy this distinction when it serves their purposes. But here the difference between *people* and *populace* displays itself. It is the *populace* who chair and draw the candidate, and break windows and heads in his cause; but it is the *people* who associate to secure the election of the tried patriot, and to rescue themselves from a corrupt and overbearing influence. No wise man will value himself upon the shouts of the first; but the noblest spirit may take pride in the zealous attachment of the last. He who is indifferent to the approbation of his fellow-citizens is no fit member of a free state. He may affect to despise the emptiness of popular fame; but if the more solid objects which captivate his mind are a title or a ribbon, he as little merits the esteem of the philosopher, as the confidence of his country.

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Art. III.—*On the Privileges of a Pedestrian.*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR.

Sir,

I readily acknowledge myself to be one of that large class in society who find the maintenance of a number of human beings a sufficient task in these times, without adding to it that of keeping other expensive animals. Exclusively, therefore, of a cat, my domestic establishment consists entirely of my own species. I confess, also, that there have been moments in which the easy chariot, the smart gig or curricle, and the sprightly hunter, have excited in me emotions, not of envy, but of an unsatisfied desire. But as nothing is more injurious to happiness than brooding over wants and wishes which we are unable to gratify, I have accustomed myself to turn my view upon what I possess, rather than upon what I am without; and as I am of necessity a pedestrian, I feel a satisfaction in reflecting upon the comparative advantages that attend this mode of *walking the world.*

I must premise, that though somewhat declined into the vale of years, and sensible that they have robbed me of some things I should have been glad to have kept, yet I can say with Cowper—

> Th' elastic spring of an unwearied foot
> That mounts the stile with ease, or leaps the fence,
> The play of lungs inhaling and again
> Respiring freely the fresh air, that makes
> Swift pace or steep ascent no toil to me,
> Mine have not pilfer'd yet.

I can add, with still more confidence,

> ——————— nor yet impair'd
> My relish of fair prospect;

for though I have looked on the world a good many years, and of course rarely meet with any thing that has the charm of absolute novelty, yet new combinations of well-known objects, and even the very same viewed again after a due interval, suffice to keep alive an emotion of curiosity which renders the scenery of nature ever fresh and interesting.

I shall not take up much time in descanting on the peculiar salubrity of walking exercise. That it is the natural mode of conveyance from place to place, and indeed the only one which can be practised by a great majority of the human species, forms a reasonable presumption in its favour; to which a medical theorist would probably add, that it affords the most equable and general action to all parts of the body, and is not liable to the sudden shocks

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shocks and partial pressures consequent upon riding on horseback. As to lolling in a bolstered carriage upon patent springs on a smooth road, it is such an apology for exercise, that Indolence herself might blush to give it the name; and we need not wonder at the pallid faces and languid bloated figures that we often see painfully alighting from a morning ride at the doors of a fashionable street or square. They pay a high price for health and spirits which the very purchase prevents them from acquiring, and which they might have gratuitously, if they could condescend to share the boon with their inferiors. The ancients, who were particularly attentive to gymnastic medicine, had their *ambulatra*, or walking places, always attached to a great mansion; sensible that no mode of exercise which luxury could invent, would produce the beneficial effects of one which nature seems to have appropriated to mankind.

Of the other advantages of a pedestrian, I shall first mention his *independence*. Instead of being the slave of a groom or a coachman, who, when his master calls for his horse or carriage, may come with a long face and say, Sir, the grey mare is lame, and the gelding has taken physic; or, one of the coach wheels is loose, and the harness is gone to be mended, (*miseries* well known to the opulent), the pedestrian, at the first gleam of sunshine in a dubious day, or the instant of laying aside business, buttons on his gaiters, snatches up his hat and umbrella, and sallies forth without a question to any body. On his way he has nothing to attend to but himself, and nothing to consult but his own volition. The most absolute authority over another, either man or beast, is not exerted without some effort, some hesitation as to the propriety of the command, and the resistance it may possibly encounter; a horse may be restive, or a servant sulky, and to stop or turn a carriage is a matter requiring some consideration; but when the mind has only to convey a command to the legs, the order and its execution are simultaneous. This feeling of independence is a delightful thing to those who have experienced it, and would not readily be exchanged for the constraint of luxurious indulgence.

Connected with this privilege is the feeling of perfect *security* with which the walker proceeds, who has not to watch the motions of a stumbling or a starting horse, or continually to keep a look-out lest his wheels should be entangled, or his carriage driven into a ditch, by some furious Phaeton. How many are there who from apprehensions of this kind lose all the pleasure of a ride, and are never at their ease till they dismount or are set down in safety at their own house! The walker, from the foot-way, surveys all the bustle and confusion of a much travelled road as one not at all concerned in it, and what is terror to those in the midst of it, is only amusement to him.

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This consideration leads to another capital advantage possessed by him, which is that of the track he is generally able to pursue in his excursions. To the pedestrian, the soft and verdant path over enclosures or through corn fields is open; while the horseman and charioteer is obliged to toil along the turnpike road, where, in the finest season of the year, he is choaked with clouds of dust, and confined between hedges that exclude all prospect and free circulation of air. There cannot be a greater difference with respect to enjoyment than in these two situations. To the first, every step is pleasure; the green carpet on which he treads, the pure atmosphere he respires, and the perpetual change of landscape before his eyes, keep the mind in a delightful state of agreeable emotion. Such were the feelings that dwelt on the memory of Cowper when composing the following lines:—

> For I have loved the rural walk through lanes
> Of grassy swarth close cropt by nibbling sheep,
> And skirted thick with intertexture firm
> Of thorny boughs: have loved the rural walk
> O'er hills, through vallies, and by rivers' brink,
> E'er since a truant boy I pass'd my bounds
> T'enjoy a ramble on the banks of Thames.

The others, meanwhile, are in a state of actual suffering, with nothing to solace them but the hope of at length emerging into some opener spot, where they may take the air instead of the dust, and make some use of their eye-sight.

It is the privilege of the pedestrian to quit at will the direct path, and digress to every spot that strikes his fancy. He may ascend the neighbouring eminence, plunge into the depth of the subjacent valley, follow the windings of the stream, and thus investigate all the beauties of a romantic country, and make discoveries of the most favourable points of view in every landscape. By change of situation he can give an exhaustless variety to the scenes through which he passes, and group their constituent parts into new forms of picturesque beauty. The high roads of the most varied country must have a degree of tameness and uniformity, from their leading purpose of taking the shortest and levellest course, and will necessarily avoid some of the most remarkable spots; hence it is a truth admitted by all tourists, that a picturesque district can be thoroughly surveyed only on foot. Gray, than whom no one seems to have had a higher relish for the beauties of landscape, is said to have missed some of the finest points of view at the Westmoreland lakes, because he could not approach with his chaise, and was too delicate or timid to scramble among crags and precipices.

If the pedestrian is also a naturalist, his advantages are twofold augmented; indeed, he can scarcely be a naturalist unless he is

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is an able pedestrian. The botanist must not expect to find a harvest while riding along the gravel road. All rare and curious plants retire from common observation, and are only to be met with on alpine heights or rocky scars, in the depth of woods, in wet marshes, or shaking bogs. The mineralogist must climb hills, dive into quarries, and examine the strata of the earth on the faces of precipices. On a walking expedition such inducements to stray to difficult and unfrequented spots are a source of the keenest delight, not less intense than those felt by the sportsman, and of a purer kind; and perhaps, in the whole range of external pleasures, there is none more truly gratifying both to the senses and the intellect, than that derived from free excursions over a varied country, with the double object of exploring its picturesque scenery, and discovering the riches of its natural products.

I may seem now, however, to have got beyond that humble amusement of walking with which I commenced, and which supposes limitation to a circle of country within the reach of one who cannot conveniently indulge in distant rambles; for it will seldom happen that many objects of curiosity or novelty are contained in such a circle of which a considerable town is the centre. Yet there are few of our cities or provincial capitals which are so unhappily placed as not to possess in their vicinity much pleasing rural scenery, though, as I have frequently observed, it is little known to the more opulent inhabitants, whose excursions are confined to the high roads. The neighbourhood of the metropolis, in particular, affords many beauties of this kind, though it is not in general regarded as one of the more picturesque districts of the kingdom. Its noble river, its richly cultivated plain, the wooded eminences that bound it at a moderate distance on each side, and the countless villas with which,

> Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads,

it is begirt in every direction, present objects that cannot fail of gratifying both the eye of taste and the heart of sensibility—for I would by no means have my pedestrian encourage a misanthropical disdain of pleasures in which he cannot participate, but rather accustom himself to rejoice with the possessor of a more splendid lot, while he is satisfied with his own. Such is the profusion of agreeable variety from the sources above-mentioned within the reach of the London pedestrian, that the fine weather of a whole summer might be employed in walking excursions without exhausting all the novelty, especially if the circuit were a little extended by the occasional help of a stage coach.

I might add, that walking offers peculiar opportunities for shewing the different manners, employments, and modes of life of the mass of people, which escape the notice of those who travel with more

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more apparatus. The pedestrian, reducing himself more to the level of the inferior classes, and falling more in their way, may readily draw from them any information they are able to give. He may converse with the labourer in the fields, or the workman at his task, chat with the cottager's family as he stops to ask the road or shelter from a shower, and listen to the group at an ale-house door while he sits to rest him on the bench. There are, indeed, those who would keep aloof from all such communication with the vulgar, lest it should impair that conscious dignity which they are the more solicitous to preserve in proportion as it is less outwardly apparent. But let them reflect that the proud patrician would treat them with just the same haughty distance that they observe to the peasant, notwithstanding all their attempts at self-consequence; and that true dignity, which dwells in the mind, cannot be forfeited by voluntary condescension. Man is man all the world over—in all states an object worth contemplating, and never despicable unless morally so.—I am, Sir, your's, &c.

A Peripatetic.

Art. IV.—*Defects in Classical Education.*

——————"Vos sævas imponite leges,
Ut præceptori verborum regula constet;
Ut legat historias, auctores noverit omnes,
Tanquam ungues digitosque suos; ut forte rogatus,
Dum petit aut Thermas aut Phœbi balnea, dicat
Nutricem Anchisæ, nomen patriamque novercæ
Archemori; dicat, quot Acestes vixerit annos,
Quot Siculus Phrygibus vini donaverit urnas."

Juvenal, *Sat. VII.* v. 229-36.

"Add yet, ye parents, add to the disgrace,
And heap new hardships on this wretched race.
Make it a point that all, and every part,
Of their own science be possessed by heart;
That general history with our own they blend,
And have all authors at their finger's end:
That they may still inform you, should you meet,
And ask them at the bath, or in the street,
Who nurs'd Anchises; from what country came
The stepdam of Archemorus, what her name;
How long Acestes flourish'd, and, in short,
With how much wine the Trojans left his court."—Gifford.

"It is impossible," observes Mr. Gifford in a note on this passage, "to suppress a smile at the perverse industry of modern criticks, in hunting out what Juvenal represents as puzzling those of his own time. The nurse of Anchises and the step-dam of Archemorus

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Archemorus, are now no longer secrets." Perhaps, the ridicule which Juvenal attaches to this kind of tormenting knowledge originates not so much in it's being "puzzling," as in it's utter uselessness and insignificance. However, as we know by woeful experience how puzzling it is to us in these latter days, I shall proceed without further preface to string together a few cursory remarks on that system of education, of which it appears to be deemed an essential and indispensable branch.

That the study of the classics is at all a superfluous branch of education, I would not be understood to insinuate. So much of it as is either useful or ornamental cannot be destitute of value: whatever contributes to refine the taste or enlarge the understanding cannot be superfluous. There are treasures of knowledge and wisdom in the writings of the ancients, which he who attempts to fathom cannot be accused of an abuse of his time; there is an inexhaustible mine of poetry open to the investigation of modern readers, which has had the merit, in addition to the immediate delight it afforded, of polishing the taste and modelling the writings of succeeding poets. However the acquisition of superior knowledge may have exalted the moderns to a superiority above the ancients in the different branches of science, yet it is from the ancients themselves that the rudiments of that science have been elicited; and we ought not, because we have risen by their assistance to a pre-eminence above themselves, to be so ridiculously supercilious as to spurn from under us the ladder which has been the instrument of our elevation. It is in reference to the Roman as well as the Grecian writers, that the advice of the Roman critic may be quoted and applied to modern students:—

> "Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ."
> Hor. *Ars Poet.* v. 269.

Yet, to so noble a study, as that of the classics must be acknowledged to be, it is to be lamented that the accumulating curiosity of succeeding ages has attached such a confused mass of mythological absurdity, as is almost sufficient to deter the uninitiated from attempting the hopeless labyrinth. It is evident that, as things are, he is not a proficient in classical literature, who has merely studied the ancient writers with success; who has investigated their philosophy, moral and political, and compared and digested the discordant systems; who has examined by their help the history of the manners and exploits of the most ancient nations of the world; and who has fed his fancy, improved his judgment, and modelled his taste upon the rich poetical treasures of the Greeks and Romans,—unless to all this be superadded an accurate knowledge not merely of the genealogy, but of the crimes and monstrosities of the Heathen Gods,—of all the adulteries of

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Jupiter, and every descendant from him, direct and collateral, to the twentieth or fiftieth generation,—in short, of every thing scraped together from the poetical gossips of antiquity, which may contribute not merely needlessly to perplex the memory, but even to corrupt the morals of the young student.*

It cannot be denied that a great proportion of this knowledge is absolutely indispensable in a scholar; because, "in order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merit of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries." Now, the writings of Ovid and Pindar, for instance, are so replete with mythological allusion, that it is impossible for any one even to attain a tolerable understanding of them, who has not his memory stored with those fables by which their poetry is alternately adorned and debased. In Pindar this rage for fabulous wonders is frequently made subservient to historical elucidation;—if elucidation it may be called, which, by labouring to deduce in a clear line the descent of the subject of his panegyric from Jupiter, distracts the attention of the reader from the sublimities of his poetry, and involves him in the mazes of genealogical registers. Still it will not be denied, that the mythology with which it is encumbered is far the dullest part of Pindar's style; and that his poetry might be rendered much more interesting and edifying by being divested of the trammels of fable.

It does appear, then, to be a fault in education, that the memory of a schoolboy is too frequently burthened with more of this kind of knowledge than is necessary. Granting that a certain portion is necessary, it seems a species of cruelty, which involves more than the waste of time, to exact any thing beyond that portion. It is evident, that to know who was the nurse of Anchises, and who the step-dam of Archemorus;

> "How long Acestes flourish'd; and, in short,
> With how much wine the Trojans left his court,"

with other things of this kind,—cannot add either to the wisdom or happiness of man: why, then, should it be thought a thing disgraceful

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* It is singular enough that Aristophanes, that intrepid scoffer of the Gods, has represented the *Unjust Man* in his Nubes, adducing the example of Jupiter as his last and most forcible argument to seduce his pupil. The following passage is spoken of Jupiter:—

> "Κἀκεῖνος ὡς ἥττων ἑαυτοῦ ἐστι καὶ γυναικῶν·
> "Καί τοι σὺ θνητὸς ὢν Διὸς πῶς μεῖζον ἂν δύναιο;"
> V. 1077-8.
>
> ——"Jove shall take the blame from off your shoulders,
> Being himself a cuckold-making God,
> And you a poor frail mortal.—Why should you
> Be wiser, stronger, purer than a God?"—CUMBERLAND.

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graceful with us to be ignorant of that of which the knowledge is useless?

——"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise;"

and surely it is a wisdom worse than unwise to accumulate that knowledge which merely embarrasses and encumbers the mind, and which, instead of enlightening, produces a confusion of ideas and dimness of perception. It is this ardour for jumbling together in the memory all kinds of learning, without judgment to discriminate between the good and bad, that has unjustly brought upon scholars the reproach of tastelessness; which has subjected them to the ridicule of unlearned wits, as if, necessarily, he who possessed knowledge must be destitute of that taste, "without which knowledge is inert;" as if, necessarily, every scholar were another Margites, who—

"Πολλ' ἠπίστατο καλὰ, κακῶς δ' ἠπίστατο πάντα"—
Knew many good things, but knew them all ill.

It might reasonably be expected in this enlightened age, that the learning of our ancestors should be improved upon in every respect; that not only it's deficiencies should be supplied, but it's luxuriances should be pruned; and that the road of knowledge should be cleared of every incumbrance which may render it irksome to the rising generation. Taste and sound sense ought not to be sacrificed to that accumulation of scattered fables, which is made to go a great way towards forming a scholar; which is as laborious in the acquisition, as tormenting in the preservation, and as useless in the enjoyment, as the treasures of a miser. The materials thus heaped together are a mere stumbling-block in the hands of a tasteless person; and the learning of Bentley himself would be useless to one who possessed not the acute judgment of Bentley. Taste, after all, is the quality which must arrange, digest, and give life to knowledge;—in short, which is necessary to

——"hew the block off, and get out the man."

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Art. VI.—*Professor Porson Vindicated.*

"Avaunt—is Aristarchus yet unknown?"
Dunciad, book 4.

A thousand changes have been rung on the name of Porson; and the topics of panegyric appear to be yet unexhausted. At least, his extravagant admirers, while they have been "afraid to blame" the departed Colossus of Classical Literature, have by no means been "ashamed to praise" him in an inordinate degree. Let me not be misunderstood: it is not intended to depreciate the merits of this illustrious scholar, nor to deny the eminent services he has performed for that small portion of mankind called the literary world. It is only when his praises are exaggerated,—when they are joined with the sacred names of Milton, Shakspeare, and Newton, and his glory set in competition with theirs,—that it becomes the duty of moderate men to enquire into the grounds of his reputation, and to disprove on the one hand the fastidiousness of supercilious contempt, and on the other the fulsomeness of unmerited panegyric.—Now, his injudicious admirers have been so dazzled with his real and transcendant excellencies, that they have never ventured to look for imperfections, and have almost represented him as that "faultless monster which the world ne'er saw;" while others, who have viewed his character with rather a more jealous eye, have made no scruple to declare his faults, and have felt no inclination to discover that apology for them, which his friends appear to have thought unnecessary.

Dr. Butler has objected as a fault to the great scholar, that he employed his stupendous powers in addressing the "Juventus Academica;" arguing, by a singular and original kind of logic, that "in a common man there might have been something of condescension in such conduct; but in such a colossal genius as Porson, there appeared somewhat of contempt for his literary contemporaries, which he does not think wholly justifiable."* Surely, the good doctor has here forgotten himself: surely, that which in a common man would be condescension, must be in Porson pre-eminent condescension; nor will any impartial man, who considers the remarkable modesty for which the late Professor was conspicuous, be inclined to attribute it to any other motive. If he looked upon the "*Juventus Academica*" as his peculiar charge (and by virtue of his office such they indisputably were),—if he regarded his "literary contemporaries" as without need of further instruction,

* See his "Letter to Charles James Blomfield, &c." in which will be found some very frivolous attacks on the late Professor.

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struction, and himself as unqualified to furnish it and unworthy to obtrude it on them,—could this possibly imply a contempt for them? And by what point in his general conduct is such an imputation supported?* Doctor Butler, perhaps, has written with a view to the edification of older scholars; and I wish him success in so dignified an undertaking: but he must pardon those who differ from him on this subject, and allow me to hope, that if he ever arrive at the Greek Professorship himself, he will then at length condescend to bestow some attention on the "Academic Youth."

Were this the only charge that could be adduced against the late Professor, it would evidently leave nothing but triumph to his friends, and shame and confusion to his calumniators. But, to pass over trifling cavils, he has been vehemently reproached by his adversaries (and the justice of the reproach has been hastily acknowledged by some of the less zealous of his friends) not only with being much too sparing of his commendations towards other scholars, but even with unwarrantably depreciating their merits, and treating their labours with unmerited contempt.

"I do not recollect," says Doctor Butler, ("Ecce iterùm Crispinus!") "to have met with many passages in the writings of the late Professor, which tend to applaud his literary contemporaries." This is true; but I ask, does he recollect many which tend to *censure* his "literary contemporaries?"—And who were these mighty contemporaries, whose praises were to hang continually on the lips of Porson? There was none among them more eminent than Doctor Charles Burney; and what higher panegyric could he expect or desire from his friend than that comprehensive sentence in which he is designated as "Vir doctissimus et mihi longo amicitiæ usu conjunctissimus?" Let Doctor Butler weigh well the force of these superlatives: let him be assured, that praise is not the more valuable for being fulsome; and though now-a-days the fashion of these things is changed,—though now every flippant commentator is applauded as a "Vir longè doctissimus," and every petty editor of a Greek play hailed as a Colossus of learning,—the value of all commendation is to be estimated from its rarity: and this single sentence from the pen of Porson, scanty as it may appear, stamps a greater dignity on the name of the scholar he commends, than all the exaggerated encomiums of pedantic journalists, and even all the titles of "magnanimous heroes" which Doctor Burney himself can bestow.

* "Ii sunt, opinor," the Professor himself tells us, in his note on Medea, v. 1. "Ætate jam provectiores, quam ut à me vel quicquam pravi dedoceantur, vel recti quicquam addiscant. Vos autem, Adolescentes," &c.

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I have no hesitation in asserting, that the propensity to extravagant panegyric, which Doctor Burney and others have lately exhibited, is a fault far more censurable, and far more detrimental to the cause of letters, than the backwardness to praise, of which Porson has been so industriously accused. It resembles exactly the ill taste of Darwin and his school, who adorn a fly with such heroic epithets and such pompous description, that they have nothing higher left for a lion or a giant. When such men as Toup and Tyrrwhitt, whose very names are unknown to infinitely the greater part of the world, are dignified with the high-sounding titles of "magnanimous heroes," what climax of epithets have we in reserve for Locke, for Newton, and Alfred,—for the philosopher and the legislator,—for the saviours and enlighteners of mankind?

It is not necessary, however, that the faults of Porson should take shelter under a condemnation of the opposite faults in others: it is sufficient that the charge be plainly stated, and an appeal to his writings will easily refute it. Why do we hear complaints of his unwillingness to praise, when his works are interspersed with frequent and just encomiums on such men as Pierson, Valckenaer, and Bentley? He has not, indeed, extolled them to the skies; he has called them neither demi-gods nor heroes: but he has rewarded them with that just and reasonable praise which alone is true commendation, and which every moderate man and sober scholar rejoices to see bestowed as the crown of their labours. Such praise from such a man is their best reward.

But the heaviest part of the charge against Porson is, that he has traduced the merits of other commentators, and treated them with a contemptuous scurrility. If this charge be just, he has himself little claim to that mercy which he has denied to others. Perhaps, however, a plain quotation of the most obnoxious passages of his writings, accompanied by a slight examination of the merits of the case, may tend in some degree to remove the imputation.

The passing affronts he has offered to such men as Clarke, Bellanger, and Pauw, may well be overlooked; because classical readers are not greatly interested in the credit of such men, and if nobler names had not felt the attack, few persons would have been inclined to take up arms against Porson in their vindication. It had been better, perhaps, if their names had not been mentioned; but, being mentioned, no one would be so unreasonable as to expect that it could be with great veneration.

The zealous admirers of Gilbert Wakefield will probably feel little satisfied with the treatment he has received from the Professor. Yet let it be remembered, that the chief merits of that excellent man did not consist in his classical attainments; nor as a critical scholar, can his friends themselves with any decent shew

of

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of justice very highly applaud him. Is it then to be a matter of wonder, that his blunders should meet with some degree of fastidiousness from a critic of so nice a judgment and so acute a discrimination as Porson?

"Cur N finalem in *ἐπίλωσιν* et similibus addiderim, nemo nisi qui communi sensu plane careat, requiret."

Vid. Not. in Orest. v. 64.

This insinuation is levelled at Wakefield, who affected to abjure the use of the final N; and yet, resolved not to be consistent in error, he has sometimes adopted, and sometimes neglected it's use, apparently just as caprice dictated. Was such arbitrary licentiousness in an editor to be passed over without reproof,—such unaccountable opposition to all the learning and all the judgment of those who had unanimously sanctioned the contrary practice? Porson's censure is indeed severe: but,—though I will not much insist on the fact of it's being couched in general terms, without application to any particular name (for no one is ignorant that Wakefield is the man),—yet certainly Wakefield has, upon the whole, met with greater gentleness and respect from Porson, than from most of the critical fraternity,—I had almost said than he deserved; for he betrayed in general a strange temerity in asserting and positiveness in maintaining, quite inconsistent with the meekness of his private character, and quite inconsistent, too, with the becoming modesty of criticism;—not to mention an affectation of singularity very ridiculous, at least, and little less than disgraceful. Singularity, I have no doubt, was the charm which recommended to him the innovation censured in the above note of Porson; and it was most probably the same silly affectation which induced him to reject the use of accents. I am aware that accents have been rejected by some from mere indolence; but this could not have been the motive with Gilbert Wakefield, whose industry in the pursuit of knowledge was altogether insuperable. And yet this man, who disdained the care of such trifles, made his religion to depend on trifles scarcely more important, and of which he had about as accurate an understanding! Porson has reproved him in the following passage with a proper mixture of respect and severity.

"Video à nonnullis, optimis quidèm illis, sed nec satìs eruditis et paullò iracundioribus viris omnem accentuum rationem despicatu haberi. Verùm ii sunt, opinor, ætate jam provectiores, quàm ut à me vel quicquam pravi dedoceantur, vel recti quicquam addiscant.....Qui hanc doctrinam (sc. accentuum) nescit, dum ignorantiam suam candidè fatetur, inscitiæ tantùm reus; qui verò nescire non contentus, ignorantiæ suæ contemtum prætexit, majoris culpæ affinis est."—*Not. in Med. v.* 1.

If the fact were established, that Porson has been too severe upon the errors of Wakefield, it would at the worst prove his deficiency

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deficiency in judgment, without at all involving the perfect rectitude of his motives. But in attacking the critics of another country, it is possible he may have been actuated, though not certainly by a personal jealousy of their reputation, yet by a desire of establishing the credit of his own country on the ruin of that of others. Accordingly, his enemies are loud in calling out for mercy on the German critics: and you shall hear men,—not professedly his enemies, but a species of candid friends who despise the "bigot zeal" which would throw a veil over his failings,—wind up a warm panegyric on the great scholar with an acknowledgment of this seemingly undeniable truth,—that the German critics have just reason to complain of injurious treatment at his hands. The merits of those German critics are not always closely examined, nor even their names enquired into: it is sufficient that the cavil is taken up as a charge against Porson; and who shall contradict it? Who shall presume to vindicate a libeller?

There is, to be sure, one difficulty in the way of any attempt at the defence of Porson: it is an admitted point of law now-a-days, that a libel is not the less a libel for being true; nay, that it is more a libel, more malicious, more wicked, more diabolical. Thus, to assert the truth and justice of Porson's fulminations against the sons of Germany and wit, is no justification of him in law: however, as something may be gained for him on the score of equity and common sense, we will venture to examine a little into this point.—Now, who are the German editors in whose behalf Porson has been so virulently attacked? Unquestionably, Brunck and Hermann; but more especially, and, indeed, almost exclusively, the latter.

The merits of Brunck are not to be denied: but neither are his faults to be overlooked. The industry, the fidelity, and the extensive reading he has displayed, in his editions of Sophocles and Aristophanes, are quite sufficient to raise him above contempt: but the temerity with which he has laid down inadmissible dogmas, and the carelessness with which he has in some instances confounded the laws of comic and tragic composition, are calculated to provoke alternately our smiles and our astonishment; while the fastidious arrogance with which he has triumphed over the dullness of poor Thomas Johnson,—and that, too, in some cases, where he has put down a right interpretation of the said Thomas Johnson, and substituted an error in it's place,—is really quite disgusting: it is such as must excite the indignation of every reader, and very readily reconcile us to any reprehension the confident critic may meet with from others. Now, the rebukes he has received from Porson are generally some such passing hits as the following:—

"Is, lectore celato, ut facere solet, cum alienas conjecturas adoptat, ex Heathii emendatione edidit, &c.—*Not. in Hec. v.* 464.

"Nec

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"Nec me fugit, Brunckium pluribus in locis Sophoclis et Aristophanis τιθεῖς, ξυνιεῖς, et similes barbarismos aut reliquisse aut intulisse."—*Orest.* 141.

Such censures as these, however severe, carry their own justification with them: a matter of fact, either plainly stated or implied, cannot easily involve a gross injustice, nor subject the critic to merited reproach.—We may leave Brunck to endure the just punishment of his faults, and pass on to that more illustrious offender, Hermann.

Hermann has unquestionably been in his day an useful collector of notes upon the ancients,—a man possessing infinitely more learning than genius, and more industry than taste, and employing that learning and industry upon the elucidation of the metrical department of Grecian literature. For his services in this way he has been rewarded with quite as much applause as was due to him,—that is, about as much as Bacon or Alfred might have looked to receive. Among other panegyrists, Doctor Burney speaks of him in the preface to his *Tentamen* as

"— τοῦ μετρικωτάτου, viri à philosophiâ et omni liberali doctrinâ maximè instructi."

Be it so: let us think of this man as one singularly skilled in metrical science; and what is the impression we feel on the occasion? Is it a wish to bow with veneration before him? Or do we hear his name as that of an ordinary mortal?—But, it seems, he is singularly gifted with philosophy and all kinds of liberal science. Yes; he displayed his philosophy in a petty act of revenge against Porson,—he affected to proclaim Gilbert Wakefield his rival as a critical scholar:—such was his philosophy; and the other subject of the panegyric is to be exhibited, I suppose, in his next work.

Now, of this man, it is not to be disguised that Porson professed a sovereign contempt.—Among other absurdities, Hermann had maintained that an Iambic Senarius might be composed entirely of tribrachs except the last foot. A most delectable verse for tragedy it would be, to be sure! Porson tried the experiment in a poignant epigram on the great metrical scholar himself:—

"Ὁ μετρικὸς, ὁ σοφὸς, ἄτοπα γέγραφε περὶ μέτρων.
"Ὁ μετρικὸς ἄμετρος, ὁ σοφὸς ἄσοφος ἐγένετο."

No abuse, no ridicule could have exceeded in severity this simple epigram; and yet where is the injustice of it? The question is, did the man "write absurdly about metres?" If he did (and the fact is indisputable), Porson says no more in his epigram; and what objection can the Hermannites raise to this exemplification of their master's rule? If ridicule be an unfair touchstone, let this touchstone be applied in revenge to the rules of Porson,—with

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with this restriction only, that the German Epigrams made for the purpose shall be confined to a plain statement of matter of fact, and not launch out into scurrility.

But Porson's great attack on the poor German is in his celebrated note on the Medea, v. 675. In this note he has concentrated all that poignant bitterness which he knew so well how to manage,—all that indignant irony which is more terrible than the noisiest vehemence,—and all that agreeable combination of learning with elegant playfulness, which distinguishes the style of his notes from the dull prosings of ordinary commentators.—After establishing a rule and referring to some passages which apparently militate against it, he proceeds:—

"Quæ loca Gothofredo Hermanno curanda libenter mandarem, si eum crederem eâdem facilitate ex corruptis sana facere posse, quâ ex sanis corrupta facit. Quis enim præter Hermannum dactylum, non dico prætervidit, (hoc enim omnes facimus) sed in quartam senarii sedem ipse ex emendatione intulit? *Nub.* 870. Quis præter Hermannum pro optimâ voce χυτρεοῦν verbum substituit non Græcum, nullâ auctoritate munitum, metro perniciosum, χυτροῦν? *Nub.* 1476. Nimirum ut Dawesio obloqueretur, *Cui si non aliqua nocuisset, mortuus esset.*"

It is readily granted, that this attack on Hermann is quite gratuitous, and that the Professor has gone out of his way to make it: but the impertinence of it is unquestionably compensated by the service he has done in opposing the whole weight of his authority to such senseless innovations, as might otherwise mislead the unsuspecting and uninquiring judgment of young students;—and for young students, be it remembered, Porson wrote. Let us remark, too, that not one sentence of this extract is vague reproach: it is all matter-of-fact accusation, and such as cannot be disputed. Hermann did intrude a dactyl into the fourth place of a senarius: he did substitute a barbarism for a pure Greek word: he did manifest a disposition at all hazards to cavil at Dawes.—But his ignorance betrayed in the preceding extract is no fault, in comparison of the arrogant impertinence which Porson proceeds to expose. And here, again, we shall find that Porson has used none of those abusive epithets in which some commentators so much delight: he has in the same passage bestowed his reproof, and guarded it by it's proper justification.

"Sed hæc nihili sunt præ triumphis, quos de innocenti Ἡρακλίνα nomine egit. Quamvis enim, ipso judice, χυτρεοῦν apud Comicos productarum ejusmodi syllabarum exemplum sit, nihil contrà rarius est apud Tragicos. Ideòque, ait Hermannus, "Nos Germani, *qui multo melius Anglis syllabarum quantitatem callemus*, nos omnia loca, ubi Ἡρακλέης pro Epitrito tertio apud Euripidem occurrit, emendabimus." Et sex loca, hoc morbo scilicet laboran-

tia,

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tia, corrigit, si hoc est corrigere, morbum fingere, ut tuam medicinæ peritiam ostentes."

Let us just observe the folly of this German critic's boast,—a boast, too, so ill supported by his proofs: it is not, that his countrymen are better poets, better philosophers, better legislators than the English, but—that they are better skilled in the quantity of syllables!

Here, then, it may confidently be asked, Has Porson any heavy load of guilt to answer for in his treatment of Hermann? Has he been unjustly and outrageously severe on a man whom Doctor Burney has condescended to panegyrize;—on a man, who has insulted the English nation by depreciating the merits of their great scholar, and by arrogantly claiming over them a superiority which they would not stoop to dispute with him, and which he himself has satisfactorily proved his inability to maintain?

When the impartial judgment of posterity shall have fixed the renown or the infamy of the illustrious great ones of this age, Porson may, perhaps, be stripped of some share of that rapturous admiration with which he is now honoured by his most zealous friends: his name will then be ranked below Chatham, and Bacon, and Newton; but Newton himself will scarcely be more highly exalted above Porson, than Porson will rise superior to Hermann and the satellites of Hermann.

S.

Art. VI.—*Letters on Biography.*

LETTER I.

It gives me much pleasure, my dear young friend, to learn that you have determined, during this vacation from your academical studies, to devote a daily portion of your time to serious reading, and that, contented with the beautiful rural situation in which you are fixed, you are able to resist the temptation of lounging some months away at a fashionable watering-place, immersed in the indolence and frivolity which are the invariable attendants on those scenes of modern dissipation. I doubt not that by this resolution you will find yourself a gainer as much in pleasure, as in improvement; for if variety be one of the chief sources of entertainment, there can be no comparison between a country residence in the midst of delightful natural objects, with the interchange

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change of converse by means of books with all the wisdom and all the wit of past ages; and the monotonous routine of rides, rooms, coffee-houses, and circulating libraries, amidst fleeting crowds, intent only upon the arduous business of getting rid of the time with which they are cruelly overburthened.

I do not wonder that among the subjects of your literary course you include *Biography*; for whether the knowledge of individual man be regarded in a philosophical view, as the only true foundation of the science of mind; or politically and practically, as the ground of all just inference concerning the probability of human conduct; or with the simple curiosity that stimulates us to cultivate an acquaintance with those whose names we have often heard repeated; the authentic records of the lives and actions of the most distinguished of our species cannot be destitute of high claims to our attention. In order, however, to render biography a profitable as well as an amusing study, it will be important previously to establish some rules for judging of the value and credit belonging to different narratives of this kind, lest fallacies and misrepresentations should be imposed on us in the guise of truths. When that is done, it may be also useful to point out the general conclusions which are to be kept in view during a course of biographical reading, lest one life should follow another with no greater effect on the mind, than a walk through a gallery of portraits has on the eye. For the most valuable lessons afforded by biography are the result, not of detached surveys, but of comparisons and contrasts, which cannot be made with advantage without a direction to some specific objects. Since, therefore, you have pleased to request my advice in general terms respecting this branch of pursuit, I trust it will not be displeasing to you if I make it the topic of a series of letters, in which I may unfold somewhat at large the ideas which a tolerably extensive acquaintance with biographical writings has suggested to my mind. Let the present letter be a commencement of this design.

I shall begin with some observations on biographers themselves; of whom the first place is due to those who are their own historians —or, if the word be sufficiently naturalized, the class of *autobiographers*.

As it must be admitted that men know more of their own story than any other persons can know of them, an obvious advantage arises from the disclosures they may choose to make to the public, as being more exact and particular than can be given by any other pen. This is especially the case with respect to those early periods of life which precede entrance on the open stage of the world; and also to a number of minute domestic facts which, however trifling in appearance, are often of fundamental consequence in the elucidation of character. As far, then, as it is interesting to contemplate

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contemplate the history of any human being from its very origin, and to mark the rise and progress of those qualities, moral and intellectual, by which he is distinguished from every other individual, the information communicated by himself must be peculiarly valuable. Who, for example, but Montagne himself was likely to have acquainted us with that singular mode of education by which he was *talked* into a knowledge of the learned languages, without ever committing to memory the common rules of grammar; and was initiated into that course of promiscuous and excursive reading, which, while it stored his mind with a vast mass of fact and opinion, and freed him from the shackles of the schools, also rendered him that lax and irregular thinker which we find him in his Essays? What friend of Franklin's knew him so early and intimately as to have been able to relate those circumstances relative to the manner in which he passed his childhood and youth, which, in his own narrative, so instructively point out the steps of his progress to that character of practical wisdom, public and private, for which he was so conspicuous? What other person but Rousseau himself was acquainted with the impressions his mind underwent in childhood, from that course of novel-reading, followed by political lectures on Plutarch's Lives, by which his father administered fuel to his imagination, and at the same time inculcated the high sentiments of republican equality?

But it is chiefly in this disclosure of unknown facts, and the secret workings of the soul to which no other mortal is conscious, that the peculiar advantage of autobiography consists; for nothing is more rare than that degree of self-knowledge which enables a person, even if wishing to be sincere, to draw a true portraiture of himself. Though a man who internally feels all his own foibles ought to be more sensible of them than a by-stander, who observes them only in their occasional operation, yet such is the blinding power of the self-love which is rooted in every bosom, that they are often rendered either wholly inconspicuous to their owners, or appear with such softenings and modifications, that they are scarcely recognized in their proper character. Hence what promises in the outset to be a frank confession of fault, is sometimes so diluted and neutralized in the progress, that its effect on the mind of an unwary reader is almost obliterated. A remarkable example of this juggle of self-love is afforded by a passage of Lord Clarendon's Life of himself, where he is speaking in the third person of his own temper and habits. "He indulged his palate *very much*, and even took *some delight* in eating and drinking well, but without *any approach* to luxury; and in truth rather *discoursed* like an epicurean, than *was one*." Here the language is so ludicrously inconsistent, that the noble writer must have laboured under an extraordinary degree of mental obscuration not to

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to have perceived it. In another passage the same want of self-knowledge is displayed, but without such a contradiction in terms. "He was in his nature inclined to pride and passion, and to a humour between wrangling and disputing, very troublesome; which good company in a short time so reformed and mastered, that no man was more affable and courteous, &c." Now the fact was, that a stately, unbending, ungracious behaviour, always adhered to this eminent person, and was one cause why in his prosperity his enemies were much more numerous than his friends.

Another manner in which self-importance gives a bias to auto-biographers is in leading them to imagine that there is something very peculiar and extraordinary in their own characters, and in the incidents of their lives. It is flattering to a man's vanity to indulge the conception that he is formed in a different mould from other mortals, and is marked out by events as one destined to act a part appropriate to himself on the theatre of the world. This humour is happily exposed by Shakespear in the person of Glendower:—

> ——————— At my nativity
> The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes, &c.

And after much rodomontade of this kind, he adds,

> These signs have marked me extraordinary,
> And all the courses of my life do shew
> I am not in the roll of common men.

The "Religio Medici" of Sir Thomas Browne is filled with similar assertions of the writer's singularities in mind and disposition, as well as with extravagant pretensions to almost universal knowledge, at the same time that he disclaims the remotest disposition to pride or self-conceit. The celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury has exhibited in his Memoirs a propensity of the same kind. Persons in whom pious feelings predominate are led by this infirmity to arrogate the special protection of Providence, and to find miraculous interpositions in their favour in the common escapes from difficulty or danger.

For this tendency, however, a reader will soon know how to make due allowance: and the little ebullitions of self-consequence appearing in such forms are rather amusing than deceptive, and indeed exhibit a feature of real portraiture; but there are causes of misrepresentation in autobiography, the effects of which are less obvious to detection. In order to be put sufficiently on our guard against these sources of error, it is necessary to consider the motives that usually influence persons to become the narrators of their own history.

The desire of being favourably known to the world must be regarded as nearly universal in self-biographers; for although there is

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is a kind of blabbing loquacity in some men which urges them to write, as well as to talk, of themselves solely for the gratification they find in it, yet, as this disposition is usually accompanied with a degree of vanity, a secret purpose of showing themselves off in the fairest colouring will scarcely fail to become an additional motive. Hence, in all the confessions that are made before the public with so much apparent frankness, although foibles, defects, and even some vices are readily acknowledged, yet care is taken to suppress every thing that would indicate meanness, dishonesty, selfishness, cowardice, and all those propensities which debase a character in universal estimation. And if the writer occasionally discloses facts which would injure him in the estimation of an exact moralist, it is, because not being such himself, he is not aware of the consequence. I recollect no instance of a man's betraying his own secrets at the hazard of appearing both contemptible and odious, so extraordinary as that of the Confessions of Rousseau; but his cast of mind was so singular, and indeed in some points approached so nearly to insanity, that his conduct can scarcely be cited as an exception to the preceding remark. It is, moreover, evident that in this very work, (which, too, was posthumous) his object was to inculcate a very exalted opinion of himself in the most essential points; and he probably thought that the amelioration of his character by philosophy obliterated all the stains of his early life. In the same manner, fanatical religionists are ready to charge themselves with having been the worst of sinners previously to that regeneration which has made them saints.

That remarkable character, Cardan, was also one who, with high boasts of himself, has confessed to faults of temper and conduct, which cannot fail to depreciate him in the estimation of every sober reader of his life; but it is apparent that his moral sense was by no means delicate; for when he mentions his unhappy son, who was executed for the murder of his wife, he represents him as an injured sufferer, rather than as a victim to justice. In like manner we find that vain-glorious artist, Benvenuto Cellini, in his curious memoirs, mentioning his acts of violence and brutal revenge more as matter of boast, than of penitence. In professed *Apologies* no one would look for much sincerity of confession; yet the loose unabashed character of Colley Cibber has rendered his biography of himself, under that title, a tolerably resembling portrait of the coxcomb and libertine; and certain female *apologists*, whose reputation was past retrieving, have not scrupled to record their slips with reasonable fidelity, for they risked nothing in exposing themselves, and thereby gained an opportunity of exposing others. The Marshal de Bassompierre, another autobiographer, is at no pains to conceal his deep and successful gaming,

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gaming, and the unbounded license of his amours, because, though devout enough in the Roman catholic form, he felt no compunction for these peccadilloes, which could not hurt his character as a gentleman. Polonius, in Hamlet, when he directs his servant to throw some slanders upon his son Laertes, by way of fishing out his secrets from his companions, only cautions him to

> ——————— breathe his faults so quaintly
> That they may seem the taints of liberty,
> The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
> A savageness in unreclaimed blood.

These observations may suffice to show that open confession of some faults by no means implies that others are not concealed; and that although we may safely admit all the ill a man speaks of himself, we must not conclude that one who knew him thoroughly could not bring to light a great deal more. And on the whole, it may be taken for granted that the portraits of persons drawn by their own hands will, if likenesses, at least be flattering ones; and that the narratives of their lives, if composed by themselves, will, indeed, be rendered interesting by circumstances which could not be communicated by others; but, at the same time, by the suppression of some facts, and the misrepresentation of others, will mislead the reader who has no means of checking them by different relations. If we possessed no other account of Margaret of Valois, the divorced queen of Henry IV., and one of the most licentious women in France, than her own memoirs, she might pass for a model of chastity.

Of the works of this class, we have many written by statesmen, generals, and persons employed in important public transactions, one object of whom may be generally concluded to have been the giving a favourable view of the part they themselves acted on the scene; for it would be too much to expect of human nature that a public man should sit down to make a statement of his own errors, purely for the benefit of his successors. Such narratives, therefore, though often highly valuable for the information they convey, as being derived from sources inaccessible to other writers, must always be read with a degree of scepticism. We know that Cæsar, notwithstanding the air of unpretending simplicity in his Commentaries, was charged in his own time with having passed over in silence various instances of failure and defeat. If Cicero's different narratives of the acts of his consulate had been transmitted to posterity, though they might have acquainted us with some circumstances of which we are now ignorant, yet we may be sure that he who did not scruple to request his friend Lucceius to violate the faith of history by throwing a lustre on his deeds beyond their desert, would not have been more scrupulous in sacrificing

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sacrificing truth to vanity with his own pen. Vanity, indeed, is a failing which when strongly marked, may justly impair our reliance upon the narrator of his own actions, how estimable soever in other points. Such a person will at least exaggerate, and give a disproportionate consequence to the transactions in which he was concerned. It was said of the brave but gasconading Montluc, that he was one "qui multa fecit, plura scripsit"—who did much, but bragged of more. The vanity and self-importance conspicuous in Bishop Burnet contributed much to weaken the authority of his History of his own Times; and though his reputation for veracity appears in the main to have been gaining ground, it cannot be doubted that he over-rated his own share in many of the affairs of which he is the relator. It was said of Burnet's work, that it might be justly styled "The importance of a Man to himself"—a title well merited by perhaps the generality of auto-biographies.

Such are the advantages and defects of this class of biographical writings. They are commonly entertaining and interesting; they afford materials for the history of the human mind which can scarely be obtained from other sources, and are especially valuable for the means they present of tracing the original formation of characters: at the same time they are almost universally partial in the statement of facts; frequently mislead by arrogating to their subjects a greater degree of merit and consequence than belongs to them; and perhaps never pourtray with that truth of resemblance which would be given by a sagacious and impartial observer. Read all the most noted of these works that fall in your way, but always with a limited and suspended confidence.

I now close my long epistle, and remain your truly affectionate friend,

J. A.

Art. VII.—*Why are there so few excellent Poets?*

It is in reference to *many* that we employ, in the most strict sense, the word *excellent*. There is a gradation in society,—a scale of comparative merit, which relates to all orders of beings. In Europe there are but few supreme magistrates: in England there is but one king:

Εσ' αλλοι-
σι δ' αλλοι μεγαλοι· το δ' ισχατον, κορυ-
φουται βασιλευσι· μηκετι
παπταινε τοσσον.

Pind, Od. i.

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That is "Some are great above others; but that which is ultimate, and crowns all, is in kings: explore no further." So in the sciences and arts. Numerous as are the philosophers in England, and many who excel others, yet there is but one Newton: numerous as painters were in Greece, and no doubt many that were good, yet she could claim but one Apelles: and numerous as were her poets, yet she could boast but one Homer. All who are any way eminent are so many circles, which are drawn from the same centre, but have different circumferences. Those who take the most extended range, would be called the most excellent; those whose circle is less wide, would be denominated, though they might be good in their way, the less excellent: and in a judgment of comparison, when the apple of contention is thrown down, we must necessarily cry, "Detur optimo,"* *Let it be given to the best.*

Again, it is in reference to other arts that we employ the word *excellence*, as a sort of rule of comparison. A French critic has respect to this rule, when he observes, "that in reality poetry is of all arts the most perfect. The perfections of the other arts are limited; that of poetry has no limit: in order to succeed in that, it is necessary to know almost every thing."* On the last sentiment I have already delivered my opinion; and certainly it requires great moderation to interpret it according to truth. It shows, however, the high sense put by Rapin on poetry, and, at the same time, how difficult he conceived the perfection of that exquisite art must be.

Still it may be said that all this is but general: it will be urged, that superior talents and extraordinary application are necessary to reach excellence in any department of literature. So that the question will return: Is the excellence of poetry as accessible as that of the other arts and seiences? It is generally, and I think justly said, It is not. What then are the difficulties which lie in the way? what the dragons which thus guard this golden fruit?

Excellence in poetry is certainly a high attainment. Indeed, some writers have so elevated the character in their descriptions, as to deter almost every body from the hopes of reaching it. Grecian and even Roman writers were accustomed to speak of Homer, as if he were the only man of all antiquity entitled to the sacred appellation. Aristotle very commonly speaks of him under the title of ὁ Ποιητης, as if the only poet; and the advocates for original genius in England have expressed themselves in terms equally splendid. Indeed, while Longinus did but throw out general hints, by describing the *rare* qualities of the sublime in poetry,

* En effet, la poëtie est de tous les arts le plus parfait: car la perfection des autres arts est bornée; celle de poësie ne l'est point: pour y reussir il faut presque tout scavoir.—*Reflex. sur la Poëtique*, par Rapin.

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poetry, others have specified names, as well as characters, holding forth two or three superior spirits for admiration, and denouncing the rest as a herd of imitators. These superior spirits have been ordinarily Shakspeare, Milton, and Spenser;* and if I may be allowed to express my opinion, there are those who sometimes treat cavalierly certain writers, who have some claim to their respect. For though those eminent men, whom they so celebrate, will be allowed to possess more of the poet's eye than most writers, and are therefore more original in their perceptions, and more discursive in their representations; and though Dryden, Pope, and Gray, as must be allowed, were much indebted to other writers, (not that the great men just mentioned were not,) yet let them define ever so high, and discriminate, dissect, and parcel out ever so nicely, I must still believe, with their permission, that Dryden and Pope had creative minds, and that Collins and Gray were not only men of taste and skill, but even geniuses and poets.

Some have a short way of settling this matter, like those who talk about "A Royal Way to all the Arts and Sciences."† The notion that a poet is a person inspired, was a favourite one with the ancient poets and critics; he was a kind of elder son of the deity, and distinguished by his partial regards. Homer was spoken of not only as inspired by the deity, but as a divinity himself. Hesiod, after expressing his homage to the nymphs of Helicon, and celebrating their high descent, informs us that they gave him a sceptre, and breathed into him a divine voice. Virgil‡ speaks of poems as synonymous with the gods. Nor need this surprise us, when Longinus maintains that metre, the mere measurement of verse, was of divine origin.§ So also the northern bards thought of their Runic rimes, and the eastern of their Pracrit and Sancrit. Our Milton was full of this influence. He had his heavenly muse, his nightly visitant, his Urania, by whom he was led

——————— into the heaven of heavens.

Nor has this language been adopted by such writers only as attempted the higher flights of heroic, lyric, and tragic poetry, which, conversant as they were with heroes and gods, might naturally be expected to use magnificent sentiments and high-sounding language. Every species of poetry possessed a portion of inspiration. Even those writers who immediately attacked the vices, administered to

* I allude more particularly to Duff on original Genius, a writer I have not at present at hand.

† I allude to a treatise I have never seen, entitled "Via Regia ad omnes Artes et Scientias."

‡ ——— Nihil ille deos, nil carmina curat.—*Ecl.* viii. 102.

§ Ἀπολλωνι γαρ ἀεμιωδιωτατον, ἐστι και μετρων ευρεσις. Dionysii Longini Fragmenta.

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the pleasures, or humoured the follies of mankind,* asserted their dignity. Satire spoke with the ton de majesté, and called herself divine; and even sonneteers, madrigal and travestie writers, with epigrammists,† drinking deep at the well of inspiration, were full of the deity, and inundated Parnassus with their pleasantries.‡

But not only critics and poets asserted this supernatural influence in poetry,—they were supported in their claim by philosophers and orators. According to the Greek mythology, as before observed, the Muses were the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne: and Plato, who has written so richly on the Fury of the Muses, asserts roundly that the race of poets is divine, agitated by the gods, and thus compose sacred hymns, embracing Truth attended with the Graces and Muses.§ In like manner, Cicero, in his admired oration for Archias the poet,‖ says, that the poet is endued by nature, impelled by the powers of his own mind, and inflated as it were by a certain divine spirit. And indeed some talk as if they thought that the very term *poet* means something like the Creator, a divine being, making something out of nothing: and under the influence of the same notion, not only among the Grecians and ancient Hebrews, as we have already seen, but in the northern nations, the Druids and Bards** claimed the gift of prophecy, and, among the latter, supernatural charms were ascribed to them by the vulgar.††

This inspiration, however, some will probably say, existed only in the imagination: at least, that this influence was nothing more than a strong belief worked into reality by fancy, or a powerful impulse excited by natural causes. But as the Abbé Le Pluche‡‡ supposed that the ancient symbolical language was the foundation of idolatry, we may suppose that this poetical language introduced into the world a little extravagance; or that, in the same manner as painters, by throwing a circle of light over their saints, created fanciful and hyperbolical characters,—so have the poets given a romantic aspect to the genius of song.

The

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* Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus, nostri est farrago libelli.—JUVENAL, *Sat. I.* 85.

† Qui pourroit les offrir? et qui, pour les blâmer,
Malgré Muse et Phœbus n'apprendroit à rimer?
Non, non, sur ce sujet pour écrire avec grace,
Il ne faut point monter sur le sommet de Parnasse.—*Sat. I.*

‡ Leur nombre impétueuse inonda le Parnasse.
L'Art Poëtique, chant second.

§ De Legibus, lib. iii.

‖ Poetam naturâ ipsâ valere, et mentis viribus excitari, et quasi divino quodam spiritu affiari.—*Oratio pro Archia Poetâ.*

** Walker's Historical Memoirs of the Irish Bards, page 10. This is true of almost all the more ancient poets of most countries.

†† Carmina vel cœlo possunt deducere Lunam.—VIRG. *Ecl. viii.* 69.

‡‡ In his *History of the Heavens.*

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The painters, also, have made similar claims for their most exquisite art. They have considered such a capability as is necessary to form a great painter, a sort of heavenly inspiration.

"Genius," says Monsieur de Piles,* "is a present which Nature makes to a man at the hour of his birth; and though she commonly gives it to one thing only, she is sometimes so liberal as to make it general in one person. There have been several men on whom she has bestowed this plenitude of influences:" and he says of Giovanni Lanfranco, "that his works come from a vein quite opposite to those of Dominichino. The latter," he says, "made himself a painter in spite of Minerva: the former was born with a happy genius." And this sentiment also pervades Dufresnoy's Latin poem on painting. Sir Joshua Reynolds, indeed, was disposed to put a check on this claim, perceiving it liable to run into extravagance, though he did not altogether deny its existence.

And can we indeed suppose that all these great men, the most consummate critics and sublimest poets, the accomplished orators, and profoundest of philosophers, spoke altogether ramblingly,—without meaning or rule? It is more safe to suppose that their words are couched in a little figure; and that, as fable often bottoms in truth, so does figure point to reality.

True it is, that every thing of man, whether of his corporeal organs or intellectual faculties, all of this wonderful microcosm, *man*, must be referred, mediately or immediately, to the great power which formed him; and, perhaps, in the very mechanism of the human mind are interwoven those peculiarities, which render sensation more touching, perception more vivid, ideas more impressive; which awaken more exquisite sensibilities, more powerful energies, vaster capabilities for the association of ideas, and all that wonderful electrical flow of imagination, which distinguishes, and as it were sets on fire, one intelligent being more than another. The effects will be the same, and therefore the dispute need not take a different turn, whether the human soul is a separate existence distinct from matter, or the effect merely of matter organized, systematized according to established laws and regular modifications. On either system it might be said that Nature loves variety: and that in those characteristic differences, which are of her creating, lie the boundaries which limit the different excellencies in man; and that amidst the characteristic differences lie the regions of genius.

As to the question, What is poetical genius? I am reminded of some eloquent flights of Proclus when speaking of this divine inspiration, of that Fury, which bursts forth from a sublime poet when under its influence, something like the power of electricity,

 giving

* Art of Painting.

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giving him a sensible shock, and calling forth all his latent fires* which pervade the soul.

The reader, therefore, will please to consider all that I have said before on subjection to rules,† as nothing without this prior claim, this secret divine capability, which must inherit and preoccupy the soul. But as a spring in some machine may never be set in motion; as secret fires may be lodged where they may have no vent; and as waters may be confined so as never to flow down in a current; thus it is with the vast capabilities of man:—Gray's line,

Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,

is not a mere poetical flourish—it is full of meaning. If in the sense just laid down there is any thing in genius, thousands and thousands of geniuses have, perhaps, been never called forth.

In the pursuit of all art and science, practice and experience must unite with capability. Without a discipline peculiarly adapted to the poetical character, nothing is attained which is permanently excellent, transcendantly great,—that which is called the *gran gusto* in the works of painters. All excellence is attained by discipline and practice, and is attainable in no other way. There is a certain chain of cause and effect in every thing, —some suitableness of means,—some menstruum nutritive of a disposition. And though it would not be safe to say, that what is excellent in poetry is to be attained by mechanical rules, or by following some precise regimen of the schools, yet even they may be bent into its service. Thus must circumstances conspire,—nature be felt, and in her best mood,—much exercise endured,—many sacrifices be made,—much time consumed,—before what has a claim to excellence can exist. And as there must be a certain suitableness of mind, and a suitableness of circumstances, in the formation of true excellence,—so must there be something auspicious in the circumstances of the times, before it can meet with a favourable reception. The

* I allude to some very striking passages in Proclus's Commentary on Plato, as quoted by Mr. Thomas Taylor. The fancy concerning electricity is my own. But I see nothing absurd in supposing that Genius is the effect of some electrical principle. The electric matter, that great fifth element, affects all nature; it glitters in the meteor, flashes in the lightning, rolls in the thunder, and in the bowels of the earth excites all those mighty commotions which shake and overturn vast districts: it is well known, too, that it resides in the different parts of the human body, and has a mighty influence over it. Mr. Brydone, in the first volume of his Travels, gives several remarkable instances of the power of electricity on the human body; and it might, perhaps, be employed in accounting for some of the phænomena of the human mind. Mirabeau, in that chapter of his Système de la Nature in which he endeavours to show that our intellectual faculties are ultimately to be traced to sensation, excepts no mental operation from this rule. See *Système de la Nature, Vol. I, chap. viii.*

† Alludes to an Essay not inserted in the *Reflector.*

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The question, "By what order of things was it, that none equalled Homer in epic poetry for two thousand seven hundred years; nor any ever excelled him before?" has been agitated in all forms and directions many years ago. Plato and the ancients called in a miracle—

Ως φησιν ο θεος, και θειων προφητης.

That is,

As the god, and the prophet of the gods, speaks.

The author of *An Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer* resolves it all into natural causes; the accidents and time of his birth; the climate and propitious aspect of his country; the fortunes of his life; the peculiar influence of misfortune; the contentions and disturbed state of Greece; and the simple manners of that age. The following passage I quote at large;—the author is speaking of what was peculiar to the days of Homer:—"Arms were in repute, and force decided possession: he saw towns taken and plundered, the men put to the sword, and the women made slaves: he beheld their despairing faces and suppliant postures; heard their mourning over their murdered husbands, and prayers for their infants to the victor.

"On the other hand, he might view cities blessed with peace, spirited by liberty, flourishing in trade, and increasing in wealth. He was not engaged in affairs himself, to draw off his attention; but he wandered through the various scenes, and observed them at leisure. Nor was it the least instructive sight to see a colony led out, a city founded, the foundation of order and policy laid, with all the provision for the security of the people. Such scenes afford extended views, and natural ones too, as they are the immediate effect of the great parent of invention, necessity, in its young and untaught essays."*

This inquiry abounds with much reading on the common topics of the life of Homer; and shows well enough that great talents are wont to be brought into exercise by great occasions; and that the great poet was brought under the discipline of the times in which he lived, was the creature of circumstances, and trained in the school of experience; a sort of truisms, indeed, in regard to Homer.

But if the history of Homer, made up as it is from the testimony of ancient authors, is true,—which, however, there is some reason to doubt,†—it would go further; it would show,—not only that great occasions call forth great talents,—but that, as a subject so luxuriously rich, and talents so transcendantly sublime and comprehensive,

* Inquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer, p. 23.
† I allude to the opinions of Wolfius and Heyne.

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prehensive, so exactly in harmony with the subject, can but rarely be combined,—so a production like the Iliad must necessarily be a

Rara avis in terris, nigroque similima cygno;

For

The force of nature can no further go.

It would furnish us with another reason, why, with respect to ancient times, so few excellent poets remain. Homer was the "Aaron's rod, which swallowed up all the rest." In poetry, mankind are not content with what is excellent: they look for what is most excellent. What is comparatively good, in reference to something of inferior goodness, loses its name when compared with something that is transcendently excellent. There were, no doubt, before the time in which we suppose Homer lived, many productions which animated the authors, and which pleased and instructed their contemporaries,—many flowers, which in their native beds were fresh and fair, and, when made into a posy, looked agreeably to the eye of many beholders,—but which, being exposed on the stream of time, floated down on the surface of the waters, and are seen no more;—while Homer, like the water lily, kept his seat, and the surrounding waters, instead of extinguishing his lustre, withering his bloom, or impairing his strength, supported him on their bosom, and nourished his roots.

The truth is, the fine arts, in general, are not among the necessaries of life, but they increase its enjoyments. They are not the daily bread which supports man's existence; but men are willing to be pleased with them, and, not content with that, they wish to be charmed. Hence it is, that for their favourite poets they look for such as are not merely excellent, but the most excellent; what they admired once, they perhaps cease to admire, if they should find what is more admirable. Poets, therefore, are not uncommonly treated by the world, as his pearl necklace was by Tippoo Sultaun. He used to remove one pearl, when he procured one that was better: and at length his pearl necklace was deemed invaluable.

If we suppose the system of Wolfius and Heyne to be true,—and it is as old at least as the time of Josephus and Ælian,—still the course of our argument need not be greatly interrupted. For, could the Iliad be proved to be a mere rhapsodia,* formed out of different parts, and composed at different times, and even by different persons, still the case, with respect both to cause and effect, will be much the same. There must have been an extraordinary quantity of mind, a great combination of concurring circumstances, the most favourable adaptation of means and opportunities, of times and seasons, conspiring severally, like so many rays of light all

* See Wolfii Prolegomena, and Heynii Excursus II. ad Homerum.

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all converging to one focus, to the production of an Iliad,—of a poem which has always obtained, and must for ever preserve, the admiration of mankind.

Man is the creature of exact circumstances; and the exact creature of circumstances: by circumstances every individual is what he is, and cannot be other; he is as much the creature of necessity, as all the other parts of the universe. Circumstances as real and effective made a Milton, as a Homer. Those circumstances, relatively to the former, operated as efficiently as they could on the latter. They produced similar, though not the same effects: just as the same movements, the same rhythms, the same tunes, may be played on musical instruments differently constructed. Milton's history illustrates how times and seasons may be either favourable or unfavourable to the popularity or suppression of poetic excellence. For, let a musical performance be ever so excellent, it must have approvers and admirers to encore it before the world: be a garden ever so full of sweets, it must have favouring gales to spread them around. And we may, perhaps, say, that as even Milton was a long time kept down, at least as to the fortune of his great poem,—in the same manner, spirits as great as Milton's or Homer's may, from some predominant prejudices, have been quite obliterated from the world. And, indeed, Nature herself may be said to be not more merciful often to poets, than she is systematically to the human race at large. She preserves the species alive, but she entombs the individual in the grave. She has sometimes an extraordinary birth; but, like a prolific parent, she can afford to lose;—as perhaps worlds, and systems of worlds, may have been extinguished from the universe—she feels herself not at all impoverished, but is carrying on her silent, and, as it were without any emotion, her sublime operations still.

Gray is an instance of a person of great capabilities, and placed in the way of great motives,—very operative circumstances, a most efficient discipline. Yet in him the circumstances differed materially from those which we conceive to have operated on the other great poets just now mentioned. Here apparently were none of those violent or warm passions, which are often among the moving springs of a great genius. An early love of retirement,—a silent fondness for literature,—the pleasure of poetical amusement,—the delight of polishing and finishing his little creations,—the ardour of independence, mixed probably with a thirst of fame,—these seem to have been the circumstances which surrounded him, the discipline under which he was trained. Mr. Mason's Life of Gray is the history of a mere scholar, a sort of idle man of letters, little agitated or influenced by any circumstances of his age, and whose poetry was little affected by what was

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was passing in the world: all that is local in one of his odes was written under the constraint of gratitude, if not as an exercise of office.

The history of Collins is that of a mind constituted similarly to Gray's, somewhat similarly circumstanced, and regularly formed. Yet ollins lived like Shakspeare, in the poet's true province, the region of imagination: and how a mind lives, and moves, and rises, and expands in an element composed, as it were, of all the elements of the world,—did we live in the region of spirit with Plato and Berkeley, or were we linked together as close to matter as Hartley or Priestley,—we perhaps should not be able correctly to describe. It may, however, safely be said, that a powerful imagination is formed by circumstances, as well as every thing else; and all its amusements, creations, excursions apparently eccentric, and returns to order, are but links of one chain, though perhaps too nicely united together to be seen by our eyes. Nay, those links may be, as it were, so crowded together, or mysteriously united, that it may be beyond human power to calculate the source of their order, or the tendency of their progress; and some secret inscrutable power, as real as inspiration, may be the most powerful uniting link of all.

In speaking of the excellencies of poetry, it will be always recollected, that, as there are in poetry, as in architecture, different orders, so may each have its peculiar excellence, and each different degrees of excellence in reference to works of the same class. There is also an excellence combining some properties peculiar to all, like what has been said of that vast building, Blenheim House, relative to the different orders of architecture. That building has been over-criticised, as a modern writer* on the Picturesque has observed, by principles which it disowns, and has beauties peculiar to itself, which critics, judging by those principles, are apt to overlook.

This prepares the way for a few allusions to what has been called the picturesque in poetry, in reference to the picturesque in scenery, or, perhaps what, in reference to a term in architecture, might be called the *composed*; as being not reducible to any of the *orders* of poetry, but as consisting of the varieties; parts of which, perhaps, belong to a particular order, but which, as a whole, is made up according to the genius of a particular age, or the taste of a particular writer. This description of poetic writing is not seldom of the energetic, sublime character; and two or three Asiatic poets, of this description, shall be here noticed, as being the most illustrative of my idea.

The

* Mr. Gilpin, Observations relative to Picturesque Beauty, vol. i. p. 26.

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The first is an Arabian poet, Ebn Arabshah, the author of The History of Timur, described by Sir William Jones as an admirable writer. This poem abounds, according to his account, with beautiful images, with pleasing narrations, and descriptions of nature, manners, and passions; is so illuminated with magnificent figures, and a sweet variety of numbers, and interspersed with such a copiousness of elegance, that nothing could have been conceived better fitted for delighting or instructing, or for moving the reader. Compared with the idyls and odes of the Arabians,—I all along borrow Sir William Jones's words,—it is mere prose, yet capable of being distinguished by the sweetest and best regulated rhythm; not regulated by the strict laws either of tragedy or of epic poetry, but partaking of some of the best properties of both.

The next is a Persian poet, Ferdushee, the author of that wonderful poem already alluded to,* as being copiously illustrated by Mr. Scot Waring. This too, from its complex nature, seems to take too eccentric flights, to try too boundless a range for the epic, and must therefore be considered, for character, design, and execution, as of the same description of poetry with the History of Timur, and as possessing, like that, uncommon vigour, and the sublimest representation.

Some works, considered as the most highly poetical among the Hindoos, are in prose, like Fenelon's Telemachus, or the Death of Abel by Gesner: others are in prose and verse. Of their dramatic works,—which of all their compositions best suit the taste of Europeans,—the most singular performance is that of Bhavabhuti, as illustrated by Mr. Colebrooke. It is in prose and verse,—written in different dialects,—of enormously long metres,—and full of magic and supernatural powers. Some, which we should call its peculiarities, the Hindoos would pronounce its excellencies; as some of its excellencies the Hindoos may deem its peculiarities. Yet Mr. Colebrooke proclaims it, in general terms, as "the unrivalled drama," and, in reference to Sanscrit literature, as "of the highest order of composition."†

These are considered as the most excellent poets of those nations; and, however defective in parts,—I speak in reference to the objections already made, or to any models formed after a Greek or European model,—are, probably, worthy of being thought great among the poets of any nation. For, however defective they may be in the *constitution of the fable*, and the other *unities of Aristotle*,—the minuter excellencies of the epic and drama,—yet in the greatest,‡ even in the judgment of Aristotle himself, they are allowed to be very excellent; and accordingly Sir

* In an Essay not introduced here.

† It is entitled Malati Madhavi. *Asiatic Researches*, vol. x. p. 454.

‡ Such I mean as relate to human life and manners. Vide *Aristotelis Poet.* cap. 15.

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Sir William Jones, forgetting their defects, or rather absorbed in their excellencies, scruples not to say, "there is but one law for poetry,—the will of the poet."

The above were great poets, both from nature and situation.* And I have introduced them to explain, amidst the other reasons which lead to the same point, why, probably, it is that we have so few excellent poets,—I mean, in the higher essentials of poetry according to Aristotle's sense, in the ἄνθος ποιδων, the very flower of poetry, as Pindar speaks,—and it seems to be, partly, because few, comparatively, are in situations favourable to extraordinary energies, as the above poets were; and partly because poets are more regulated by feelings which belong to an age of taste, than such as are peculiar to an age of genius.

This reminds me of the distinction to be made between an age of genius and taste; and, with a full recollection of what has been said of the comparatively small number of poets truly excellent, to ask with due submission, whether the sublimest efforts of poetic talent are not to be looked for in the former period rather than in the latter. The ingenious Mr. Robert Southey† observes, that in all countries the age of genius has preceded that of taste, and he has assigned very satisfactory reasons why the poets of Spain and Portugal never attained to the æra of taste. These are, the despotic nature of their government, the enervating shackles of their superstition, and the degrading influence of false literature which had long infested Europe; and he observes, that as these circumstances influenced Lope de Vega, so did "the dangerous abilities of Lope de Vega assist the progress of the evil."

Mr. Southey is undoubtedly correct; for such evils act in various directions. They check genius, and unnerve integrity, the most powerful spring of human action: inquiry is, as it were, strangled in the birth: a bad taste becomes the public feeling: all motives to enthusiasm are destroyed: one bad imitator tracks the path of another:—and these are circumstances all ruinous to excellence.

Yet under these circumstances Camoens and Lope de Vega reached their portion of excellence; and under more fostering causes, more invigorating motives, they would probably have been more excellent poets. For the age of genius seems more *susceptible* of some *great* qualities than an age of taste. Genius is the towering eagle that soars high, sails on the whirlwind, and sees and feels vast things. Taste loves security, and is apt to fear encountering a storm. Strength yields to tameness,—grandeur to splendour,—the reality and sublimity of feeling to the more regular, the

* What Sir W. says on this subject is highly worthy of consideration. Comment. Paes. Asiat. Part iv. cap. 12.

† Letters written during a short Residence in Spain and Portugal, p. 124.

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the more monotonous tones of passion. While, therefore, ascribing to an age of taste the acquisition of many improvements, we must, at the same time, ascribe to it the loss of some excellencies.

Despotic governments are certainly unfavourable to true excellence.

However men define taste, and wherever they fix the principles of judgment, some affections there are so natural to man, and of such pervading, powerful energies, as to command, wherever they predominate, all the powers of poetry and eloquence. They, as it were, open the very springs of language, and urge the stream forward with a strong irresistible force: or, by some secret melting influence, they cause the sweetest undulations of melody, and produce all its refreshing, its most delightful salubrity, all its most romantic excursions, and enravishing charms.

These affections may be felt in the thunder of Demosthenes, the strength of Thucydides, the address of Pericles, the elegance of Lysias, no less than in the sweet melodies of Plato, the elegant simplicity of Xenophon. The same affections generate all the most excellent qualities of poetry. Hence the animation and grandeur of Tyrtæus, the ardour, the vehemence of Alcæus, the loftiness of Pindar, and the majesty of Stesichorus. As the love of money and of pleasure are the usual attendants on a declining empire, so are they the secret but inveterate enemies of genius: they take the citadel by a stratagem, and they force every faculty into subjection. Then enters Slavery with her vile party of marauders, who plunder it of every thing which constitutes the pride of generosity, the triumph of independence.

All the best energies of the mind are then compelled to be obedient: the powers of speech are then subdued into the service of the oppressor; genius, if it does not retire in disgust, wastes itself in meanness, or dreams away life in listlessness and sensuality. The poet is content to become the retailer of trifles and nicknacks; or, borne down by the tide of general corruption, a pander to tyrants, and the sycophant of slaves. To the loss of freedom, therefore, Longinus justly attributed the decay of genius, and the departure of all that is great and sublime in writing, from the Grecians.* When the sun of freedom set, science and taste gradually disappeared, and were succeeded by a night of ignorance and dulness.† Romelie, therefore, or modern Greece, in a modern Greek poem,‡ after comparing her present condition, degenerated

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* Περὶ Ὑψους sub fin.

† What has been here said on the influence of governments is copied from some former Essay of the writer's, though with some alterations, not in the *Reflector*.

‡ Ο Ἕλλην με την Ρουμελην (this is modern Greek) en Voyage de Dimo Nicolo Stephanopoli en Grece, pendant les annees 1797, 1798. Tome II.

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nerated in talents, and bereaved of all dignity, properly adds, "these are my evils and my regrets; their source is in my slavery." She could boast no more excellent poets.

Rome, in regard to her poets, was similarly circumstanced. How different the writers under the emperors to those of the Augustan age! The former were flowers, blooming, and beautiful, and sweet: the latter were flowers all shrivelled, that are just on the decline, with little fragrance. Eloquence and poetry shared the same fortune.* They withered as liberty declined.

The history of literature, too, furnishes many examples illustrative of the point now under consideration. In the destruction of valuable libraries, like that of Alexandria, much that is excellent may have perished; and as some writings are to be traced only in collectors, such as Athenæus and Stobæus, so by the zeal of party much may have been destroyed. In ages of fanaticism and superstition, suppression as well as forgery was commonly pratised: we have false diplomas, false bulls, and false gospels;† and instances might be given of magnificent editions of the Scriptures that have been suppressed.‡ Of some excellent writers we know nothing but by the scraps, preserved, as in scorn, by their enemies. And may not all this have happened with respect to much that was truly excellent in poetry?

Time itself, that great destroyer, has in this destruction of excellence united with Goths, and has, perhaps, sacrificed as much in his fury, as he has preserved from ruin.

> Some felt the silent stroke of mouldering age,
> Some hostile fury, some religious rage;
> Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
> And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
>
> *Pope's Epistle to Addison.*

And here I cannot help just mentioning, though with reluctance, what has been said by some, that poets themselves have not been always so favourable to their own order as could be wished: whether it is, that the temple of Fame is supposed to be of such limited dimensions as to admit but few within its walls; or that literature, when it becomes a commercial concern, is apt, like other commercial speculations, to excite competition, rivalry, jealousy, and by a sort of spongy softness to absorb the more generous passions.

What

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* Dum res populi Romani memorabantur pari eloquentiâ et libertate. *Taciti Hist.*

† See Codex Apocryphus Novi Testamenti a Fabricio, and James's Corruptions of the Fathers.

‡ One patronized by the Polish Prince Radzivil, another edited by Servetus.

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What Reitzius* says of Aristotle's burning the writings of many philosophers, that what he borrowed from them might not be detected,—has been said by an ancient writer,—I forget who,—of Homer. Such reports, however, for the honour of all that is great in human nature, it is to be hoped are mere fabrications, and with respect more particularly to Homer, may be thrown over to the mass of idle stories that have been propagated about the great bard. I am not willing to enter much upon this subject now, and therefore I shall only at present say, that such as choose to see how a spirit like this may operate, may find several examples to his mind in Reitzius.

If in the above causes there exist reasons why much that is excellent may have been destroyed or suppressed, in the motives which influence mankind in writing there exist others, why much has not been produced. From muddy springs flow muddy waters; and if in their course they do not clear themselves by the beds over which they flow, or by mingling insensibly with purer waters, they will continue muddy till they are buried in the sea. So must pure writings have a pure source, a wholesome direction, and, whatever meandering they make, must fertilize and enrich the land. The love of gain, the desire of gratifying a frivolous or vicious taste, the humiliation of administering to base passions, the little vanity which feeds on the smile of the day, and is satisfied with superficial compliments,—these are not the motives which stir great passions,—which form great conceptions,—which authorize noble darings,—which give that confirmed persevering enthusiasm,—which conspire to form the poet, *omnibus numeris absolutum.* It is a desire to please, that he may instruct, and to instruct that he may benefit mankind; to live in the good opinion of a future age, that he may improve and bless it. This is the true LOVE OF FAME, the nurse of all that is truly excellent; and one reason, the principal reason, why amidst all the poetical contentions in the world, there have existed so few excellent poets, is, that the spring and source do not arise in majesty and true greatness

I close this Essay with an excellent passage from Longinus's Treatise on the Sublime, as being much to our purpose. "If," says he, "we submit to our consideration how Homer, were he present, or Demosthenes, would hear what we say, or how they would be affected; to constitute such a tribunal and theatre for our writings, and to be disciplined to give the grounds of our writings, before such heroes, judges, and witnesses, would excite a great contest *after excellence.* But the incitement is still greater, if you add, how will every age that comes after me, hear what I have written?"

The

* Oratio de Plagio Literario, p. 16

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The reader may observe that I have passed over, or rather merely alluded to, one great mound of original genius,—the servile imitation of others. This subject I have elsewhere examined. I have made due allowance for particular circumstances, which ought to operate as modifications on general principles; and I would make a distinction betwixt governments settled and long established, as the Eastern, and governments on the decline, as those of Greece and Rome. And for similar reasons I deem it unnecessary to enter on the question, What think you of the age of Louis the Fourteenth?

AN OBSERVER.

ART. VIII.—*On the best Means of Promoting the Fundamental Principles of the English Constitution.*

HOBBES sets out in his "Philosophical Elements concerning a Citizen," with observing, that "if in those matters on which we speculate for the sake of exercising our genius, any error is introduced, no loss but of our time ensues; but that in our meditations which relate to the purposes of life, not only from our error but our ignorance necessarily must arise offences, quarrels, and violent deaths."

Locke seems to have started from nearly the same point, if one may judge by the quotation from Livy prefixed to his Treatise on Government, and was evidently much indebted to Hobbes for some principles; but they were urged on by different impulses, and took different directions: Hobbes, as seeing the horrors of a civil storm, thought quiet was to be found only under arbitrary power:* Locke, as seeing a storm passed, and as having in view peace and liberty under the revolution.

Algernon Sidney and Harrington had previously taken nearly the same course as Locke, though under different circumstances; and they took a different course from Hobbes, though under circumstances nearly similar.

Political systems should be considered relatively to their principles and tendencies, as well as to any present state of things; and civil dissentions no less than civil harmonies rather be traced to

* I infer this from what Hobbes says in the preface to his readers, of his book de Cive, "quapropter si aliqua inveneritis aut minus certa, aut magis quam necesse erat, acriter dicta, cum non partium, sed pacis studio et ab eo dicta sunt, cujus, propter patriæ præsentem calamitatem, dolore justo aliquid condonari æquum est ea ut æquo animo dignemini, lectores, oro et postulo." Hobbes's book de Cive was written at Paris in 1646.

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to causes than explored in their consequences. The material, animal, and intellectual worlds, as wholes, and as parts, are necessarily and individually subject to certain laws; the laws of their nature. They cannot escape their influence; they cannot exceed their limits: matter in all its forms is obedient to those laws; and with respect to their operation, physical and moral man is the same, a creature of circumstances, though in different relations. His actions may be modified by art, by laws, by his place in civil society: but his organization is the work of nature, and in its minutest as well as its grandest movements, in its most energetic as well as its most ordinary affections, invariably subject to those laws.

When philosophers assure us we cannot understand causes, that we perceive only effects, philosophically speaking, they say the truth: but all our actions,—this is no less true,—are wheels within wheels, a train of causes and effects. Though of primary causes we know nothing, yet what are but effects with respect to what preceded, become causes with respect to what follows. And what is our guide in all the regular, useful pursuits of human life, but correct observations of those causes, and a right application of our knowledge for purposes of just reasoning and daily experience?

Thus when the body is diseased, we refer, as to the cause, to the taking of too much or too little food, of too much or too little exercise, to inordinate passions, or other casualties and influences incident to our nature: on beholding a building in ruins, we consider the materials of which it was composed, and the purposes for which it was raised, more than the time it has lasted, or the power by which it was destroyed. So with respect to those tumults and wars and violent deaths in civil communities, it is not so much a question of what now is, as of what has been? Whence come wars and rumours of wars?

The opinions, professions, and conduct of men, are as necessarily influenced by causes, as the events which take place in civil society, and we must estimate the writings of men in the same manner. Thus in the writings of Bacon and Hobbes, judging from the principles laid down, or the occasional concessions introduced in the writings of those philosophers, I infer, that some of their opinions took an impulse from their relative situations, from the circumstances of the times, more than from the genuine impulse of their own great minds, or from following the order of their own systems. And this is the most candid account that can be given of the matter, in cases where the principles of civil liberty and of arbitrary power are intermingled, like contradictory masses amalgamated in one body, in the same system.

Burke was a striking example of this vacillating state of mind. Whether, as another person spoke of himself, he could not afford

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to keep a conscience, I do not inquire: but he was certainly a political engineer, full of manœuvering powers; taking his stand often in opposite points, moving in opposite directions, and pursuing his operations by such contradictory designs, that he hardly seemed the same man; at one time laying down natural laws and fundamental principles, pleading for liberty against power, and the usurpations of political establishments, for reforms against public abuses and unconstitutional influence. Then again he rallies:—behold him pleading for power against liberty, for the usurpations of establishments against the laws of nature, for the continuance of corruptions in defiance of his own high demands for the independence of parliaments, and for the support of an influence, which he had before denounced as having increased beyond all due bounds, and as being unconstitutional! Such was the political progress of Mr. Burke's mind from the American War, to that epoch in the French Revolution, which he lived to witness.

Highly probable, too, it is, that the recent commotions and changes which have taken place on the continent,—changes which were preceded by violent flashes of light, and often followed by sensible darkness,—have occasioned, I will not say tergiversation, but rather confusion, perplexity, contradiction, unmanageable points in the opinions of many in England at this time: that some from unexpected events have receded from opinions which were deemed violent, because they were earnest, and from demands which were deemed clamorous, because they were popular. But examples occur, where men are rather confounded than converted; where they may be said rather to yield to circumstances, than to abandon their principles: and they become like musical instruments, which, though not shattered and broken, are miserably out of tune, or played on by unskilful hands. Because they do not understand the world, they think they do not understand themselves: and, perhaps, in both cases they think truly. For if man has been justly called a microcosm, or little world, for the variety of his nature; society, from its combination of different inclinations, pursuits, interests, powers, passions, and conditions, may be called the megacosm, or great world; a machine of vast compass, intricate contrivances, inexplicable movements, and deep recesses: and in contemplating it very honest men may be mistaken, when they think themselves right; and they may have been right where they think themselves to have been mistaken. And should any of us have trembled, as it were, for a while on that narrow neck of land, Fear, which Hobbes makes the origin of society, I hope we shall never plunge into that ocean of arbitrary power, which for all the valuable purposes of life, would be its destruction.

Nor is it improbable, that some have gone, from the same cause, the contrary way; that as some have been moved backward, to

Fear,

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Fear, others may have been led forward, to Hope: that thinking circumstances of public calamity and alarm should lead nations, no less than individuals, to serious thinking and permanent reformations, they have eyed more narrowly public abuses, and perceived their consequences; that thinking corruption tends to division, dissolution, and death; and that mutual sympathies, mutual confidence, and mutual protection, the great ends of civil society, by bringing the dispersed interests of individuals to a resting place, and by exciting the most pleasing, the most salutary feeling of co-operation, can unite and consolidate them for purposes of public utility, they have renounced claims which they once advocated, and advocate claims which they once opposed; and that after vacillating backwards and forwards like a pendulum, for a long time, they may at length, perhaps, imagine they are now come to their proper point of rest; thinking there is much truth in the declaration, that when "the divine judgments are abroad in the earth, the nations should learn *righteousness*."

This essay then does not profess to meddle with the difficult question of Reform, except, as it may happen, by cursory allusions; but to yield somewhat to the doubts of some thinking men; and to concede a little to a certain sceptical state of political opinion: and this in order more effectually to consider some advantages which all possess in common, and to awaken those sympathies which all members of a civil community should feel with the public interest.

With this view were stated in former essays definitions and opinions of different writers, churchmen, dissenters, lawyers, and political writers, on the British Constitution, with such reserve for private sentiment which occurred at the time, with due approbation of what seemed good in the English constitution, but with some discriminations between what was fundamental and accidental principles; between *what was*, and, *what is*, and from considering the changeableness of all human institutions, *what may be*; recollecting what has been so well illustrated and enforced by Algernon Sidney, "that good governments admit of changes in the superstructure, whilst the foundations remain unchangeable."*

Blackstone expresses somewhere the changeableness of our constitution in this lax loose way: "What our Constitution now is." Lax it is and loose, yet truly expressed. What our constitution is, we may know; it is before our eyes: what it may become, is unknown: it depends, like our lives, on contingencies; it is buried, like our hopes and our fears, in the dark womb of futurity. Philosophers and politicians have speculated on the pleasing awful subject, some concluding, that the democratical part of our constitution will bring on a republic; others that the monarchical

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* Discourses concerning Government, Chap. II. Sect. xvii.

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will bring on despotism. So thought Hume. Montesquieu, who seems to have been of the some opinion, says, "it will perish when the legislative shall be more corrupt than the executive."

But be the issue what it may, our present duty is clear. It is our duty as men, as citizens, and Britons, to assert and propagate our natural rights and civil privileges, as being happily for us at present the basis of British liberty: and whatever changes our constitution may undergo in its future course, may it still be cemented by such principles, like those English vessels, which, though composed of different timbers, derive their principal strength from the British Oak!

We proceed then to consider the best means of promoting the great fundamental principles of our constitution: and in doing this there is no necessity for repeating those principles; but just to hint that as they relate to every individual in the state, every individual in the state should feel an interest in them; and that though no distinctions, merely nominal or accidental, will fall under our present view, yet that every individual under those nominal, accidental distinctions, are bound to give those fundamental principles their support.

And *first;* as the Church has been shewn to be a part of our constitution, it follows, that the clergy or ministers of that church are obligated to support and promote what is so essential to the constitution, both from interest and gratitude: from interest,—because to the State (which word I use here in the sense of Constitution) they must look for the support of the church's revenues; when that support fails, their temporalities are no more,*—and from gratitude, because they are in the relation of receiver to giver: for according to the *present* state of things their revenues are not the private property of the church, but a donation from the state, or what is the same in this case, from the crown; and of course from civil obligations they are bound to civil duties: and how can they discharge their duties to a constitution better, than by promoting that part which is essential and fundamental?

This obligation appeared so reasonable, so indispensable, to our ancestors, that it was not deemed sufficient for the prelates and clergy originally to confirm Magna Charta, (while holding lighted torches in their hands they recited a most terrible curse against the violators of it), but the clergy were even obliged to bring forward Magna

* That what Mr. Burke says on the church's private property, (*Reflexions on the French Revolution*, p. 150: 1st Edit.) and that what Bishop Warburton says on the independence of the clergy, prior to his notion of the Alliance, is incorrect,—See p. 242, 243, of the Inquiry into the Nature of Subscription, referred to, p. 197 of the second number of the *Reflector*.—I say this with a full recollection of what is said *Chron. Sax.* 41—49; and that "na (no) man let them (the Clergy) set (lease) their landes and teindes (tithes),——and wrangeously annalie (wrongfully aliene) their landes. *The Lawes and Actes maid be King James I. &c. of Scotland.*

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Magna Charta to the remembrance of the people, by reciting that golden clause, as it has been called, in the church, that "no man be TAKEN but by legem terræ;"—by common law, &c.—with anathemas against the impugners of it: the whole proceedings in which case are preserved in ancient records.

Our ancestors were not afraid of mingling wholesome constitutional politics with their theology; and accordingly, in our oldest laws, the leading moral rules of the Scripture are intermingled with the most prominent parts of the Common Law; and Andrew Horne, preparatory to his chapters "of Offences against the Holy Peace," and "the birth of Holy Law," and "the first Constitutions ordained by our ancient Kings," prefixes the books according to the canon of the Old and New Testament, as was observed before.—Our ancestors seemed to have considered our fundamental principles as a rich fragrance, or sacred emblem, like the holy oil on Aaron's garments.

Under what authority the clergy have ceased to read these sacred mementos to their congregations, and to give the salutary stimuli of clerical admonition, I shall not inquire; but I cannot help remarking, that as that ancient provision illustrates the propriety of the practice, so the learning, the dignity, what some would call the sacredness, attached to the office, and the familiar intercourse which should subsist between the clergy and the people, ought to render the clergy peculiarly fitted for the office of transfusing the first principles of our Constitution.

It cannot be denied that the clergy have been, too often, the advocates for arbitrary power; and that their sermons have frequently breathed a spirit very different from that of English liberty. This is too true; and as the station of the clergy gives them great influence in the community, cannot be too much lamented. But let us still do justice: since the Revolution the writings of the clergy have, many of them, caught a tone from Locke. And what friend to constitutional liberty, who has perused the works of Burnet, Hoadley, Sykes, and Blackburne, has not derived pleasure and instruction from them? Bishop Hurd's Dialogues on the very subject of these essays—the English Constitution, we have had occasion to refer to before, and it is an excellent work, founded on true constitutional principles; and many others, as excellent, might be pointed out.

The same influence which the established clergy have over their flock, dissenting ministers have over theirs; and they are not merely to be justified in using it to promote the fundamental principles of English liberty—they seem, by the most weighty considerations, bound to do so. To these fundamental maxims they owe much, and to them they should look for more. In the exact proportion as their complaints against Test Laws, and exclusive privileges, are just, should be their zeal in promoting

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the fundamental principles of the English Constitution: for those principles are favourable to their plea; and the just operation of them would remove the grievance.

I cannot forbear hinting here, that by whatever religious tests the clergy may think proper to bind themselves, yet that, in cases purely civil, it is not congenial to the spirit of our Constitution, properly understood, to introduce doctrines of theological import: they make no part of Magna Charta—no part in the Act of Settlement. For the introduction of doctrinal matters, as tests for the members of our universities, we are indebted to the sole authority of James I.* who made so free with our constitutional liberties; and the Corporation and Test Oaths were not originally aimed against the Protestant dissenters, though afterwards applied to them.

And here it should be acknowledged that the dissenters have not been defective in promoting the principles of the English Constitution: their churches are often founded on principles not congenial with intellectual or religious liberty; but, as individuals, the dissenters are generally found favourable to civil.

This observation might be illustrated from the writings of the Puritans, who, from their first rise down to the Revolution, when they thought themselves aggrieved, were in the habit of appealing to the principles of the English Constitution: thus Barrow, who suffered death in Queen Elizabeth's reign, for publishing a book called *The Discovery of False Churches*, maintains in it, that "the High Commission Court was prejudicial to the prerogative of the Prince, to the jurisdiction of the Royal Courts, to the liberty of the free subject, and to the Great Charter of England;" and, after the Revolution, more to the same purpose may be seen in Mr. Pierce's *Vindication*, the second part of which goes exactly on Mr. Locke's principles of Civil Government. From the Revolution to the present times, the public discourses of dissenters from the pulpit, as well as their other writings, have displayed their great zeal in propagating the same principles of the English Constitution; as witness the Berry-street and Lime-street Sermons, together with the numerous writings of Priestley, Price, and Robinson. Dr. Priestley wrote largely on the subject; Dr. Price's Essay on Civil Liberty was, some years ago, in almost every body's hands; and of Mr. Robinson's Political Catechism I should naturally take notice (I have already alluded to it), did not other of his writings breathe the same spirit.

As it is the duty of dissenters, in common with churchmen, to feel an interest in the fundamental liberties of their country, so from the constitution of their churches their ministers are fitted to disseminate them in the most deliberate, effectual, yet constitutional

* Stat. Academiæ Cantab. Literæ Regiæ.

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tutional way. And those who call themselves Evangelical Dissenters, in opposition to others who call themselves Rational, as they have an equal reason of attachment to their civil rights, have shewn an equal zeal (and it is their duty) to propagate them. And they very lately saw the happy effect of that spirit which unites them: I allude to the combination of ministers of all denominations—Calvinists, Arminians, Socinians, and Methodists, for the purpose of maintaining one *civil* right, that of teaching their own doctrines according to their own pleasure. Here they united; and, with the support of the leading men both in church and state, they carried their point.

The ministers among the Quakers do not allow themselves to allude to political matters in their public discourses. But William Penn, if I am not mistaken, was a preacher, no less than a legislator and politician: his writings, at least, aim to propagate the purest principles of English politics.* And, on considering that the Quakers enjoy some privileges peculiar to their own sect, and beyond what the other dissenters enjoy, they are laid under greater obligations. Let me add, that the peaceable deportment of the Quakers renders them peculiarly fitted for the propagation of the fundamental principles of our Constitution:† for those principles are opposed to oppression and slavery, in all forms; their operation would unite different interests by one common tie, and in all their directions tend to promote liberty and peace; pure perennial springs, "the streams whereof," to borrow the language of the Psalmist, "would make glad the city of God."

Ought we, ought we, to overlook the Catholic clergy? or, while calling on them for the discharge of duties, should we be unprepared to do justice to their principles? The British Catholics of the present day differ as much in their politics from Bellarmine, Parsons, or Allen, the papists of former times, as the present clergy of the established church from the clergy in the reign of King James: and as the latter no longer hold the *jure divino*,—the divine right of Kings, neither do the former, the right of the Pope to dethrone kings, or to interfere in affairs of state. Their obedience to the Pope relates wholly to *religious* concerns. They are as hearty friends to the *civil* establishment of religion as the English established clergy; and though differing from the dissenters as to the spiritual authority of the Pope, they agree with them in the separation of religious from civil power. These doctrines, though formerly maintained by the school divines, are now universally disclaimed by all schools of Catholics: nor do the British Catholic clergy hold any doctrines

* See his Political Tracts in his Select Works.

† Barclay, in his Apology for the Quakers, lays great stress on this argument in his Address to the King.

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as catholics, which unqualify them for the propagation of the fundamental principles of our Civil Constitution, as Britons.

Indeed, for promoting those principles the Catholics not only have many reasons in common with others—they possess some peculiar to themselves: they are influenced by considerations of conscience, beyond any other part of the community. Their ancestors bound themselves by oath to these principles at the Revolution: fifty thousand Catholics, with the bishops at their head, have pledged themselves to the principles of the Revolution in 1688: and that revolution was grounded on those fundamental principles, not those principles on the revolution.

Dr. Alexander Geddes's political sentiments, intermingled with his biblical and theological writings,* are those generally avowed now by the English Catholics. Mr. Plowden has more professedly unfolded those principles in his *Jura Anglorum*, or Rights of Englishmen; and in his *Church and State*, or his Enquiry into the Origin, Nature, and Extent of the Ecclesiastical and Civil Authority, with reference to the English Constitution,† he has discussed the whole Catholic controversy (he is a catholic himself) on the subject; he has dilated on the fundamental principles of the English Constitution; and has unanswerably proved, that the Catholics, both clergy and laity, are bound to them both from choice and by oaths.

Catholics, then, are bound to be in earnest on this subject; their exclusions from offices of trust and public utility should increase their zeal: arguments arise on all sides for their enforcing the claims, and for our giving them a full hearing. They have repeatedly proved themselves both capable, as they are willing, to give the state a civil test, however they may choose, by a *religious* one, to bind themselves to the head of their church; for in Magna Charta, in the Act of Settlement, and in their Oath to the Protestant Succession, there is nothing that can enslave (and this only is the feeling concerned in *religion*) their *conscience*. In the Catholic claims now making there is a voice which will be heard, and felt: whatever be its immediate tendency, its ultimate end must be, to help forward the cause of civil liberty, the fundamental principle, of the English Constitution.

But after all, let us not mistake:—not as Churchmen, or Dissenters, or as Quakers, or as Catholics, simply considered, do men take the impulse of Civil Liberty: it is by knowing, by feeling their just rights, as men and citizens. Some of all parties are favourable to them; many know nothing about them, or are enemies

* I allude here only to the political opinions of Dr. G. as having been a Catholic clergyman: his religious opinions are not concerned in this question.

† Book i. chap. 9.

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enemies to them. Theological opinions, too, we see, divide them into parties: it is therefore well ordained, that they should have common civil interests—some rallying points, round which all men should meet, and consult together for the public good.

Lord Bacon observes, concerning Government,—"It is a part of knowledge secret and retired, in both those respects in which things are deemed secret: for some things are secret, because they are hard to know; and some, because not fit to utter. We see all governments are obscure and invisible.

> "Totamque infusa per artus
> Mens agitat molem, et magno se corpore miscet.

"Such is the descriptions of governments."—So again: "Even unto the general rules and discourses of policy there is due a reverent and reserved handling." *

What he meant, and why he said it, is clear from the paragraph that follows. But, without discussing his meaning, the observation is not applicable to those fundamental laws on which depend the laws, liberties, and rights of Englishmen: there is nothing in them naturally mysterious, or necessarily inscrutable; they cannot be too clearly stated, nor too generally understood.

It is observable of Hobbes's book, alluded to above, that, according to him, the Natural and Moral Law, the Divine and Christian Law, are one and the same: notwithstanding, therefore, his system does not allow men to discuss the laws, and the religion of the citizen must be the religion of the state, yet, if a teacher is to explain the divine law, he must necessarily, in consequence of this union, unfold the law of nature; that is, according to his own ideas, the fundamental laws of civil society. So much at variance are political theorists with themselves!

2. Next with respect to the Nobility. The dignified station, the superior privileges, and extensive property of the Nobles, tie them, by a link of interest, to the laws and constitution of their country: they are called to the discharge of the highest duties of public life. But as a larger circle includes the less when drawn from the same center, so do the higher duties of life those of the lower. Nobles are only privileged citizens; and their zeal for the rights of citizens should be of a wider range than that of zeal for the mere privileges of an order. Fundamental laws are paramount to accidental advantages and nominal distinctions. The noblest feelings of Nobles are, to sympathize with the people: feelings they owe of magnanimity, not of self-degradation; feelings to which Patriotism gives the impulse, and of which the result is Liberty: not, I own, quite in harmony with Xenophon's adage (with which Montesquieu's sentiments seem to have corresponded)—

* On the Proficiency and Advancement of Learning, Book II. Ch. 3.

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responded)—" The nobles are favourable to nobles; the people take care of themselves."

As the Nobles compose an estate of parliament, the House of Lords is the sphere in which their principal exertions are seen, but not that to which only their influence extends. And how wide and how deep may that influence be spread, for purposes either bad or good! For let it be observed, that as by Nobles I here mean more particularly the House of Peers, so in that house I include such as sit there as Peers of the realm, and those who sit there as Counsellors in matters of law; such as the Judges of the Courts of King's Bench and Common Pleas, with other law-officers; together with such as sit there, whether it be as Lords of Parliament, or by the courtesy of parliament, I mean the Bishops.

And here it is not intended to notice such as have used their influence for bad purposes; who, by encroaching on the rights of the people, have discredited their own order, or have undermined that palladium of our liberties, which it was their duty to have supported; but a few only of those who, in accordance with their great rank, have had great feelings; and who, speaking from a high sphere, have given a dignity to their sentiments. Such men are examples, and will be here introduced as motives, being philosophically, no less than politically, nobles.*

Trial by a Jury of their Peers, is a right which belongs to all members of the community alike, Lords as well as Commons: in this, as in a public bank on which all may draw, all possess an equal interest; and while so many have conspired to corrupt it, it is pleasing to contemplate some of high rank, who have shewn zeal to preserve its purity. For though its excellence depends not on their authority, yet the testimony of great men carries weight in cases, which are often perplexed by artifices, or over-ruled by power. The duties and powers of Jurors have been well ascertained; their powers and boundaries clearly marked out, by men of superior abilities, in our own times; and here and there, in different periods, we meet with noblemen who have, rising like flowers over a spacious meadow, given fragrant testimony in favour of this fundamental of the English Constitution. On this point Lord Somers distinguished himself, both by his public professions and occasional writings. On the same subject, Lord Camden bore a noble testimony to that side of the question which may be called the popular, and which is certainly the true side—I mean, which determines the right of a Jury to determine on matter of law as well as fact, and which takes in the intention. In our own time also, Lord Stanhope and

* Putchrius multo parari, quam creari Nobilem. See Selden's Titles of Honour, p. 854.

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and Lord Erskine have written on the same subject, and taken the same side.

Judges and Crown-Lawyers have, like Bishops and Crown-Divines, been too much accustomed to encroach on the liberties of the people; and as the latter have converted innocent opinions into heresies, the former have construed faithful testimonies, or accidental observations, into public crimes. Making their own pleasure, or precedents drawn from Star-Chamber, High-Commission, and the Civil Law Courts, the rules of their proceedings, they acknowledged not the spirit, or trampled on the principles of the Common Law, the law of the land. I am now speaking more particularly of public Libels. And what shall I say? To give some colour to their own measures—to seem acting under the authority of a system which puts no restraint on power, they chose rather to maintain, that we received all the law and constitution, which we have, at the point of William's sword, than to admit that Englishmen had any fundamental rights—any constitutional claims; as if all our property was to be received as an act of grace from the Crown, and all justice as an act of grace from Courts.*

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* After much written about the Conquest, whether by the friends of arbitrary power or others, all that belongs to our question lies within a small compass, and may be deduced from the title to the Laws of William I. —"Ces sont les Loix & les Custumes que le Rei William grantut à tut le Peuple de Engleterre, après le Conquêt de la Terre: ici les meismes que le Rei Edward, sun Cosin, tint devant lui:"—that is, These are the Laws and Customs which William the King granted to all the People of England, after the Conquest of the Realms: they are the same as King Edward, his Cousin, observed before him.

Notice has been taken, in a former essay, on the sense of the word "Conquest," by many writers; and Sir Matthew Hale, together with Judge Blackstone, put on it the same sense. Wilkins, in his Anglo-Saxon Laws, and Dr. Brady, understand by the word—absolute Conquest.

Yet whatever may be made of that word, or inferred from it, nothing can set aside these words, "being the same as those which King Edward, his cousin, observed before him:" and the fact is, these very Anglo-Normannic Laws were not brought from Normandy with William, but translated from the Saxon into the Norman language. It has been denied, indeed, that the laws of Edward bore any relation to these laws of William, and more particularly by Mr. Houard, a Norman advocate, in a work, entitled, "Anciennes Loix des François conservées dans les Coutumes Angloises, recueillies par Littleton, &c. en Rouen, 1760." But that his arguments are unfounded, see well proved by Mr. Kelham, in the Preliminary Discourse to the Laws of King William, subjoined to his Dictionary of the Norman, or Old French Language. He further correctly observes, that the word "tint" implies, that these laws did not originate in Edward, but were handed down to him.

Further, let it be noticed, that William's are the oldest Gallo-Normannic Laws extant, and that there are no other laws of William extant, Gallo-Normanic, I mean, which he brought with him out of Normandy;—that

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Under this dereliction, even persecution, of British principles, of what incalculable value has been the honourable testimony of men of high rank, and eminent in the profession of the law!—In unfolding the original and primordeal qualities of our Common Law—the authority of Parliaments—the rights of Juries—in making an exposure of unconstitutional statutes—of the unconstitutional claims of Ecclesiastics, and the undue influence of Crown Law, who can doubt whether the testimony of Sir John Fortescue, Sir Edw. Smith, Sir Edw. Coke, and Sir Matt. Hale; and in later times, that of Mr. Daines Barrington and Sir Mich. Foster, have had great weight, not as oracles of law, whose opinions were to be received with implicit faith, but as great no less than learned men, to whom some deference was due, and whose suggestions were felt in their influence? And who can doubt, whether the evidence of men of high professional rank in modern times, on similar subjects, will produce similar effects on futurity? just as when waters come from an eminence, they flow on rapidly, and, sparkling as they descend, are seen at a great distance.

Nor should the evidence of Blackstone be omitted; for though I cannot reconcile to fundamental principles what he says,—on the policy of receiving into our system some rules of the Imperial and Pontifical laws—on our religious liberties being fully established at the Reformation—on our civil and political liberties being completely regained under Charles II.—on the effect of the Test and Corporation Acts—on the powers and rights of Juries, and on some few other points, ably illustrated by Dr. Furneaux,* yet do his significant discriminations, and open applauses of what is to be admired in our Constitution, carry considerable weight; and the blemishes alluded to, are perhaps rather to be referred to his professional bias, than his true British feelings. For when we fairly estimate the caution with which he often speaks, the concessions which he sometimes makes, the steps which he evidently measures back, his exposure of the oppressions and alterations of our laws under William the Conqueror, together with his remarks on the solid improvements introduced by Magna Charta under King John, and by King Edward; when, further, we perceive he admits, that "the royal prerogative was strained to a tyrannical and

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that the above laws were only a manual, as indeed the Confessor's were, of the Saxon Laws;—that he was bound by his Coronation Oath to rule by the Saxon Laws;—and that the customs and laws all over England were collected, that the people might be governed by them: Post acquisitionem Angliæ Gullielmus concilio Baronum suorum fecit summoniri per universos Angliæ consulatus, Anglos nobiles, sapientes, et suâ lege cruditos, ut eorum *leges*, et *jura*, et *consuetudines*, ab ipsis audiret.—See Spelman's Glossarium, et Tit. ad A. Gul. Wilkins.—The reader, who knows what these laws, and rights, and customs were, will make the proper inference.

* Dr. Furneaux's Letters to Judge Blackstone.

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and oppressive height under Harry VIII.," even to the time of Charles II.; and that "our civil and religious liberties were not fully acknowledged till the Revolution;"*—when all these matters are duly estimated; and when, above all, we consider the liberal statement made by him, of natural rights—of civil and religious liberties, as involved in the claims of the English Constitution; when the import of such testimony from our able commentator on the laws of England is considered, we must take it as ample and full; as a well-meditated eulogium on the principles of English liberty, in a more enlarged, extensive sense.

With respect to the legislative functions of the two Houses of Parliament, the reader is aware it is accounted essential that each should possess its distinct prerogatives—distinct privileges—distinct powers, as independent of the other; and that, as the higher house may not affect the independence of the lower in its legislative character, so that, if any individual peer interrupts the purity of elections by bribery and corruption, he is liable to a severe fine. But a nobleman can use his influence for good, that is, constitutional purposes, as well as for unconstitutional, which would be bad. Nor have we any magical power, either in church or state, that can prevent a nobleman, truly great, from moving in a wider circle than that of Xenophon's maxim—"Nobles think only of nobles; the people will take care of themselves."

I allude to a small work, written by a nobleman,† containing Hints and Maxims for Electors of Representatives of the People in the House of Commons. Its aim is to guard the elective franchise against every species of unconstitutional influence: it unites much closeness with much elegance, and is admirably calculated to promote the end for which it was written: it has accordingly been used, if I mistake not, by some members of both houses, for the most constitutional purpose,—to preserve freedom and purity of election: I at least recollect, it was so used by one member, who printed a large edition of the work for the purpose of distribution.

But it is manifest that a nobleman, who could use this influence consistently, must forego that power, which by the same stroke destroys the elective franchise of thousands, and carries a shock to the House of Commons, which is felt through the whole body.

I am aware that an intelligent modern writer says, "that if the saleable boroughs were annihilated, the disease of the Constitution would be scarcely affected. The Executive Power will influence

* Blackstone's Commentaries, book iv. chap. 33.

† I am not sure I give the exact title of the book: I cannot now put my hand on it. I can only say I have read it with great pleasure.

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influence the houses of parliament, as it influences the houses of convocation." The writer, however, does not avow that opinion as an apology for saleable boroughs; nor does any thing advanced by him affect my conclusion.*

3. I proceed next to consider the Prince Regent as an organ for transfusing the fundamental principles of the English Constitution. For as no individual is so humble as to be below notice in this proposal, no individual should be considered so high as to lie beyond it. In civil society, every individual should feel his proper weight, and discharge his proper duties.

The writer just alluded to observes, "that Machiavel would have a prince, who is ambitious of praise and immortality, choose for the scene of his glory a state that is corrupt and decaying, and to rectify and restore it." He supposes this country to be at present in that state, and that the influence of certain proposals were intended for the mind of his Majesty, through the interposition of the Heir Apparent." He adds, "I should certainly not have proposed these thoughts as leading to a plan of Reform, preferable to any requiring the interposition of the people, if I had not understood, that those high personages had been lately brought into numerous, affectionate, and confidential relations, by the circumstances of the times; and that the sentiments expressed by the Prince are most becoming in respect to his Royal Parent, and most consoling to the people."

The unfortunate malady of the King having interrupted this intercourse, it is unnecessary to inquire into its object or its probable result; and knowing nothing of the subject beyond what that passage furnishes, I pass to the leading design of this essay.

It is unreasonable, it would be impertinent, to suppose that a Prince, born to be one of the legislative organs, and the principal Executive Magistrate of a great empire, should have been inattentive to the principles on which its Constitution is founded, and by which it is to be governed; and that an early bias should not have impelled his mind towards those studies from the writings of his tutor.† Who has so many interests, so many duties, and so many pleasures involved in them, as the Prince of Wales? Who has possessed more opportunities for seeing the ruinous tendency of principles, opposing at once the more enlarged maxims of our English policy and the laws of nations, than the Prince of Wales? Who more reason to lament over that spirit of commercial despotism—that affectation of rule on the seas and over the continent—those unfounded presumptions of our shackling, monopolizing system of trade, than the Prince of Wales? Who to perceive the occasion of that combination of European powers

* Preparatory Studies for Political Reformers.

† The late Bishop of Worcester's Dialogues on the English Constitution.

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powers against us—a dark host of departed friends, like the Prince of Wales? Who to inquire into the failures of our best-concerted expeditions; the derangement, the entire disorganization of all our financial systems—bubbles floating in the air, bursting, and disappearing—like the Prince of Wales?

When we call that British politics, which is at variance with British principles—those politicians, patriots, who are merely lovers of themselves, it is only as we give things nicknames. He who should be able to unite the interests of this country with the peace and happiness of Europe, would be a true British Prince, qualified to foster and promote the genuine principles of liberty through his own favoured island.

England's boast is, her free Constitution. All true Britons know this; but they also know, that a government by factions is not a free government, except as a nickname. A Prince Regent of Great Britain should not survey the country from the little Goshen of self-seeking politicians (to borrow an allusion of Locke's), surrounded with partial laws and exclusive privileges. He is by his station placed on an eminence, and should survey the full prospect round: he should contemplate the different sections of society, earnest for their civil rights, as urging a just claim, as warmed by an English spirit. And a prince, instrumental in their obtaining their due proportion of civil privileges, would, let us not say, be merely qualified to promote the principles of English liberty, he would by the very act do so; for cemented as these different sections would instantly become by a common interest, there would flow out, in a thousand directions, a light, which would at the same time transfuse truth and extinguish faction; while the prince himself would be considered as a central point—the source of original communication and constitutional knowledge.

Measures pursued in arbitrary times, however pleaded for on principles of civil or canon law, cannot be defended on those of the common law, the law of the land. And could it even be shewn that the accidents of particular periods rendered them expedient, when that expediency ceases, the operation of those laws should cease; and a reflecting prince should examine those measures by the principles of the Constitution, not bring the principles of the Constitution to the standard of those measures.

The restoration of long-lost rights, as being a medium of political information—of political attachment, has, by numerous claimants, been repeatedly urged, and is now imperiously demanded by the times: and Machiavel's rule, "for Hereditary Princes not to transgress the examples of their predecessors," should be taken in its connexion with the other—"to comply and frame themselves to the accidents that occur."

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The examples of those predecessors, who themselves, by their *personal* authority, transgressed the limits of the Constitution, would be bad precedents to one who is to be a Constitutional King. Besides, were those measures constitutional, a wise prince should consider, that all human things change, and that constitutions change too, and may change for the better. With the increase of property, feudal severities have ceased, to the great improvement of civil society: but the accidents that have occurred, and are occurring still, speak with a loud voice, That the Political Body moves with energy and force, by due assistance of its parts; and that the limbs, which have unnaturally been dissevered, should speedily be re-united, if we desire to restore the body to form an harmonious whole.

4. As the King, in a constitutional sense, never dies, his personal malady does not affect this question: he exists in his twofold capacity—as one of the estates of parliament, and as the supreme executive magistrate.

In his former capacity, the King can make no law—he can alter none. Each estate is independent of the other. Their separate movements coalescing in one will, produce Law: a power, exceeding that just movement, is unconstitutional, and may be called Influence—that more refined species of corruption, proclaimed to be essential to the English Constitution. But I pass it, as an excrescence—no natural vital part of our body politic: I pass all the king's legislative function, too, as that by which he has no right to act on the other estates of the realm.

By his executive power he may act—he must act, either for good or ill; and whichever impulse he takes, the effects cannot be calculated: for as from fountains proceed all the rivers and all the lakes, that are so proudly conspicuous; and all the rivulets, and the brooks, and the rills, which take a more secret course; and as the reservoirs are supplied thence, administering both to the necessaries and comforts of private life, so is the King, as supreme executive magistrate, the source of all executive power through the land; for he not only chooses his own counsellors and ministers, but all great officers of state—all the high functionaries of public trust, whether civil, or ecclesiastical, or naval, or military; and in proportion as inferior officers originate in and derive all their commission from higher, we see at once how the power of supreme magistrate reaches all authorities, and pervades each portion of the community. Nor does it rest here: for though, as one of the estates of parliament, he exercises no legislative authority in the House of Lords, yet he is the fountain of nobility, by his prerogative in creating peers. So wide is the Royal Power!—so ceaseless its operations!—so unavoidable, unmeasurable its extent!

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How does a King of England promote the principles of English liberty? When, proceeding within the limits prescribed him by the Constitution, he eyes its fundamental principles as the central point; not cutting and crossing our civil and religious liberties, but moving, as it were, in the same plane with them. Some of our kings, in arbitrary times, have given to their proclamations the force of laws; have overawed parliaments; and, as despots, have *given laws*,—communicating to the people, like evil spirits, delusions and lies: but a true English king proceeds in constitutional order; and moving in harmony with the other legislative powers, like a guardian angel, encourages, invigorates, and recommends all that is excellent in our Constitution.

That "the king can do no wrong," as a constitutional maxim, is proved to be untrue by the principles avowed at the Revolution; as a political or legal maxim, every one understands what it means. And in the right distribution of his confidence, and a judicious delegation of public trusts, consists the power of the supreme magistrate, in his executive character, to do extensive good; for, by choosing his counsellors and ministers according to their known regards to the religious and civil rights of the community, and by appointing such men to the higher departments of public offices as his representatives, he transfuses his own power of conveying, as through so many ducts, true constitutional instruction to the people; and as he himself is, constitutionally speaking, responsible to the people, so will he, if conscientious, hold himself answerable to his conscience, to prevent all violent derelictions of public duties—to check all deviations from the Constitution: for such a capacity, in numerous important instances, he possesses. Indeed, public functionaries in the higher departments, in their ordinary course, naturally eye the ruling star, and by a sort of instinct are apt to go as that leads, whether it be in the order of the Constitution, or against it; and thus the inferior officers regard them. We should hear little of Informations *ex officio* (which however approved by Blackstone are not constitutional), and other ungracious practices in our courts of law, to say nothing of other matters, any more than we do of the unconstitutional procedures once followed in High-Commission Courts and Star-chambers,* if the supreme magistrate pointed

* It is pleasing to recollect, that in some of these Informations *ex officio* the present Attorney-General has not succeeded; and till he proceeds in a more constitutional way, by indictment, it is desirable that he should never succeed. It is no less pleasing to hear, that in one case (as I am informed) the Attorney-General received a check from the Judge on the Bench (Judge Bailey), who suggested to him that he had better take another way; and that no better a reply could be given by the Attorney-General, than that others before him had proceeded by information. But see Sir R. Cotton's Posthuma. p. 221.

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right, in true constitutional splendor. Such a king, by his conscientious selections—by his judicious arrangements—by his steady, well-directed conduct, might be the means of preserving in its purity what is good in our Constitution—perhaps, of correcting its faults: he would possess, in the hearts of his people, a silent energy,—a powerful, virtuous, *constitutional influence*, which would communicate more knowledge, and produce happier effects, than the writings of all the royal authors, from the days of Harry the Eighth to the Revolution: he would blunt the edge of that sarcastic, but just remark, "that few kings reign;" and recall to the recollection of Englishmen, that they once possessed an Alfred.

May I venture to speak on a subject of rather a delicate nature, but, at the present moment, of the greatest consequence, and connected with the object of this appeal; involving as it does at once the nature of the Coronation Oath, and the claims of a numerous portion of the inhabitants of the United Kingdom? Is there any thing in the Constitution of this country, which opposes the natural rights of mankind? any thing which opposes their just rights, as citizens? If there is, we may be sure it is wrong. Is there any thing in the Coronation Oath which opposes those claims? that oath, then, is wrong. Natural and religious rights are paramount to political constitutions, and, by consequence, paramount to the obligations of civil magistrates.

But let us coolly weigh the matter. We have already observed, that neither is there in Magna Charta, nor in the Act of Settlement, any notice of those numerous speculative opinions, which have since divided the different religious sects. The Test and Corporation Laws were introduced, it is allowed, between the two periods, for the purpose of excluding papists, as such, from civil offices; but whatever may be said on the occasion of the introduction of such laws at first, the necessity for their continuance has ceased; and we do society and individuals "an injury," "however coloured with the names, and pretences, and forms of law," by continuing them; we do *bona fide* "declare war on the sufferers,"* and throw men back again to Mr. Hobbes's state of nature, which he declares to be a state of war, though we begin it. The modern catholics essentially differ from the old papists: they have proved themselves qualified to give a civil test "for their adherence to the Protestant Succession;" we have no right, therefore, to require, nor does the case require, a *religious*, sacramental test: and if the King, as one estate, in union with the other branches of the legislature, would but do his proper duties, we should see, both with respect to catholics as well as other nonconformists,

* Locke on Government.

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conformists, the truth of what Bishop Hoadley mentions; "That non-conformity to a church established by human laws, cannot be in itself a certain sign to Christians of any want of a due concern for the peace of church and state."* We give them civil tests, and to them even their *religion* binds; but from religious tests we must look for nothing but enmities, and a disaffection to many civil duties.

Our limits do not allow us to consider the nature of an Oath at large. In the case now alluded to, the civil magistrate binds himself by an oath to uphold the *Protestant established religion.* Why? Because it is the will of the majority. This was the doctrine acted on at the Revolution,—That the will of the people was the law of the state. At the Irish Union, as in the present times, very greatly the majority of the Irish nation was catholic, and they had then a parliament of their own. They agreed to the Union, with either a direct assurance, or liberal insinuations, that the claims of the majority would be attended to. To recede, therefore, from the condition by the pretence of an oath, under stipulations either expressed or implied, would be as contrary to the *import* of the oath originally administered, as to the stipulations afterwards made; in short, contrary to the principles acted on at the Revolution. And shall we leave the Catholics to say, we held out treacherous baits? or do we choose to call them constitutional douceurs? And do we choose to leave the Catholics under the imputation of civil credulity, and to take to ourselves the merit of a pious fraud?

But after all, what is the express language of this oath? What the point towards which it is directed? and what the construction put on it by the legislature itself?

The part of the Coronation Oath, at the Revolution, more particularly under consideration is, as the question is put by the Archbishop, and the answer returned by the King, "Will you, to the utmost, maintain the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel, and the Protestant Reformed religion, established by law? And will you preserve to the bishops and clergy of this realm, and to the churches committed to their charge, all such rights and privileges as by law do or shall appertain to them?"—KING. "All this I promise to do."

This approaches very near in substance to that most ancient Coronation Oath administered to a Catholic king, Edward II. by the Bishop of Winchester. Both relate to the civil establishment of religion: neither of them relates to doctrinal matters, any more than Magna Charta, or the Act of Settlement. I do not mean to say that the Act of Supremacy has not *religious* power *within the*

 church;

* See Bishop Hoadley's Refutation of Bishop Sherlock's arguments against a Repeal of the Corporation and Test Laws.

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church; but it has none without it, either from Scripture, or from any fundamental law in civil society.

What are we to understand, what can we understand, by maintaining "the Protestant Reformed religion, established by law" (with respect to those without the church), than this, that the civil magistrate will give the established church his civil sanction—his religious profession (for he must be a Protestant); that he will authorize provisions for the regular clergy, and protect the temporalities, while it continues the will of the majority: for without this sanction, whence was our authority for altering our church, which, before it became protestant, was catholic? This it is to preserve what have been called, the Rights of an Established Church.

When the act says, "Will you, to the utmost of your power, maintain the Gospel, &c." what can it mean? Must it not mean all that he can *constitutionally*—all that, as a king, he is "able to do," as the old act expresses it. It must be necessarily so limited. But let us not lay unconstitutional burdens on the Supreme Magistrate of the United Kingdom. *Literally* speaking, a king might write more religious treatises than Harry VIII. or James II. put together; and preach more sermons through England, Scotland, and Ireland, than George Whitfield; and yet not do all *that was within his power.*

And what has been the interpretation put by the legislature itself on the *laws*, and *customs*, and *statutes*, mentioned in the Coronation Oath? Have no laws been repealed since that Coronation Oath was administered at the Revolution? Have not some *religious* points been conceded to Protestant Dissenters? Has not non-conformity been declared, by statute, *to be no crime?* Was not its cause, on that principle, openly maintained in the House of Lords, by an able lawyer, Lord Mansfield?* Has not the same cause been zealously advocated in the House of Commons? What then is the sense put on the Coronation Oath by the legislature itself?

Further, Kings of England, on their accession to the throne, have sworn to maintain the settlement, relating to acts that effect the established religions in England and Scotland; and yet two acts of the Scotch Parliament were afterwards either altered or repealed; and one most material alteration was made, relating to the patronage of livings, which has been called a violation of the Union, and was brought forward by the *enemies of the Protestant Succession* against the sense of the people of Scotland.—What was then the import of these acts? Was it not that the alteration of statutes, of penal statutes, may be made, notwithstanding

* See his Speech at the end of Furneaux' Letters to Blackstone.

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standing the Coronation Oath? And has not the legislature itself conscientiously given a sanction to this doctrine?*

It is greatly to be lamented, that Judge Blackstone should at all have spoken in favour of our penal laws, when it is evident, even to candour itself, that his better feelings flowed from a purer source. A constitutional king should distinguish, as constitutional lawyers do, a Commentator on the Laws of England *looking towards the Bench.* For Blackstone, when he wrote his Commentaries, was only *looking to be* a judge; and this is the true key to his inconsistencies.

To guard what has been said, let it be observed, that it is not denied,—it has been granted,—that before and at the time when Magna Charta was granted, church and state formed one constitution: in those times the civil and ecclesiastical courts were united, though separated, for state-reasons, at the Conquest. To those times Hooker's observation well applies: "The church of England and the people of England were the same people." It is, however, still true, that Magna Charta has nothing doctrinal in it; and no less true, that Hooker's maxim does not apply to the times since the Reformation. Men, exercising their own faculties, and following the dictates of their consciences, have formed different opinions on doctrinal articles and church government; and philosophy, more unshackled from bigotry, has breathed something of the empyrean of liberty: Experiments have proved to be true, what bigots and politicians denied.

Civil and religious liberty, and nothing else, is the true cement of the English Constitution: penal laws are wedges driven violently into it, and keep the parts wide asunder: these were never genuine parts of it, and wherever they appear are sophisms intermingled with eternal truths. It is time that these sophisms were untwisted: we should revert to fundamentals, and distinguish what is merely legal from what is constitutional. As to the old Coronation Oaths, they were administered when the nation was united in one faith; the new, when the nation was split into religious sections: and if by maintaining the true profession of the Gospel any thing more is meant than professing the reformed religion, and giving its teachers a civil sanction, it goes further than any civil magistrate is authorized to go by that Gospel; it is contrary to right reason as well as to true policy, and may become a trap to a conscientious king, no less than an insult to those of his subjects who have any conscience. No oath, that binds a king to the will of the majority, can authorize him to resist the will of the majority; and no government could, constitutionally, impose such an oath on an English king.

* On the Act of Patronage in Scotland, see an Inquiry into the Principles of Ecclesiastical Patronage and Presentation, p. 89.

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Conscience is that secret council-chamber erected in the breast of man by the Great Power that formed him—a mysterious vicegerency, that brings nigh to human beings that Presence which fills the universe. Kings as well as subjects are under its dominion; and for their *religious* feelings and apprehensions are accountable to that tribunal alone. A king is bound by his religion, in his personal character, *in foro conscientiæ*, as much as a subject; a subject as much a king. But does a subject forego his civil rights by embracing religious opinions? Or can a king, in his political character, be released from his obligation to protect a citizen in his natural rights and civil privileges; that being the very end of political society,—the only just foundation of civil government? Liberty of conscience is every man's inalienable birthright,—a franchise, of which no being on earth has a right to disinherit him; and for the peaceable enjoyment of which he should forfeit none of the common advantages of civil society.

5. As to the People at large, it should seem but a principle of moderation to say, that in a cause which concerns every individual, no individual should be wholly indifferent. For though individuals may ask, what good can we do? Yet, as it is reasonable that every man should know something of his birthrights, it will be natural for him sometimes to talk of them. Is it not also agreeable? Love of liberty is a natural passion; like all natural passions, the very feeling of it is delight, and to converse about it refreshes the spirits. He who is a stranger to the feeling is scarce a man.

The Liberty of the Press is a scyon of the good old tree of English liberty; and although liable to some luxuriancy, it bears much wholesome fruit. True it is, it may be prurient, but it must not be lopped off. The art of printing itself has been the means of propagating some errors,—some absurdities,—some malignities; but by leading to truth and philosophy, it has been favourable to human happiness. And the liberty of the press, though that press may occasionally be licentious, is by its general tendencies naturally salutary, and more abundantly beneficial to mankind.

Thus the public papers, which may be considered as a kind of registers of the times, often lead mankind to much important truth; for though they frequently subserve people's particular interests or passions, and lead far enough from liberty and truth, yet, when directed by wise and well-principled men, they conduct to much good,—they bring out much political information: and their very oppositions often produce elucidations; for as stone struck against flint elicits sparks, so do the contentions of gentlemen, playing at cross-purposes with one another, often throw out a light which keeps the unprejudiced in the right way. The debates of the House of Commons, as reported in these papers, have the same

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same tendency; for though they sometimes are at variance with the liberties of the country, and are sometimes made with more of gladiatorial prowess and violence, than of legislatorial dignity and principle, yet when men of generous, disinterested feelings, bear testimony to the best principles of the Constitution, their words, like seeds borne by the wind and carried to a distant soil, are conveyed far and wide to many an unsophisticated heart; and taking deep root, they produce the most solid, ever-growing advantages.

Time would fail me to notice particular persons, who in their private capacities have felt agreeable employment in distributing useful pamphlets on the principles of English Liberty, or to point out the worth of those pamphlets illustrated by them; but their ardour is entitled to much praise. One example I cannot forbear noticing:—It is of a private gentleman, who, after travelling in foreign countries, sat down quiet and delighted in his own; and who, admiring the best principles of the English Constitution, as unfolded in the political writings of Sidney, Milton, Marvel, and Locke, published them at his own expence. Portions of these were selected for a wider circulation. The complete copies were distributed among private friends, or deposited in various public libraries throughout England and Scotland. Nor was his zeal confined to his own country: copies of these works were conveyed, under his direction and at his expence, to public libraries in North America, in Holland, and Switzerland. A testimony this, worthy of a true Englishman, honourable to his nation, and highly honourable to himself,—beneficial to his own countrymen, and no doubt singularly beneficial to mankind at large!*

Societies have been formed with similar views, to convey constitutional information, more enlarged views of our representative system, and to support the liberty of the press: some composed of simple citizens, others combining with them members of both Houses of Parliament. That effects proportioned to their wishes and plans were not produced, was owing, in part, to the interposition of government,—in part, to other causes not so obvious to a hasty survey. That nothing good was effected, by no means follows. The full influence of useful truths, no less than of pernicious doctrines, is not to be calculated by immediate effects. It is not the mere depositing of seed in the bosom of the earth, that can cause it to grow: that seed takes a new place,—it must strike root,—undergo a chemical process, by means of other bodies, with which it comes into contact, and depends on other influences, independent of the power of individuals, or societies of agriculturists: what retards its growth may perhaps strengthen its

* Memoirs of John Hollis, Esq.

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vital principle, and prepare it for a more peaceable issue. Such may be the issue. But shall man be confident? Blasts and mildews may scatter, or wither, his rising hopes suddenly.

Political societies are sometimes composed of men not united among themselves, and have to contend with other societies united against them all. Our condition, as a civil community, also, is not the best calculated to admit constitutional information. We are a rude mass,—a loose combination (if those words may be used together) of different interests,—of different passions,—of different religions, and different corruptions. Should government ever study the real interest of the community, as well as its own, it would unite its influence with such societies, should any such arise, for the perfection of our representative system. This once attained, we might boast of something like a perfect Constitution. Understanding, perhaps, better than our Saxon ancestors, the nature and end of representation, we might learn much from their wisdom in *realizing* the plan: as, indeed, than their ancient division of England into Tithings, Hundreds, and Counties, nothing was ever more admirably devised for mutual protection and confidence,—mutual justice and benevolence; and nothing would be better calculated for the destruction of all party spirit, and the propagation of constitutional knowledge. AN OBSERVER.

[P. S. The reader will please to set right the Greek, p. 249, which is deranged.]

ART. IX.—*THEATRALIA. No.* 1.—*On Garrick, and Acting; and the Plays of Shakspeare, considered with reference to their fitness for Stage Representation.*

TAKING a turn the other day in the Abbey, I was struck with the affected attitude of a figure, which I do not remember to have seen before, and which upon examination proved to be a whole-length of the celebrated Mr. Garrick. Though I would not go so far with some good catholics abroad as to shut players altogether out of consecrated ground, yet I own I was not a little scandalized at the introduction of theatrical airs and gestures into a place set apart to remind us of the saddest realities. Going nearer, I found inscribed under this harlequin figure the following lines:—

To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakspeare rose; then, to expand his fame
Wide o'er this breathing world, a Garrick came.
Though sunk in death the forms the Poet drew,
The Actor's genius bade them breathe anew;

Though

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> Though, like the bard himself, in night they lay,
> Immortal Garrick call'd them back to day:
> And till Eternity with pow'r sublime
> Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
> Shakspeare and Garrick like twin-stars shall shine,
> And earth irradiate with a beam divine.

It would be an insult to my readers' understandings to attempt any thing like a criticism on this farrago of false thoughts and nonsense. But the reflection it led me into was a kind of wonder, how, from the days of the actor here celebrated to our own, it should have been the fashion to compliment every performer in his turn, that has had the luck to please the town in any of the great characters of Shakspeare, with the notion of possessing a *mind congenial with the poet's*; how people should come thus unaccountably to confound the power of originating poetical images and conceptions with the faculty of being able to read or recite the same when put into words;* or what connection that absolute mastery over the heart and soul of man, which a great dramatic poet possesses, has with those low tricks upon the eye and ear, which a player by observing a few general effects, which some common passion, as grief, anger, &c. usually has upon the gestures and exterior, can so easily compass. To know the internal workings and movements of a great mind, of an Othello or a Hamlet for instance, the *when* and the *why* and the *how far* they should be moved; to what pitch a passion is becoming; to give the reins and to pull in the curb exactly at the moment when the drawing in or the slackening is most graceful; seems to demand a reach of intellect of a vastly different extent from that which is employed upon the bare imitation of the signs of these passions in the countenance or gesture, which signs are usually observed to be most lively and emphatic in the weaker sort of minds, and which signs can after all but indicate some passion, as I said before, anger, or grief, generally; but of the motives and grounds of the passion, wherein it differs from the same passion in low and vulgar natures, of these the actor can give no more idea by his face or gesture than the eye (without a metaphor) can speak, or the muscles utter intelligible sounds. But such is the instantaneous nature of the impressions which we take in at the eye and ear at a play-house, compared with the slow apprehension oftentimes of the understanding in

* It is observable that we fall into this confusion only in *dramatic* recitations. We never dream that the gentleman who reads Lucretius in public with great applause, is therefore a great poet and philosopher; nor do we find that Tom Davies, the bookseller, who is recorded to have recited the Paradise Lost better than any man in England in his day (though I cannot help thinking there must be some mistake in this tradition) was therefore, by his intimate friends, set upon a level with Milton.

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in reading, that we are apt not only to sink the play-writer in the consideration which we pay to the actor, but even to identify in our minds in a perverse manner, the actor with the character which he represents. It is difficult for a frequent play-goer to disembarrass the idea of Hamlet from the person and voice of Mr. K. We speak of Lady Macbeth, while we are in reality thinking of Mrs. S. Nor is this confusion incidental alone to unlettered persons, who not possessing the advantage of reading, are necessarily dependent upon the stage-player for all the pleasure which they can receive from the drama, and to whom the very idea of *what an author is* cannot be made comprehensible without some pain and perplexity of mind: the error is one from which persons otherwise not meanly lettered, find it almost impossible to extricate themselves.

Never let me be so ungrateful as to forget the very high degree of satisfaction which I received some years back from seeing for the first time a tragedy of Shakspeare performed, in which those two great performers sustained the principal parts. It seemed to embody and realize conceptions which had hitherto assumed no distinct shape. But dearly do we pay all our life after for this juvenile pleasure, this sense of distinctness. When the novelty is past, we find to our cost that instead of realizing an idea, we have only materialized and brought down a fine vision to the standard of flesh and blood. We have let go a dream, in quest of an unattainable substance.

How cruelly this operates upon the mind, to have its free conceptions thus crampt and pressed down to the measure of a strait-lacing actuality, may be judged from that delightful sensation of freshness, with which we turn to those plays of Shakspeare which have escaped being performed, and to those passages in the acting plays of the same writer which have happily been left out in the performance. How far the very custom of hearing any thing *spouted*, withers and blows upon a fine passage, may be seen in those speeches from Henry the Fifth, &c. which are current in the mouths of schoolboys from their being to be found in *Enfield Speakers*, and such kind of books. I confess myself utterly unable to appreciate that celebrated soliloquy in Hamlet, beginning "To be or not to be," or to tell whether it be good, bad, or indifferent, it has been so handled and pawed about by declamatory boys and men, and torn so inhumanly from its living place and principle of continuity in the play, till it is become to me a perfect dead member.

It may seem a paradox, but I cannot help being of opinion that the plays of Shakspeare are less calculated for performance on a stage, than those of almost any other dramatist whatever. Their distinguishing excellence is a reason that they should be so. There

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There is so much in them, which comes not under the province of acting; with which, eye and tone and gesture have nothing to do.

The glory of the scenic art is to personate passion, and the turns of passion; and the more coarse and palpable the passion is, the more hold upon the eyes and ears of the spectators the performer obviously possesses. For this reason, scolding scenes, scenes where two persons talk themselves into a fit of fury, and then in a surprizing manner talk themselves out of it again, have always been the most popular upon our stage. And the reason is plain, because the spectators are here most palpably appealed to, they are the proper judges in this war of words, they are the legitimate ring that should be formed round such "intellectual prize-fighters." Talking is the direct object of the imitation here. But in all the best dramas, and in Shakspeare above all, how obvious it is, that the form of *speaking*, whether it be in soliloquy or dialogue, is only a medium, and often a highly artificial one, for putting the reader or spectator into possession of that knowledge of the inner structure and workings of mind in a character, which he could otherwise never have arrived at *in that form of composition* by any gift short of intuition. We do here as we do with novels written in the *epistolary form*. How many improprieties, perfect solecisms in letter-writing, do we put up with in Clarissa and other books, for the sake of the delight which that form upon the whole gives us.

But the practice of stage representation reduces every thing to a controversy of elocution. Every character, from the boisterous blasphemings of Bajazet to the shrinking timidity of womanhood, must play the orator. The love-dialogues of Romeo and Juliet, those silver-sweet sounds of lovers' tongues by night; the more intimate and sacred sweetnesses of nuptial colloquy between an Othello or a Posthumus with their married wives, all those delicacies which are so delightful in the reading, as when we read of those youthful dalliances in Paradise

> ——————————— as beseem'd
> Fair couple link'd in happy nuptial league,
> Alone:

by the inherent fault of stage representation, how are these things sullied and turned from their very nature by being exposed to a large assembly; when such speeches as Imogen addresses to her lord, come drawling out of the mouth of a hired actress, whose courtship, though nominally addressed to the personated Posthumus, is manifestly aimed at the spectators, who are to judge of her endearments and her returns of love.

The character of Hamlet is perhaps that by which, since the days of Betterton, a succession of popular performers have had the

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the greatest ambition to distinguish themselves. The length of the part may be one of their reasons. But for the character itself.—We find it in a play, and therefore we judge it a fit subject of dramatic representation. The play itself abounds in maxims and reflections beyond any other, and therefore we consider it as a proper vehicle for conveying moral instruction. But Hamlet himself—what does he suffer meanwhile by being dragged forth as the public schoolmaster, to give lectures to the crowd! Why, nine parts in ten of what Hamlet does, are transactions between himself and his moral sense, they are the effusions of his solitary musings, which he retires to holes and corners and the most sequestered parts of the palace to pour forth; or rather, they are the silent meditations with which his bosom is bursting, reduced to *words* for the sake of the reader, who must else remain ignorant of what is passing there. These profound sorrows, these light-and-noise-abhorring ruminations, which the tongue scarce dares utter to deaf walls and chambers, how can they be represented by a gesticulating actor, who comes and mouths them out before an audience, making four hundred people his confidants at once. I say not that it is the fault of the actor so to do; he must pronounce them ore rotundo, he must accompany them with his eye, he must insinuate them into his auditory by some trick of eye, tone, or gesture, or he fails. *He must be thinking all the while of his appearance, because he knows that all the while the spectators are judging of it.* And this is the way to represent the shy, negligent, retiring Hamlet.

It is true that there is no other mode of conveying a vast quantity of thought and feeling to a great portion of the audience, who otherwise would never earn it for themselves by reading, and the intellectual acquisition gained this way may, for aught I know, be inestimable; but I am not arguing that Hamlet should not be acted, but how much Hamlet is made another thing by being acted. I have heard much of the wonders which Garrick performed in this part; but as I never saw him, I must have leave to doubt whether the representation of such a character came within the province of his art. Those who tell me of him, speak of his eye, of the magic of his eye, and of his commanding voice: physical properties, vastly desireable in an actor, and without which he can never insinuate meaning into an auditory,—but what have they to do with Hamlet? what have they to do with intellect? In fact, the things aimed at in theatrical representation, are to arrest the spectator's eye upon the form and the gesture, and so to gain a more favourable hearing to what is spoken: it is not what the character is, but how he looks; not what he says, but how he speaks it. I see no reason to think that if the play of Hamlet were written over again by some such writer as Banks or Lillo, retaining the process

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process of the story, but totally omitting all the poetry of it, all the divine features of Shakspeare, his stupendous intellect; and only taking care to give us enough of passionate dialogue, which Banks or Lillo were never at a loss to furnish; I see not how the effect could be much different upon an audience, nor how the actor has it in his power to represent Shakspeare to us differently from his representation of Banks or Lillo. Hamlet would still be a youthful accomplished prince, and must be gracefully personated; he might be puzzled in his mind, wavering in his conduct, seemingly-cruel to Ophelia, he might see a ghost, and start at it, and address it kindly when he found it to be his father; all this in the poorest and most homely language of the servilest creeper after nature that ever consulted the palate of an audience; without troubling Shakspeare for the matter: and I see not but there would be room for all the power which an actor has, to display itself. All the passions and changes of passion might remain: for those are much less difficult to write or act than is thought, it is a trick easy to be attained, it is but rising or falling a note or two in the voice, a whisper with a significant foreboding look to announce its approach, and so contagious the counterfeit appearance of any emotion is, that let the words be what they will, the look and tone shall carry it off and make it pass for deep skill in the passions.

It is common for people to talk of Shakspeare's plays being *so natural;* that every body can understand him. They are natural indeed, they are grounded deep in nature, so deep that the depth of them lies out of the reach of most of us. You shall hear the same persons say that George Barnwell is very natural, and Othello is very natural, that they are both very deep; and to them they are the same kind of thing. At the one they sit and shed tears, because a good sort of young man is tempted by a naughty woman to commit *a trifling peccadillo*, the murder of an uncle or so,* that is all, and so comes to an untimely end, which is *so moving;* and at the other, because a blackamoor in a fit of jealousy kills

* If this note could hope to meet the eye of any of the Managers, I would intreat and beg of them, in the name of both the Galleries, that this insult upon the morality of the common people of London should cease to be eternally repeated in the holiday weeks. Why are the 'Prentices of this famous and well-governed city, instead of an amusement, to be treated over and over again with a nauseous sermon of George Barnwell? Why *at the end of their vistoes* are we to place *the gallows?* Were I an uncle, I should not much like a nephew of mine to have such an example placed before his eyes. It is really making uncle-murder too trivial to exhibit it as done upon such slight motives;—it is attributing too much to such characters as Milwood;—it is putting things into the heads of good young men, which they would never otherwise have dreamed of. Uncles that think anything of their lives, should fairly petition the Chamberlain against it.

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kills his innocent white wife: and the odds are that ninety-nine out of a hundred would willingly behold the same catastrophe happen to both the heroes, and have thought the rope more due to Othello than to Barnwell. For of the texture of Othello's mind, the inward construction marvellously laid open with all its strengths and weaknesses, its heroic confidences and its human misgivings, its agonies of hate springing from the depths of love, they see no more than the spectators at a cheaper rate, who pay their pennies a-piece to look through the man's telescope in Leicester-fields, see into the inward plot and topography of the moon. Some dim thing or other they see, they see an actor personating a passion, of grief, or anger, for instance, and they recognize it as a copy of the usual external effects of such passions; or at least as bein true to *that symbol of the emotion which passes current at the theatre for it*, for it is often no more than that: but of the grounds of the passion, its correspondence to a great or heroic nature, which is the only worthy object of tragedy,—that common auditors know any thing of this, or can have any such notions dinned into them by the mere strength of an actor's lungs,—that apprehensions foreign to them should be thus infused into them by storm, I can neither believe, nor understand how it can be possible.

We talk of Shakspeare's admirable observation of life, when we should feel, that not from a petty inquisition into those cheap and every-day characters which surrounded him, as they surround us, but from his own mind, which was, to borrow a phrase of Ben Jonson's, the very "sphere of humanity," he fetched those images of virtue and of knowledge, of which every one of us recognizing a part, think we comprehend in our natures the whole; and oftentimes mistake the powers which he positively creates in us, for nothing more than indigenous faculties of our own minds, which only waited the application of corresponding virtues in him to return a full and clear echo of the same.

To return to Hamlet.—Among the distinguishing features of that wonderful character, one of the most interesting (yet painful) is that soreness of mind which makes him treat the intrusions of Polonius with harshness, and that asperity which he puts on in his interviews with Ophelia. These tokens of an unhinged mind (if they be not mixed in the latter case with a profound artifice of love, to alienate Ophelia by affected discourtesies, so to prepare her mind for the breaking off of that loving intercourse, which can no longer find a place amidst business so serious as that which he has to do) are parts of his character, which to reconcile with our admiration of Hamlet, the most patient consideration of his situation is no more than necessary; they are what we *forgive afterwards*, and explain by the whole of his character, but *at the time* they are harsh and unpleasant. Yet such is the actor's necessity of giving strong blows

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blows to the audience, that I have never seen a player in this character, who did not exaggerate and strain to the utmost these ambiguous features,—these temporary deformities in the character. They make him express a vulgar scorn at Polonius which utterly degrades his gentility, and which no explanation can render palateable; they make him shew contempt, and curl up the nose at Ophelia's father,—contempt in its very grossest and most hateful form; but they get applause by it: it is natural, people say; that is, the words are scornful, and the actor expresses scorn, and that they can judge of: but why so much scorn, and of that sort, they never think of asking.

So to Ophelia.—All the Hamlets that I have ever seen, rant and rave at her as if she had committed some great crime, and the audience are highly pleased, because the words of the part are satyrical, and they are enforced by the strongest expression of satyrical indignation of which the face and voice are capable. But then, whether Hamlet is likely to have put on such brutal appearances to a lady whom he loved so dearly, is never thought on. The truth is, that in all such deep affections as had subsisted between Hamlet and Ophelia, there is a stock of *supererogatory love* (if I may venture to use the expression), which in any great grief of heart, especially where that which preys upon the mind cannot be communicated, confers a kind of indulgence upon the grieved party to express itself, even to its heart's dearest object, in the language of a temporary alienation; but it is not alienation, it is a distraction purely, and so it always makes itself to be felt by that object: it is not anger, but grief assuming the appearance of anger,—love aukwardly counterfeiting hate, as sweet countenances when they try to frown: but such sternness and fierce disgust as Hamlet is made to shew, is no counterfeit, but the real face of absolute aversion,—of irreconcileable alienation. It may be said he puts on the madman; but then he should only so far put on this counterfeit lunacy as his own real distraction will give him leave; that is, incompletely, imperfectly; not in that confirmed, practised way, like a master of his art, or as Dame Quickly would say, "like one of those harlotry players."

I mean no disrespect to any Actor, but the sort of pleasure which Shakspeare's plays give in the acting seems to me not at all to differ from that which the audience receive from those of other writers; and, *they being in themselves essentially so different from all others*, I must conclude that there is something in the nature of acting which levels all distinctions. And in fact, who does not speak indifferently of the Gamester and of Macbeth as fine stage performances, and praise the Mrs. Beverley in the same way as the Lady Macbeth of Mrs. S.? Belvidera, and Calista, and Isabella, and Euphrasia, are they less liked than Imogen,

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Imogen, or than Juliet, or than Desdemona? Are they not spoken of and remembered in the same way? Is not the female performer as great (as they call it) in one as in the other? Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining in every drawling tragedy that his wretched day produced,—the productions of the Hooles and the Murphys and the Browns,—and shall he have that honour to dwell in our minds for ever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare? A kindred mind! O who can read that affecting sonnet of Shakspeare which alludes to his profession as a Player:—

> Oh for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
> The guilty goddess of my harmless deeds,
> That did not better for my life provide
> Than public means which public custom breeds—
> Thence comes it that my name receives a brand;
> And almost thence my nature is subdued
> To what it works in, like the dyer's hand——

Or that other confession:—

> Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
> And made myself a motly to thy view,
> Gor'd mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear——

Who can read these instances of jealous self-watchfulness in our sweet Shakspeare, and dream of any congeniality between him and one that, by every tradition of him, appears to have been as mere a player as ever existed; to have had his mind tainted with the lowest players' vices,—envy and jealousy, and miserable cravings after applause; one who in the exercise of his profession was jealous even of the women-performers that stood in his way; a manager full of managerial tricks and stratagems and finesse: that any resemblance should be dreamed of between him and Shakspeare,—Shakspeare who in the plenitude and consciousness of his own powers, could with that noble modesty, which we can neither imitate nor appreciate, express himself thus of his own sense of his own defects:—

> Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
> Featur'd like him, like him with friends possest;
> Desiring *this man's art, and that man's scope.*

I am almost disposed to deny to Garrick the merit of being an admirer of Shakspeare. A true lover of his excellencies he certainly was not; for would any true lover of them have admitted into his matchless scenes such ribald trash as Tate and Cibber, and the rest of them, that

> With their darkness durst affront his light,

have foisted into the acting plays of Shakspeare? I believe it impossible

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impossible that he could have had a proper reverence for Shakspeare, and have condescended to go through that interpolated scene in Richard the Third, in which Richard tries to break his wife's heart by telling her he loves another woman, and says, "if she survives this she is immortal." Yet I doubt not he delivered this vulgar stuff with as much anxiety of emphasis as any of the genuine parts: and for acting, it is as well calculated as any. But we have seen the part of Richard lately produce great fame to an actor by his manner of playing it, and it lets us into the secret of acting, and of popular judgments of Shakspeare derived from acting. Not one of the spectators who have witnessed Mr. C.'s exertions in that part, but has come away with a proper conviction that Richard is a very wicked man, and kills little children in their beds, with something like the pleasure which the giants and ogres in childrens' books are represented to have taken in that practice; moreover that he is very close and shrewd and devilish cunning, for you could see that by his eye.

But is in fact this the impression we have in reading the Richard of Shakspeare? Do we feel any thing like disgust, as we do at that butcher-like representation of him that passes for him on the stage? A horror at his crimes blends with the effect which we feel, but how is it qualified, how is it carried off, by the rich intellect which he displays, his resources, his wit, his buoyant spirits, his vast knowledge and insight into characters, the poetry of his part,—not an atom of all which is made perceivable in Mr. C.'s way of acting it. Nothing but his crimes, his actions, is visible; they are prominent and staring; the murderer stands out, but where is the lofty genius, the man of vast capacity,—the profound, the witty, accomplished Richard?

The truth is, the Characters of Shakspeare are so much the objects of meditation rather than of interest or curiosity as to their actions, that while we are reading any of his great criminal characters,—Macbeth, Richard, even Iago,—we think not so much of the crimes which they commit, as of the ambition, the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity, which prompts them to overleap those moral fences. Barnwell is a wretched murderer; there is a certain fitness between his neck and the rope; he is the legitimate heir to the gallows; nobody who thinks at all can think of any alleviating circumstances in his case to make him a fit object of mercy. Or to take an instance from the higher tragedy, what else but a mere assassin is Glenalvon! Do we think of any thing but of the crime which he commits, and the rack which he deserves? That is all which we really think about him. Whereas in corresponding characters in Shakspeare so little do the actions comparatively affect us, that while the impulses, the inner mind in all its perverted greatness, solely seems real and is

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exclusively attended to, the crime is comparatively nothing. But when we see these things represented, the acts which they do are comparatively every thing, their impulses nothing. The state of sublime emotion into which we are elevated by those images of night and horror which Macbeth is made to utter, that solemn prelude with which he entertains the time till the bell shall strike which is to call him to murder Duncan,—when we no longer read it in a book, when we have given up that vantage-ground of abstraction which reading possesses over seeing, and come to see a man in his bodily shape before our eyes actually preparing to commit a murder, if the acting be true and impressive, as I have witnessed it in Mr. K.'s performance of that part, the painful anxiety about the act, the natural longing to prevent it while it yet seems unperpetrated, the too close pressing semblance of reality, give a pain and an uneasiness which totally destroy all the delight which the words in the book convey, where the deed doing never presses upon us with the painful sense of presence: it rather seems to belong to history,—to something past and inevitable, if it has any thing to do with time at all. The sublime images, the poetry alone, is that which is present to our minds in the reading.

So to see Lear acted,—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters in a rainy night, has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter and relieve him. That is all the feeling which the acting of Lear ever produced in me. But the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimension, but in intellectual: the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano: they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on; even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage: while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear,—we are in his mind, we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason, we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks, or tones, to do with that sublime identification

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identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that "they themselves are old." What gesture shall we appropriate to this? What has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it shew: it is too hard and stony; it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the show-men of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through,—the flaying of his feelings alive, did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after, if he could sustain this world's burden after, why all this pudder and preparation,—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy? As if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station,—as if at his years, and with his experience, any thing was left but to die.

Lear is essentially impossible to be represented on a stage. But how many dramatic personages are there in Shakspeare, which though more tractable and feasible (if I may so speak) than Lear, yet from some circumstance, some adjunct to their character, are improper to be shewn to our bodily eye. Othello for instance. Nothing can be more soothing, more flattering to the nobler parts of our natures, than to read of a young Venetian lady of highest extraction, through the force of love and from a sense of merit in him whom she loved, laying aside every consideration of kindred, and country, and colour, and wedding with a *coal-black Moor*—(for such he is represented, in the imperfect state of knowledge respecting foreign countries in those days, compared with our own, or in compliance with popular notions, though the Moors are now well enough known to be by many shades less worthy of a white woman's fancy)——it is the perfect triumph of virtue over accidents, of the imagination over the senses. She sees Othello's colour in his mind. But upon the stage, when the imagination is no longer the ruling faculty, but we are left to our poor unassisted senses, I appeal to every one that has seen Othello played, whether he did not, on the contrary, sink Othello's mind in his colour; whether he did not find something extremely revolting in the courtship and wedded caresses of Othello and Desdemona; and whether the actual sight of the thing, did not over-weigh all that beautiful compromise which we make in reading;—and the reason it should do so is obvious, because there is just so much reality presented to our

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senses as to give a perception of disagreement, with not enough of belief in the internal motives,—all that which is unseen,—to overpower and reconcile the first and obvious prejudices.* What we see upon a stage is body and bodily action; what we are conscious of in reading is almost exclusively the mind, and its movements: and this I think may sufficiently account for the very different sort of delight with which the same play so often affects us in the reading and the seeing.

It requires little reflection to perceive, that if those characters in Shakspeare which are within the precincts of nature, have yet something in them which appeals too exclusively to the imagination, to admit of their being made objects to the senses without suffering a change and a diminution,—that still stronger the objection must lie against representing another line of characters, which Shakspeare has introduced to give a wildness and a supernatural elevation to his scenes, as if to remove them still farther from that assimilation to common life in which their excellence is vulgarly supposed to consist. When we read the incantations of those terrible beings the Witches in Macbeth, though some of the ingredients of their hellish composition savor of the grotesque, yet is the effect upon us other than the most serious and appalling that can be imagined? Do we not feel spell-bound as Macbeth was? Can any mirth accompany a sense of their presence? We might as well laugh under a consciousness of the principle of Evil himself being truly and really present with us. But attempt to bring these beings on to a stage, and you turn them instantly into so many old women, that men and children are to laugh at. Contrary to the old saying, that "seeing is believing," the sight actually destroys the faith: and the mirth in which we indulge at their expence, when we see these creatures upon a stage, seems to be a sort of indemnification which we make to ourselves for the terror which they put us in when reading made them an object of belief,—when we surrendered up our reason to the poet, as children to their nurses and their elders; and we laugh at our late fears, as children who thought they saw something in the dark, triumph when the bringing

* The error of supposing that because Othello's colour does not offend us in the reading, it should also not offend us in the seeing, is just such a fallacy as supposing that an Adam and Eve in a picture shall affect us just as they do in the poem. But in the poem we for a while have Paradisaical senses given us, which vanish when we see a man and his wife without clothes in the picture. The Painters themselves feel this, as is apparent by the awkward shifts they have recourse to, to make them look not quite naked; by a sort of prophetic anachronism, antedating the invention of fig-leaves. So in the reading of the Play, we see with Desdemona's eyes; in the seeing of it, we are forced to look with our own.

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ing in of a candle discovers the vanity of their fears. For this exposure of supernatural agents upon a stage is truly bringing in a candle to expose their own delusiveness. It is the solitary taper and the book that generates a faith in these terrors: a ghost by chandelier light, and in good company, deceives no spectators,—a ghost that can be measured by the eye, and his human dimensions made out at leisure. The sight of a well-lighted house, and a well-dressed audience, shall arm the most nervous child against any apprehensions: as Tom Brown says of the impenetrable skin of Achilles with his impenetrable armour over it, "Bully Dawson would have fought the devil with such advantages."

Much has been said, and deservedly, in reprobation of the vile mixture which Dryden has thrown into the Tempest: doubtless without some such vicious alloy, the impure ears of that age would never have sate out to hear so much innocence of love as is contained in the sweet courtship of Ferdinand and Miranda. But is the Tempest of Shakspeare at all a subject for stage representation? It is one thing to read of an enchanter, and to believe the wondrous tale while we are reading it; but to have a conjuror brought before us in his conjuring-gown, with his spirits about him, which none but himself and some hundred of favoured spectators before the curtain are supposed to see, involves such a quantity of the *hateful incredible*, that all our reverence for the author cannot hinder us from perceiving such gross attempts upon the senses to be in the highest degree childish and inefficient. Spirits and fairies cannot be represented, they cannot even be painted,—they can only be believed. But the elaborate and anxious provision of scenery, which the luxury of the age demands, in these cases works a quite contrary effect to what is intended. That which in comedy, or plays of familiar life, adds so much to the life of the imitation, in plays which appeal to the higher faculties, positively destroys the illusion which it is introduced to aid. A parlour, or a drawing-room,—a library opening into a garden,—a garden with an alcove in it,—a street, or the piazza of Covent-garden, does well enough in a scene; we are content to give as much credit to it as it demands; or rather, we think little about it,—it is little more than reading at the top of a page, "Scene, a Garden;" we do not imagine ourselves there, but we readily admit the imitation of familiar objects. But to think by the help of painted trees and caverns, which we know to be painted, to transport our minds to Prospero, and his island and his lonely cell;* or by the aid of a fiddle dexterously thrown

 in,

* It will be said these things are done in Pictures. But Pictures and Scenes are very different things. Painting is a world of itself, but in scene-painting there is the attempt to deceive; and there is the discordancy, never to be got over, between painted scenes and real people.

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in, in an interval of speaking, to make us believe that we hear those supernatural noises of which the isle was full:—the Orrery Lecturer at the Haymarket might as well hope, by his musical glasses cleverly stationed out of sight behind his apparatus, to make us believe that we do indeed hear the chrystal spheres ring out that chime, which if it were to inwrap our fancy long, Milton thinks,

> Time would run back and fetch the age of gold,
> And speckled vanity
> Would sicken soon and die,
> And leprous Sin would melt from earthly mold;
> Yea Hell itself would pass away,
> And leave its dolorous mansions to the peering day.

The Garden of Eden, with our first parents in it, is not more impossible to be shewn on a stage, than the Enchanted Isle, with its no less interesting and innocent first settlers.

The subject of Scenery is closely connected with that of the Dresses, which are so anxiously attended to on our stage. I remember the last time I saw Macbeth played, the discrepancy I felt at the changes of garment which he varied,—the shiftings and re-shiftings, like a Romish priest at mass. The luxury of stage-improvements, and the importunity of the public eye, require this. The coronation robe of the Scottish monarch was fairly a counterpart to that which our King wears when he goes to the Parliament-house,—just so full and cumbersome, and set out with ermine and pearls. And if things must be represented, I see not what to find fault with in this. But in reading, what robe are we conscious of? Some dim images of royalty—a crown and sceptre, may float before our eyes, but who shall describe the fashion of it? Do we see in our mind's eye what Webb, or any other robe-maker, could pattern? This is the inevitable consequence of imitating every thing, to make all things natural. Whereas the reading of a tragedy is a fine abstraction. It presents to the fancy just so much of external appearances as to make us feel that we are among flesh and blood, while by far the greater and better part of our imagination is employed upon the thoughts and internal machinery of the character. But in acting, scenery, dress, the most contemptible things, call upon us to judge of their naturalness.

Perhaps it would be no bad similitude, to liken the pleasure which we take in seeing one of these fine plays acted, compared with that quiet delight which we find in the reading of it, to the different feelings with which a Reviewer, and a man that is not a Reviewer, reads a fine poem. The accursed critical habit,—the being called upon to judge and pronounce, must make it quite a different thing to the former. In seeing these plays acted, we are affected

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affected just as Judges. When Hamlet compares the two pictures of Gertrude's first and second husband, who wants to see the pictures? But in the acting, a miniature must be lugged out; which we know not to be the picture, but only to shew how finely a miniature may be represented. This shewing of every thing, levels all things: it makes tricks, bows and curtesies, of importance. Mrs. S. never got more fame by any thing than by the manner in which she dismisses the guests in the Banquet-scene in Macbeth: it is as much remembered as any of her thrilling tones or impressive looks. But does such a trifle as this enter into the imaginations of the readers of that wild and wonderful scene? Does not the mind dismiss the feasters as rapidly as it can? Does it care about the gracefulness of the doing it? But by acting, and judging of acting, all these non-essentials are raised into an importance, injurious to the main interest of the play.

I have hitherto confined my observations to the Tragic parts of Shakspeare; in some future Number I propose to extend this inquiry to his Comedies; and to shew why Falstaff, Shallow, Sir Hugh Evans, and the rest, are equally incompatible with stage representation. The length to which this essay has already run will make it, I am afraid, sufficiently obnoxious to the Amateurs of the Theatre, without going any deeper into the subject at present.

X.

Art. X.—*The Feast of the Poets.*

Like most of the poetical inventions of modern times, the idea of Apollo holding Sessions and Elections is of Italian origin; but having been treated in it's most common-place light, with a studious degradation of the God into a mere critic or chairman, it has hitherto received none of those touches of painting, and combinations of the familar and fanciful, of which it appears to be so provocative, and which the following trifle is an attempt to supply. The pieces it has already produced in our language, are the *Session of the Poets* by Sir John Suckling, another *Session* by an anonymous author in the first volume of the State Poems, the *Trial for the Bays* by Lord Rochester, and the *Election of a Poet Laureat* by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

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THE FEAST OF THE POETS.

T'OTHER day as Apollo sat pitching his darts,
Through the clouds of November, by fits and by starts,
He began to consider how long it had been,
Since the bards of Old England a session had seen.
'I think,' said the God recollecting, (and then
He fell twiddling a sunbeam, as I may my pen),
'I think—let me see—yes, it was, I declare,—
As far back as the time of that Buckingham there.
And yet I can't see why I've been so remiss,
Unless it may be—and it certainly is—
That since Dryden's true English and Milton's sublime,
I have fairly been sick of their reason and rhyme.
There was Collins, 'tis true, had a good deal to say,
But the dog had no industry—neither had Gray:
And Thomson, though best in his indolent fits,
Either slept himself stupid, or bloated his wits.*
But ever since Pope spoil'd the ears of the town,
With his cuckoo-song verses, one up and one down,
There has been such a whining, or prosing,—by Jove,
I'd as soon have gone down to see Kemble in love.
However, of late as they've rous'd them anew,
I'll e'en go and give them a lesson or two,
And as nothing's done there now-a-days without eating,
See how many souls I can muster worth treating.'
So saying, the God bade his horses walk for'ard,
And leaving them, took a long dive to the nor'ard;
Tow'rds the Shakspeare he shot; and, as nothing could hinder,
Came smack on his legs through the drawing-room window.

And here I could tell, if it was'nt for stopping,
How all the town shook as the godhead went pop in,
How the poets' eyes sparkled, and brisk blew the airs,
And the laurels shot up in the gardens and squares.
But fancies so grave,—though I've stores to supply me—
I'd better keep back for a poem I've by me;
And shall merely observe, that the girls look'd divine,
And the old folks in-doors exclaim'd, 'Bless us, how fine!'

Apollo

* In thinking it necessary to explain this passage, I only wish to deprecate all idea of disrespect to the memory of Thomson. The "bloated his wits" alludes to the redundant and tumid character of much of his principal poem; and the "slept himself stupid" to his Castle of Indolence, which certainly falls off most lamentably towards the conclusion, though it is truly exquisite for the most part, particularly in the outset.

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Apollo no sooner had taken a chair,
And rung for the landlord to order the fare,
Than he heard a strange noise, and a knock from without,
And scraping and bowing, came in *such* a rout!
There was Reynolds, and Arnold, Hook, Dibdin and Cherry,
All grinning as who should say "Shan't we be merry?"
And mighty dull Cobb, lumb'ring just like a bear up,
And sweet Billy Dimond, a patting his hair up.
The God, for an instant, sat fix'd as a stone,
'Till recov'ring, he said in a good natur'd tone,
'Oh, the waiters, I see—ah, it's all very well;—
Only, one of you'll do just to answer the bell.'
But lord! to see all the great dramatists' faces!
They look'd at each other and made such grimaces!
Then turning about, left the room in vexation;
And one, I'm told, couldn't help mutt'ring 'Damnation!'
'Twas lucky for Colman he wasn't there too,
For his pranks would have certainly met with their due;
And Sheridan's also, that finish'd old tricker;
But one was in prison, and both were in liquor.

The God fell a laughing to see his mistake,
But stopp'd with a sigh for poor Comedy's sake;
Then gave mine host orders, who bow'd to the floor,
And presented three cards that were brought to the door.
Apollo just gave them a glance with his eye—
"Spencer,—Rogers,—Montgom'ry"—and putting them by,
Begg'd the landlord to give his respects to all three,
And say he'd be happy to see them to tea.

'Your Majesty then,' said the Gaius, 'don't know
That a person nam'd Crabbe has been waiting below;
He's been looking about him this hour, I dare say.'
'Indeed!' said Apollo: 'Oh, pray let him stay:
He'll be much better pleas'd to be with 'em down stairs,
And will find ye all out with your cookings and cares;—
But mind that you treat him as well as you're able,
And let him have part of what goes from the table.'

A hem was then heard, consequential and snapping,
And a sour little gentleman walk'd with a rap in;
He bow'd, look'd about him, seem'd cold, and sat down;
And said, 'I'm surpris'd that you'll visit this town;
To be sure, there are two or three of us who know you,
But as for the rest, they are all much below you;

So

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So stupid in gen'ral the natives are grown,
They really prefer Scotch reviews to their own;
So that what with their taste, their reformers, and stuff,
They have sicken'd myself and my friends long enough.'
'Yourself and your friends!' cried the God, in high glee;
'And pray, my frank visitor, who may you be?'
'Who be!' cried the other;—'why really—this tone—
William Gifford's a name, I think, pretty well known.'
'Oh, now I remember,' said Phœbus—'ah, true—
My thanks to that name are undoubtedly due:
The rod that got rid of the Cruscas and Lauras—
That plague of the butterflies—sav'd me the horrors;
The Juvenal too stops a gap in one's shelf,
At least, in what Dryden has not done himself;
And there's something, which even distaste must respect,
In the self-taught example that conquer'd neglect.
But not to insist on the recommendations
Of modesty, wit, and a small stock of patience,
My visit, just now, is to poets alone,
And not to small critics, however well known.'
So saying, he rang, to leave nothing in doubt;
And the sour little gentleman bless'd himself out.

Next came Walter Scott, with a look of high meaning,
For soon as his visage the tavern was seen in,
The diners and bar-maids all crowded to know him,
And thank him, with smiles, for 'that sweet pretty poem!'
However the moment his senses he found,
He look'd adoration, and bow'd to the ground;
For his host was a God,—what a very great thing!
And what was still greater in his eyes,—a *King!* *

Apollo

* Ανακ Απολλων, King Apollo,—a common title with the old Grecian poets.—Of Mr. Walter Scott's innate and trusting reverence for thrones and dominations, the reader may find specimens abundantly nauseous in the edition of Dryden, where he will also be let into the whole art and mystery of his bookmaking, including a Life, or biographical compilation run to seed, idle or redundant notes of all descriptions, and extracts from every possible work which he had an opportunity of quoting. His style in prose, setting aside it's Scotticisms, is very well where he affects nothing beyond a plain statement or a brief piece of criticism; and it is not to be supposed that his critical observations are always destitute of acuteness or even of beauty; but the moment he attempts any thing of particular ease or profundity, he only becomes slovenly in the one instance and poetically pedantic in the other. His politics may be estimated at once by the simple fact, that of all the advocates of Charles the Second, he is the least scrupulous in mentioning his crimes, *because he is the least abashed.* Other writers have paid decency the

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Apollo smil'd shrewdly, and bade him sit down,
With, ' Well, Mr. Scott;—you have manag'd the town;
Now, pray, copy less—have a little temerity;
——Try, if you can't also manage posterity.
——All you add now only lessens your credit;
And how could you think too of taking to edite?
A great deal's endur'd where there's measure and rhyme;
But prose such as your's, is a pure waste of time,—
A singer of ballads subdu'd by a cough,
Who fairly talks on, till his hearers walk off.
Be original, man; study more, scribble less;
Nor mistake present favour for lasting success;
And, remember, if laurels are what you would find,
The crown of all effort is freedom of mind.——

And

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the compliment of doubting their extent or of keeping them in the back-ground; but here we have the plainest, tooth-picking acknowledgments that Charles was a pensioner of France, a shameless debauchee, a heartless friend, and an assassinating master, and yet all the while he is nothing but the "gay monarch," the "merry monarch," the "witty monarch," the "good-natured monarch;" and Mr. Scott really appears to think little or nothing of all that he says against him. On the other hand, let a villain be but a Whig, or let any unfortunate person, with singular, Southern notions of independence, be but an opposer of Charles's court, and he is sure to meet with a full and crying denunciation of all his offences, with raised hands and lifted eyeballs; nothing can be meaner than his politics, nothing grosser than his indecency, nothing more cold-blooded than his revenge. The execution of Charles the First, Mr. Scott calls an enormity unequalled in modern history, till the present age furnished a parallel:—massacres, of course, and other trifles of that sort, particularly when kings and courtiers are the actors, fade before it; St. Bartholomew's day deserves to be counted lucky in comparison with it; and princely villains like Henry the Eighth, Ezzelino, and Borgia, are respectable and conscientious men by the side of the President Bradshaw and his colleagues. At the same time, a king, who by the basest means and for the slightest cause would assassinate a faithful servant in the very act of performing his duty, is only ungenerous,—one of whom the said servant has no small reason to complain. The reader may think this representation exaggerated, but let the author speak for himself, and blush if he can at repeating his wretched words. "His political principles (the Earl of Mulgrave's) were those of a staunch Tory, which he maintained through his whole life; and was zealous for the royal prerogative, although he had *no small reason to complain* of Charles II., who to avenge himself of Mulgrave for a supposed attachment to the Princess Anne, sent him to Tangiers, at the head of some troops, *in a leaky vessel, which it was supposed must have perished in the voyage.* Though Mulgrave was apprised of the danger, he scorned to shun it; and the Earl of Plymouth, a favourite son of the King, generously insisted upon sharing it along with him. This *ungenerous attempt* to destroy him in the very act of performing his duty, with the refusal of a regiment, made a temporary change in Mulgrave's conduct." Notes on Absalom and Achitophel in Dryden's Works, vol. ix. p. 804.

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And here,' cried Apollo, 'is one at the door,
Who shall prove what I say, or I'm prophet no more.
Ah, Campbell, you're welcome; well, how have you been
Since the last time I saw you on Sydenham Green?
I need not ask after the plans you've in view;
'Twould be odd, I believe, if I had'nt 'em too.
But there's one thing I've always forgotten to mention;
Your versification—pray give it invention;
A talent, like your's, to create or combine,
The Goldsmiths and others, at least, should decline;
Their streamlets are sweet; but the true liquid fire
And depth of our English runs backward much higher.'

The poet to this was about to reply,
When Moore, coming in, caught the Deity's eye,
Who gave him his hand, and said, 'Shew me a sight
That can give a divinity sounder delight,
Or that earth should more prize, from its core to the poles,
Than the self-improv'd morals of elegant souls.
Repentant I speak it,—though when I was wild,
My friends should remember, the world was a child,—
That customs were diff'rent,—and young people's eyes
Had no better examples than those in the skies.
But soon as I learnt how to value these doings,
I've never much favour'd your billings and cooings;
They only make idle the best of my race;
And since my poor Daphne turn'd tree in my face,
There are very few poets, whose caps or whose curls
Have obtain'd such a laurel by hunting the girls.
So it gives me, dear Tom, a delight beyond measure
To find how you've mended your notions of pleasure;
For never was poet, whose fanciful hours
Could bask in a richer abstraction of bowers,
With sounds and with spirits, of charm to detain
The wonder-eyed soul in their magic domain:
And never should poet, so gifted and rare,
Pollute the bright Eden Jove gives to his care,
But love the fair Virtue that with it is given,
And keep the spot pure for the visits of heaven.'

He spoke with a warmth, but his accent was bland;
And the poet bow'd down with a blush to his hand;
When all on a sudden there rose on the stairs
A noise as of persons with singular airs;
You'd have thought 'twas the Bishops or Judges a coming,
Or the whole court of Aldermen, hawing and humming,

Or

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Or at least my Lord Colley with all his grand brothers,—
But 'twas only Bob Southey and three or four others.
As soon as he saw him, Apollo seem'd pleas'd:
But as he had settled it not to be teaz'd
By all the vain rhymers from bed-room and brook,
He turn'd from the rest without even a look;
For Coleridge had vex'd him long since, I suppose,
By his idling, and gabbling, and muddling in prose;
And as to that Wordsworth! he'd been so benurst,
Second childhood with him had come close on the first.
These worthies, however, long us'd to attack,
Were not by contempt to be so driven back,
But follow'd the God up, and shifting their place,
Stood full in his presence, and look'd in his face,
When one began spouting the cream of orations,
In praise of bombarding one's friends and relations,
And t'other some lines he had made on a straw,
Shewing how he had found it, and what it was for,
And how when 'twas balanc'd, it stood like a spell,—
And how when 'twas balanc'd no longer, it fell!
A wild thing of scorn, he describ'd it to be—
But said it was patient to heaven's decree:
Then he gaz'd upon nothing, and looking forlorn,
Dropt a *natural* tear for *that wild thing of scorn!*
Apollo half laugh'd betwixt anger and mirth,
And cried, 'Were there ever such asses on earth?'
It is not enough that this nonsense, I fear,
Has half turn'd the fine head of my friend Robert here,
But another bright promise must fairly be lost,
And the gifts of a God by this madman be crost.
What! think ye a bard's a mere gossip who tells
Of the ev'ry-day feelings of ev'ry one else;
And that poetry lies, not in something select,
But in gath'ring the refuse that others reject?
Depart and be modest, ye driv'llers of pen,
My feasts are for masculine tastes, and for men.'
Then turning to Bob, he said, 'Sit down, I beg;'
But Billy grew sulky and stirr'd not a peg;
While Sam, looking soft and politely dejected,
Confess'd with a tear, that ''twas what he expected,
Since Phœbus had fatally learnt to confide in
Such prosers as Johnson and rhymers as Dryden.'
But wrath seiz'd Apollo, and turning again,
'Whatever,' he cried, 'were the faults of such men,
Ye shall try, wretched mortals, how well ye can bear
What Dryden has witness'd, unsmote with despair.'

He

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He said; and the place all seem'd swelling with light;
While his locks and his visage grew awfully bright;
And clouds, burning inward, roll'd round on each side
To encircle his state as he stood in his pride;
Till at last the full Deity put on his rays,
And burst on the sight in the pomp of his blaze!
Then a glory beam'd round as of fiery rods,
With the sound of deep organs and chorister gods;
And the faces of bards, glowing fresh from their skies,
Came thronging about with intentness of eyes;
And the Nine were all heard, as the harmony swell'd;
And the spheres pealing in, the long rapture upheld;
And all things, above, and beneath, and around,
Seem'd a world of bright vision, set floating in sound.

That sight and that music might not be sustain'd
But by those, who a glory like Dryden's had gain'd;
And even the four, who had graciousness found,
After gazing a while, bow'd them down to the ground.
What then could remain for that feeble-ey'd crew?
Through the door in an instant they rush'd and they flew,
They rush'd and they dash'd, and they scrambled and stumbled,
And down the round staircase like lunatics tumbled,
And never once thought which was head or was feet,
And slid through the hall, and fell plump in the street.
So great was the panic they struck with their fright,
That of all who had come to be feasted that night,
Not one ventur'd up, or would stay near the place;
Even Croker declin'd, notwithstanding his face;
And old Peter Pindar turn'd pale, and suppress'd,
With a death-bed sensation, a blasphemous jest.
But Wordsworth can scarcely yet manage to speak;
And Coleridge, they say, is excessively weak;
Indeed he has fits of the painfulest kind:
He stares at himself and his friends, till he's blind;
Then describes his own legs, and claps each a long stilt on;
And this he calls *lect'ring* on "Shakspeare and Milton."

But Phœbus no sooner had gain'd his good ends,
Than he put off his terrors, and rais'd up his friends,
Who stood for a moment, entranc'd to behold
The glories subside, and the dim-rolling gold;
And listen'd to sounds, that with ecstacy burning
Seem'd dying far upward, like heaven returning.
Then 'Come,' cried the God in his elegant mirth,
'Let us make us a heav'n of our own upon earth,

And

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And wake with the lips that we dip in our bowls
That divinest of music,—congenial souls.'
So saying, he led through the dining-room door,
And, seating the poets, cried, 'Laurels for four!'
No sooner demanded, than lo! they were there;
And each of the bards had a wreath in his hair.
Tom Campbell's with willow and poplar was twin'd,
And Southey's with mountain-ash, pluck'd in the wind;
And Scott's with a heath from his old garden stores,
And with vine-leaves and Jump-up-and-kiss-me,* Tom Moore's.
Then Apollo put his on, that sparkled with beams;
And rich rose the feast as an epicure's dreams;
Not epicure civic, or grossly inclin'd,
But such as a poet might dream ere he din'd:
For the God had no sooner determin'd the fare,
Than it turn'd to whatever was racy and rare.
The fish and the flesh, for example, were done,
On account of their fineness, in flame from the sun;
The wines were all nectar of different smack,
To which Muskat was nothing, nor Virginis Lac;
No, nor Lachryma Christi, though clearly divine,
Nor Montepulciano, though king of all wine.†
Then, as for the fruits, you might garden for ages,
Before you could raise me such apples and gages;
And all on the table no sooner were spread,
Than their cheeks next the God blush'd a beautiful red.

'Twas

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* The brilliant little tri-coloured violet, commonly known by the name of *Heart's-ease.*

† I do not profess to have tasted these foreign luxuries, except in the poetry of their admirers. *Virgin's Milk* and *Christ's Tears* are names given to two favourite wines by the pious Italians, whose familiarity with the objects of their worship is as well known as it is natural. The former appears to be a white wine; the latter is of a deep, blood-red colour.—Muskat or Moscadell is so called from the odour of it's grape; and is enthusiastically praised, among a number of other Tuscan wines, by Redi in his Bacco in Toscana. His favourite however seems to have been Montepulciano, which at the conclusion and climax of the poem is pronounced by Bacchus himself, in his hour of transport, to be the sovereign liquor.

Onde ognun che di Lieo
Riverente il nome adora,
Ascolti questo altissimo decreto,
Che Bassareo pronunzia, e gli dia fe,—
Montepulciano d' ogni vino è il Re.

Then all who bow down to the nod
Of the care-killing vintager God,
Give ear and give faith to his edict divine,—
That Montepulciano's the King of all Wine.

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'Twas magic in short and deliciousness all;—
The very men-servants grew handsome and tall;
To velvet-hung ivʼry the furniture turnʼd;
The service with opal and adamant burnʼd;
Each candlestick changʼd to a pillar of gold,
While a bundle of beams took the place of the mould;
The decanters and glasses pure diamond became,
And the corkscrew ran solidly round into flame:
In a word, so completely forestallʼd were the wishes,
Evʼn harmony struck from the noise of the dishes.

It can't be suppos'd I should think of repeating
The fancies that flow'd at this laureat meeting;
I haven't the brains, and besides was not there;
But the wit may be easily guess'd, by the chair.
Suffice it to say that 'twas keen as could be;
Though it soften'd to prettiness rather at tea.
I must mention, however, that during the wine,
The mem'ry of Shakspeare was toasted with nine;
To Chaucer were five, and to Spenser one more,
And Milton had seven, and Dryden had four;
Then follow'd the names, in a cursory way,
Of Fletcher, of Otway, of Collins, and Gray,
Of Cowley, Pope, Thomson, and Cowper, and Prior,
And one or two more of a genuine fire.
Then says Bob, 'If the chair will not think me a gander,
I'll give a great genius—one Mr. Landor;"*

And

* Mr. Walter Savage Landor, a very worthy person, I believe, and author of an epic piece of gossiping called *Gebir*, upon the strength of which Mr. Southey has dedicated to him his *Curse of Kehama*. There is one really good passage in *Gebir* about a sea-shell; and the author is one of those dealers in eccentric obscurity, who might excite reasonable expectations, if they were boys;—but the school of vulgar simplicity no longer consists of children; they are now spoiled men, too old and too stubborn to alter; and the good reasoning that has been wasted upon them must be changed for that indignation and contempt, which their bad example and pertinacious childishness ought to excite in every sound lover of poetry.—One word more to the better part of them, on a different subject. The best feature in their character, till of late years, has been their high spirit of integrity; and some of them who possess a reputation for it still, enjoy a proportionate degree of respect; but in others, the maudlin German cant which first infected their muse has at last infected their manners, and being a jargon adapted to every sort of extreme, has enabled them to change their free opinions for slavish ones without altering the cast of their language; while others again, whose manners are not so infected, have nevertheless quite lost the bloom of their political character, and to the great sorrow of those whose expectations yet lingered about them, have degenerated like the former into servile place-hunters and gross editorial puffers of themselves. Such are

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And Walter look'd up too, and begg'd to propose
A particular friend of his—one Mr. Rose; *
But the God look'd at Southey, and clapping his shoulder,
Cried, 'When, my good friend, will you try to grow older?'
Then nodding to Scott, he said, 'Pray be as portly,
And rich as you please, but a little less courtly!'
So, changing the subject, he call'd upon Moore,
Who sung such a song, that they shouted, 'Encore!'
And the God was so pleas'd with his taste and his tone,
He obey'd the next call, and gave one of his own,
At which you'd have thought,—'twas so witching a warble,—
The guests had all turn'd into listening marble;
The wreaths on their temples grew brighter of bloom,
As the breath of the Deity circled the room,
And the wine in the glasses went rippling in rounds,
As if follow'd and fann'd by the soft-winged sounds.

Thus in wit and in singing they sat till eleven,
When Phœbus shook hands, and departed for heaven;
'For poets,' he said, 'who would cherish their powers,
And hop'd to be deathless, must keep to good hours.'
So off he betook him the way that he came,
And shot up the north like an arrow of flame:
For the Bear was his inn; and the comet, they say,
Was his tandem in waiting to fetch him away.
The others then parted, all highly delighted;
And so shall I be, when you find me invited.

☞

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are the vices of extremes: the school set out with one extreme, and therefore had a natural tendency to the opposite, like all other complexional enthusiasts. Nothing remains the same, but their vanity.

* Mr. William Stewart Rose, a son of the Right Honourable George Rose, and author of some common-place rhymings, which Mr. Scott has declared to be good English writing,—stories "well told in English verse." Mr. Scott has a pleasant knack of differing with his Southern neighbours in many points, both poetical and political; and it is perhaps hard to speak ill of one who is so ready to flatter some of the worst parts about us,—who thinks our rhymers good poets, and our tyrants good kings.

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Art. XI.—*Classical Antiquity of the English Language.*

Mr. Reflector,

The classical tone, which your Publication has assumed, will, I am sure, lead you to patronize an attempt, the object of which is to shew, that so far from our being indebted to the Greeks and Romans for the whole of our learning, it is not improbable, that those ingenious people derived much of their phraseology, and many of their customs, from us: at any rate I have traced so close a resemblance between their and our own expressions, that it seems difficult to decide who were the inventors and who the borrowers. It is well known, that the Greeks derived most of their mythology and astronomy from Egypt and India: but by the same arts by which the modern French have gained to themselves the credit of all the new improvements in Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, that subtile nation so blended what they stole with their own original inventions, that it is almost impossible to draw the line between them, and say which part belongs to their ingenuity in inventing, and which to their judgment in selecting. I cannot pretend to say, that this attempt on my part is wholly original. The witty Dean of St. Patrick was the first who pointed out the close analogy which subsisted between the two languages; and few men of reading, I believe, are now ignorant, that the Greek appellative Bellerophon means nothing more than our English term "Billy Ruffian:" that a vow of perpetual virginity brought upon the son of Tydeus the name of Die-a-maid or Diomed; and that the monarch of Macedon is indebted for his more sonorous title to an antipathy for eggs, which obliged all his servants, who did not share in their master's aversion, to throw those glutinary eatables under the grate immediately upon his appearance, and the signal for such discharge was "All eggs under the grate," which gradually melted into the name of Alexander the Great. The specimens, which I shall produce as indicative of a close alliance between our own language and that of the classics (and from which I would deduce one of these conclusions,—either that we may safely contest the claim of antiquity with any nation now subsisting, or claim a superiority in classical attainment over all nations,—the substantiation of either of which claims will be no small honour to my native country, and no trifling compliment to my own patriotic affections) will be drawn principally from the same standard as that from which Dean Swift has derived his conclusions; viz. from those, who are generally called the low and vulgar. The terms of fashionable life are fluctuating

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tuating and precarious: for a time, and from occasional caprice, Dr. Johnson and the upper circles will vary in their distinctions between a *tart* and a *pie*,—between *riding* in a coach and *riding* on horseback: it is not among them, therefore, that we are to look for the local habitation of our language: its core and essence is to be found in that large and stable part of the populace, who too often, as it will appear, are called the vulgar and illiterate. To begin then:—When I hear some old housekeeper, in the fullness of her heart, wishing the son of her employer "well to do," I recognize immediately, in the sentiment and literal construction of the phrase, the continually-recurring expression of the first of orators, "εν πραττειν." When some confounded apothecary, after drenching me with drugs, tells me I shall be *easier* soon, I call to mind the ρᾳων ισομαι of Euripides in his tragedy of Ion; and when the attendant nurse, who witnesses my agonies, tells me, I should have *gone through pain* if I had been afflicted with the gout like herself, I cannot but remember the δι' οδυνᾳι ᾳι ιβας, of the same, or his rival dramatist. The term "jacky," the name by which gin is familiarized among the lower classes, is evidently a corruption of the word Jacchus: Cybele from her connection with Triptolemus, the inventor of barley, is admirably characterised by the title of the *Beer*ecynthia mater: and the poets in their epithets of Bacchus, who was the liquor-merchant of heaven, have not forgotten the terms celeber *(sel-e-beer)* rime, cele *(sel-e)* *brandy*. The use of two substantives, instead of an adjective and substantive, is a very common practice among the Greek writers; and many a scholar, who would read without any dissatisfaction the υβρις ανηρ of that emphatic language, would feel a perfect revolution in his frame at hearing the "insolence man" of his own native Slipslops. The natural parabolic projection, which we every day exhibit, is described exactly in Greek as in English by the term ποιειν υδωρ (vid. the metonymy by which Jupiter is said to rain, Aristophanis Vespæ, line 260.); and the creative power, by which we effect this particular secretion, is I believe, peculiar to the two languages. It is probable, that the infant swearers in our streets are not aware, that their inceptive oath "by goles," is an indirect mode of swearing by that potent divinity Hercules. I cannot say that I was aware of it myself, till I read the very entertaining travels of Mr. Semple. It would not be imagined, that classical phraseology had crept much into the navy; yet when we see the word *hands* used for a ship's crew, and recollect the expression χειρα πληρωσαι of Sophocles in his Philoctetes; and when we hear sailors talk of a ship *riding* at anchor, and recollect that the Greek word ιππος signifies both a ship and a horse, it is impossible not to be struck with the coincidence. The favourite expression, so much used on board

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ship, of "my lads," is very classical. Virgil even puts it into the mouth of Augustus;—

Pascite, ut ante, boves, pueri, submittite tauros.

And again, when Anchises would dissuade the shades of Cæsar and Pompey from indulging in those passions which must ultimately tend to the destruction of their country, he addresses them with this friendly appellative—

Ne pueri, ne tanta animis assuescite bella.

The reader's impatience, if he is a punster, will probably suggest another example:—

Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat *prater*.

I have found a find, the most vulgar of all exprssions in English, becomes an elegance in Greek, when used by Herodotus in that highly argumentative and eloquent speech, which Artabanus addresses to Xerxes on the subject of his intended expedition into Greece. It must almost reconcile us to the language of the Stock Exchange, when we read in the Memorabilia of the elegant Xenophon that he did not *make money* of those who were desirous of receiving instruction from him, (ουδε της ταυτα επιθυμουντας επραττετο χρηματα); and many persons, no doubt, who heard of the flood of tears in which it is said the Petronius of his day indulged upon hearing of the levity with which the gods and goddesses of the Pantheon had been treated, drew a classical parallel between him and the satirist Lucian, δακρυων τας οφθαλμους υποπλεως—literally *crying his eyes full*, as he records of himself upon being condemned to the trade of making gods and goddesses. When the Misses Fellmonger and the Misses Drysalter, of the city, talk of *taking* the pleasure of a walk to Highgate, it is clear that they must have the λαβων τερψιν χαριεσαν of the Greek dramatist in their eye: and when the same description of ladies exclaim, What a charming *thing of* jewels! What pretty things of necklaces! it is evident they are indulging in a Grecism, as the following passage in Aristophanes will demonstrate, though I leave it to men of warmer complexion than myself to translate the passage:

Ως δη καλον το χρημα των τιτθιων εχεις. Lysistrata. 52.

Though I have hitherto derived my examples chiefly from the lower classes of society, it is far from any wish of mine to insinuate, that the upper orders of life are deficient in exhibiting a taste for classical customs or phraseology. I was much surprised, a few days back, at hearing a lady of rank by an elegant metonymy call the lowest of our extremities foot-fingers; but looking into a commentator upon Aristophanes, I found the word δακτυλοι translated

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translated digiti pedum, which solved the mystery presently. I should conceive Mr. Perceval's propensity for the "good things" of the world, must be partly ascribed to ideas excited by the corresponding bona negotia in Latin, and αγαθα in Greek. Lord Grenville's passion for Greek, may probably be in some measure derived from the delicacy with which that language, in exact conformity to the English, calls a very prominent part of the body, "Οι σκατ." * Τηο την εδραν αυτης υπηλθι γαςγαλυς, says an author whom I have quoted before. My Lord Chatham, I am convinced, must be fond of the classics to distraction, by the very exact manner in which, during his memorable expedition to Walcheren, he exemplified a passage in Herodotus, πολλους τε και αγαθους αποβαλων, literally *throwing away* many brave men. Our present ministers too (who by the bye call themselves "men in office," merely because it appears from a passage in the Philoctetes of Sophocles, that the higher powers, in ancient days, were spoken of by the title of τους εν τελει, *i. e.* the men in office),—the ministers, I say, have evinced a minuteness of deference for classical authority, which is not easily to be paralleled. I allude to their conduct towards Ireland, or Erin. The name of Erin, as every scholar knows, is derived to Ireland from the Greek word Ερινυς;† because, as the author of the Orphic Argonauts assures us, the *avenging fury* of Absyrtus here made his appearance, and pursued the ship Argo all the way home. Now can any thing evince a more decided taste for the classics, than the conduct which ministers have hitherto pursued towards that unfortunate country, and by which they seem resolved that the *avenging fury* shall be again obliged to resume his old habitation and name. All my fear is, that this same Fury may be inclined to change his quarters, and visit those, who by a different course of conduct might have pared his nails, and kept him quiet at home. I could not forbear this tribute of applause to Mr. Perceval and his colleagues; as in all other respects, whatever you, Mr. Reflector, may think to the contrary, their conduct has been merely that of true Englishmen, anxiously attentive to the interests of their country.—"To seduce others, and be corrupt yourself," says Tacitus, "is called *life*;"—corrumpere et corrumpi *sæculum* vocatur: would not any one swear that a late ducal establishment, the pernicious effects of which are still felt, had been formed upon this model; and when Virgil talks of *infelix* victus, or *sorry* food, does not every person see the standard by which a classical and learned Law Officer would regulate the economy of his table, if he could

* Μαθησιν ανδω κ'ε μαθησιν σιγω. Æschylus.

† The very learned Mr. Faber, who sees the word Noah in every name he meets with, would of course derive this from נוח ארך, Noah's Ark.

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ever be prevailed upon to give a dinner? It is really curious to observe the exact conformity which prevails in many of our little habits and customs with those formerly practised by the ancients. I am aware how easily the human mind is warped by a favourite hypothesis; and therefore it is probable that some of the resemblances which I may produce, exist only in my own fancy: as Lord Erskine's imagination identifies every thing with the Trial by Jury, and as Sir Francis Burdett thinks it is expected that he should make a speech whenever the word Corruption is used. But let me ask, is there no association of ideas between a city-feast and this line in Virgil?

Implentur veteris Bacchi pinguisque ferinæ.

Can any person doubt, that the custom with cooks of throwing flour upon meat when roasting, is either a tradition handed down from very remote ages, or derived from an attentive perusal of Homer, who certainly in his Odyssey alludes to the practice:

Οπτησας δ' αμα παντα φεςων παςεθηκ' Οδυσηι,
Θεςμὰ αὐτοις οβελοισιν· ὁ δ' αλφιτα λευκα παλυνεν.
Odyss. B. XIV. l. 90.

Which Mr. Pope very properly translates—

Then on the floor display'd,
The ready meal before Ulysses laid,
With flour imbrown'd.

In the punishments which Virgil allots to the guilty souls in Tartarus, are there not evident allusions to English customs and feelings? What is the dantem salmonea pœnas, as I heard a gentleman of high attainments observe, but an open allusion to our practice of *crimping* salmon, cod, and other fish? Why is Theseus described as such a very sedentary person; or who would have thought of mentioning *perpetual sitting* as one of the infernal punishments, but a person, who witnessing the restless and unquiet habits of an Englishman, would from thence be led to imagine that a privation of locomotion might constitute the severest of punishments. That Virgil beheld it in this light is evident from this: that after describing this gentleman's sedentary habits,—sedet æternumque sedebit; he immediately adds, as if struck with compassion at his pitiable situation, infelix Theseus. I am persuaded, that if a due consideration had been made for this inherent tendency in us to follow the practices of the ancients, a man of respectable family, whose name need not be mentioned, would have been exposed to less obloquy for undertaking to superintend the masticating and bibulous operations of a low pugilist: let any person peruse the Odes of Pindar, and see in what light the *aliptæ* or *trainer* was held formerly, and he will no longer be surprised

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surprised that an officer should abandon his professional pursuits for so high and honourable an employment as that of regulating the secretions of a boxer. It must gratify every true scholar to hear, that the science of boxing is extended every day. In what estimation this art was held by the Greeks is evident from the pathetic complaints which Antilochus makes in Homer's Iliad, that his father Nestor (who was undoubtedly a man of fashion in his day, and even one of the old school) could no longer indulge in the amusements of boxing and foot-racing; and from the glee with which the old gentleman recounts his former achievements in these arts. I have alluded to Nestor's rank in society, because I know many people affect to be indignant, that boxing and foot-races form the principal amusements of many of our present men of fashion. I have already hinted at the perverted view, under which objects are apt to appear to a person who is forming a system: it is with deference, therefore, that I suggest the following new translation of a passage in that exquisite poem of Musæus, the Loves of Hero and Leander. The passage which I allude to is that in which the young lady tells her lover,

Παρθενικὴν ἐπὶ λεκτρον ἀμήχανον ἐστιν ἱκέσθαι.

Which is commonly rendered, that it is a difficult matter to ascend the bed of a virgin. Now this we know is not so very true in point of fact, as to warrant Hero in making so broad and general an assertion; besides, after the lengths she had gone and the lengths which she appeared disposed to go with the young gentleman, the expression does not seem applicable to the existing state of things as they then stood between the two parties. A modern fashion with regard to the furniture of a bed-chamber led me to think that a more true translation of the passage might be given in the following manner:—Ἀμήχανον is a compound of the privitive α, and μηχανη a ladder. The expression, therefore, meant nothing less than an assignation; and gave Leander to understand, that it was easy to reach a young lady's bed without a ladder, contrasting the couch of an unmarried person with that of a wedded woman, which in general it is very difficult to ascend without that convenience. I candidly confess, that I have not a Musæus at hand to see whether the context bears me out in this idea; and therefore, as I said before, I leave it at the reader's mercy. If I have not already said enough to prove, that from the very close resemblance which our language bears to that of the two learned nations of antiquity, we might very reasonably be justified in claiming for ourselves at least as early an origin as themselves, I will submit two more facts to the reader's consideration, and then beg of him to say, whether there would be any extravagance in asserting that we have a claim to the title of

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higher antiquity than Greece, and that one of the most distinguishing features in her public amusements is clearly derived from the shores of England.

Let not the reader imagine that I am trifling with him, when I say that the two facts on which I rest for establishing this position are no less than the two genuine English passions,—a love for *beef* and a love of horses. On this latter position I shall dilate at very considerable length. The former is of too learned a nature to be discussed in a slight essay like the present. I shall merely say therefore on this head, that I consider the English passion for beef, as the remains of their fondness for the Helio-arkite mysteries, in which the *Bull* made so conspicuous a figure. I beg the devourer of that *athodox* food not to be startled at this assertion; for the eating it ignorantly betrays no more ideas of infidelity, than our young ladies do of indecorum, when they dance round a may-pole, and thereby undesignedly celebrate the orgies of the Phallic worship. That the Helio-arkite mysteries were established at a very early period in this country, is proved by many incontestible facts, but particularly by that stupendous monument of antiquity, Stonehenge. I shall remark no further on this curious subject, than by observing, that no body of men are thought to be more partial to this national food than the English clergy, and that on no day does it so generally appear at their tables as on Sunday;—both evident tokens, in my mind at least, of a latent feeling for an old religious prejudice. I shall think myself happy, if the suggestion which I have here thrown out, should lead us to set an additional value upon the name which we bear in the world of John Bull—a name most probably derived from the enthusiastic ardour with which our ancestors, in very remote ages, delighted to celebrate the mysteries of the diluvian Bull; and which marks an antiquity for us that few nations can boast.

On the passion for horses, which prevails universally among English men of fashion, and the very strong coincidence which is found between them and the Greeks in this respect, I shall expatiate with pleasure, and shall consider it in its simple and compound state,—or jockeyship and coachmanship. It was an opinion of antiquity, recorded by Amphysciarius, that to see a horse at full speed was a sort of mystery. Πωλον τρεχοντα βλεπειν μυστικον τι. Does not this opinion account most satisfactorily for the eagerness with which people of all descriptions in England hurry to a race. The very mention of a race puts a whole county in motion. The manufactories are ransacked for new equipages, and the milliners' shops for new dresses. The ladies bustle with unusual activity, and the country 'squires seem as if they meant something. The duke and the peer,—the senator and the judge,—

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the knight and the 'squire, all seem deeply interested in an event, which gives the eye two minutes and a half pleasure. For this they repair on foot or on horseback, in curricles or coaches, to this mysterious sport, where they stand or sit,—with eyes fixed, mouths open, and heads stretched out,—heedless of rain or sun, heat or cold. The mystery spoken of by Amphysciarius must certainly be the efficient cause of all this eagerness; but what that mystery is, I have not yet been able to learn. Jockies in general are men of few words—the common consequence of being master of a secret. As to coachmanship, it is impossible that the candidates for the Olympic prizes could ever have studied the art with more perseverance and zeal than many of our present professors. I have heard of one little Lord, who, in his zealous endeavours to arrive at pre-eminence in his art, determined to encounter all the horrors of Thames-street, at one o'clock: when such a scene exhibits itself as would have made Cato add a fourth article to his catalogue of things to be repented of,—that of being present in such a scene, without having previously made a necessary disposal of your property. It was not to be expected that the Noble Lord, with all his ardour, should pass quite unhurt through the dreadful conflict of carts, coaches, and waggons: the danger from these, however, he did escape; but unfortunately passing down a narrow lane near the wharfs, his Lordship was not aware of certain large iron hooks, which, being let down by a crane and missing their intended prey, seized upon the head of his phaeton, and conveyed him and his four sorrels into mid air; of which perilous situation the workmen above were not advertised, till the repeated screams and exclamations of the unfortunate charioteer had nearly exhausted him. It is said that an epic poem will speedily appear upon the subject, under the title of The Battle of the Pygmy and the Crane. It has often struck me as a very singular thing, that our modern Jehus should carry their imitation of those polite *whips* the Grecians so far, as even to copy their very mode of whipping their horses. Many persons, besides myself, have no doubt remarked the delicate cut, which the fashionable drivers of curricles delight to administer across their horses' shoulders. Now this is precisely the cut used by all the men of *ton*, whom we read of in Homer,—as Hector, Diomed, Nestor, &c.: κατ' ωμαδον πλασιν ιππους. And from what follows in Homer, I am persuaded, that it was used upon the true principle of the manège;—to procure that elastic spring with which every horse steps forward upon the slightest touch of the whip, after being first thrown back on his haunches: for Homer invariably adds after mentioning this lash, τω δ' ου αλογητε πετεσθην, and the horses flew along with the utmost cheerfulness. It is true, the bard says nothing about throwing them back on their

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their haunches; but that poet, as well as Virgil, is eloquent in his silence: having shewn the effect, he leaves us to guess that he was acquainted with the cause. We all know the honours which were paid to those among the ancients, who distinguished themselves in the chariot races: their heads were circled with a crown of olive,—they were distinguished by the honourable title of Olympionicæ, and statues were erected to them at Olympia in the sacred wood of Jupiter. Their return home was celebrated with all the triumph of a conqueror returning from victory: they were drawn in a chariot by four horses, and every where received with the shouts and acclamations of the admiring populace. Their entrance into their native city was not through the gates, but, to make it more grand and solemn, a breach was made in the walls; Painters and poets were employed in celebrating their names; and Pindar, the greatest of poets, thinks it necessary to caution one of those successful charioteers, not to wish to be a god. I will not contrast with this account the very inferior recompence which is paid to the modern charioteer; and yet surely it can be no common effort of patriotism, which can detain men of fortune and family in their stables and among their grooms, when such grand scenes are acting upon the theatre of the world, as must make every noble mind eager to be engaged in them. History, however, it is hoped, will be more grateful to them than their country; and I think posterity will have no mean idea of the present age, when they read,—In this age the battle of Vimiera was fought, and the Buxton bit was invented: about this time Lord Wellington broke the ranks of the combined armies, and Lord Sefton his four new bays; General Hill drove the French before him, and Mr. Osbaldeston his canary and four greys.

It must rejoice every person, who feels interested in the progress of the science of coachmanship, to hear, that in no places is it more patronized than in those two spots, where we should most expect to see the mysteries of antiquity respected—the two Universities; as the following extract of a letter, written by a Gentleman when paying a visit to one of those seats of learning, will testify:—"There are two men employed in driving the coach to Cambridge: the first is a staid, sober, steady man, known by the name of Quaker Will; the other is occupied in the last part of the journey, and is a man of no little consequence in this part of the world: his bold manner of driving has long procured him, among Cambridge men, the title of Hell-fire Dick; and the general name of Jehu may, I am sure, be applied with great propriety to him individually,—his driving being literally like the driving of Jehu, the son of Nimshi; for he driveth furiously. Among the amateur whips of Cambridge, Dick is perfectly idolized; and I am actually assured, that the brother of a certain Baronet takes lessons of

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of him in the art of throwing his saliva, in a coachman-like style, to a great distance; and that he has had his front teeth filed for the purpose of discharging it with greater dexterity. "Spit like a man," says Dick: "a man is not a man, who can't spit two yards at least." The Baronet himself was once a great friend of Dick's: but the latter has since *cut* Sir H——y, "because he is too great a blackguard," Dick says, "and a man ought to be cautious what society he mixes with." All the young students prefer the outside of the coach; but the cognoscenti rival each other in paying extra prices for the *box*, in order that they may have an opportunity of witnessing Dick's skill. On Monday last when I left London, the box was taken by a noted whip; and as he had with him a young man, who was in College language very *fresh* (that is, not initiated in barouche-driving and other fashionable branches of knowledge), his friend was invited to the honour of a séance with himself and the coachman. Quaker Will is rather jealous of his sovereignty on the dickey; consequently, during his superintendance, the young man had no further opportunity of shewing his talents in stage-coachmanship, than by assisting in harnessing the horses,—conversing with the stable-boys at the inns,—ranging through the kitchens and sculleries in a lounging, Jehu-like manner, with both hands in the pocket and a vacant inanity of countenance,—drinking gin and bitters, and throwing the newspapers to the different houses on the road,—which he performed with an air, that evinced either great experience, or an intuitive perception of those graces of the profession which lie beyond the reach of art. But soon distant hints, secret whispers, and sagacious nods of the head, intimated to his friend, that a different kind of coachman was approaching, and that then, in the language of the showmen, he was to see what he should see. The wished-for time at length approached: Dick's nose flamed like the autumnal star,—a nose red as if begot upon the Dog-star by the fiery sun; significant nods of friendship were exchanged at a distance. The actual meeting was tender, animated, affecting. Feeling and pathetic inquiries after his horses:—how was Spanker's sprain? had Snarler thrown out another kick? did Nutmeg's warm mesh agree?—interrogatories about Dick's dinners (for Dick dines *with* and gives dinners *to* Lords and Gentlemen), and mysterious half-sentences ensued: what they were I cannot pretend to say; for they were conveyed in a language to which, not being of the select few, I was an utter stranger, or, in their own cant, I was not *awake*. As I was not shielded with the authority of my box-coat, to which Dick would have paid respect, I did not think proper to ask an explanation. Every action, every motion, every look of Dick's, was in the mean time carefully observed. Every time he opened his mouth, the

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the two youngsters looked at each other with such a reciprocity of silent admiration, as utterly put to flight all the piddling expressions of French surprize; as, Mon Dieu! Quel homme! Quelle vivacité! One compliment which they paid him, I thought savoured a little of profanity. The conversation flagging, the young Jehu supplied the pause by y'upping to the horses; when Dick, despising the puny effort, and collecting all the powers of his Stentorian lungs, gave such a y'up as made the horses shake to their inmost parts. Struck with the effect, the young gentleman turned to Dick, and with peculiar emphasis of expression observed, "Old one, I do believe the horses take you for a god." Had you but seen this emblem of divinity! The attention, after this, with which they adjusted his seat and the economy of his great-coat,—the promptitude of anticipation with which they prepared to take the vacant reins,—the almost filial tenderness with which they begged him to drink ale at one place and brandy at another, were traits, which must have been witnessed to be properly appreciated. With that insight into character, my dear George, which you possess, Dick would afford you a rich treat; but if your avocations should not lead you to enjoy it soon, you must give up the hope, as he talks of resigning his situation. He pants for that, which is the true end of labour to the poet and the philosopher,—the otium cum dignitate, or, as it has been translated to Dick, "an elegant and virtuous retirement."

M.

ART. XII.—*Reflexions on the Letters of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse. Written between the years* 1773 *and* 1776, *inclusive. Published at Paris* 1809.

IT is an unquestionable fact, that however smoothly and regularly life may proceed with those people, who like the Vicar of Wakefield and his wife have no revolutions to fear, nor fatigues to undergo; all whose adventures are by the fire-side, and whose only migrations are from the blue bed to the brown; there are others, whose actual adventures have surpassed all that has been conceived in romance, and whose passions have taken a more eccentric course, than the most unbounded licence of a novelist's fancy has allowed him to conceive. Impressed as the mind of every enquiring person must be with this fact, it still seems difficult to believe, that the passions of a person, not actually insane, should have so far departed from the usual course of things, as is exhibited in the Letters of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse, which have lately

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lately been given to the public. "What hath been," says Aristotle, "is unquestionably so, or it could never have been at all;" and certainly it requires an implicit assent to the proposition of the great master of rhetoric to believe, that such things have taken place in this sublunary world as are contained in these strange volumes. Here is a lady who, writing to one lover, of whom she affects a boundless and most impassioned fondness, entertains him——with what? with extravagant encomiums upon a deceased lover; and a succession of doubts, whether she shall die for the one defunct, or live for the one still surviving. In spite of the fullness of these two attachments, which it might have been imagined would have found their full employment, the lady, to fill up all the crevices in her capacious soul, contrives to make room for an affection for two other gentlemen; which affection, to use her own language, was so strong, that she could express it no otherwise than by saying, that they were identified with herself; that they were as necessary to her as the air she breathed, and that they filled her whole soul, though they had not the power of disturbing it: so that in short the lady had a dead lover, a living lover, and two sub-lovers, if we may so call them. "Veritablement," as the honest notary in Moliere says, "c'est trop pour le coûtume."

In treating of those aberrations which are the consequence of a disappointment in the *tender passion*, a wide distinction is certainly to be made in favour of the female sex; and even among them much is to be allowed for difference of temperament. Men have a thousand outlets for discharging the impetuosities of passion, or transfusing its hues to other objects. Many of those, who can calmly discuss the extravagancies which love sometimes generates in the opposite sex, would not find themselves so much at their ease, if it were not for the channels which politics, war, and business afford for turning the affections into different channels, and for weakening their effects by scattering their powers. Thus it is common to see one man disentangle himself from an affair of the heart by making a distant voyage, and balancing the loss of affection by the gain of credit; a second converts into the asperities of political warfare those feelings, which are the result of wounded pride and disappointed love; while a third, borrowing courage from despair, boldly combats his country's enemies, and ennobles his life by actions which were meant to accelerate his death. Women are not possessed of these advantages; the only passion which is ever likely to interest them violently, is that of love; and if this passion should meet with any opposition, they have no means of relief, but that of easing their sensations by revealing and descanting upon them, or expiring silently under their influence. The lady, to whose letters, the

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the reader's attention is requested, chose the former method of easing her burthened mind; but in a manner, and to an extent, as cannot fail, notwithstanding the latitude which must be allowed to her sex, to excite extreme wonder and surprise.

It will be necessary, that the reader may enter into the full spirit of these Letters, to give a short history of the writer's life, previous to the time when these letters commence:—Mademoiselle l'Espinasse is said to have been the illegitimate offspring of a French Bishop and an Abbess, by whom, however, she was never acknowledged. After receiving her education at a convent, she was admitted into the house of the Marchioness du Deffand, a lady who was among the most conspicuous leaders of those brilliant circles, which by uniting the literary and fashionable world, have fixed so much attention on that distinguished æra of French history,—the age of the Fifteenth Louis. This lady, in the meridian of her life becoming blind, found it necessary to have a companion, who might divert her in those hours which were not more agreeably occupied by company, and who might assist her in doing the honours of her table to the distinguished friends, by whom she still continued to be surrounded. Fortune threw in her way Mademoiselle l'Espinasse; and for a time nothing could equal the satisfaction which Madame du Deffand found in her young friend. At length, however, the Marchioness suspected that the talents and the manners, the misfortunes and the beauty, of the interesting l'Espinasse, were creating a formidable rival for herself among the men, who had hitherto evinced the most devoted respect for her charms: she found that many stolen hours were spent by her guests at the toilette of the fascinating companion; that d'Alembert, her distinguished favourite, was devoted to l'Espinasse; and that even her old lover, the President Henault, was alarmingly assiduous in his attentions. Madame du Deffand became outrageous: an instant breach ensued between her and her companion: a due chastisement was bestowed upon the unfortunate President; and d'Alembert was told, in due form, that he must renounce either Mademoiselle or the Marchioness. D'Alembert clave unto l'Espinasse, and all future connexion between him and the Marchioness instantly ceased. The friends of Mademoiselle did not abandon her on this occasion: they procured her a small pension from the crown, and the late companion of Madame du Deffand became a fine lady upon her own ground. Her house became the centre of polite resort; and the circle of the interesting l'Espinasse was attended by all that were distinguished in Paris for rank, talents, and fashion. Released from her fatiguing attentions upon Madame du Deffand (which are said to have been so severe, as to have been the ultimate cause of her death), independent in her circumstances, and honoured with the friendship

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friendship of the learned and the great, it might reasonably be expected, that Mademoiselle l'Espinasse's future life would have flowed on in a course of uninterrupted felicity. But happiness is a very precarious blessing. "Alas!" said an Indian lamenting over his companion; "he was fed with train-oil, and the bone of a bird about ten inches long was thrust through the gristle of his nose; what could possibly be wanting to his happiness?" But the Indian, in spite of the luxury of train-oil, and though the bone of a bird ten inches long was thrust through the gristle of his nose, contrived to be miserable; and Mademoiselle l'Espinasse found, that although surrounded with all the comforts of life, it was still possible for her to be unhappy.

By the fascination of her manners, she had inspired the son of the Spanish Ambassador with a profound passion: but whether she herself participated in this feeling to the extent, which she professed, was at the time much doubted. Be this as it may, the parents of the young man became alarmed, and insisted upon his immediate departure from Paris, and Mademoiselle L'Espinasse had the mortification to see the enamoured Mora torn from her arms. The departure of Mora and the lady's affliction called for the interposition of her friends to alleviate her distress. Among the rest Guibert, the celebrated author of the Tactics, tendered his kind offices. He endeavoured to please, and finished by attaching her; he came to console, and made a violent impression. Mademoiselle had need of repose: her soul was already filled with a sentiment deep and tender; a sentiment in which her lover partook, and to which he answered with reciprocal ardour; when the attentions of Guibert disturbed the settled feelings of her heart, and set it all afloat again in the wide sea of love, amid the agitations of hope and fear, of pain and pleasure, of transport and despair. A temporary absence of Guibert occasioned her to write to him, and the volumes now under consideration, are the fruits of her labour. In her first letters Guibert is merely her friend: this friendship, however, causes her some little remorse, as trenching upon the affection which she owed to the devoted Mora; friendship soon ripens into love; and her love runs rapidly through the whole thermometer of the passion: she hates, she fears, she desires, she despairs, she loses her senses, every thing in short but her love. In the midst of this correspondencer her lover Mora, for whom, notwithstanding the largeness of her affection for Guibert, she still reserved a fund of sensibility and attachment, dies. A frightful state of anguish succeeds: her frame is rent, her reason totters, and she wishes for death. People, however, never die *apropos*: and Mademoiselle, in spite of her affliction, survives. The world and she were now to shake hands: Guibert and her grief were all that was to remain for her in existence:

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istence: no connexions, no interest, no friendships were to separate them: to love Guibert, or to give up her existence, were the only alternatives she desired. A correspondence between Guibert and L'Espinasse ensues, which it is evident lasts some years: yet, though she is in love with him to distraction, no proposal of marriage takes place; on the contrary, she recommends several partners for life to him, and when he is actually wedded, continues the same amatory intercourse with him in the same violent, fervid, inflamed strain as before, till the very day of her death, without any apparent compunction or idea of criminality. There is something so inexplicable in this behaviour, that I am almost tempted to think with M. du Deffand, that her intercourse with Guibert was only *pour faire l'esprit;* that the tactician served her as an object to shew her epistolary powers. Marriage would have put an end to this fine correspondence; and like the old duke, who being asked why he did not marry a widow, with whom he had been in the habit of spending his evenings for many years, replied that he should then want a friend with whom to pass his evenings: so Mademoiselle L'Espinasse might have thought that a settled union with Guibert would have put a stop to these wild effusions, which appear so entirely to have engrossed her thoughts. She perhaps was ambitious of proving by her own example, a maxim to which she often adverts in her letters, that many things happen in real life more wonderful than those which are represented in fictious life. If neither of these reasons will suffice to explain the matter, no other resource seems to be left but in that short-hand logic for explaining all incongruities, which is at present practised with so much success. Those who have witnessed the readiness with which eccentricities of behaviour in England are explained by a shrug of the shoulders, a significant application of the finger to the cerebellum, and a volume-speaking nod of the head, will easily understand what I mean. In fact, it is not improbable that the deadly drug which Mademoiselle L. had imbibed sometime before her passion for Guibert, for the purpose of putting an end to her existence, but without accomplishing her purpose, had left a torpifying effect behind it, and had disordered her imagination. In her first letters she indeed hazards a little gaiety, and even ventures upon a conceit or two: but after the death of Mora her correspondence becomes of the most sombre kind, and he who sits down to read it, will do well to arm himself with Dante's abandonment of Hope, and expect nothing but

> Sospiri, pianti, et alti guai,
> Parole di dolore, accenti d' ira,
> Voci alte et fiocche,

It was in truth no skin-deep emotion that could satisfy the soul of Mademoiselle L'Espinasse. Those rules of conduct which make people

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people satisfied with themselves, but cold to the objects of their affections, were points which she affected not to understand. That degree of worldly prudence and those duties of friendship, which substitute discretion for interest and delicacy for sensibility, were to her detestable. The temperate atmosphere was in her opinion fit only for fools: she disliked even the calm, which allows the understanding to act; the virtues, which she valued in herself and which she expected in others were an entire abandonment to the feelings, a ready acquiescence in first emotions, an approximation to a state of nature, and to the simplicity and sincerity of savage life. To be amiable and to please were objects which she left for inferior souls: to love and to be loved was her aim: agitation, suffering, and feeling, were the food on which her mind subsisted; days of delight and nights of pain; the joys of heaven and the horrors of hell; such were the emotions in which her soul delighted to revel.

The character and talents of Mademoiselle L'Espinasse appear to have excited uncommon interest among the literati of her day: and certainly the letters before us do no discredit to their accounts of her. Amid illness, sadness, distraction and desolation, they display an intelligence, an acuteness, and a wildness of eloquence, that are not often witnessed. In most people we see two stages of passion: they feel first and reason afterwards: but Mademoiselle L'Espinasse displays reasoning and feeling at the same time; she suffers all the violence of passion, and analizes it with all the penetration of a philosopher. Her vehemence is such, that the *bon mot* by which Voltaire characterized the fervid style of Rousseau, almost loses its extravagance when applied to her: her paper must have burned as she wrote. There is little variety however in her letters; as soon as you have found the key-note, (and a few pages let you into it) all seems mere repetition: the same melancholy, the same reproaches, the same raving. The following specimens, taken nearly at random, will give a complete picture of her manner:—

"You are not my friend; you cannot become my friend: I have no sort of confidence in you: it is you who have caused me the deepest and bitterest evil, which can befal an honourable mind: at this very moment you rob me, and perhaps for ever, of the only consolation which heaven reserved for the few days that are left me: in short, what shall I say? You have completed every thing: the past, the present, and the future, offer me nothing but scenes of grief, regret, and remorse: well, my friend, all this I know, all this I am aware of; and yet I am drawn to you by a charm, by a feeling which I abhor; yet which has the force of a cursed fatality upon me. You do well to take no account of it: I have no right to make any demands upon you: the most ardent wish I have is, that you were nothing to me."—*Vol. I, p.* 143.

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"Yes, it is to you that I am indebted for the power of knowing and feeling that intoxication of the soul, which removes every sentiment of pain and sorrow. But witness, whether you deserve my thanks for it: the moment you quit me, the charm vanishes, and on entering into myself, I find myself consumed with regret and remorse: the loss which I have sustained, tears me to pieces. I was beloved, yes, beloved to a degree, which staggers the imagination. All that I have read of was cold and weak when compared with the feelings of M. de M****; it filled, it supported his whole life: I leave you to judge whether it ought to occupy mine. A regret like this would of itself suffice to form the misery of a feeling mind. 'Tis well: what must be my sensations, whose soul is weighed down with the additional pains of remorse: I see myself guilty; I feel myself unworthy of the happiness which I have enjoyed: I have been wanting to the most virtuous, the most sensible of men: in one word, I have been wanting to myself, I have lost my own esteem; judge whether I have any claim to yours; and if I cannot pretend to your esteem, can I be so blind as to believe that I have any title to your love?"—*Vol. I. p.* 188.

"Oh, my friend, how my soul is afflicted! Words I have none, nothing is left me but shrieks. I have read again and again, and will read a hundred times more, your epistle. Oh, my friend, what a compound of blessings and evils! What a mixture of pleasure and bitterness! All the agitations of my heart have been increased and redoubled by the perusal of this letter: I can compose myself no longer: you have alternately transported and rent my frame in pieces: never have I found you more amiable, never more worthy to be loved; and never did the remembrance of M. de M**** cost me a pang so deep, so sharp, so bitter. Yes; the thought was very death to me: my heart was overwhelmed: all last night I was in a delirium: such violence must either annihilate me, or drive me mad. Alas; I fear neither the one nor the other: if the love I bore you were less, if the regret I feel were not so dear to me, with what madness, with what transport would I rid myself of this life, which oppresses me. Oh never, never did creature live in such torture and despair."—*V. II. p.* 36.

The following extract is from a curious letter, which she addresses to Guibert, previously to his marriage:—

"It is your wish then, while I see you, while my senses and my soul are filled with the charm of your presence, that I should recount to you what effect your marriage will have upon me: my friend, I know nothing of the matter, positively nothing. If it had the effect of curing me, I would tell you of it; and you are candid enough not to blame me for it. If, on the other hand, it carried despair into my soul, I should utter no complaint, and my sufferings would last but a very little time. You would then pos-

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sess sense and delicacy to approve of a conduct, which would cost you but a trifling regret; a regret which the pleasure of your new situation would soon do away; I can assure you, that this consideration is a kind of consolation to me; I feel myself the more free for it. Do not ask me then any more what I shall do, when you have engaged yourself for life to another. If I were only vain and conceited, I should be much more enlightened, as to what my feelings would be: vanity is seldom mistaken in her calculations: her foresight is correct enough: passion has nothing to do with the future: when I tell you therefore, that I love you, I tell you all that I know and all that I feel."—*V. II. p.* 228.

One extract more and I have done: the flight however is so much above me, that I scarcely know whether I translate correctly:—

"O how soothing are the delights, which a soul intoxicated with passion knows! My friend, I feel that my existence depends upon my folly: if I were to become composed, if I were restored to reason, I should not exist twenty-four hours. Can you guess what my soul most requires, when it has been violently agitated by pleasure or pain? It is the pleasure of writing to M. de M****, I reanimate him, I recall him to life, I repose my heart upon his, I pour my soul into his soul: the heat, the rapidity of my blood, sets death at defiance: I actually see him, he lives, he breathes for me, he understands me; my head becomes elevated, and wanders to that degree that I have no more occasion for delusion; all becomes truth, pure, real truth: yes, you yourself are not a more present object to my senses, than M. de M. has just been to me for a whole hour. O divine creature, he has forgiven me! he loved me."—*V. II. p.* 234.

These are doubtless the very dreams of madness, yet it is impossible to read them without emotion. To behold a woman of powers which would have dignified the most accomplished, and a sensibility which would have graced the most amiable; a woman full of exalted sentiments, and as capable of relishing all that is grand in the human character, as she was earnest in her detestation of all that degrades it; to see such a woman, after a life began in misfortune and spent in misery, wailing out her latter days in the agonies of a hopeless passion, and cleaving, with irresistible pertinacity, amid pain and exhaustion, amid the pangs of disease and dissolution, with death before her eyes and suicide for ever in her thoughts, to an attachment that assailed her with the triple tortures of guilt, remorse, and hopelessness, is a spectacle that wrings the heart with pity, with humiliation and horror.

The lady herself, however, probably did not see the matter in so serious a light. Her manner of dying is completely *en philosophe*, and utterly puts to the blush those softer countrymen of our own,

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who think that the only resource under a similar disappointment, is to besot themselves in night caps: to exhibit a strong contrast between their waistcoats and under garments, and become what is called a *character.* The death of our heroine is more in the style of French philosophy; instead of sending for a confessor, she enlarges her dose of opium; in the place of prayer and penitence, she soothes herself with a *calmant;* like the characters in the Greek tragedies, she seems resolved to exhibit all her sufferings upon the stage, and with the symptoms of death upon her, arranges dinner parties for the week, fills her drawing-room with company, and appears more interested about a box at the Opera than her own approaching dissolution. Veritablement, as some French writer has observed, tous les hommes sont fous, à commencer par les sages:—Truly the whole world are fools, and the wise are more so than the rest. M.

ART. XIII.—*Specimens from the Writings of Fuller, the Church Historian.*

THE writings of Fuller are usually designated by the title of quaint, and with sufficient reason; for such was his natural bias to conceits, that I doubt not upon most occasions it would have been going out of his way to have expressed himself out of them. But his wit is not always a *lumen siccum,* a dry faculty of surprizing; on the contrary, his conceits are oftentimes deeply steeped in human feeling and passion. Above all, his way of telling a story, for its eager liveliness, and the perpetual running commentary of the narrator happily blended with the narration, is perhaps unequalled.

As his works are now scarcely perused but by Antiquaries, I thought it might not be unacceptable to the Readers of the *Reflector* to present them with some Specimens of his manner, in single thoughts and phrases; and in some few passages of greater length, chiefly of a narrative description. I shall arrange them as I casually find them in my Book of Extracts, without being solicitous to specify the particular Work from which they are taken. Y.

Pyramids.—"The Pyramids themselves, doting with age, have forgotten the names of their founders."

Virtue in a short person.—"His soul had but a short diocese to visit, and therefore might the better attend the effectual informing thereof."

Intellect

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Intellect in a very tall one.—"Oft times such who are built four stories high, are observed to have little in their cock-loft."

Naturals.—"Their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room."

Negroes.—"The image of God cut in ebony."

School-divinity.—"At the first it will be as welcome to thee as a prison, and their very solutions will seem knots unto thee."

Mr. Perkins, the Divine.—"He had a capacious head, with angles winding and roomy enough to lodge all controversial intricacies."

The same.—"He would pronounce the word *Damn* with such an emphasis as left a doleful echo in his auditors' ears a good while after."

Judges in capital cases.—"O let him take heed how he strikes, that hath a dead hand."

Memory.—"Philosophers place it in the rear of the head, and it seems the mine of memory lies there, because there men naturally dig for it, scratching it when they are at a loss."

Fancy.—"It is the most boundless and restless faculty of the soul; for while the Understanding and the Will are kept as it were *in libera custodia* to their objects of *verum et bonum*, the Fancy is free from all engagements: it digs without spade, sails without ship, flies without wings, builds without charges, fights without bloodshed; in a moment striding from the centre to the circumference of the world; by a kind of omnipotency creating and annihilating things in an instant; and things divorced in Nature are married in Fancy as in a lawless place."

Infants.—"Some, admiring what motives to mirth infants meet with in their silent and solitary smiles, have resolved, how truly I know not, that then they converse with Angels; as indeed such cannot amongst mortals find any fitter companions."

Music.—"Such is the sociableness of music, it conforms itself to all companies both in mirth and mourning; complying to improve that passion, with which it finds the auditors most affected. In a word, it is an invention, which might have beseemed a son of Seth to have been the father thereof: though better it was, that Cain's great grandchild should have the credit first to find it, than the world the unhappiness longer to have wanted it."

St. Monica.—"Drawing near her death, she sent most pious thoughts as harbingers to heaven; and her soul saw a glimpse of happiness through the chinks of her sickness-broken body."*

* The soul's dark cottage batter'd and decay'd
Lets in new lights through chinks which time has made.
WALLER.

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Mortality.—"To smell to a turf of fresh earth is wholesome for the body, no less are thoughts of mortality cordial to the soul."

Virgin.—"No lording husband shall at the same time command her presence and distance; to be always near in constant attendance, and always to stand aloof in awful observance."

Elder Brother.—"Is one who made haste to come into the world to bring his parents the first news of male posterity, and is well rewarded for his tidings."

Bishop Fletcher.—"His pride was rather on him than in him, as only gait and gesture deep, not sinking to his heart, though causelessly condemned for a proud man, as who was a *good hypocrite*, and far more humble than he appeared."

Masters of Colleges.—"A little allay of dullness in a Master of a College makes him fitter to manage secular affairs."

The Good Yeoman.—"Is a gentleman in ore, whom the next age may see refined."

Good Parent.—"For his love, therein, like a well drawn picture, he eyes all his children alike."

Deformity in Children.—"This partiality is tyranny, when parents despise those that are deformed; *enough to break those whom God had bowed before.*"

Good Master.—"In correcting his servant he becomes not a slave to his own passion. Not cruelly making new *indentures* of the flesh of his apprentice. He is tender of his servant in sickness and age. If crippled in his service, his house is his hospital. Yet how many throw away those dry bones, out of the which themselves have sucked the marrow!"

Good Widow.—"If she can speak but little good of him [her dead husband] she speaks but little of him. So handsomely folding up her discourse, that his virtues are shewn outwards, and his vices wrapped up in silence; as counting it barbarism to throw dirt on his memory, who hath moulds cast on his body."

Horses.—"These are men's wings, wherewith they make such speed. A generous creature a horse is, sensible in some sort of honour; and made most handsome by that which deforms men most, Pride."

Martyrdom.—"Heart of oak hath sometimes warped a little in the scorching heat of persecution. Their want of true courage herein cannot be excused. Yet many censure them for surrendering up their forts after a long siege, who would have yielded up their own at the first summons. Oh! there is more required to make one valiant, than to call Cranmer or Jewel coward; as if the fire in Smithfield had been no hotter than what is painted in the Book of Martyrs."

Text of St. Paul.—"St. Paul saith, let not the sun go down on

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on your wrath, to carry news to the antipodes in another world of thy revengeful nature. Yet let us take the Apostle's meaning rather than his words, with all possible speed to depose our passion; not understanding him so literally, that we may take leave to be angry till sunset: then might our wrath lengthen with the days; and men in Greenland, where day lasts above a quarter of a year, have plentiful scope for revenge."*

Bishop Brownrig.—"He carried learning enough *in numerato* about him in his pockets for any discourse, and had much more at home in his chests for any serious dispute."

Modest Want.—"Those that with diligence fight against poverty, though neither conquer till death makes it a drawn battle; expect not but prevent their craving of thee: for God forbid the heavens should never rain, till the earth first opens her mouth; seeing *some grounds will sooner burn than chap.*"

Death-bed Temptations.—"The devil is most busy on the last day of his term; and a tenant to be outed cares not what mischief he doth."

Conversation.—"Seeing we are civilized Englishmen, let us not be naked savages in our talk."

Wounded Soldier.—"Halting is the stateliest march of a soldier; and 'tis a brave sight to see the flesh of an ancient as torn as his colours."

Wat Tyler—"*a misogrammatist*; if a good Greek word may be given to so barbarous a rebel."

Heralds.—"Heralds new mould men's names,—taking from them, adding to them, melting out all the liquid letters, torturing mutes to make them speak, and making vowels dumb,—to bring it to a fallacious *homonomy* at the last, that their names may be the same with those noble houses they pretend to."

Antiquarian Diligence."—"It is most worthy observation, with what diligence he [Camden] enquired after ancient places, making hue and cry after many a city which was run away, and by certain marks and tokens pursuing to find it; as by the situation on the Roman highways, by just distance from other ancient cities, by some affinity of name, by tradition of the inhabitants, by Roman coins digged up, and by some appearance of ruins. A broken urn is a whole evidence; or an old gate still surviving, out of which the city is run out. Besides, commonly some new

* This whimsical prevention of a consequence which no one would have thought of deducing,—setting up an absurdum on purpose to hunt it down,—placing guards as it were at the very outposts of possibility,—gravely giving out laws to insanity and prescribing moral fences to distempered intellects, could never have entered into a head less entertainingly constructed than that of Fuller, or Sir Thomas Browne, the very air of whose style the conclusion of this passage most aptly imitates.

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spruce town not far off is grown out of the ashes thereof, which yet hath so much natural affection as dutifully to own those reverend ruins for her mother."

Henry de Essex.—"He is too well known in our English Chronicles, being Baron of Raleigh in Essex, and Hereditary Standard Bearer of England. It happened in the reign of this king [Henry II.], there was a fierce battle fought in Flintshire, at Coleshall, between the English and Welsh, wherein this Henry de Essex *animum et signum simul abjecit*, betwixt traitor and coward, cast away both his courage and banner together, occasioning a great overthrow of English. But he that had the baseness to do, had the boldness to deny the doing of so foul a fact; until he was challenged in combat by Robert de Momford, a knight, eye-witness thereof, and by him overcome in a duel. Whereupon his large inheritance was confiscated to the king, and he himself, *partly thrust, partly going, into a convent, hid his head in a cowl, under which, betwixt shame and sanctity, he blushed out the remainder of his life.*"*—Worthies. Article, Bedfordshire.

Sir Edward Harwood, Knt.—"I have read of a bird, which hath a face like, and yet will prey upon, a man; who coming to the water to drink, and finding there by reflection, that he had killed one like himself, pineth away by degrees, and never afterwards enjoyeth itself.† Such in some sort the condition of Sir Edward. This accident, that he had killed one in a private quarrel, put a period to his carnal mirth, and was a covering to his eyes

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* The fine imagination of Fuller has done what might have been pronounced impossible; it has given an interest, and a holy character, to coward infamy. Nothing can be more beautiful than the concluding account of the last days, and expiatory retirement, of poor Henry de Essex. The address with which the whole of this little story is told is most consummate: the charm of it seems to consist in a perpetual balance of antitheses not too violently opposed, and the consequent activity of mind in which the reader is kept:—"Betwixt traitor and coward"—"baseness to do, boldness to deny"—"partly thrust, partly going, into a convent"—"betwixt shame and sanctity." The reader by this artifice is taken into a kind of partnership with the writer,—his judgment is exercised in settling the preponderance,—he feels as if he were consulted as to the issue. But the modern Historian flings at once the dead weight of his own judgment into the scale, and settles the matter.

† I do not know where Fuller read of this bird; but a more awful and affecting story, and moralizing of a story, in Natural History, or rather in that Fabulous Natural History, where poets and mythologists found the Phœnix and the Unicorn, and "other strange fowl," is no where extant. It is a fable which Sir Thomas Browne, if he had heard of it, would have exploded among his Vulgar Errors; but the delight which he would have taken in the discussing of its probabilities, would have shewn that *the truth of the fact*, though the avowed object of his search, was not so much the motive

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eyes all the days of his life. No possible provocations could afterwards tempt him to a duel; and no wonder that one's conscience loathed that whereof he had surfeited. He refused all challenges with more honour than others accepted them; it being well known, that he would set his foot as far in the face of his enemy as any man alive."—*Worthies. Art. Lincolnshire.*

Decayed Gentry.—"It happened in the reign of King James, when Henry Earl of Huntingdon was Lieutenant of Leicestershire, that a labourer's son in that county was pressed into the wars; as I take it, to go over with Count Mansfield. The old man at Leicester requested his son might be discharged, as being the only staff of his age, who by his industry maintained him and his mother. The Earl demanded his name, which the man for a long time was loth to tell (as suspecting it a fault for so poor a man to confess the truth), at last he told his name was Hastings. "Cousin Hastings," said the Earl, "we cannot all be top branches of the tree, though we all spring from the same root; your son, my kinsman, shall not be pressed." So good was the meeting of modesty in a poor, with courtesy in an honourable person, and gentry I believe in both. And I have reason to believe, that some who justly own the surnames and blood of Bohuns, Mortimers, and Plantagenets (though ignorant of their own extractions), are hid in the heap of common people, where they find that under a thatched cottage, which some of their ancestors could not enjoy in a leaded castle,—contentment, with quiet and security."—*Worthies. Art. Of Shire-Reeves or Shiriffes.*

Tenderness of Conscience in a Tradesman.—"Thomas Curson, born in Allhallows Lombard-street, armourer, dwelt without Bishopsgate. It happened that a stage-player borrowed a rusty musket, which had lain long leger in his shop: now though his part were comical, he therewith acted an unexpected tragedy, killing one of the standers by, the gun casually going off on the stage, which he suspected not to be charged. O the difference of divers men in the tenderness of their consciences! some are scarce touched with a wound, whilst others are wounded with a touch therein. This poor armourer was highly afflicted therewith, though done against his will, yea without his knowledge, in his absence, by another, out of mere chance. Hereupon he resolved to give all his estate to pious uses: no sooner had he gotten a round sum, but presently he posted with it in his apron to the Court of Aldermen,

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motive which put him upon the investigation, as those hidden affinities and poetical analogies,—those *essential verities* in the application of strange fable, which made him linger with such reluctant delay among the last fading lights of popular tradition; and not seldom to conjure up a superstition, that had been long extinct, from its dusty grave, to inter it himself with greater ceremonies and solemnities of burial.

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Aldermen, and was in pain till by their direction he had settled it for the relief of poor in his own and other parishes, and disposed of some hundreds of pounds accordingly, as I am credibly informed by the then churchwardens of the said parish. Thus as he conceived himself casually (though at a great distance) to have occasioned the death of one, he was the immediate and direct cause of giving a comfortable living to many."

Burning of Wickliffe's Body by Order of the Council of Constance.—"Hitherto [A. D. 1428] the corpse of John Wickliffe had quietly slept in his grave about forty-one years after his death, till his body was reduced to bones, and his bones almost to dust. For though the earth in the chancel of Lutterworth, in Leicestershire, where he was interred, hath not so quick a digestion with the earth of Aceldama, to consume flesh in twenty-four hours, yet such the appetite thereof, and all other English graves, to leave small reversions of a body after so many years. But now such the spleen of the Council of Constance, as they not only cursed his memory as dying an obstinate heretic, but ordered that his bones (with this charitable caution,—if it may be discerned from the bodies of other faithful people) to be taken out of the ground, and thrown far off from any Christian burial. In obedience hereunto, Rich. Fleming, Bishop of Lincoln, Diocesan of Lutterworth, sent his officers (vultures with a quick sight, scent, at a dead carcase) to ungrave him. Accordingly to Lutterworth they come, Sumner, Commissary, Official, Chancellor, Proctors, Doctors, and their servants (so that the remnant of the body would not hold out a bone amongst so many hands), take what was left out of the grave, and burnt them to ashes, and cast them into Swift, a neighbouring brook, running hard by. *Thus this brook hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean; and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which now is dispersed all the world over.*"*—Church History.

ART.

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* The concluding period of this most lively narrative I will not call a conceit: it is one of the grandest conceptions I ever met with. One feels the ashes of Wickliffe gliding away out of the reach of the Sumners, Commissaries, Officials, Proctors, Doctors, and all the puddering rout of executioners of the impotent rage of the baffled Council: from Swift into Avon, from Avon into Severn, from Severn into the narrow seas, from the narrow seas into the main ocean, where they become the emblem of his doctrine,—"dispersed all the world over." Hamlet's tracing the body of Cæsar to the clay that stops a beer-barrel, is a no less curious pursuit of "ruined mortality;" but it is in an inverse ratio to this: it degrades and saddens us, for one part of our nature at least; but this expands the whole of our nature, and gives to the body a sort of ubiquity,—a diffusion, as far as the actions of its partner can have reach or influence.

I have

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Art. XIII.—*A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People.*

Mr. Reflector,

I am a single man not quite turned of forty, who have spent a good deal of my time in noting down the infirmities of Married People, to console myself for those superior pleasures, which they tell me I have lost by remaining as I am.

I cannot say that the quarrels of men and their wives ever made any great impression upon me, or had much tendency to strengthen in me those anti-social resolutions, which I took up long ago upon more substantial considerations. What oftenest offends me at the houses of married persons where I visit, is an error of quite a different description;—it is, that they are too loving.

Not too loving neither: that does not explain my meaning. Besides, why should that offend me? The very act of separating themselves from the rest of the world to have the fuller enjoyment of each other's society, implies that they prefer one another to all the world.

But

I have seen this passage smiled at, and set down as a quaint conceit of old Fuller. But what is not a conceit to those who read it in a temper different from that in which the writer composed it? The most pathetic parts of poetry to cold tempers seem and are nonsense, as divinity was to the Greeks foolishness. When Richard II., meditating on his own utter annihilation as to royalty, cries out,

> "O that I were a mockery king of snow,
> To melt before the sun of Bolingbroke,"

if we have been going on pace for pace with the passion before, this sudden conversion of a strong-felt metaphor into something to be actually realized in nature, like that of Jeremiah, "Oh! that my head were waters, and mine eyes a fountain of tears," is strictly and strikingly natural: but come unprepared upon it, and it is a conceit; and so is a "head" turned into "waters."

We are too apt to indemnify ourselves for some characteristic excellence we are kind enough to concede to a great author, by denying him every thing else. Thus Donne and Cowley, by happening to possess more wit and faculty of illustration than other men, are supposed to have been incapable of nature or feeling: they are usually opposed to such writers as Shenstone and Parnel; whereas in the very thickest of their conceits,—in the bewildering maze of their tropes and figures, a warmth of soul and generous feeling shines through, the "sum" of which "forty thousand" of those natural poets, as they are called, "with all their quantity, could not make up."—Without any intention of setting Fuller on a level with Donne or Cowley, I think the injustice which has been done him in the denial that he possesses any other qualities than those of a quaint and conceited writer, is of the same kind as that with which those two great Poets have been treated.

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But what I complain of is, that they carry this preference so undisguisedly, they perk it up in the faces of us single people so shamelessly, you cannot be in their company a moment without being made to feel, by some indirect hint or open avowal, that *you* are not the object of this preference. Now there are some things which give no offence, while implied or taken for granted merely; but expressed, there is much offence in them. If a man were to accost the first homely-featured or plain-dressed young woman of his acquaintance, and tell her, bluntly, that she was not handsome or rich enough for him, and he could not marry her, he would deserve to be kicked for his ill manners; yet no less is implied in the fact, that having access and opportunity of putting the question to her, he has never yet thought fit to do it. The young woman understands this as clearly as if it were put into words; but no reasonable young woman would think of making this the ground of a quarrel. Just as little right have a married couple to tell me by speeches, and looks that are scarce less plain than speeches, that I am not the happy man,—the lady's choice. It is enough that I know I am not: I do not want this perpetual reminding.

The display of superior knowledge or riches may be made sufficiently mortifying; but these admit of a palliative. The knowledge which is brought out to insult me, may accidentally improve me; and in the rich man's houses and pictures,—his parks and gardens, I have a temporary usufruct at least. But the display of married happiness has none of these palliatives: it is throughout pure, unrecompensed, unqualified insult.

Marriage by its best title is a monopoly, and not of the least invidious sort. It is the cunning of most possessors of any exclusive privileges to keep their advantage as much out of sight as possible, that their less favoured neighbours, seeing little of the benefit, may the less be disposed to question the right. But these married monopolists thrust the most obnoxious part of their patent into our faces.

Nothing is to me more distasteful than that entire complacency and satisfaction which beam in the countenances of a new-married couple,—in that of the lady particularly: it tells you, that her lot is disposed of in this world; that *you* can have no hopes of her. It is true, I have none; nor wishes either, perhaps: but this is one of those truths which ought, as I said before, to be taken for granted, not expressed.

The excessive airs which those people give themselves, founded on the ignorance of us unmarried people, would be more offensive if they were less irrational. We will allow them to understand the mysteries belonging to their own craft better than we who have not had the happiness to be made free of the company: but their arrogance

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arrogance is not content within these limits. If a single person presume to offer his opinion in their presence, though upon the most indifferent subject, he is immediately silenced as an incompetent person. Nay, a young married lady of my acquaintance, who, the best of the jest was, had not changed her condition above a fortnight before, in a question on which I had the misfortune to differ from her, respecting the properest mode of breeding oysters for the London market, had the assurance to ask with a sneer, how such an old Bachelor as I could pretend to know any thing about such matters.

But what I have spoken of hitherto is nothing to the airs which these creatures give themsleves when they come, as they generally do, to have children. When I consider how little of a rarity children are,—that every street and blind alley swarms with them,—that the poorest people commonly have them in most abundance,—that there are few marriages that are not blest with at least one of these bargains,—how often they turn out ill and defeat the fond hopes of their parents, taking to vicious courses, which end in poverty, disgrace, the gallows, &c. I cannot for my life tell what cause for pride there can possibly be in having them. If they were young phœnixes, indeed, that were born but one in a year, there might be a pretext. But when they are so common———

I do not advert to the insolent merit which they assume with their husbands on these occasions. Let them look to that. But why *we*, who are not their natural-born subjects, should be expected to bring our spices, myrrh, and incense,—our tribute and homage of admiration,—I do not see.

"Like as the arrows in the hand of the giant, even so are the young children:" so says the excellent office in our Prayer-book appointed for the churching of women. "Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them:" So say I; but then don't let him discharge his quiver upon us that are weaponless;—let them be arrows, but not to gall and stick us. I have generally observed that these arrows are double-headed: they have two forks, to be sure to hit with one or the other. As for instance, where you come into a house which is full of children, if you happen to take no notice of them (you are thinking of something else, perhaps, and turn a deaf ear to their innocent caresses), you are set down as untractable, morose, a hater of children. On the other hand, if you find them more than usually engaging,—if you are taken with their pretty manners, and set about in earnest to romp and play with them, some pretext or other, is sure to be quickly found for sending them out of the room: they are too noisy or boisterous, or Mr.——— does not like children. With one or other of these forks the arrow is sure to hit you.

I could

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I could forgive their jealousy, and dispense with toying with their brats, if it gives them any pain; but I think it unreasonable to be called upon to *love* them, where I see no occasion,—to love a whole family perhaps, eight, nine, or ten, indiscriminately,—to love all the pretty dears, because children are so engaging.

I know there is a proverb, "Love me, love my dog:" that is not always so very practicable, particularly if the dog be set upon you to teaze you or snap at you in sport. But a dog, or a lesser thing,—any inanimate substance, as a keep-sake, a watch or a ring,—a tree, or the place where we last parted when my friend went away upon a long absence, I can make shift to love, because I love him, and any thing that reminds me of him; provided it be in its nature indifferent, and apt to receive whatever hue fancy can give it. But children have a real character and an essential being of themselves: they are amiable or unamiable *per se;* I must love or hate them as I see cause for either in their qualities. A child's nature is too serious a thing to admit of its being regarded as a mere appendage to another being, and to be loved or hated accordingly: they stand with me upon their own stock, as much as men and women do. O! but you will say, sure it is an attractive age,—there is something in the tender years of infancy that of itself charms us. That is the very reason why I am more nice about them. I know that a sweet child is the sweetest thing in nature, not even excepting the delicate things which bear them; but the prettier the kind of a thing is, the more desirable it is that it should be pretty of its kind. One daisy differs not much from another in glory; but a violet should look and smell the daintiest.—I was always rather squeamish in my women and children.

But this is not the worst: one must be admitted into their familiarity at least, before they can complain of inattention. It implies visits, and some kind of intercourse. But if the husband be a man with whom you have lived on a friendly footing before marriage,—if you did not come in on the wife's side,—if you did not sneak into the house in her train, but were an old friend in fast habits of intimacy before their courtship was so much as thought on,—look about you—your tenure is precarious—before a twelvemonth shall roll over your head, you shall find your old friend gradually grow cool and altered towards you, and at last seek opportunities of breaking with you. I have scarce a married friend of my acquaintance, upon whose firm faith I can rely, whose friendship did not commence *after the period of his marriage.* With some limitations they can endure that: but that the good man should have dared to enter into a solemn league of friendship in which they were not consulted, though it happened before they knew him,—before they that are now man and wife

ever

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met,—this is intolerable to them. Every long friendship, every old authentic intimacy, must be brought into their office to be new stamped with their currency, as a sovereign Prince calls in the good old money that was coined in some interregnum before he was born or thought of, to be new marked and minted with the stamp of his authority, before he will let it pass current in the world. You may guess what luck generally befals such a rusty piece of metal as I am in these *new mintings*.

Innumerable are the ways which they take to insult and worm you out of their husband's confidence. Laughing at all you say with a kind of wonder, as if you were a queer kind of fellow that said good things, *but an oddity*, is one of the ways;—they have a particular kind of *stare* for the purpose;—till at last the husband, who used to defer to your judgment, and would pass over some excrescences of understanding and manner for the sake of a general vein of observation (not quite vulgar) which he perceived in you, begins to suspect whether you are not altogether an humourist,—a fellow well enough to have consorted with in his bachelor days, but not quite so proper to be introduced to ladies. This may be called the staring way; and is that which has oftenest been put in practice against me.

Then there is the exaggerating way, or the way of irony: that is, where they find you an object of especial regard with their husband, who is not so easily to be shaken from the lasting attachment founded on esteem which he has conceived towards you; by never-qualified exaggerations to cry up all that you say or do, till the good man, who understands well enough that it is all done in compliment to him, grows weary of the debt of gratitude which is due to so much candour, and by relaxing a little on his part, and taking down a peg or two in his enthusiasm, sinks at length to that kindly level of moderate esteem,—that "decent affection and complacent kindness" towards you, where she herself can join in sympathy with him without much stretch and violence to her sincerity.

Another way (for the ways they have to accomplish so desirable a purpose are infinite) is, with a kind of innocent simplicity, continually to mistake what it was which first made their husband fond of you. If an esteem for something excellent in your moral character was that which rivetted the chain which she is to break, upon any imaginary discovery of a want of poignancy in your conversation, she will cry, "I thought, my dear, you described your friend Mr. —— as a great wit." If, on the other hand, it was for some supposed charm in your conversation that he first grew to like you, and was content for this to overlook some trifling irregularities in your moral deportment, upon the first notice of any of these she as readily exclaims, "This, my dear, is

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is your good Mr. ——." One good lady whom I took the liberty of expostulating with for not shewing me quite so much respect as I thought due to her husband's old friend, had the candour to confess to me that she had often heard Mr. —— speak of me before marriage, and that she had conceived a great desire to be acquainted with me, but that the sight of me had very much disappointed her expectations; for from her husband's representations of me, she had formed a notion that she was to see a fine, tall, officer-like looking man (I use her very words); the very reverse of which proved to be the truth. This was candid; and I had the civility not to ask her in return, how she came to pitch upon a standard of personal accomplishments for her husband's friends which differed so much from his own: for my friend's dimensions as near as possible approximated to mine; he standing five feet five in his shoes, in which I have the advantage of him by about half an inch; and he no more than myself exhibiting any indications of a martial character in his air or countenance.

These are some of the mortifications which I have encountered in the absurd attempt to visit at their houses. To enumerate them all would be a vain endeavour: I shall therefore just glance at the very common impropriety which married ladies are guilty of,—of treating us as if we were their husbands, and *vice versâ*. I mean, when they use us with familiarity, and their husbands with ceremony. *Testacea*, for instance, kept me the other night two or three hours beyond my usual time of supping, while she was fretting because Mr. —— did not come home, till the oysters which she had had opened out of compliment to me were all spoiled, rather than she would be guilty of the impoliteness of touching one in his absence. This was reversing the point of good manners: for ceremony is an invention to take off the uneasy feeling which we derive from knowing ourselves to be less the object of love and esteem with a fellow-creature than some other person is. It endeavours to make up, by superior attentions in little points, for that invidious preference which it is forced to deny in the greater. Had *Testacea* kept the oysters back for me, and withstood her husband's importunities to go to supper, she would have acted according to the strict rules of propriety. I know no ceremony that ladies are bound to observe to their husbands, beyond the point of a modest behaviour and decorum: therefore I must protest against the vicarious gluttony of *Cerasia*, who at her own table sent away a dish of Morellas,* which I was applying to with great good will, to her husband at the other end of the table, and recommended a plate of less extraordinary

* I don't know how to spell this word; I mean Morella cherries.

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extraordinary gooseberries to my unwedded palate in their stead. Neither can I excuse the wanton affront of ———

But I am weary of stringing up all my married acquaintance by Roman denominations. Let them amend and change their manners, or I promise to send you the full-length English of their names, to be recorded to the terror of all such desperate offenders in future. Your humble servant,

INNUPTUS.

P. S. I hope you are not a married man.

ART. XIV.—*On the Origin, Progress, Corruptions, and gradual Improvement of Medical Science.*

IT has cost learned men much time and labour to find out the founders of the different Arts; just as if each of them had been invented, all at once, at some particular period, by the happy genius of some heaven-favoured and predestinated individual, instead of being the offspring of necessity, rude, ignorant, and left-handed at the outset, but in a number of years (often not for a number of ages) becoming more perfect, more useful, and more refined. They ought to have considered, that some useful arts must be nearly coeval with man; for food, cloathing, and habitation, even in their original simplicity, require some art; that many other arts are of such antiquity, as to place the inventors beyond the reach of tradition; and that several have gradually crept into existence, without an inventor. "The busy mind, however," says Lord Kames,* "accustomed to a beginning in things, cannot rest till it find or imagine a beginning to every art." And, indeed, it may be truly affirmed, however strange and paradoxical the expression may seem to some, that art is natural to man; for he has been found, at all times, practising some art or another, to procure pleasure or to avert pain.—If, after having taken the notice which they merited of those lucky individuals, who in early times, by some happy, though for the most part accidental exertion of genius, had contributed so much to the progress of the Sciences and Arts, as to get their names enrolled amongst the gods of their country, the researches of authors had been directed, not to the unprofitable, because unattainable object of finding out their imaginary founders, or inventors, as well as the age and country that gave existence to each

* In his *Sketches of the History of Man*—Sketch on the Arts.

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each of them, but to the investigation of their natural progress,—of the causes that forwarded them at particular periods and in particular situations, and of those that retarded them in others,—they certainly would be more creditable to themselves, and more useful to mankind; because, from the result of such inquiries we should probably be enabled to point out what times and circumstances are favourable and unfavourable to their progress, and, accordingly, to shew what are the most likely means of promoting their future improvement.

The origin of Medicine, like that of most of the arts, is no where to be found, but hides its head in obscurity and fable; and although much has been written, even lately, concerning its rise and progress, it is probably of little use to spend much time in attempting to develope its origin, or to seek for it, with sanguine hopes, in any particular age or country. This, at least, seems to have been the opinion of Celsus,—to medical *scholars* a venerable name.* Nothing can be more certain, than that medicine existed before there were any regular surgeons or physicians.† This fact is attested by all antiquity. Pliny informs us, if there have been people who had no physicians, that they were not, for all that, without medicine: and, indeed, it could not be well otherwise; as it must have been nearly coeval with man, like every other art necessary to remove the wants and remedy the imperfections of human nature; and accordingly, a long time before it could be reduced to any thing like the systematic regularity and form of a science, it must have been practised, in one rude shape or another, amongst all nations, however barbarous or uncivilized. But although the works of the ancients, particularly those of the Greeks, afford us some very early notices concerning medicine, we find it a very difficult matter to ascertain in what country it first received the regular form of a science, or was practised as a separate professional art; for its supposed rise among the Egyptians, which was always involved in fabulous obscurity, has been recently made more doubtful than it was before; nor can we say that their labours have been crowned with success, though men of undoubted eminence have exerted themselves of late to illumine and reduce to order the chaos in which its origin is involved, and made great efforts to trace its early footsteps among the Assyrians, Iranians or Babylonians, or even among the ancient inhabitants of India, from whom they endeavour to derive the arts and sciences of Greece, together with all the wisdom and knowledge of the Egyptians. This, however, is not the case, if we take the word of the most modern historian of medicine, who tells us,—"That much new light has been lately

* De Medicina, lib. i. in initio. † See Cabanis, &c. ch. ii. sect. 1.

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lately thrown on the primitive physic of mankind, by the late extraordinary advances in Sanscrit literature; from which source," he says, "it is learned, beyond the possibility of doubt, that long previous to its cultivation in Europe very considerable progress had been reached by the science of healing in Hindustan; and that a remarkable coincidence is to be observed between its precepts as inculcated by the Brahmans, and as promulgated of old by the respective hierarchies of *Iran* (the old Assyrian empire of the Greeks) and Egypt, more especially the latter; and that, by the efforts of these learned bodies, a nearly regular system of Physic had been erected, at a very remote æra, in the East." *—There seems to be, I must confess, nearly sufficient evidence for the opinion;—that the Arts and Sciences have originally proceeded from the East: but, notwithstanding the labours of the good and very learned Sir William Jones, and of his associates in the East, it is still very difficult to ascertain, whether the Egyptians, the Iranians (that is, the Assyrians, Babylonians, and Persians of the Greeks), or the Hindus, were the parent source. The investigation of this topic, even so far as the origin of medicine is concerned, would lead me into a more extensive excursion into Asiatic literature than I am disposed to enter upon in the outset of these medical inquiries; but in a future communication I intend to examine the facts and the evidence lately brought to light on this subject by the exertions and researches of our countrymen in the East: observing simply here, that the records of those very early ages are not to be credited without the most minute and rigorous inquiries, and that the most authentic early accounts we have of the infancy of Medicine are those of the Greeks. But although the early annals of all nations are for the most part fabulous, one fact may, however, be certainly deduced from them with respect to medicine, namely, that the practice of Physic amongst almost all rude tribes has been either exclusively confined to the Priests, as forming a part of religion and magic; or has been conjointly exercised by them and the old women, who in the early stages of rude societies are generally supposed to possess a degree of knowledge, particularly in magical science, almost beyond the reach of humanity. "Et profecto," says Dr. Gregory, in his valuable and elegant work, "apud omnes, quotquot hactenus cogniti fuerint, recentes populos, Sacerdotes vel soli medendi munus occuparunt, tanquam religionis et magices partem, vel divisum cum mulieribus officium medicum habuerunt, quibus, præsertim vetulis, peritia aliqua in arte magicâ, et ideo notitia quædam plus quam humana, imputâri solebant." † And indeed among

* See *Disquisitions in the History of Medicine*, by Dr. Millar, of Glasgow. † Compect. Med. Theoret. Vol. I. 31.

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among the uncivilized tribes, not only of early but even of modern times, magicians, women,* and priests, have been found to be the only physicians. Another fact also, which may demand more of our attention in the progress of our inquiries, is, that savage tribes, at least those of America, have been found to have made a greater progress in medicine than in any other art.†—Abandoning, however, for the present the field of doubt and conjecture, I shall, in the remainder of this essay, confine my attention to such facts only concerning the early history of Medicine as are derived from the most authentic ancient sources.

Whatever opinion we may be disposed to entertain of that medico-antiquarian zeal, which would make medicine, as a science, almost as old as the creation, we must be satisfied to deduce its *authentic* history from a much later æra. To investigate the sources from which the Greeks derived their learning, and that knowledge of the Arts and Sciences which they have transmitted to us, through works of so many different kinds, is not so easy as some may be disposed to imagine. The wonders related in the annals of Philosophy concerning the wisdom of the Egyptian priests, the Chaldeans, or Assyrians,—the Brahmans and other ancient sages, and the journies undertaken by many even of the most eminent of the Grecian philosophers into Egypt and the East, make it probable that from those sources were derived many valuable parts of their learning, as well as many useful principles of science; but as no genuine fragment of any Egyptian, Chaldean, or Phœnician author, has come down to our times, it is likewise probable, that in those nations literature and science never attained the same perfection as in Greece.‡ So that even allowing them to have been much indebted to the wisdom and science of the East, as we must undoubtedly do when we consider the refined and improved state to which they carried most of the Arts and Sciences, we must still confess that more is to be attributed to the active disposition and undoubted genius§ of that illustrious and (as Livy called them) most learned people.‖—Among the Greeks are to be found the most authentic early records of medical science; and theirs undoubtedly is the praise of having reduced it to a degree of systematic accuracy and perfection, which it certainly had not previously attained. "Si qua ars est, (says Targa, the learned editor of Celsus), quam singulari studio ac diligentia Græci excoluerint, ea certe medicina est, quæ, in Oriente summo semper in honore habita, ex Ægypto, ut cæteræ

* See the Monthly Magazine, Vol. XXX. p. 219.

† See Cabanis on the *Revolutions of Medical Science*, ch. ii. sect. 1. and Millar's *Disquisitions in the History of Medicine*, pp. 7, 8, 9, &c.; and ibid. pp. 24, 5, 6, 7, 8. ‡ Denina's Revolutions of Literature.

§ See Stuart's Antiquities of Athens. ‖ See Livy, b. xxxix. ch. 8.

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cæteræ fere omnes, una cum philosophia in Græciam megravit." And Celsus himself bears an earlier testimony to the same point: "Hæc (medicina) nusquam quidem non est:—Verumtamen apud Græcos aliquanto magis, quam in cæteris nationibus exculta est: ac ne apud hos quidem a prima origine, sed paucis ante nos seculis; utpote cum vetustissimus auctor Æsculapius celebretur." The Greeks ascribe the origin of Medicine as well as that of most of the other Arts and Sciences to themselves;* and assert that Æsculapius, the son of Apollo, was the father of Physic, for his improvements of which he was ranked with the gods: "Qui, quoniam, (continues Celsus), adhuc rudem et vulgarem hanc scientiam paullo subtilius excoluit, in deorum numerum receptus est." And we know from the same authority, and also from Homer, that Podalirius and Machaon, the sons of Æsculapius, acted frequently, during the siege of Troy, the part of physicians or surgeons in the army: "Hujus (Æsculapii) deinde duo filii, Podalirius et Machaon, bello Trojano ducem Agamemnonem secuti, non mediocrem opem commilitonibus suis attulerunt."—If, however, we admit the authority of Homer, they practised as surgeons, and not as physicians; whence Celsus infers, that surgery is the most ancient branch of the medical art: "Quos tamen Homerus, non in pestilentia, neque in variis generibus morborum aliquid attulisse auxilii, sed vulneribus tantummodo ferro et medicamentis mederi solitos esse proposuit.—Ex quo apparet, has partes medicinæ solas ab his esse tentatas, easque esse vetustissimas."

The Greeks having made Æsculapius the God of Physic, one would be inclined to suppose, that they considered him as the founder of the medical art: but on this subject there is a strange inconsistency and variety in the opinions of the writers of Greece and Rome. One time the invention of the medical art is given to Æsculapius, another time to his father Apollo; one time to the Centaur Chiron, another to some of his disciples, or to a numerous class of the most noted heroes of ancient Greece. It is also frequently attributed to the invention and revelation of the gods. This, indeed, seems to have been the prevailing opinion of antiquity, as we find it expressed by the best authority,—"Deorum immortalium inventioni (says Cicero,) consecrata est ars medica."† The author of the book "*Introductio*" in the works of Galen, says, that "the Greeks ascribed the invention of the arts to the sons of the gods, or to some of their near relatives, instructed by them."—"And those (says Hippocrates), who first found out the method of curing diseases, considered it as an art, which merited to have its invention attributed to God; which, (he adds), is the

* See the *Origines Sacræ* of Stillingfleet.

† Tuscul. Quæst. lib. iii.

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common opinion."—("ως και νομιξεται")*—By others, it was ascribed to men, who were, therefore, deified.—"Diis (says Pliny) primum inventores suos assignavit medicina, cæloque dicavit."†—And when we consider, that, from the earliest times, among all rude nations, who must, of course, be very ignorant of the operation of natural causes, it has been customary to attribute the origin of several diseases to the wrath of the gods, and, when oppressed by them, to demand their assistance, which they are said to have often afforded, we need not be surprized, if the prevailing opinion was, that medicine was invented by the gods.—But there is so much fable mixed with all the early accounts of its origin, that we cannot now, after such a lapse of ages, expect to discover its founder; and, in truth, this would be at any time a fruitless attempt, as, in my opinion, it had not one but several inventors, in different ages and countries, and crept gradually and insensibly into use and notice, like most of the other arts.

The same variety and inconsistency of opinions, that prevailed with respect to its origin, may be also noticed with regard to its progress, from the æra of the Trojan war to the time of Hippocrates, or at least to that of Pythagoras. Celsus is of opinion, that, from the days of Æsculapius, and of his sons Podalirius and Machaon, medicine was neglected until the time of the philosophers, who began to cultivate it as a branch of philosophy.—"Ergo etiam, (says he) post eos, de quibus retuli, nulli clari viri medicinam exercuerunt: donec majore studio literarum disciplina agitari cæpit, quæ, ut animo præcipue omnium necessaria, sic corpori inimica est.—Primoque medendi scientia sapientiæ pars habebatur; ut et morborum curatio, et rerum naturæ contemplatio sub iisdem auctoribus nata sit: scilicet iis hanc maxime requirentibus, qui corporum suorum robora quieta cogitatione nocturnaque vigilia minuerant.—Ideoque multos ex sapientiæ professoribus peritos ejus fuisse accepimus; clarissimos vero ex iis Pythagoram, et Empedoclem, et Democritum."—Thus the revival of medicine in Greece is attributed by Celsus to the philosophers; but, from the following extract, it will appear, that Pliny was for bringing it down even to a later æra, as he ascribed it to Hippocrates.—"Sequentia ejus (medicinæ) says he, "a Trojanis temporibus, mirum dictu, in nocte densissima latuere, usque ad Peloponnesiacum bellum.—Tunc eam in lucem revocavit Hippocrates." ‡—This too is the opinion of a more modern writer than Pliny.—"Medicinæ autem artis auctor ac repertor, apud Græcos, perhibetur Apollo.—Hanc filius ejus Æsculapius laude vel opere ampliavit.—Sed, postquam fulminis ictu Æsculapius interiit, interdicta fertur medendi cura, et ars simul

* De Prisca Medecina. † Lib. xxix. cap. I.
‡ Lib. xxix, cap. I.

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dubiæ cum auctore defecit, latuitque per annos pæne quingentos, usque ad tempus Artaxerxis, Persarum regis.—Tum eam in lucem revocavit Hippocrates.*—Thus, according to these authors, what is related of medicine before the war of Troy is uncertain, being enveloped in fable; and, from that to the Peloponnesian war, is equally obscure. The only difference between them is, that Celsus dates its origin a little earlier than Pliny, who ascribes it to Hippocrates, whilst Celsus attributes it (sapientiæ professoribus) to the philosophers, that is, to Pythagoras, Empedocles, and Democritus, &c.†—It is probable that both Celsus and Pliny meant medicine as a rational and scientific art, and not merely as an empirical practice, which, it is pretty certain, was kept up in the dark ages between both those celebrated wars, in some rude shape or another.—But, with respect to the existence of medical writings during that period, we can say nothing, as we have no accounts of any in the fabulous and imperfect annals of those rude and early times.—And still the declarations of Celsus and Pliny should not be received as altogether conclusive against their existence.

From the facts mentioned by Le Clerc,‡ on good authority, it appears, that Celsus and Pliny carried their scepticism on this subject too far; though they were very nearly right, if they meant only rational medicine; that is, medicine reduced to an art, upon systematic and scientific principles:—For all the Asclepiades (that is, the descendants of Æsculapius), seemed to have confined themselves to mere experience; and the schools founded by them were, perhaps, altogether empirical. Of these, the earliest was that of *Rhodes*, which also failed first, by the extinction of that branch of the Æsculapian family: and that too, it is probable, a long time before Hippocrates, as he does not mention this school, though he notices the *Cnidian*, which was the third established, and that of *Cos*, which was the second.—Both these last schools flourished at the same time with the Italic philosophico-medical school of Pythagoras, Empedocles, &c.; but they were more ancient than the latter.—These three schools were rivals in promoting the progress of medicine. Galen gives the preference to that of Cos, as having produced the greatest number of illustrious scholars, among whom was Hippocrates. The second place he gives to the *Cnidian*, and the third to the *Italian*.§—Herodotus‖ mentions another school of medicine at Cyrene, where there was

* See a work, entitled *Origines*, book iv, chap. 3. It was composed about the beginning of the seventh century, by *Isidore of Seville*, a learned prelate of that time.

† Pythagoras lived about eighty years earlier than Hippocrates.

‡ Liv. ii. chap. 2.

§ See Galen's *Method. Meden.* lib. i. ‖ In his first book.

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a temple of Æsculapius. He also speaks of one at Crotona, the country of Democedes, who was cotemporary with Pythagoras, and the most celebrated physician of his time.* The "*Cnidian sentences*," or observations, in the works of Hippocrates,† prove, that the physicians of that school were mere empirics, as Hippocrates remarks:‡ and the same is clear of those of Cos, if the "*Coan Prænotions*," in the works of Hippocrates, be a collection of observations made by the physicians of Cos, as many of the ancients supposed. With respect to the assertion of Galen, "that the Asclepiades were excellent anatomists." it is more than probably false; and is certainly contradicted by the authority of an ancient commentator on Plato, who says, that Alcmæon of Crotona, a disciple of Pythagoras, was the first who dissected an animal.§ And, indeed, the rude state of anatomy, even in the time of Hippocrates, seems to be altogether decisive against Galen

Thus, then, although it is not strictly true, as asserted by Celsus and Pliny, that there is no account of medicine for several centuries before Pythagoras and Hippocrates, yet it appears almost certain, that Pythagoras and his philosophic followers were the first who began to raise it from a merely empirical practice, to the dignity of a rational and scientific art.‖ When Celsus said, that the origin of medicine and philosophy were synchronous, he must have meant the origin of rational and scientific medicine; for, even according to his own acknowledgment, surgical and empirical medicine were practised long before.—"Hæc (medicina) nusquam quidem non est: signidem etiam imperitissimæ gentes herbas, aliaque promta, in auxilium vulnerum moborumque noverunt."—And it should be remarked that, when mentioning the latter he uses the word *medicina*, or medicine simply; whereas, in speaking of that medicine which originated with the philosophers, he adopts another name, (medendi *scientia*) the *science* of healing, as if he meant to distinguish philosophic, or scientific, from empirical medicine.—Nor was it indeed to be expected, that medicine could have become a rational and scientific art, before philosophy began to be cultivated. And this we cannot safely date earlier than the time of Pythagoras. Celsus says, that he was the most distinguished and, perhaps, the first of those, who united the studies of medicine

* Democedes was particularly celebrated for the cures he performed on Darius, the son of Hystaspes, and on his queen, Atossa, the daughter of Cyrus.—Sometime before he also cured Polycrates the king, or tyrant, of Samos.—See the first book of Herodotus.

† Euryphon is said to be the author of them. Though older, he was for a time cotemporary with Hippocrates.

‡ *De Ratione Victus in Acutis*, lib. i.

§ See *Chalcidius in Platonis Timæum.*

‖ Le Clerc, liv. ii, chap. 1 and 2.

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medicine and philosophy; though neither himself, nor his followers, were practitioners, if we except Empedocles.

From the preceding observations it appears, that medicine was for the most part, or altogether, empirical until about the 60th olympiad; at which time the philosophers, considering it as a branch of their physics, or physiology, began to introduce reasoning into medical subjects. From that period, medicine, in union with philosophy, went on making constant acquirements and enlarging its limits, for more than a century, until Hippocrates separated it ("ab sapientiæ studio") from philosophy, and made it a distinct profession or pursuit.—Before his time the ordinary, or empirical, practitioners of medicine wanted reasoning and philosophy; whilst the philosophers, who made medicine a part of their studies, wanted experience. Hippocrates was the first who possessed a large share of both; and, it is probable, that he was partly led to separate medicine from philosophy, when he found, that the philosophers, without experience, meddled too much in the practice of that art.—Before, however, we consider what he did for its improvement, it will be necessary to advert a little to its condition at an earlier æra in Greece.

There is one circumstance a little singular in the early history of medicine in Greece, that its first improvements originated with the leaders of the tribes and the petty princes, as we learn from several parts of Homer. And hence it is, that we find the names of several of the most noted Grecian heroes and chiefs* mentioned as inventors, improvers, or practisers of the medical art; and highly celebrated by the poets for their medical and surgical knowledge. During the age of these heroes, we may suppose, that the arts were in a very rude state in Greece, and that the principal knowledge of the times was confined to the poets and the chiefs: and when we consider that the trade of the latter was war, we cannot be surprised at finding them cultivating medicine, which, on several occasions, must have been so necessary for their own safety and that of their people, and may at all times be converted into an engine of power and authority.† Nor can it fail to strike us, how much the smallest proficiency in any science, or art, beyond

* Thus of the *Centaur Chiron*, who was a chief in Thessaly; of *Æsculapius*, a petty prince of the same country; of *Aristæus*, king of Arcadia; of *Telamon*, the father of *Teucer*, and of *Teucer* himself:—add to these the names of *Hercules*; of *Theseus*, king of Athens; of *Jason*, the chief of the Argonauts; of *Achilles*, and his father, *Peleus*; of *Castor* and *Pollux*; of *Patroclus*, *Ulysses*, and several others; and still more particularly of *Podalirius* and *Machaon*, the reputed sons and successors of Æsculapius, and the most noted surgeons in the Grecian army at the war of Troy.—See Homer passim and the first book of Le Clerc's Histoire de la Medicine.

† Millar's Disquisitions, &c. chap. i. sect. 1. And Cabanis., &c. chap. ii, sect. 1.

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yond the reach or comprehension of the vulgar, was likely to be exaggerated in such rude times, if we consider the unlimited veneration generally entertained for the chief, and that poets were their only historians. It is also probable, that, at this early age, there was no regular priesthood in Greece, the members of which could encroach upon the medical pursuits of the chiefs; and, indeed, it is manifest from several parts of Homer, that the chiefs, to whom the use of animal food was mostly confined, acted not only the parts of butchers and cooks* for themselves, but also, (as the office of priest had not yet been separated from the leader, or chief,) were accustomed to preside at their sacrifices, to slay the victim, and, above all, to examine those internal parts from which it was then customary to expect some indications of futurity.† The poets, however, who were certainly earlier than the prose writers of Greece, and the principal civilisers of their rude and barbarous countrymen, applied themselves a little to the study of medicine; and, whether they practised it or not, some of the most ancient medical precepts are to be found in their writings. Thus Linus, Orpheus,‡ Musæus,§ and several others, exerted themselves sometimes to celebrate that divine art, which so often restores health with happiness and pleasure. Nor can it be at all deemed strange, that the poets should have meddled with surgery and physic, since, possessing most genius, it is probable they also possessed most of the knowledge of their times; and as it is pretty certain, that, in the early stages of rude tribes, the arts are generally practised, not as with us, by persons who make each of them a separate profession, but by those who have most intelligence, knowledge, and sagacity.—In the poem of Hesiod, on "Works and Days," are to be found several rules and precepts connected with medical subjects:—and every body knows, with what accuracy and skill Homer generally speaks of the wounds of his heroes, and of the state of medicine at the time of the Trojan war. But, certainly, there is no such knowledge of anatomy and physiology, as some of his blind and enthusiastic admirers would have us believe, to be found in his writings.‖ It is true, that we meet with some acute physiological remarks, some curious observations on the action of remedies, and, indeed, several particulars, which shew, that many useful surgical operations and the invention of several remedies had their origin long before his time;** but still it must be confessed that

* See the Iliad, book ix. v. 210; and also book xii.

† See Millar and Cabanis, as above.

‡ Pausanius in Bæoticis. Plin. lib. xxv. cap. 2; and Galen de Antidotis, l. ii. c. 7.

§ Aristophan. in Ranis. act iv. scene 2.

‖ Cabanis, as above; and Le Clerc, b. ii. ch. 3.

** See the 5th and 13th books of the Iliad; and the 9th book of the Odyssey.

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that there are also instances in which he betrays great ignorance of anatomy and physiology. From his having said that the plague continued only *nine* whole days in the army, some have thought that he was acquainted with the supposed virtues of odd numbers, and with the doctrine of *critical* days; but neither of these doctrines was known in Greece for a long time after the age of Homer, as Pythagoras seems certainly to have been the first who introduced these dogmas from Egypt or the East. Homer may, indeed, be considered as the best historian* of the Heroic age, which we may confine to the six centuries that preceded the rise of literature and philosophy in Greece; and he is the only very ancient writer who has given a minute picture of the state of the arts, manners, and knowledge of those very remote ages. We may see in Quinctillian how highly he was respected, even for his various knowledge, among the ancients; and also in Apuleius, who enthusiastically calls him, "Poetam multiscium, vel potius cunctarum rerum apprime peritum:" and indeed the merit of Homer was in every way so great, that more knowledge has been often ascribed to him than he possessed, and consequences frequently drawn from his works (as has been too often the fate of still more sacred records) of which he did not even dream.

The persons most distinguished among the chiefs for their knowlege of medicine, were the heroes of the Argonautic expedition, and of the Trojan war.† And it was the common belief of antiquity, that they were the persons from whom medicine, at least in Greece, acquired its first improvements.‡ The art itself they originally derived from the gods; but thought that some of the heroes were its chief improvers. One of the causes of the former opinion was, the obscurity in which its true origin as well as that of the other arts (the natural wants and necessities of men) was involved; and its being more easy to comprehend, as they thought, that it was rather imparted by inspiration than slowly improved by time. This mode of reasoning and thinking was also better suited to the ignorant and superstitious notions of rude tribes. Among the causes of the second it may be noticed, that the distinguished heroes or chiefs, who were commonly men of superior talents, were considered (so great was the estimation in which they were held) as allied to the gods, and gifted by them with no ordinary share of supernatural intelligence: thus *Chiron*, the reputed medical instructor of all their most celebrated heroes, was supposed to be the son of Saturn, and said to have learned the

* "Ut omnis vetustatis certissimus auctor Homerus docet," are the words of Apuleius.

† See Homer; and Le Clerc, b. i.

‡ Millar's Disquisitions, ch. i. sect. 1.

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the virtues of herbs from Diana:* *Aristæus*, king of Arcadia, and *Æsculapius*, prince of a district on the banks of the river Peneus in Thessaly, were, in fabulous story, called the sons of Apollo.† So true are the declarations already quoted from Cicero,—"Deorum immortalium inventioni consecrata est ars medica;" and from Pliny,—"Diis primum inventores suos assignavit Medicina, cæloque dicavit." The heroes and chiefs were men, not only of superior mental and bodily endowments, but, we may suppose, also possessed of the best part of the knowledge of their times; and, if we only consider the great respect which the vulgar, in all ages, entertain for superior mental endowments (so great, indeed, as to be generally disposed to consider them as somewhat supernatural), we shall not be surprised at the high medical reputation of some of the ancient Grecian princes and heroes. Rude tribes are at all times not only inclined to do full justice to the real merits of their chiefs, but also to extol them for qualities which they do not possess; and even to raise them to some approximation to gods. Besides, in early stages of society like those under review, a rude people never acquires the habit of submission so much as not to be of rather a revolutionary spirit; so that they frequently reject the claims of family succession and of hereditary authority, when put in competition with personal merit. Hence there is in such times a constant stimulus for ambition; as any useful services performed for the community, or any discoveries or improvements in knowledge or the Arts, generally lead to the highest rewards they can bestow,—the sovereignty of the community. Of this there are numberless proofs in the histories of all rude tribes; so that we must not be disposed to consider as altogether fabulous, those traditions in the early annals of most nations which ascribe to their early sovereigns, or heroes, the invention of several useful arts. And it is pretty certain that, for such services, many have been in all ages raised to the supreme power. Nor is it at all improbable, that superior attainments or success in the art of healing would be less likely to open extensive and alluring prospects to ambition in this respect, than any other kind of uncommon merit; on the contrary, nothing is more calculated to arrest the attention of a rude people, and to raise the possessors, in their estimation, to something near the rank of the gods, than the successful practice of that divine art, which arrests the alarming progress of diseases, and frequently snatches the hopeless victim from despair and dissolution.

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* Plutarch. Sympos. lib. iii. quæst. 1.

† Were we to examine the genealogy of the other Princes and Chiefs who enjoyed a high medical reputation, we should find that most of them were descended from the gods.

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solution. So that, however exaggerated the accounts may be, we must allow that the Grecian heroes were in some measure acquainted with Surgery; the practice of which fell chiefly into their hands, on account of their exalted situations, and their great partiality for a military life. Though many celebrated names are mentioned in the early accounts of medicine in Greece, we find their medical reputation mostly sunk in their military renown; and, however skilful many of them may have been in the art of healing, they were all soon eclipsed (even Apollo himself) by the fame of the Centaur Chiron; but more particularly by that of Æsculapius, and his sons Podalirius and Machaon, the most distinguished surgeons in the Grecian army.* The high reputation in which they were held may be learned from several parts of Homer:—Thus from a passage in the 11th book of the Iliad, part of which is thus translated by Pope:—

> "The spouse of Helen, dealing darts around,
> Had pierc'd Machaon with a distant wound;
> In his right shoulder the broad shaft appear'd,
> And trembling Greece for her Physician fear'd.
> To Nestor then Idomeneus begun:
> Glory of Greece, old Neleus' valiant Son!
> Ascend thy chariot, haste with speed away,
> And great Machaon to the ships convey.
> A wise Physician, skill'd our wounds to heal,
> Is more than armies to the public weal."

According to the accounts given by the Poets, not only Podalirius and Machaon, but even Æsculapius, and indeed all the other Grecian chiefs who were skilled in medicine, were instructed in that art by the *Centaur Chiron.* Some are indeed of opinion, that Podalirius and Machaon, as well as Chiron himself, were the pupils of Æsculapius; but the former is the more generally-received account, and is supported by the authority of Galen.† Chiron was a native of Thessaly, and the son of Saturn and the nymph Philyra: his residence was in a cave on mount Pelion,‡ where the different chiefs came to be instructed by him, not only, it is said, in surgery and medicine, but also in hunting and the art of war, as well as in philosophy, music, and astronomy. Unless we reject all ancient tradition, we cannot but allow that he was very celebrated among the ancients, and indeed the great father of Medicine in Greece. It is however probable, that his skill and knowledge were confined to the use of a few simples, and to the treatment of wounds and ulcers;§ the most necessary part of physic in a rude and warlike age.

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* See Homer, Le Clerc, and Millar, ch. i. sect. I.

† See his *Introductio, seu Medicus.*

‡ Clem. Alexandrin. Stromat. lib. i. § Hyginus, ch. 274.

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Of all the ancients skilled in physic and surgery nobody was more celebrated than Æsculapius, the son of Apollo and of the nymph Coronis: he was a prince of Thessaly, and one of those who were in the Argonautic expedition;* and was instructed by Chiron in the healing art.† According, however, to ancient traditions, he not only equalled, but so far excelled his instructor, that he was soon raised to the rank of a god. He did not confine himself, like Chiron, to the management of wounds and ulcers, the only part of medicine said to be cultivated before his time, but extended his researches into a new department of the healing art,‡—that which we now call the *Practice of Physic.* He was also considered as the inventor of Clinical medicine; § though, in later times, this honour was given to Hippocrates. But after all the praises lavished on him, it is probable, although he did not neglect the use of incisions and of internal and external remedies, that he was rather a cunning and skilful sorcerer than a good physician: for it is pretty certain that he had frequent recourse to the use of charms, spells, and incantations, in the cure of diseases. And if we are allowed to judge, as we may fairly do, of his medical skill from the practice of his sons, as recorded in several instances by Homer, we may safely affirm, that he was as much, at least, indebted for his medical renown to his cunning and good fortune, and to the ignorance of the times in which he lived, as to his knowledge of the medical art. The short account given of himself and his sons, by Celsus, is just and natural, and corresponds with the opinion of Pliny. "It is known," says the latter, "that the medical skill of the sons of Æsculapius (at the siege of Troy) consisted only in the knowledge of curing wounds." ‖ And Sextus Empiricus has remarked, that the Greek word, Ιατρος, (that is, a physician, a surgeon, or a person skilled in healing) comes from the word ιος, a dart, or an arrow, because the first practisers of medicine were surgeons. This, too, is the opinion of Celsus,** who says, on the authority of Homer, "that Podalirius and Machaon confined themselves to the treatment of wounds by incisions and applications; and that this, therefore, was the most ancient department of the medical art." And it may be added, in confirmation of these opinions, that were they any thing more than mere surgeons, they could not be so very ignorant of the rules of regimen and diet as they are represented by Homer. Plato, indeed, seems to think, that Æsculapius and his sons

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* Hyginus, Fab. cap. 14.
† Pindar. Pythior. ed. iii. and Galen *De Sanitate Tuenda*, lib. i.
‡ This is at least the opinion of Galen. See his *Introductio, seu Medicus.*
§ Hygin. cap. 274.
‖ Lib. xxix. cap. 1. ** Lib. i. Præfat.

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sons rejected the aid of diet and regimen;* but it seems to me more probable that, being mere surgeons, they were altogether ignorant of its advantages. It must not, however, be denied that some are of opinion, that both the father and the sons acted the part of physicians, that is, attempted the cure of internal diseases.† It is recorded of Podalirius, that he practised bloodletting:‡ if the fact be true, it is the earliest instance of it on record; but although the origin of bleeding must be very ancient, it cannot be deemed great scepticism to doubt it. (See Le Clerc's Histoire de la Medicine, liv. i. ch. 17 & 18.)—Before concluding my remarks on these persons, it may be proper to state, that some think it probable (for instance Le Clerc) that there was no such person as the Grecian Æsculapius;§ but that every thing related of him and his family, was either a mere fiction of the poets, or borrowed from the accounts they had of the Egyptian Æsculapius: and with respect to both his sons, that they were, probably, real surgeons or physicians, who were at the siege of Troy, and whom the poet, in order to make them more celebrated, calls the sons of Æsculapius,—just as he says of physicians in general, that they were of the race of Pæon, or Apollo, the physician of the gods.

Although in all the early and traditionary accounts we have of ancient Greece, it is uniformly asserted that medicine, or surgery, was practised and improved by their heroes and chiefs, there is but little in the traditions or legends of other rude tribes, compared with those of the Greeks, establishing a similar occurrence. There are, however, facts enough to confirm the truth of the medical legends and traditions of Greece.‖—The next fact of importance in the history of early medicine in Greece, is its alliance with the functions of the Priesthood. But it is not in early Greece only that this occurrence has taken place, as there is abundant proof for its existence, not merely in the legends, but in the written annals of several nations.** Nor is it merely in the infancy of medicine that this alliance is formed; for it is also observable, even where the art has made much progress, and acquired considerable accessions of improvement. It has, indeed, been so general, that it may be looked upon as a stated occurrence, in the progress of the art, in the medical annals of every people. Between heroic and priestly medicine, however, there is, in one respect, to be observed a striking difference: the heroes and

* De Republicâ. lib. iii. and the 39th Dissertation of Max. Tyrius.
† Galen, or the Author of the book *Introductio*.
‡ Stephen of Byzantium, at the word *Syrna*.
§ Le Clerc, liv. i. chap. 8 & 19.
‖ See Miss. Voy. 347, 348.
** See Millar's Disquisitions, from p. 209 to p. 220.

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and chiefs were mostly addicted to the practice of surgery, as being external and obvious, and indeed most necessary in the pursuits of a military life; whereas the priests, attempting something more difficult, or, as Celsus expresses it, "*altius quædam agitare conati*," endeavoured to cure those hidden and inward diseases, of which the causes and the nature are more obscure, and which properly belong to the department of the physician.—That the diseases of surgery, which are those mostly that occur in war, and of which the causes are external and obvious, should attract the attention of warriors and heroes, is very natural: nor were the causes that led the priests to the consideration of the other class of diseases less powerful, though not altogether so obvious. In the early stages of society, and indeed in those of its more advanced civilization, the priests of most people are generally held in the highest respect, both on account of the sacredness of their office, and because, in general, they possess much more knowledge than any other members of the community. Hence it would be natural for a rude and ignorant people to recur to them, in cases of doubt, danger, and difficulty, for their assistance and advice: nor was there any thing more likely to prompt a superstitious and ignorant multitude to have recourse to them, than several of those inward and constitutional diseases, of which the origin and issue must ever appear, to ignorant minds, involved in such obscurity, and which the people could not fail to observe so frequently attended with wretchedness and dissolution. Besides, if we consider, as I have already remarked, that it is usual in rude times to refer the origin of several diseases to the wrath of the gods,* particularly of such diseases as are of a more obscure and complicated kind, we cannot be much surprised, that the people should have recourse chiefly to the ministers and favoured friends of the gods, as the most likely to afford them relief, or to rid them of their diseases, by appeasing the enraged divinity. And besides, we may suppose that the priesthood, finding this species of medical trade a more emolumentary traffic even than religion, would be so far from throwing any obstacles in its way, that they would encourage it by all possible means, so as to make it at last, if not the most essential part, at least a necessary and established appendage of their office.—As the several gods of the Pagans had their temples and priests, it is probable that the priests of each were at first occasionally consulted, according as the superstition, or respect, the hopes and fears of the patient, or his high opinion of some favourite god, would direct him; and accordingly we find from various evidence, that all the Pagan gods, not merely of Greece but also of other nations, occasionally

* Millar's Disquisitions, &c. from p. 220 to p. 226.

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ally condescended to cure diseases; just as we find, in later times, that all the saints on the calendar, male and female, were devoutly believed to have done. By degrees, however, certain priests and deities, by means which it is not necessary to detail,—such as superior address and skill in the priests, or more fortunate cures, &c. so outstripped all others in the healing art, or at least in their medical reputation, as to secure to themselves a monopoly in the profession and all its emoluments. The first of these medical divinities was Apollo, who, it is probable, was first recurred to on account of his extraordinary reputation in prophecy. It being of great use to those who laboured under obscure and dangerous diseases to be made acquainted with their issue, no one was so likely to give them correct information as the prophetic god; and thus in time the God of Poetry, Music, and Prophecy, became also the God of Physic. We accordingly find, that he was the leading medical divinity in Greece, until he was supplanted by his reputed son Æsculapius, the most celebrated medical god of all antiquity. It seems probable, that the remedies mostly used at first by the priests to cure constitutional diseases were of a superstitious kind,—such as phylacteries, spells, amulets, charms, and incantations; but, from the numbers of persons flocking to the temples for advice, and the emoluments derived from it, the priests were, no doubt, soon induced to profit by all means of increasing their medical skill, so as not to trust altogether to superstitious practices and remedies; and it is probable, that they acquired all the medical knowledge of the times in which they lived; they certainly had the best opportunities the times afforded for its attainment; and it is probable, that in proportion as experience increased their skill and knowledge, they abandoned, in a great measure, their superstitious remedies,* and availed themselves of the greater efficacy of those real remedies, which time and experience had proved to be useful.† With such opportunities for observation as they possessed, and stimulated as they certainly were by interest to profit by them, it would be unfair to say, that the medical art, particularly that department of it which is now consigned to the Physician, was indebted to them for no improvements. The contrary is sufficiently apparent, even from the imperfect accounts remaining of those early ages; but, with respect to the amount of their improvements, it is not easy for us to enter into any accurate or satisfactory statement, on account of the imperfect and scanty historical materials which we

* Notwithstanding the progress of knowledge and philosophy, this kind of remedies has always kept its ground in most countries, and does so still. See Le Clerc's Hist. de la Med. liv. i. ch. 12.; and Millar's Disquisitions, &c. from p. 226 to p. 232.

† See Millar, from p. 232 to 239.

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possess. That several of the cures said to have been performed by them were mere frauds and impostures, there is no doubt; but this is a subject upon which I am not disposed to enter, in a sketch like the present.*—From the Priests, medicine passed into the hands of the Philosophers.

(To be continued.)

Art. XV.—*Retrospect of Public Affairs.*

The second half of the year 1811 has been productive of much fewer important events than the former part seemed to promise,—a manifest proof of the mutual state of exhaustion to which the several parties in this long-protracted war are reduced. The passive submission of the greatest part of the European continent to the power and policy of the French Emperor,—the uncontroled dominion of Great Britain over the ocean,—the continued struggle and suffering in the Spanish peninsula,—the barbarian warfare on the banks of the Danube,—the civil contests in South, and the indecisive measures in North America, are the prominent features which the world has presented during this portion of time, and which have undergone no material change.

In considering particulars, we shall begin with the quarter towards which the public have looked with the greatest expectation, and resume the narrative of the campaign in the Peninsula.

We left Lord Wellington posted, near the end of June, within the frontier of Portugal, not far from Elvas, with the French in great force about Badajos, the siege of which had been abandoned by the allied army. Contented with having caused their enemies to retreat beyond the Guadiana, the French desisted from further operations in that part, and Lord Wellington put his troops into cantonments, in a strong situation, from Castello to Evora. In the meantime the important town of Tarragona, with a numerous garrison, had been taken by the French, who thus obtained the command of a great additional tract of the Eastern coast. Towards the end of July, Lord Wellington removed his cantonments from Alentejo to the Lower Beira; and the French were employed in reducing the fortresses in the interior of Spain. Lord Wellington then marched towards Ciudad Rodrigo, of which he formed the blockade. This manœuvre brought the French in great force, with

* See Millar, ch. i. sect. 2.; Cabanis, ch. ii. sect. 1.; and Le Clerc, liv. i. ch. 20.

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with a large convoy, to relieve it, which, after two sharp skirmishes with the advanced posts of the Allies on September 25th and 27th, they effected, and then withdrew. The allied army then went into cantonments for the rainy season, suffering much from sickness.

After their success at Tarragona, it was the plan of the French to make themselves masters of the rest of the Eastern coast; and Marshal Suchet, in September, entered the province of Valencia. He took possession of the town of Murviedro, and laid siege to its strong fortress. In order to relieve this important place, the Spanish General Blake collected a large force, and on October 25th boldly attacked the French posts, while at the same time the garrison of Murviedro made a sally to favour him. The action which succeeded seems, by the French accounts, to have been the best disputed of any in which Spanish troops alone were engaged in the open field: it terminated, however, in their entire defeat, with a great loss in killed and prisoners; and Murviedro soon after surrendered. Suchet then proceeded to invest Valencia, the fate of which was not determined when the last intelligence was received. These successes of the French have in some degree been counterbalanced by advantages obtained by the Allies in other parts. In the latter part of October, Lord Wellington directed Lieutenant-General Hill to move into Spanish Estremadura, with the troops under his command posted about Portalegre. This enterprize was conducted with so much skill and gallantry, that the French General Girard was surprised near Merida, and his division entirely dispersed, with the loss of more than 2000 men in killed and prisoners. At the same time the absence of Suchet gave the patriots the superiority in Catalonia, of which they availed themselves in various small encounters; and one of their commanders even pushed into France, and levied contributions.

Such is the general state of the war in the Peninsula. In Spain there exists no army capable of opposing the French when collected in force; but the detached parties of the natives, especially the guerillas, which improve in discipline and courage, harass their invaders in almost every quarter, and render their movements very troublesome and hazardous. To subdue the country by force of arms will apparently be still a task of great difficulty: on the other hand, the Cortes, inconsiderable in number and reputation, and divided by party, are manifestly incapable of forming such an union among the Spaniards as shall enable them to expel the French, if their master continues pertinaciously to feed the war by fresh supplies, regardless of the evils they suffer and inflict. Portugal, through the powerful aid of a British army, and its own exertions, appears at present safe from invasion; and

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the defence of this portion of the Peninsula is probably the only point which all the disposable landed force of Great Britain, with all her lavish subsidies, can permanently secure.—A cause so just as that of Spanish Independence must continue to engage the warm wishes of every hater of tyranny and oppression; but the sober politician will limit his expectations by past experience and future probabilities.

The difficulties attending our connexions with Spain are aggravated by the state of its American Colonies, where, perhaps with no less justice than the mother country contends against French domination, a large party is struggling to emancipate them from the authority of a parent which has always oppressed, and can now no longer protect them. At a general congress held in the province of Venezuela, which includes the Carracas, a Representative Body was elected, which was required to take the following oath:—"We swear before God and the holy Evangelists, and promise to our country, to preserve and defend her rights, and those of King Ferdinand VII. without any connection with, or influence by, France, and independently of any government adopted in Spain. We acknowledge no representation but that which exists in the general congress of Venezuela; and swear to oppose all other authority over these countries which may contravene its absolute and legitimate independence." And the same Province, assembled in congress on July 5, entered into a confederation of all its districts, in the declaration of which they go so far as to renounce all allegiance to the crown of Spain, and style themselves "free, sovereign, and independent States."

In the province of Buenos Ayres a civil war has for some time subsisted between the capital and the town of Montevideo; the former supporting the cause of independence; the latter, under the Governor Elio, that of Spain. While Buenos Ayres has besieged Montevideo by land, the fleet of the latter has blockaded its enemy by sea. Success has fluctuated between them, but no great events have taken place; and a suspension of arms is said to have been at length agreed on. Of the transactions in the other colonies we possess no distinct information of a late date.—In order to quiet these disturbances, and doubtless to serve the cause of Old Spain, our Court are preparing to send out three Commissioners to act with such as may be appointed by the Supreme Council of Regency of Spain and the Indies. What are their powers, and what steps will be taken provided their mediation is disregarded, is unknown; but there seems to be a danger lest this commission should eventually oblige us to take a part in the contest, contrary to our declarations of neutrality, and to true policy.

With respect to our ally, the King of Sicily, it is not easy to determine whether the presence of our army is more obnoxious to him

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him (or, rather, to his queen), or to his people. It is certain that the Sicilians hate nothing so much as their government, and would rejoice if a revolution should place them under that of England; but while our troops are employed in enforcing their subjection to their own sovereign, they are only looked upon as the instruments of servitude. On the other hand, the Queen and her party are jealous of our power and suspicious of our intentions, and would prefer throwing themselves into the arms of the French. Her dislike to the English was manifested so offensively, that in September our ambassador, Lord William Bentinck, abruptly departed from Sicily after a short residence in the island. In the following month he was sent back by our court with new instructions, and the disputes seem for the present suspended. No attempt has lately been made upon the island from the Neapolitan shore.

The presence of an English fleet in the Baltic, during this summer, has produced no remarkable events. The trade of Sweden has been spared; and in return, that nation has shewn itself reluctant to adopt the continental principle of hostility to British commerce, so rigorously supported by Bonaparte. It is even said that the independence of the nation on French influence will be spiritedly asserted, with the concurrence of Bernadotte, who regards more the dignity of the Swedish crown which he is to wear, than the injunctions of his former master.

The weak and fluctuating court of Russia has at different times given indications of a desire to renew a commercial intercourse with England; but the measures of France appear to have repressed its advances. The war between that power and the Turks was faintly conducted, till a new vigour, inspired by enthusiasm, produced extraordinary exertions on the part of the latter. A numerous army, under the command of the Grand Vizier, pushed on to the Danube with the intention of crossing that river in different places, and attempting the recovery of Wallachia and Moldavia at all hazards. The passage succeeded in part, and the Turkish commander fortified himself on the left bank of the river; but he seems to have been since out-generalled, and debarred from communication with the rest of his army. In this situation of affairs a negociation was set on foot, which is said to have finally terminated in a treaty of peace between the two powers. Its conditions are not yet known; but it is probable that the Turks, however unwilling, must have submitted to a considerable loss of territory in that quarter. The acquisition to Russia, already possessed of an enormous extent of the surface of the globe, can scarcely be adequate to the expence of lives and waste of finances which she has incurred in the contest.

The Ottoman vigour has been characteristically displayed in

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another quarter. A conspiracy having been discovered between the Egyptian Beys and the Pashaw of Acre, for the purpose of destroying the Turkish viceroy of Egypt, Mohammed Ali, the latter framed a counter-plot to prevent it. Feigning an intention of celebrating a solemn festival on March 1st, all the mamelukes in Cairo were invited to be present at it. A grand procession through the streets of the capital to the citadel was so arranged, that the mamelukes on horseback were enclosed between the Turkish infantry and cavalry. When they were got within the citadel, and were passing along a narrow way between high walls and ruined buildings, the gates at each end were suddenly shut, and a fire upon the mamelukes commenced from the sides, which being wholly unable in such a situation to resist, they surrendered themselves prisoners. They were then dragged out one by one and beheaded; and in this massacre 800 mamelukes and 24 beys are said to have fallen. Orders were in the meantime dispatched for slaughtering all the remaining mamelukes in Egypt; and thus a body of men, long famous for their courage, skill, and licentiousness, has been nearly annihilated.

The French Emperor has employed part of the autumn in a progress chiefly through his Dutch and Flemish dominions, the object of which seems to have been, to ingratiate himself with his new subjects, and to animate, by his presence and encouragement, those exertions to create a formidable navy on that coast, which at present occupy so much of his attention. He has certainly succeeded in collecting a considerable number of large ships in the Scheld, manned by sailors from all the maritime countries over which his sway extends; but either the dread of our blockading squadron, or difficulties in the navigation, have hitherto precluded any attempts on their part to get to sea. The despotic power of Napoleon in his wide dominions has hitherto met with no check; the liberty of the press, as well as every other vestige of freedom, is entirely abolished on the European continent, and the iron rule of past centuries seems to have returned.

Our naval superiority still causes itself to be felt in the remotest regions, where occasion is given for its operation. The French port of Tamatave, in Madagascar, was taken possession of in February, without opposition, by an English detachment, and the last French flag to the Eastward of the Cape was struck. Those seas were the scene of a severe action fought in May, between three English and three French frigates; the latter of which had sailed with troops to the relief of the Mauritius. The event was, that the French commodore, after great loss, struck in the action; and of the two that escaped, one was afterwards taken in the harbour of Tamatave.

The expedition against the island of Java, fitted out by Lord Minto,

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Minto, governor-general of India, has proved completely successful, and adds a brilliant page to the history of the British arms for this year. The Gazette account from Lieutenant-General Sir Samuel Auchmuty, states, that after landing his troops without opposition in the neighbourhood of Batavia on August 4th, he proceeded towards Cornelis, where the enemy were strongly posted with an army of 10,000 men,—a number much superior to that of the assailants. During the advance, the city of Batavia capitulated after the retreat of its garrison, which had set on fire several storehouses of public property. On the 10th an advanced work of the enemy was forced at the point of the bayonet; and on the 26th, the main assault was made on fort Cornelis, with all its strong defences. After a sharp action, in which the British suffered a considerable loss in officers and men, the enemy were so entirely defeated, that their whole army was in a manner annihilated; about half its number being made prisoners, and the remainder either killed or wounded, with the exception of a few cavalry who fled with the General, Jansens. No other resistance of consequence was expected in Java; and thus this capital of the Dutch possessions in the East-Indies has been reduced by one decisive blow, in the highest degree honourable to the commander and his brave companions in victory. What will be the substantial advantages of this conquest, in the very restricted state of our commerce, may be questioned; and it is much to be feared, that a protracted stay in an island so notorious for its unhealthiness will cost many more lives than have fallen in battle.

Probably much more important to the interests of this country than the occurrences in the Eastern hemisphere, will be the issue of the differences still subsisting in all their force between it and the United States of North America. The greater part of the year had passed under the operation of the Non-Importation Act in America, to the mutual injury of commerce on both sides the Atlantic, when the meeting of Congress, convoked for the beginning of November, excited general and anxious expectation. It was opened by a message from the president, Mr. Madison, the leading and most prominent topic of which is complaint of the conduct of the British cabinet. Of this, the most essential point is its refusal of the promised repeal of the Orders in Council on the abrogation of the French obnoxious decrees, upon the pretext that those decrees have not in fact been abrogated. This refusal is stated as being highly unjust and unreasonable, and an evidence that nothing friendly is intended on the part of our court towards the United States. Other unredressed wrongs are hinted at; and the encounter between the American frigate and the Little Belt is represented as an aggression by the latter. The message proceeds to mention grievances suffered by the United States from

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France; and preserves an apparent impartiality of complaint against the two belligerents; though it is obvious that the most serious difference is considered to be that subsisting with Great Britain. The President, referring to the British cabinet, does not hesitate to say, "With this evidence of hostile inflexibility in trampling on rights which no independent nation can relinquish, Congress will feel the duty of putting the United States into an armour and an attitude demanded by the crisis." This declaration bears the face of menace; and though parties run high in the States, and the opposition to government is loud and rancorous, yet it is understood that a decided majority supports its measures as far as they are connected with the maintenance of their political rights. Since the delivery of this message, a minister, Mr. Foster, has been sent over from England for the express purpose of conciliation; and in the discussions which have supervened, it is said that an amicable spirit has been mutually manifested; yet, without a consent on our parts to repeal the Orders in Council, upon reasonable proof that the French decrees are no longer acted upon, it will be in vain to expect a firm and lasting accommodation. Inferior causes of dispute will probably be compromised without much difficulty. The unfortunate naval encounter can scarcely be made a subject of national quarrel; since in an open court-martial held upon the American commodore, Rodgers, all hostile orders against English vessels on the part of the American government were explicitly disavowed, and the action was imputed to a firing commenced by the Little Belt,—a fact as positively sworn to by the American ship, as positively sworn against by the English.

From differences with a foreign, but, we may hope, in inclination a friendly state, the mind naturally turns to those subsisting with an integral and most important part of the British empire itself, which false policy alone could render alien. The Catholics of Ireland, not deterred by Mr. W. Pole's circular letter, and the Convention Act, had framed a committee of delegation from all parts of the island, the members of which, to the number of nearly 300, assembled on October 19th at the Theatre in Dublin, and held an open meeting for the purpose of preparing a Petition to Parliament, the object of which was, that they might be placed on an equal footing with their Protestant fellow-subjects. Lord Fingal took the chair; a petition was read and approved; and the business was done, and the chair quitted, without any interference of the police officers present, who appear to have been surprised by the rapidity of the proceedings. The Attorney-General for Ireland, however, soon after began the attack by filing informations against several of the Catholic delegates; and the first case brought to trial was that of Dr. Sheridan, who had been

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been chairman of a Catholic meeting, held at Dublin in July for the purpose of petitioning the Prince-Regent. The trial took place at the Court of King's Bench in Dublin, on November 12th; and although the Chief Justice, in his charge to the jury, gave a decided opinion that the law was against the defendant, in which his brethren on the Bench fully concurred, a verdict was brought in of *Not guilty*, amidst the enthusiastic applauses of a crowded court. In consequence of this defeat, the Attorney-General declined bringing on the other trials, affecting to hope, that since the law had been clearly laid down by the court against the Catholic convention, those gentlemen would not persist in its violation. On December 23d the committee of Catholic delegates met again at the Theatre in Dublin, when Lord Fingal took the chair. He had not been long seated, before Counsellor Hare, a police magistrate, entered and placed himself by the side of the chair; and in several repeated questions endeavoured to obtain from his Lordship an avowal that it was a meeting of the Catholic committee; but could get no other answer than that they were assembled for a legal and constitutional purpose. Mr. Hare at length officially moved Lord Fingal from his chair, as he did likewise Lord Netterville who took it after him. The meeting then dispersed; and a number of gentlemen afterwards assembling at another place, for the purpose of signing a requisition to call an aggregate meeting of the Catholics, Mr. Hare and another magistrate appeared among them, and enquired whether they were met as individual gentlemen: being informed that they were so, he said he should not give them any molestation.—If any system can be traced in the proceedings of Government on this occasion, it must be that of persisting to oppose anything like a *convention* formed by delegation; but surely it is a very narrow and blind policy, by a series of petty insults and inefficacious prosecutions to gall and irritate a powerful party, who *must* in the end carry their point, supported as they now are by the most respectable of their countrymen of all persuasions, and to lose all the advantage of bestowing gracefully what cannot be withheld.

Of immediately domestic events during the last half year, few of a political kind are to be recorded. Parliament was prorogued on July 24th, when the Lord Chancellor delivered a speech in the Regent's name, commending, as usual, all the public proceedings of the last sessions. The very liberal aid granted to the nations of the Peninsula, and the means employed for securing an annual supply to the regular army, were subjects of particular approbation. No change having been made in the ministry, it was of course expected that the same measures would continue to be pursued, at least till the Regent should think proper to act as the real possessor of regal authority, rather than as a temporary representative

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representative of royalty. This he might have done the more confidently, as the hopes of his Majesty's return to mental sanity grew fainter and fainter, till at length they were entirely resigned even by the most determined courtiers. The Prince, however, has hitherto given no indications of a wish to interfere in the system of administration; and it is a common opinion that the Chancellor of the Exchequer, by plausibility and obsequiousness, has acquired an ascendancy over his mind which is likely to perpetuate his own authority. But of this no true judgment can be formed, till the period arrives when every restriction imposed upon the Regent must be taken off.

Six months have seldom passed in which the nation has been less agitated by political contests and discussions, than in those just expired. Two causes may be assigned for this state of quiescence: one, the uncertainty in which parties are placed with respect to the future possessors of ministerial power, and the plans likely to be pursued; the other, the pressure of the times, which has borne so heavily upon a great part of society, that public feeling has been lost in private. Some feeble attempts have been made to revive the public interest in the cause of Parliamentary Reform, but their effect has been inconsiderable. The Attorney-General has taken care occasionally to draw attention to the important subject of the Liberty of the Press, by new prosecutions for libels; and in one case, that of the trial of Mr. White, for a libel published in the *Independent Whig*, consisting of some trifling remarks relative to the distribution of honorary medals in the army, the friends of freedom have been gratified with a verdict of acquittal; but as this was given somewhat inconsistently, and apparently in compassion to a man just released from a prison, the triumph was not pure.

The interruption to the regular demand for our manufactures in consequence of the war, among other evils, has been the primary cause of a course of rioting, which, commencing in or near Nottingham, has spread to such a degree as to require the attention of government. The discharge of some workmen in the stocking-manufactory, followed by some contrivances by new-invented frames to abridge labour, and further to lessen the demand for hands, and attended, it is said, with a reduction of the usual payment for work, all conspiring with the present high price of the necessaries of life, excited a spirit of discontent in the lower classes, which broke out in numerous and serious acts of violence. The popular rage was at first directed against the new frames, and they went about in strong parties for the purpose of breaking and destroying them. This mischief they effected over a wide extent of country, and to a great value of property; and under the dominion of the mob, other outrages were joined to

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to it—such as the destruction of corn-mills, and the plunder of farm-houses. The magistrates were not wanting in timely attention to suppress those disorders by the civil power, and military force has also been sent to their aid; yet the practice of frame-breaking still continues to a certain degree; and the rioters are said to have adopted an organization which will render it very difficult to prevent their ravages, and bring the offenders to justice. The evil has spread to the neighbouring counties of Leicester and Derby, and probably will not be entirely removed without some compromise between the masters and workmen.

Housebreaking and other robberies, attended with circumstances of atrocity, have been unusually frequent in various parts of the kingdom; but the alarm excited by them has not been comparable to that which pervaded the metropolis in the month of December, in consequence of the savage murder of two whole families. The first was that of the family of Mr. Marr, in Ratcliffe-highway. It appears that his house was broken into about twelve at night, during the absence of a maid servant upon an errand; at whose return, the master, his wife, a shop-boy, and an infant in the cradle, were all found savagely murdered. The perpetrators had escaped by a back-door, and had been disturbed too soon to carry off any booty. The public horror at this event had not subsided, when, very near the same part of the town, another equally shocking scene of bloodshed occurred, at a public-house in Gravel-lane, kept by one Williamson. Between eleven and twelve at night, a lodger escaping through an upper chamber-window raised a cry of "Murder!" and, upon breaking into the house, the landlord, his wife, and a maid-servant, were found dead, with their throats cut from ear to ear. The terror struck by this repeated butchery, not only through the neighbourhood, but the whole capital and its vicinity, is indescribable: none thought themselves secure from the murderer's knife in their houses; and though it soon appeared probable that the villains were few in number, perhaps not exceeding two or three, they were multiplied by fear as if distributed into every quarter. Extraordinary rewards were offered by government for discovering the perpetrators, and the police set every engine at work for the same purpose. At length one man was apprehended upon a strong suspicion, which he confirmed by committing suicide in prison. The secret probably has died with him; but the impression on the public mind has also become comparatively faint, though an uncommon frequency of crimes continues to disturb the security of social life.

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ART. XVI.—*Project for making Beaux and Belles useful.*

MR. REFLECTOR,

BEING called upon lately, in the character of Executor, to inspect the affairs of a deceased literary friend, I proceeded in pursuance of my solemn duty to frame an exact inventory of his property; when, as I expected, I found scarce any treasures except the treasures of the mind, consisting of a considerable number of worm-eaten classics, and an overwhelming quantity of his own manuscript writings on various subjects. As I looked upon these original compositions to be legacies to society, in discharge of those debts which every member of the community is supposed to contract, and which my friend neither could nor would pay in any other coin, I conceived it to be incumbent on me to take a particular account of these incorporeal possessions, and arrange them in the best manner for the benefit of his sole legatee, Posterity. I therefore began a very careful examination of his papers, and discovered, what indeed I had often suspected, that my friend, though but little useful to the world by his personal and corporeal labours, had projected in his study a vast number of schemes to promote general happiness, if any persons could be found sufficiently public-spirited to put them in execution. Such of these projects as seem to me most calculated to produce their intended effect, I shall give to the public: but as bequests like those of my friend are, from the shortsighted selfishness of man, not sought for with half the eagerness which is excited by a pecuniary legacy, I shall have time to select and dispose them to the best advantage. In the meanwhile, to pacify those few who feel a little anxiety for other concerns besides money, I shall produce one specimen of these mental labours; though I am afraid that I shall have occasion to observe, with sorrow, that my friend has evinced a solicitude for the good of mankind, to which their gratitude will bear a very inadequate proportion.

This first plan, then, is on a subject which will prove the ardent enterprize of the Projector's mind, that could impel him to labour on materials which some persons have rejected with contempt, and some with indignation;—he has undertaken the very unpromising task of *improving* and *eliciting* the *capabilities* of those barren tracts of moral nature, called Beaux and Belles. I must confess, when I first read the title of this project, that much as I admired the courageous benevolence of the schemist, yet I could not but consider it as merely one of those magnificent and golden visions of a pleasingly-deranged fancy, in which my chimerical friend was but too apt to indulge. I, however, altered my opinion after a careful

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a careful perusal, and found myself compelled to acknowledge, that there was "method in his madness." I was even seduced into an approbation of the plan, in which I think your readers will join with me, except, perhaps, with a few objections to the style in which it is conveyed: it is, indeed, rather too dogmatical; but this is a fault to which most literary men are subject, because their solitary habits do not admit much interchange of thought with persons as wise as themselves, and especially because they are far too well-bred and too well-natured to contradict their own assertions, however broad or unfounded. I have ventured to drop this observation, in apology for a man who was personally modest,—nay, timidly diffident; but who had been accustomed, even in his most unwarrantable positions, to be listened to with such implicit submission by his walls and his two cats,—his almost only companions,—that he concluded, with a hastiness surely natural and venial, that all which came from his mouth bore the force of incontrollable truth; of which the dignity would be compromised, if it condescended to assume the insinuating graces of a power not so irresistible. Here follows the plan.

A PHILOSOPHER'S ACCOUNT OF BEAUX AND BELLES, WITH SOME HINTS TOWARDS MAKING THEM USEFUL.

In my extensive peregrinations and observations on the physical and moral world, I have been much struck with a particular race of animals: I will not, indeed, assume the merit of having discovered them, because they exist, and I am told have long existed, in the midst of civilized society; but as the visual ray of few men is sufficiently purged to see with accuracy, and as a vast number of persons, who have never been blessed with my large experience, may have never heard of them, I shall, for their benefit, describe and comment on this strange class of creatures. And here I must premise, that I find no mention of them either in the profound Aristotle, or in a modern naturalist, who really is not without some merit, and whom I take this opportunity of recommending to some notice,—one Linnæus. The animal, then, in its appearance, partakes of the human and bestial nature, bearing in its manners and senseless features a resemblance to the orang-outang, but affecting, by its habiliments, to imitate our species. Like us, and indeed like the major part of the creation, it is divided into two natures, male and female; though as my own observation has convinced me that it is incapable of the sexual affection, and as I have been told by persons who are more conversant with the familiar habits of the creatures that they, for the most part, die unpaired, I have been much puzzled to conceive how the species are propagated: that they are propagated, I believe,

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I believe, can admit of no doubt, as the race is rather on the increase than the decline. Can it be that an unnatural association is formed between them and our species? the idea* is too revolting to be dwelt upon,—it is impossible. Can it be that they generate, like some trees, by mere vicinity, and shaking their heads at each other?—this is intricate, but not unprecedented. Are they instances of the truth of that doctrine which the presumptuous moderns have impudently ventured to explode, but in support of which much good learning of ancient days might be quoted,—I mean, are they self-produced (αυτοχθονες)? One feels some hesitation in acceding to any one of these solutions, and must be content to refer this difficulty to the number of those mysteries which Nature has not yet unveiled to the daring eye of Science.

But to return to the delineation.—The features of the animal are constantly relaxed into a smirking softness, which it seems to mistake for a smile. I am at a loss to account for this degrading attempt at amiability: is it in imitation of the "laughter-loving dame" of Homer? But they are too ignorant to have ever heard of this lady; one of these creatures never, as I am informed, being seen with a book, except for the purpose of perusing a splendid Morocco binding, or those gaudy and unphilosophical decorations which go under the name of Prints. But I will not attempt to describe the motives of action of an animal which, perhaps, is merely actuated by impulse.

These things have a sort of power of speech, but very little articulation: their utterance is seldom more than a lisp; and their greatest and most distinct vocal exertions are displayed in an unmeaning and irrational noise, which the unlearned call "humming a tune."

The uses to which these creatures are applied, are similar to those of parroquets, monkies, and French dogs, viz. the amusement of ladies of rank and fashion. They are called upon at balls to exhibit fantastic motions, which they do with a languishing sort of agility, far short of the bounding vivacity of the monkey-breed. This exhibition is called Dancing; but, Gods! how unlike the Salic dance of old, which is so ably described, and was so nobly performed in person, by the great Scaliger.

Another employment in which they are engaged is, when great ladies take the air on foot, as they sometimes do,—to wait upon them

* This disgust of the Projector may seem absurd and far-fetched, yet perhaps it may be found to be very probable, when we consider the incompatible habits, the immense and almost antipodal distance, between a scented Beau and a slovenly, recluse Man of Letters. The Philosopher's scheme, indeed, afterwards seems to favour the association here reprobated, but only under restrictions and modifications of his own framing.

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them in a capacity something between a walking-stick and a pet-puppy; as they are expected at once to support the tottering steps of the ladies, who, unfortunately, are generally troubled with much infirmity and instability of foot, and also to produce divers and very many tricks and triflings for the diversion of the said ladies. They attend also the person of their fair mistresses to the boxes of the Play and Opera, where they have imposed on them a variety of strange and minute occupations, which a learned philosopher cannot be expected to describe, but which have been mentioned to me under the following terms:—"Presenting an essence-box;"—"holding, and sometimes applying a fan;"—"clapping their hands, when desired, at a favourite actor or passage (an exertion too great for a well-bred lady to use in person);"—and lastly, "when the lady is fatigued and inclined to yawn (which they call being afflicted with ennui) to do or say something vastly amusing, that her spirits may be kept up to the proper tone of vivacity."

In giving a description of an animal, it is usual and highly proper to exhibit some delineation of its moral habits. The ox, we know, is famed for its patience,—the sheep for its gentleness,—the dog for its fidelity; and even the more ferocious and destructive creatures, who have by some been given up to unmixed reprobation, have, in other more liberal-minded observers, found their advocates and defenders. Thus the lion has been extolled for his generosity,—the tiger for his perseverance,—and even the *sloth* for his unobtrusive modesty, so different from the pert vivacity which characterizes the wolf and the baboon. Not that these last-mentioned beings are entirely without their good qualities: the former, as may be seen in Phædrus' fable of the Wolf and the Lamb, having a taste for argumentative reason, and though an oppressor, yet, what cannot be affirmed of many persons who have complete power in their hands, not destroying his victims without at least the forms and shew of justice; and the latter has the merit, as the ladies will testify, of being an amiable companion. It will therefore be naturally supposed, that the animals on whom I am promulgating this excursus, are not without some distinguishing traits of a good, as well as of a bad description; yet I must confess I never saw any creatures whose characteristic *morals* were so difficult to apprehend and develop: their follies, indeed, are pretty obvious; but their good dispositions are of so latent and retiring a nature, that it would require much longer time than that during which they have been submitted to my observation, to penetrate into those mental recesses where they, if they exist at all, are deposited for the purpose, I suppose, of keeping them in better preservation. One thing I have been able to ascertain with great accuracy, which is, that they

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they possess not the slightest *moral feeling*. The relation of atrocious crimes, or of the most heart-rending calamities, scarcely stirs a muscle of their countenance, much less touches a fibre of their heart: the death of a friend (I beg pardon for abusing the sacred term,—I should say, the death of a most familiar acquaintance) usually excites not the smallest attention; if it does, it is at most only followed by a yawn: a tremendous battle, in which above 50,000 men are slaughtered, elicits, perhaps, the exclamation of "Oh! indeed!"—the engulphment of a whole city by the shock of an earthquake, will hardly move them from their chair; and the military devastation of an entire empire seems to them merely an occasion for taking a pinch or two extraordinary of their gold-enshrined snuff. Once, and once only, I observed, that it was within the reach of human possibility to affect this class of animals:—I saw with my own eyes, the features of a Beau of notoriety assume all the symptoms of the most finished despair, when another of the tribe announced the time for the Opera by the production of a new French watch. I was informed that he immediately instituted an inquiry after one similar, or better,—that his personal exertions were inconceivably greater than could be expected of him; but that all his efforts having proved fruitless, he took to his rooms, whence he never again issued, except to the paradise of fools. The cause of his death is to this day a mystery: some ascribe it to excessive fatigue, as his most violent labour, before that period, never exceeded the performance of what they call a waltz; others imagine that he died by a pinch of scented snuff, or a dose of perfumed laudanum, as he had been heard to declare, that in a case of desperate emergency,—such as the utter inability of gaining credit, the failing to be spoken of or caricatured at least once a month, or being six weeks behind the fashion,—he should certainly choose that sweet method of finishing his existence: one, however, more hardy than the rest, assured me that he died of a broken heart; and when I urged the improbability of such excessive feeling, he philosophically observed, that the slightest things were most easily broken.

The other instance of sensibility was a female Beau, which is denominated a Belle:—In a company where she was making a considerable display by the repetition of noisy nothings, a rival suddenly entered, fresh from the toilet of a Dutchess famous for bon-mots and cant expressions: she promoted a laugh of several minutes, by retailing the new-coined phraseology of her Grace. The Belle immediately fainted, and was removed from the room: she afterwards, as I am credibly informed, became incurably insane, and has never since that time, though remarkably talkative before, been heard to utter any terms except those strange and affected

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affected ones, the first repetition of which, by another, had deranged her faculties.

Such being the nature and habits of the animal, it may seem a very hazardous enterprize in me to undertake to make it useful; but as I hold it to be the duty of every man, especially of every philosopher, to add something to the sum of human improvement, I shall venture to attempt the task. Nor am I discouraged by the exceeding difficulty: for what is there which human industry and ingenuity have not been able to conquer? Have not rocks been levelled? have not desarts been converted into gardens?—nay, more, have not Planters* been taught humanity, and Protestants* toleration? Has not philosophy been sometimes written by Ecclesiastics, and have not poems been composed by Frenchmen? Who, then, shall limit the possibilities of human acquisition?—Encouraging, however, as this reflection is, it is with real diffidence that I address myself to the essay.

To begin with the beginning, according to the profound advice of my master, Aristotle, let us examine carefully the capabilities of the creature, both bodily and mental. First, the bodily:—It can walk, though it must be confessed its step is rather mincing and unstable: it can handle a snuff-box or adjust a lady's mantle: it can talk with great volubility, though not with much distinctness or meaning: it can sing, if an affected distortion of the voice can be called by that name. As to the female part of this species, it (for I must still use the neuter pronoun, in speaking of a class of animals who have no sexual qualities except mere sex to distinguish them)—it, then, in the first place, has eyes, though their chief employment seems to be the contemplation of themselves or of similar objects: it has, indeed, most of the powers possessed by the Beau; but it has one which, though aimed at, and indeed in some measure participated by, the male, does to a very superior and extraordinary degree distinguish the female,—it is a faculty unknown to philosophers, and for which philologists and lexicographers have found no name,—the term which marks its character is known only among the tribe who are eminent for the qualification so designated, and among the society to which this tribe is the usual appendage;—it is called "ogling." It will be rather difficult to express its nature to those who have not seen it; but for the advantage of the learned, and as a *crux*,—a subject of critical torture hitherto unnoticed by physiognomists, I shall attempt its description:—It is, then, a complex mode mixed up of several simple ingredients; the principal of which is, first, a soft but fixed stare of the eyes, accompanied, however,

* I presume he alludes to some late transactions in the West-Indies and in Ireland.

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however, with a little twinkling; the stare is not straightforward, but affects a sidelong direction, that it may take its object off its guard: next, a luminous but languishing simper, which overspreads the whole countenance, but particularly exerts itself about the mouth, which is drawn up into an inconceivably small space, and discovers only a sufficient aperture to be able to give vent to a sigh; for the creature can sigh, though without the least feeling: lastly, an outstretching and turning of the head and part of the neck, which at the same time that it calls attention by the strangeness of the posture, detains it by the prettiness of the curve which it presents to the eye. It is this mixed mode,—this "ogling," in which the chief strength of a Belle consists: men of learning, indeed, are proof against its influence; but old gentlemen, susceptible of amorous impressions, have fallen victims to its power, and have absolutely died under the violence of the electrical impulse which has been thus communicated to their sensibilities: nay, it is on record that more than one young man, of a warm and unthinking nature, has been disordered, and even deranged, by the shock. And here it becomes the candour of a philosopher to confess, that I myself have not been totally unimpressed by the mighty magic of this engine of conquest. During the course of my examinations and experiments in the pursuit of the object which I am now detailing to the world, I met with an extremely pretty animal of the "Belle" species: its tender youth and apparent simplicity interested me much in its favour, and I resolved to commence upon it my scheme of experiments for making "Belles" useful. I communicated my intention to it, which it received with such a good-natured laugh of acquiescence, that I conceived the most enchanting hopes of success. It agreed to take lessons from me, and really shewed considerable docility,—when one day explaining to it the nature of the Paphian smile, and proposing it as a substitute for the above-mentioned ogle, it undertook to give a comparative specimen of each on the spot. It then clothed its features with the Paphian smile, and it verily looked so charming that my reason began to totter: she then (I beg pardon, I strangely forget myself,—it then) darted at me the magic ogle, which so enchanted my senses that I was going to make some serious but foolish proposal, when the minx tripped out of the room, leaving me fixed to the spot. Luckily, however, I was cured,—I think I may say effectually,—the very next day; for the creature expressed so much thoughtless delight at an account which was given of the tricks and intrigues of a young girl to dishonour her old husband, that my reason took the alarm and checked my incipient love,—for I am ashamed to say, *that* was the passion which was rising in my breast.

It

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It is time, however, to return from this long digression to the consideration of the mental qualities of this animal:—It has no judgment; no memory, except as to a few scraps of songs and tunes, and such nonsense; no imagination: it has, however, something which approaches to a minor kind of invention, and is displayed in the discovery of a new cape to a coat, a new method of wearing a watch, a new shape for a hat, a new mode of fastening the neckcloth; and I have been informed by persons more acquainted with modern verse than I am, that their invention has even extended to the penning of a sonnet. This appears to me very improbable; but a name was mentioned to me, which I am not sure that I quite recollect, but I think it was "Byron."* The female faculties are very similar to the male, with one addition,—a great power of attention; though it is entirely expended in investigating the forms, the beauties, and faults of dress, and in hearing read the galamatias and indelicacies of French romance: I say hearing read,—for a Belle will not spoil the brilliancy of its eyes by perusing even the billets-doux addressed to itself, but employs a woman, whose name, after long enquiries, I find to be "femme de chambre," to execute this and similar purposes.

Such, then, being the nature and capabilities of the animal, what do I propose? First, that the legislature should take them entirely under its care: learned men,—men who have drawn from Aristotle a profound and intuitive knowledge of nature, should be employed to examine and develop their faculties: after being submitted to a course of learned experiment, they should be divided into two classes,—the competent and the incapable. The incapable, that is, those who cannot be at all raised to the rank of human beings, might be applied to some such purposes as the following: the females might be compelled to display their powers gratis to the public, as figurantes at the Opera or processionists at the Theatres. Thus there would be a great saving of expenditure, and what is more, a great saving of private virtue; for the poor girls who are now torn from the humblest walks of life, and are introduced to situations which necessarily subject them to solicitations too great for their uneducated habits to resist, will by this arrangement remain in their original station, and become useful servants and useful wives, instead of being bad dancers and vulgar courtezans: while the Belles who are to be substituted for them, will easily be able from their rank, and above all from their coldness, to withstand those temptations

 which

* I suppose my deceased friend alludes to the Poems of Lord Byron, a minor. His first offering to the public will indeed do no credit to his name; but his "English Bards and Scottish Reviewers," though full of faults, shews a spirit and taste and manliness of thinking, which if well directed may be of service to mankind.

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which subdue the poorer female. The golden-ringed finger, the scented head, the insinuating lisp, the fluent flattery, and above all, the Bank-bill,—to whose united influence the vulgar Dancer falls a willing victim, will be despised by the Belle: to the four first it is too used to feel any impression from them, and its circumstances will place it above the temptation of the last and most dangerous lure; at any rate, only one here and there, whose avarice is greater than its coldness, will make shipwreck of its continence,—instances too detestable to allow the least pity.

There is also another purpose to which these Belles may be usefully applied. I am told that there is a vast quantity of rich and fashionable young gentlemen about town, to whose credit it is absolutely necessary to have mistresses. There is no improper intercourse between the parties: all that the mistress has to do with her Protector (for such they tell me is the name of the male party) is, to spend his money and to ride in his carriages; all that he has to do with her is, to bow to her if he happen to meet her in the streets or at the theatres, and to propose a bumper to her name when he is called upon for a *toast*,—another strange phrase, but which the learned will understand by referring to Horace, Book III. Ode 19. l. 9 & following.—to Martial, *passim*.

Now I propose that every one of these gentlemen should take a Belle into his protection: it will save him the expence of carriages, as the Belle will frequently have one of its own;—it will give him an opportunity of shewing his taste by selecting a pretty one for his particular attention; whereas now, as notoriety is the only object, he is forced to have the most infamous, however old or ugly: lastly, the Belle will lose no character,—partly from from having none to lose, and partly (if an additional reason is wanted) from having no sort of obligation to the gentleman, except now and then for a new song, or for drinking to her health till he tumbles from his chair. This sort of intercourse is much more delicate than the union of gentlemen and vulgar courtezans, and may be called Beau-Platonism, being such an intercourse as the philosopher Plato would have recommended if he had been a fashionable rake (as some of his enemies by the bye have most falsely suggested), and had retained his opinions concerning sexual associations. Such and many other are the uses to which the incapable Belles may be appropriated; but these hints may suffice at present, till I can prepare my folio* treatise on this subject for the press.

I now

* As my friend was very indolent, this Treatise of course was not finished, nor would have been if he had lived to the age of Nestor. A vast number, however, of unconnected fragments remain, but not sufficiently interesting for public view.

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I now come to the incapable males:—And here no one who has observed the fine tall footmen who figure at the backs of the carriages and the chairs of ladies of rank, but must immediately agree with me that these employments are far more suitable to Beaux than to men: the Beau, too, could not feel itself disgraced by occupations which would so closely connect it with the fair,—it would be considered as a cicisbeo or a page of honour, and while it tripped by the side or stood humbly smiling at the back of its mistress, would recall to our minds the days of chivalry, when Beaux of another sort, indeed, but equally futile,—when ferocious military Beaux, like lions led in chains by Cupid, submitted their haughty pomposity to the menial services of the ladies.

The next service is of a more imposing sort:—There are in London two or three regiments of stately men, who ride on black horses, and whose employment is, once or twice a day, to traverse the whole length of the Park and to fix themselves, by alternate divisions, in certain canopied recesses, where they attract the astonished gaze of the passers-by,—exciting in some an admiration of their finery, in others a wonderment of their object and purpose,—but appearing by their statue-like faces never to participate in the feelings to which they give birth. They are never called upon to fight, except when the citizens happen to be a little refractory at the prospect of starvation or an infringement of their liberties, and even then their ease is so much studied that they are generally seconded by all the troops from all the parts of the kingdom. Some have superficially and impudently denied their usefulness; but others, who have a deeper insight into human nature, and whose views of our excellent Constitution as by law established are more profound, assert with a warmth which of course can only arise from conviction, that these troops are absolutely necessary for the preservation of the King, his crown, and dignity. Indeed, knowing as I do how much the mass of mankind is taken by cumbrous splendour and magnificent nothingness, I should be unwilling to deprive the Crown of this valuable jewel,—I only wish to propose a substitute. Instead of the able-bodied men who now wear this finery, but who, like the before-mentioned footmen, might be rendered more useful to the country by fighting its enemies abroad or digging its mines at home, would not, I ask without fear of contradiction, the Beaux be a substitute perfectly equivalent? Would they not look as fine? Would they not be as peaceable? And as to any objections arising from the weight of the dress or of the sword, surely the heaviness of the apparel might be diminished without detracting from its grandeur, and a sword like Harlequin's would serve very well for general purposes.

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The last use is one to which some objection may perhaps arise, but I am sure it will be done away by a little consideration:—It is well known, that in order to carry on the machine of government it is necessary for the Minister of the day to have a well-dressed, well-disciplined band of voters, to be ready at a moment's warning to overpower, that is, to outnumber, the ranks of the Opposition. Now, though I believe there is no great difficulty in raising and recruiting from time to time this band of Gentlemen-pensioners, yet they are subject to many inconveniencies which every well wisher to his country, and of course to these men who are so vitally useful to the country, must desire to see removed. For instance, they are most of them commissioners of public boards, or stewards of noblemen, or contractors, or bankers; and in consequence of their close attendance to Parliament, either lose their health in the service of their country, or, what is worse, become bankrupt. Now I would propose, that these Beaux, who are always on the spot,—who are used to turn day into night,—who have no business to attend to, and who, from being generally in easy circumstances, it is to be presumed would be content with a smaller compensation for their votes, would be far better for filling the benches of the Ministers, and by their gay and polite appearance might induce now and then a fashionable Whig,*—and there are some fashionable Whigs,—to give a vote, when all the eloquence of the Minister had been of no avail.

Such are the uses to which I would refer the incapable and inferior animals of this species; but for the more improveable class,—those who should evince some mental competency,—they should be designated to higher services. It is notorious that there exists in society a vast number of men and women of fierce, unaccommodating humours, and brutal dispositions; yet possessing in themselves the stamina of better qualities, and not unfrequently conspicuous for great talents and extensive learning: they are to be found chiefly among isolated† scholars in small colleges and distant country towns, where their self-importance is seldom shocked by rivalry of intellect, and their conceits are cherished by the unqualified flattery of an admiring coterie. The females consist, for the most part, of antique ladies, known by the vulgar appellation of Old Maids,—or of young ones, whose revolting habits seem to insure them the like privilege of chastity unapproached

* My friend takes it for granted that the Oppositionist is a Whig; the last fifty years give some colour to his idea.

† It may seem strange that a scholar should speak thus of a class of men to which he may be thought to belong; but either from a native mildness of temper, or from rubs in life which effectually humiliate human pride, my friend was remarkably soft and urbane in his manners. He was vain, and fondly devoted to his own plans, but never proud or insolent.

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proached and unapproachable. There are some, indeed, to be found among the married; but I believe very rarely, except where they have brought with them large dowries. At any rate, I have not seen many instances, though to be sure I have been told that it is part of the etiquette of fashionable people to be good-tempered before the world; and indeed I recollect a gentleman of peculiarly sweet manners, and who seemed to me a model of conjugal affection, who has been divorced from his wife for excessive cruelty. The men, also, are seldom married, except now and then, when they pick up a poor, dull-tempered country lass, who cannot resist the temptation of being wife to a gentleman, that is, to a man above the rank of a mechanic.—What is it, then, that I propose? Simply this:—I would engraft, by act of Parliament, my better Beaux and Belles on these ill-mannered animals. The immediate consequence of such unions would of course be misery to the parties engaged in it: no matter,—they deserve to be miserable; but in the next generation the breed would be ameliorated, and in the third or fourth, we should have a race of reasonable beings. For instance: I would conjoin a tattling, dancing, singing, dressing, giggling Belle, with a morose, ungainly, slovenly, brutal Scholar: they would necessarily hate each other, but there would be sufficient sexual inclination to enable them to continue their species, and her coldness would preclude all possibility of doubt as to the paternity of their offspring. Well; the first-born would partake about equally of its father's and mother's nature: it will be rather aukward and very overbearing, and at the same time have a hankering after dress and plays and idleness. If a boy, he will be pedantic and a wearer of fine clothes: he will write, perhaps,* a treatise on statistics, and intersperse it with gallantries and allusions to the fashionable world; or indite poems to the ladies, stuffed with names and references of which the said ladies shall not understand one word;—too stupid for gay life, too unsteady for study, he will vacillate between his library and the ball-room, with just learning enough to be a connoisseur, and just fashion enough to be allowed to be the butt of girls of quality. If the child is a female, she will be a reader of novels and a sayer of ill-natured sarcasms: she will attend public lectures in a dress of high fashion and take snuff: she will in a morning write three lines of a sonnet on the Indestructibility of Genius, or the Materiality of the Soul; and in the evening will go with inked fingers to a concert, where she

* I have heard my friend speak of a man who somewhat answers this description. His name it is unnecessary to repeat; but those who wish to have it, may recall to their recollection the pedantic, amorous lucubrations of a Gentleman and Geographer, of whom the ladies at Paris made so much a few years ago.

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she is to bear a part on the harp: she will, from her paternal bias, affect* the conversation and correspondence of learned Doctors and scientific Professors, while at the same time, from her mother's feelings, she will dote on a military feather or an embroidered coat. It must be allowed that these beings are not more amiable than the stock from which they are derived, yet I contend they are in a state of greater improveability: the next generation, with common care shewn in the culture and marriage of them, shall produce a male, whose only prominent defect shall be a violent fondness for black-letter, or a female who shall be exceptionable only on the score of a slight inclination towards snuff and slovenliness. And in the third generation, I have strong hopes that we should have produced for us a judicious man and a reasonable woman.—Without tiring my readers' patience, it will be easy to see that similar results, mutatis mutandis, will accrue from the union of a Beau and an ill-mannered but studious Shrew.—I do not say that this good effect shall always result precisely at the period of the third ingrafting; the experiment may fail for want of a judicious selection of materials in the second or third stage of the process, or from a want of due and equal affinity between the objects selected: but even with these drawbacks, I feel a confidence that the fifth or sixth generation will certainly realize my expectations. And should the plan fail as to its ulterior objects,—I mean, of making sensible men and women,—it may give rise to some collateral advantage, such as infusing gentility into families who seem inherently defective in this particular: this is, indeed, an object quite unworthy of the sole attention of a philosopher, yet such an one as in the present state of the world no philosopher would altogether neglect.

It will be expected, perhaps, that I should give some of the grounds on which I rest my presumptions of success. I might here adduce the analogous instances of vegetables and animals; but I shall content myself with enumerating a few instances which have occurred under my own care and direction. As it is only ten or twelve years since I gave my attention to this topic, I shall not, perhaps, be allowed to speak undoubtingly of final success; but the reader shall judge from the specimens: they were all of my own selection.

About twelve years ago, at my persuasion,—for though I have had a large acquaintance with Members of both Houses, I have not been able to procure legislative authority for my proposal,—at my persuasion, then, Nugaculus was induced to marry a woman of ill-manners, worse temper, and a tasteless bookworm. Some people

* The Letters of a literary Lady not long deceased form some clue to the character here described.

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people, indeed, hinted that the Beau was influenced by £20,000, and the rank of the lady's family. This, however, is not to my purpose: they were married, and in due process of time a child was born, whose growth I have sedulously watched. The boy then evinces, like his father, a considerable fondness for fine equipages; nor is he entirely free from his mother's appetite for books,—though with a sort of division of bias he reads no books that have not plates, or that do not treat of grandeur and fashion. His maternal acerbity is mitigated by the affected gentleness of his Beau-parent; and a violent desire to be rude and insolent, is corrected, and will in time be annihilated, by the yawny simpering of his father, which is an utter foe to energic expression. He is certainly fondest of the company of people extravagantly dressed; but he endures me, and once when I had a new waistcoat on he sate by me for several minutes. Upon the whole, I consider him as a promising subject.

Another instance is Venustulilla,* who, partly by my persuasion and partly by the loss of a fortune, married a dignitary in the Church, who has composed seven folio volumes, and whose manners had rendered him nearly inaccessible. The offspring of this union is a girl about six years old: she can already sing a French song, and knows three movements of a waltz; while her father has given her such a knowledge of Hebrew, that she can already discern a Jew from a Christian by his voice and beard. Her temper is violent, but not without her mother's good-humour; and though inclined to be dirty, from her father's treatment, she yet shews a strong disposition towards finery.

I could mention several other instances equally promising; but as some modern† writer has said, who was put into my hands by a Belle,

> "When one's proofs are aptly chosen,
> Two are as valid as two dozen,"—

I shall merely mention the case of that pert baggage whom I before described as having made an impression on me, till her levity effaced it. About two years ago she was united to a Scholar and a brute, and really made a tolerable wife,—till the husband went mad, from an unsuccessful attempt to shew that Adam and Eve spoke the language of the Hottentots. One child has been born, who was at first a great favourite with me, and who, indeed, seemed particularly and wonderfully delighted with my presence; but the cause of this I found to be, that the mischievous, impudent baggage of a mother, amused the child in my absence

* My friend adopts very queer names, but something must be allowed to the conceit of scholarship. † Prior.

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absence with a striking caricature of my person as a perpetual plaything, and the child was pleased with me as the ridiculous prototype. This argued so much quickness that I forgave the child; but the minx* of a mother,—no,—I will not forgive her; she is incorrigible and unworthy of my notice.

Such is the plan which I propose for the consideration of legislators,—a plan which, at little expence of trouble and no hazard, will render useful a large proportion of the community, who seem at present to offer no one conceivable benefit to society,—a plan founded on the analogies of nature, and built up on the experience of one who has been no careless observer of men and manners.

So ends my friend's scheme, on which I shall not offer one word of comment, but shall leave it to the mercy of your readers; and at some future time, should there be any call for such speculations, or should the legislature take my friend's hint, I may, perhaps, give to the public another of his bequeathed projects.

Yours, Mr. Reflector,

T. B.

Art. XVII.—*On the Change of Structure induced on Animals by Domestication.*

PART I.

The causes that operate those changes of structure and habits which distinguish domesticated animals from their species in a state of nature, have hitherto been little elucidated by the researches of Naturalists, although in a physiological sense, and even in an economical point of view, few investigations are of greater importance.

The external figure and peculiar natural habits of animals, are subjects on which Zoologists have bestowed particular and successful attention. From the observation of minute distinctions, an artificial classification has been made, by which the numerously diversified productions of nature have been reduced from a state of unsettled alliance to systematic order. The immortal Linnæus, like a second Adam, has assigned name and place to every animated being which has hitherto been discovered; but his unrivailed

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* My friend was certainly deeply smitten, and died just in time to save his credit, for he would evidently have made himself a complete dupe to this woman.

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valled perseverance and knowledge have only pointed the way to more complete information. He has arranged the vast museum of Nature, and placed every object in distinct view; but that the advantages of this mighty task, this compendious arrangement, may be applied to the immediate benefit of society, it yet remains that each object be individually studied.

The adaptations of structure for security and convenience, in many classes of animals, are so obviously characterised, that they force themselves on the attention of the most superficial observer; but the origin of these adaptations has been variously accounted for. Most authors have assumed them as irrefragable evidences of the benevolence, justice, and impartial wisdom of the Creator; whilst others, with much plausible ingenuity, have attributed them to certain laws of organization, by the operation of which the form of the animal is supposed to be spontaneously accommodated to its peculiar necessities.

Throughout Nature, the laws which regulate life seem to preserve an unvarying efficiency, so long as the animal retains its natural situation. The figure and propensities of the parent descend unaltered to the young. The same specific accommodations of structure, the same unimproved degree of sagacity, are the perpetual inheritance of each generation. But in almost every species which has long been subjected to the service of mankind, a change both in form and disposition has taken place, correspondent to the degree of subjection, the length of its duration, and the necessities imposed by it.

After a certain lapse of time the colour, form, and disposition of the subjugated animal, have indicated by remarkable alterations the effect of a new influence: the regularity of nature has been broken through, and the change has been productive of incalculable varieties; so great, indeed, has been the deviation of many domestic animals from their state of nature, that their original stock have lost all natural means for security or defence,—of these the Sheep is an example; others, on the contrary, have acquired new powers and superior sagacity. Similar changes have taken place in the Vegetable world: the farinaceous tribes,—cauliflowers, &c. &c. have been so altered by cultivation, that Botanists are undecided from what natural stock they are derived. —But in this slight sketch I shall confine myself to Zoological subjects.

From the observation of these great changes, some naturalists have inferred that every peculiarity of accommodation has been spontaneously induced by the necessities of the animal. The figure and anatomical structure of the Camel have been frequently adduced and insisted on in support of this conjecture. The apparent

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parent external deformity of that extraordinary animal,—its peculiar internal organization, so admirably adapted to its local circumstances, gave plausibility to the argument; but the conclusions deduced from these facts are evidently too general, and in a great measure fallacious. Other animals inhabiting the same regions, under an equal state of subjection and exposed to the same necessities, have not assumed similar accommodations:—the hoof of the Arabian Horse still retains its horny texture: his neck is not lengthened to elevate his nostrils above the clouds of sand raised by his feet; and although compelled as often to endure extreme thirst, his stomach has not formed those reservoirs for water which supply the necessities of the patient traveller of the desart. Every similar instance in support of this hypothesis may be thus counterpoised and refuted; but the agitation of the question has been useful, inasmuch as it has shewn what great effects may be produced by artificial habits and culture, even on the anatomical structure of animals. Let us observe the changes thus induced on a single species. From amongst all the orders of Nature, the Dog seems to have been the most particularly selected to become the humble friend and faithful auxiliary of man; and perhaps no animal offers so striking an example of altered structure and assumed qualities. The Lion scarcely differs more from the Weazel, than the gigantic, wire-haired Irish Stag-hound, from the diminutive, silken Shock-dog; or the bold, masculine Mastiff, from the slender, timid Italian Grey-hound.—Indeed, whatever may have been the original, specific character of the Dog, its obscurity is a sufficient proof of the changes which have been induced on it. Destined to the service of man, and consequently to endure every vicissitude of climate and employment, great powers of accommodation must have been peculiarly necessary, and were probably soon developed. In the early ages, when the produce of the chace supplied the chief means of subsistence, every hunter would train his Dog to the mode of hunting indicated by the nature of the region he might inhabit. In champaign countries and warm climates, where it would be difficult to lay snares, and where the dryness of the soil would render the scent faint and imperfect, necessity would impose the method of coursing down the prey by sight, and the habit of hunting by smell being disused, the powers of that sense would decline; but superior speed and a finer coat would be the probable acquisitions. In forests, morasses, and mountainous regions, coursing by sight would be impracticable; but nets would be advantageously placed in the frequented tracts, and it would only be necessary to start the game from their concealments and drive them into the toils. This mode of hunting was adopted in the mountainous parts of Greece,

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Greece, and is particularly described by Zenophon.* For this purpose speed could be of little service, but acuteness of smell to investigate and follow the course of the animal pursued would become essential; hence would result an improved sagacity and more exquisite sensibility in the olfactory organs.

The Wolf has, with great probability, been supposed to be the Dog in a state of nature; but should this supposition not be correct, there is every reason to believe that the original Dog must have closely resembled him in form and habits. The Australasian Dog is so like the Wolf, that naturalists have not decided whether he be a Wolf or a Dog: he ought, perhaps, to be considered as a Wolf in a semi-domesticated state. The author of this paper has been informed, by his highly-respected friend, Mr. Mungo Park, whose evidence on every subject is entitled to the most implicit reliance, that the Dogs of the interior of Africa are of tawny colour, and formed much like the Wolf. He did not recollect having seen any Dogs in a perfectly wild state; but those half-tamed animals which he met with, were by no means faithful or obedient servants: they seldom bark, and often bite slily without provocation; and although they seem to know their names, they refuse to attend a call unless allured by the offer of food. These Dogs are all of the same form and size, at least as equally so as wild animals in general, and he never saw in any of them a variation of colour: they hunt by scent, and course by sight, according to circumstances, after the manner of wolves. It is a law of nature, that those parts of animal bodies which are most called into action increase in size and power: in like manner, parts little exercised are enfeebled and diminished. To the influence of this law, the author of this Essay has been led to refer all the varieties of form induced on domesticated animals: some seeming exceptions may occur, but more extensive physiological experiments and anatomical knowledge will probably explain them. This law extends equally to the organs of sense,—hence the origin of induced instincts: to hunt their prey by scent when out of sight, or to course it when in view, is the natural habit of the canine tribe: on this natural disposition all the artificial instincts observable in many domesticated varieties seem to have been induced. One law, then, appears to operate both upon the instinct and form; and when called into effect through several generations, its influence becomes hereditary. By breeding from the fleetest and lightest formed dogs, and using them solely for coursing, the race of Greyhounds has probably sprung: the slow, rough-coated Hunting-dogs have, it is inferred, been produced, by similar cultivation through continued descents, and thus have attained their peculiar characteristic

* Vide Cynegeticon.

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characteristic qualities.—The young Pointer stands the first covey; but to point is obviously an induced instinct,—with such a propensity a wild animal must necessarily starve. Birds, also, are not the natural prey of dogs: indeed, it rarely happens that any Sporting-dog will eat the game he hunts. The Pointer is a variety of the Hound; but by long training, through successive generations, his peculiar mode of hunting and standing his game has been, as it were, engrafted on him; so that the result appears like a purely natural instinct. Other breeds have induced forms and instincts still farther removed from nature:—the young Bull-dog flies at the first bull; the Truffle-dog instinctively discovers that particular mushroom; the Sheep-dog takes charge of the flock; and the Mastiff, of the yard and his master. In these last-mentioned varieties, Nature's propensities seem to be almost entirely superseded by artificial instincts.

In a short Essay, designed merely to excite investigation, the experiments and observations which have led to the inferences contained in it, cannot be detailed; but the simplicity and comprehensiveness of the law which the author presumes to be the cause of varieties in animals, is perhaps no weak argument of its truth,—for nature is ever simple in her general operations. The opinion that all the adaptations of structure exhibited in the animal world are solely the effects of internal organization, has often been adduced to invalidate the Mosaic history of the creation. Urged to the greatest possible extent, it is indeed but a feeble argument; but restricted to the limits which science and reason prescribe, it seems strongly to confirm the sacred record. If pairs of every species of living beings, first placed on a particular spot, were destined to spread and inhabit every part of the globe, it seems absolutely necessary that each species should be endowed with certain powers of accommodation, to sustain the changes of climate and circumstances to which their dispersion would expose them: the degree of these powers, in different classes, is certainly various; but, could it be ascertained and acted upon philosophically, many animals, now deemed untameable, might be subdued to the pleasure and service of mankind. The Laplander has yoked his Deer, because the Horse was not the inhabitant of his inhospitable climate: the antlered tenant of our forests has escaped subjection, because animals better adapted to our purposes were supplied: the Zebra is wild, because the African is indolent; and the Rhinoceros is still unsubjected, because the Camel, the Horse, and the Elephant, have made his strength unnecessary to the Hindoo.

PART

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PART II.

Are animals of the most complex anatomical structure endowed with the greatest ability to accommodate themselves to imposed circumstances?—Man exists in every climate, and on every kind of food: he is capable of sustaining extreme cold, and a degree of heat much greater than that of boiling water. (Vide the Experiments of Dr. G. Fordyce, Sir Charles Blagden, and Philosophical Transactions.)—Mr. J. Hunter kept a Sheep on animal food, and a Hawk on grain; and Cows in Sweden are fed, during the winter months, on salted fish alone. The Mammalia and Aves, in general, can sustain great changes both of temperature and food; whereas most insects and worms can exist only in very limited districts,—some only on particular plants, others are even confined to particular parts of plants, and seem to be incapable of supporting life under any change. On the contrary, Dr. Robert Hook, whose genius was kindred to that of Bacon (who pointed the way to the most important modern discoveries), seems to infer, that very minute animals have the greatest power of adaptation. He observed on his window a very small insect, much resembling a mite;* and he conjectured "that he had discovered the vagabond parent of those Mites found in cheese, meal, corn, musty barrels, leather, &c." He remarks, "that those little creatures, wandering about, might perhaps be attracted by the putrifying steams to spend the remainder of their lives,—a day perhaps,—in such places, and leave their offspring behind them; which by the change of soil and country may become altered from their progenitors, as Moors, translated into Northern climates, after a time change their skin and shape. And this seems more probable in these insects, because the soil they inhabit seems to be almost half their parent,—for it not only hatches their little eggs, but seems to augment and nourish them before they are hatched; for it is obvious that the eggs of many insects, particularly of Mites, are increased in bulk after they are laid out of the bodies of the insects, and plumped up to many times their former bigness. But though this is probable, I am not certified in my observations."—It may also be objected, that animals are perfect in anatomical structure, as those domesticated species which have assumed the most remarkable accommodations have undergone no change, either in figure or propensities, by the united influence of confinement and change of climate. Tigers, and other wild beasts bred in the dens and menageries of Europe, have retained the ferocious dispositions of their original kind; nor

* Vide Micrographia, p. 205.

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nor have they acquired any provision to support the change of temperature which must materially affect them. But such instances are not conclusive: the first steps of alteration may be too slow to be observable in a few generations; and, probably, the too sudden transition of climate may so affect the constitution as to render it incapable of the necessary efforts: the treatment, also, which these animals usually experience,—the frequent provocations offered them by persons who visit them from vulgar curiosity, and their constant confinement, which alone renders fierce our domestic Dogs, are obvious impediments to the improvement of their docility. What effects might result from more judicious treatment is uncertain; but it seems probable, that considerable changes would ensue. Animals nearly allied in figure and habitude (for example, the Cheta, Felis Jubata of Linnæus) have submitted to the authority of man, and become his assistants in the chase. Without doubt, the attainment of new physical powers, and indeed, instincts, even in the most docile tribes, must have advanced by slow progression. Dogs are described by Homer as following the Grecian army and preying on the dead,—a state much resembling the African Dog, mentioned in the first part of this Essay; and the Siberian Dogs, to this day, run wild during the summer months, and only submit to a reluctant and untractable servitude, when winter compels them to seek subsistence in the huts of their masters. The Australasian Dog approaches still nearer to the unsubjected state than the Siberian: like the Dogs of Africa, he has not yet assumed the early alteration of colour, which seems to precede all other changes, probably because the epidermis* is most exposed to external influences.

In wild animals, Pied varieties are very uncommon; their colours distinguish each species with remarkable regularity: the offspring of domesticated animals, on the contrary, deviate much in their marks and hues from their progenitors. Those cows kept in parks called Sheet cattle, the body only being white, as if a sheet were wrapped round it, continue their breed unchanged; but Oxen in general, and almost all other domestic animals, have rarely any modification of colour that is unvaryingly hereditary. From some chemical observations on the effects of Light, it appears that the colours both of animals and vegetables are greatly influenced by it. Plants become blanched if light be excluded from them; and Rabbits bred in the dark cellars of London, after many generations, are sure to become white. Whether any artificial regulation of light might produce a corresponding change on an animal, has not been ascertained by modern naturalists; but

* The external skin, hair, and nails.

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but the very explicit account of the mode adopted by Jacob to influence the colour of the flocks of Laban, is no less curious than worthy of experimental research. Alterations in the muscular structure and skeleton of animals succeed the change of colour, and require a longer influence of imposed habits to produce them. All the muscles necessary for swiftness,—the glutœi psæ, &c. are of great bulk in the Greyhound; and their increase of magnitude, with the diminution of those not called into action by the purposes for which this animal is bred,—as the muscles of the neck, jaws, &c. contribute chiefly to constitute that exterior character which distinguishes this variety. The Bull-dog has been trained to bite and hold resolutely whatever he seizes on; the muscles therefore of his neck and jaws are remarkably large and full. The foot of the Newfoundland-dog, by extending his toes in swimming, is become broad aad palmated, and the membrane which connects the toes is stretched so as to act like the webbed foot of water-fowl. Induced instincts accompany these great changes, and are hereditary with them. It must, however, be confessed, that in animals long domesticated some changes have taken place not referable to any known law:—Sheep-dogs are in this country generally born without tails: some breeds of Pointers are born with tails terminating at the precise length at which sportsmen generally cut off this part. There is also a well-known race called Double-nosed Pointers, which have the nostrils longitudinally divided by a fissure that extends to the termination of the frontal bone, and descends into the mouth so as to divide the palate as far as the first transverse ridge. The alteration of structure in each of these breeds is hereditary, and descends to cross breeds in an intermediate degree.

From the loose and desultory observations contained in this Essay, the Author does not flatter himself that he has legitimately proved any one fact or position,—his object is to excite investigation, and he feels confident, that if the subject be philosophically pursued, without deviating into the extravagancies of system, the result must be replete with instruction and utility.

S.

ART. XVIII.—*A Farewell to Tobacco.*—*By C. LAMB.*

MAY the Babylonish curse
Strait confound my stammering verse,
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,

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Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind
(Still the phrase is wide an acre)
To take leave of thee, Tobacco,
Or in any terms relate
Half my love, or half my hate:
For I hate yet love thee so,
That, whichever thing I shew,
The plain truth will seem to be
A constrain'd hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a Mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, Negro fine;
Sorcerer that mak'st us doat upon
Thy begrim'd complexion,
And for thy pernicious sake
More and greater oaths to break,
Than reclaimed lovers take
'Gainst women: thou thy siege dost lay
Much too in the female way,
While thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses, or than death.

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And Ill-fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us;
While each man, through thy height'ning steam,
Does like a smoking Ætna seem,
And all about us does express
Fancy and Wit, in richest dress,
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost shew us,
That our best friends do not know us,
And, for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Liken'st us to fell chimeras,—
Monsters, that who see us, fear us;
Worse than Cerberus, or Geryon,
Or, who first lov'd a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art Thou,

That

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That but by reflex canst shew
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the reins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories, than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant: only thou
His true Indian conquest art;
And, for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell.
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant;
Thou'rt the only manly scent.

Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filth of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,
Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite.

Nay, rather
Plant divine, of rarest virtue,
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you:
'Twas but in a sort I blam'd thee,
None e'er prosper'd who defam'd thee;

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Irony all, and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplext lovers use,
At a need, when in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies doth so strike,
They borrow language of Dislike;
And instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyæna, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more,
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,——
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express,
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or as men constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall,
To appease their frantic gall,
On the Darling Thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do any thing but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But as She, who once hath been
A King's consort, is a Queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state,

Though

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Though a widow, or divorced,
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katherine of Spain,
And a seat too 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys,
Where though I by sour physician
Am debarr'd the full fruition
Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life,
Like glances from a neighbour's wife,
And still dwell in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces,
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite.

Art. XIX.—*Edax on Appetite.*

Mr. Reflector,

I am going to lay before you a case of the most iniquitous persecution that ever poor devil suffered.

You must know, then, that I have been visited with a calamity ever since my birth. How shall I mention it without offending delicacy? Yet out it must. My sufferings, then, have all arisen from a most inordinate appetite———

Not for wealth, not for vast possessions,—then might I have hoped to find a cure in some of those precepts of philosophers or poets,—those verba et voces which Horace speaks of;

"quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Possis, et magnam morbi deponere partem;"

not for glory, not for fame, not for applause,—for against this disease, too, he tells us there are certain piacula, or, as Pope has chosen to render it,

"rhymes, which fresh and fresh applied,
Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride;"

nor yet for pleasure, properly so called: the strict and virtuous lessons which I received in early life from the best of parents,—a pious clergyman of the Church of England, now no more,—I trust have rendered me sufficiently secure on that side;——

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No, Sir, for none of these things; but an appetite, in its coarsest and least metaphorical sense,—an appetite for *food.*

The exorbitances of my arrow-root and pap-dish days I cannot go back far enough to remember, only I have been told, that my mother's constitution not admitting of my being nursed at home, the women who had the care of me for that purpose used to make most extravagant demands for my pretended excesses in that kind; which my parents, rather than believe any thing unpleasant of me, chose to impute to the known covetousness and mercenary disposition of that sort of people. This blindness continued on their part after I was sent for home, up to the period when it was thought proper, on account of my advanced age, that I should mix with other boys more unreservedly than I had hitherto done. I was accordingly sent to boarding-school.

Here the melancholy truth became too apparent to be disguised. The prying republic of which a great school consists, soon found me out: there was no shifting the blame any longer upon other people's shoulders,—no good-natured maid to take upon herself the enormities of which I stood accused in the article of bread and butter, besides the crying sin of stolen ends of puddings, and cold pies strangely missing. The truth was but too manifest in my looks,—in the evident signs of inanition which I exhibited after the fullest meals, in spite of the double allowance which my master was privately instructed by my kind parents to give me. The sense of the ridiculous, which is but too much alive in grown persons, is tenfold more active and alert in boys. Once detected, I was the constant butt of their arrows,—the mark against which every puny leveller directed his little shaft of scorn. The very Graduses and Thesauruses were raked for phrases to pelt me with by the tiny pedants. Ventri natus,—Ventri deditus,—Vesanæ gulæ,—Escarum gurges,—Dapibus indulgens,—Non dans fœna gulæ,—Sectans lautæ fercula mensæ, resounded wheresoever I past. I led a weary life, suffering the penalties of guilt for that which was no crime, but only following the blameless dictates of nature. The remembrance of those childish reproaches haunts me yet oftentimes in my dreams. My school-days come again, and the horror I used to feel, when in some silent corner retired from the notice of my unfeeling playfellows, I have sat to mumble the solitary slice of gingerbread allotted me by the bounty of considerate friends, and have ached at heart because I could not spare a portion of it, as I saw other boys do, to some favourite boy;—for if I know my own heart, I was never selfish,—never possessed a luxury which I did not hasten to communicate to others; but my food, alas! was none; it was an indispensable necessary; I could as soon have spared the blood in my veins, as have parted that with my companions.

Well,

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Well, no one stage of suffering lasts for ever: we should grow reconciled to it at length, I suppose, if it did. The miseries of my school-days had their end; I was once more restored to the paternal dwelling. The affectionate solicitude of my parents was directed to the good-natured purpose of concealing even from myself the infirmity which haunted me. I was continually told that I was growing, and the appetite I displayed was humanely represented as being nothing more than a symptom and an effect of that. I used even to be complimented upon it. But this temporary fiction could not endure above a year or two. I ceased to grow, but alas! I did not cease my demands for alimentary sustenance.

Those times are long since past, and with them have ceased to exist the fond concealment,—the indulgent blindness,—the delicate over-looking,—the compassionate fiction. I and my infirmity are left exposed and bare to the broad, unwinking eye of the world, which nothing can elude. My meals are scanned, my mouthfuls weighed in a balance: that which appetite demands, is set down to the account of gluttony,—a sin which my whole soul abhors, nay, which Nature herself has put it out of my power to commit. I am constitutionally disenabled from that vice; for how can he be guilty of excess, who never can get enough? Let them cease, then, to watch my plate; and leave off their ungracious comparisons of it to the seven baskets of fragments, and the supernaturally-replenished cup of old Baucis; and be thankful that their more phlegmatic stomachs, not their virtue, have saved them from the like reproaches. I do not see that any of them desist from eating till the holy rage of hunger, as some one calls it, is supplied. Alas! I am doomed to stop short of that continence.

What am I to do? I am by disposition inclined to conviviality, and the social meal. I am no gourmand: I require no dainties: I should despise the board of Heliogabalus, except for its long sitting. Those vivacious, long-continued meals of the latter Romans, indeed, I justly envy; but the kind of fare which the Curii and Dentati put up with, I could be content with. Dentatus I have been called, among other unsavory jests. Double-meal is another name which my acquaintance have palmed upon me, for an innocent piece of policy which I put in practice for some time without being found out; which was,—going the round of my friends, beginning with the most primitive feeders among them, who take their dinner about one o'clock, and so successively dropping in upon the next and the next, till by the time I got among my more fashionable intimates, whose hour was six or seven, I have nearly made up the body of a just and complete meal (as I reckon it), without taking more than one dinner (as

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they account of dinners) at any one person's house. Since I have been found out, I endeavour to make up by a damper, as I call it, at home, before I go out. But alas! with me, increase of appetite truly grows by what it feeds on. What is peculiarly offensive to me at those dinner-parties is, the senseless custom of cheese, and the dessert afterwards. I have a rational antipathy to the former; and for fruit, and those other vain vegetable substitutes for meat (meat, the only legitimate aliment for human creatures since the flood, as I take it to be deduced from that permission, or ordinance rather, given to Noah and his descendants), I hold them in perfect contempt. Hay for horses. I remember a pretty apologue, which Mandeville tells very much to this purpose in his Fable of the Bees:—He brings in a Lion arguing with a Merchant, who had ventured to expostulate with this king of beasts upon his violent methods of feeding. The Lion thus retorts:—"Savage I am; but no creature can be called cruel but what either by malice or insensibility extinguishes his natural pity. The Lion was born without compassion; we follow the instinct of our nature; the gods have appointed us to live upon the waste and spoil of other animals, and as long as we can meet with dead ones, we never hunt after the living: 'tis only man, mischievous man, that can make death a sport. Nature taught your stomach to crave nothing but vegetables.—(Under favour of the Lion, if he meant to assert this universally of mankind, it is not true. However, what he says presently is very sensible.)—Your violent fondness to change, and greater eagerness after novelties, have prompted you to the destruction of animals without justice or necessity. The Lion has a ferment within him, that consumes the toughest skin and hardest bones, as well as the flesh of all animals without exception. Your squeamish stomach, in which the digestive heat is weak and inconsiderable, won't so much as admit of the most tender parts of them, unless above half the concoction has been performed by artificial fire beforehand; and yet what animal have you spared, to satisfy the caprices of a languid appetite? Languid I say; for what is man's hunger if compared with the Lion's? Yours, when it is at the worst, makes you faint; mine makes me mad: oft have I tried with roots and herbs to allay the violence of it, but in vain; nothing but large quantities of flesh can any ways appease it."—Allowing for the Lion not having a prophetic instinct to take in every lusus naturæ that was possible of the human appetite, he was, generally speaking, in the right; and the Merchant was so impressed with his argument that, we are told, he replied not, but fainted away. O, Mr. Reflector, that I were not obliged to add, that the creature who thus argues was but a type of me! Miserable man! *I am that lion.* "Oft have I tried with

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with roots and herbs to allay the violence, but in vain; nothing but————."

Those tales which are renewed as often as the Editors of Papers want to fill up a space in their unfeeling columns, of great eaters,—people that devour whole geese and legs of mutton *for wagers*, are sometimes attempted to be drawn to a parallel with my case. This wilful confounding of motives and circumstances, which make all the difference of moral or immoral in actions, just suits the sort of talent which some of my acquaintance pride themselves upon. *Wagers!*—I thank heaven, I was never mercenary, nor could consent to prostitute a gift (though but a left-handed one) of nature, to the enlarging of my worldly substance; prudent as the necessities, which that fatal gift have involved me in, might have made such a prostitution to appear in the eyes of an indelicate world.

Rather let me say, that to the satisfaction of that talent which was given me, I have been content to sacrifice no common expectations; for such I had from an old lady, a near relation of our family, in whose good graces I had the fortune to stand, till one fatal evening ————. You have seen, Mr. Reflector, if you have ever passed your time much in country towns, the kind of suppers which elderly ladies in those places have lying in petto in an adjoining parlour, next to that where they are entertaining their periodically-invited coevals with cards and muffins. The cloth is usually spread some half-hour before the final rubber is decided, whence they adjourn to sup upon what may emphatically be called *nothing*. A sliver of ham, purposely contrived to be transparent to shew the china-dish through it, neighbouring a slip of invisible brawn, which abuts upon something they call a tartlet, as that is bravely supported by an atom of marmalade, flanked in its turn by a grain of potted beef, with a power of such dishlings, *minims of hospitality*, spread in defiance of human nature, or rather with an utter ignorance of what it demands. Being engaged at one of these card-parties, I was obliged to go a little before *supper-time* (as they facetiously call the point of time in which they are taking these shadowy refections), and the old lady, with a sort of fear shining through the smile of courteous hospitality that beamed in her countenance, begged me to step into the next room and take something before I went out in the cold,—a proposal which lay not in my nature to deny. Indignant at the airy prospect I saw before me, I set to, and in a trice dispatched the whole meal intended for eleven persons,—fish, flesh, fowl, pastry,—to the sprigs of garnishing parsley, and the last fearful custard that quaked upon the board. I need not describe the consternation when in due time the dowagers adjourned from their cards. Where was the supper?—and the servants' answer,

Mr.

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Mr. —— had eat it all.—That freak, however, jested me out of a good three hundred pounds a year, which I afterwards was informed for a certainty the old lady meant to leave me. I mention it not in illustration of the unhappy faculty which I am possessed of; for any unlucky wag of a school-boy, with a tolerable appetite, could have done as much without feeling any hurt after it,—only that you may judge whether I am a man likely to set my talent to sale, or to require the pitiful stimulus of a wager.

I have read in Pliny, or in some author of that stamp, of a reptile in Africa, whose venom is of that hot, destructive quality, that wheresoever it fastens its tooth, the whole substance of the animal that has been bitten in a few seconds is reduced to dust, crumbles away, and absolutely disappears: it is called from this quality, the Annihilator. Why am I forced to seek, in all the most prodigious and portentous facts of Natural History, for creatures typical of myself. *I am that snake, that Annihilator:* "wherever I fasten, in a few seconds ——."

O happy sick men, that are groaning under the want of that very thing, the excess of which is my torment! O fortunate, too fortunate, if you knew your happiness, Invalids! What would I not give to exchange this fierce concoctive and digestive heat,—this rabid fury which vexes me, which tears and torments me,—for your quiet, mortified, hermit-like, subdued, and sanctified stomachs,—your cool, chastened inclinations, and coy desires for food!

To what unhappy figuration of the parts intestine I owe this unnatural craving, I must leave to the Anatomists and the Physicians to determine: they, like the rest of the world, have doubtless their eye upon me; and as I have been cut up alive by the sarcasms of my friends, so I shudder when I contemplate the probability that this animal frame, when its restless appetites shall have ceased their importunity, may be cut up also (horrible suggestion!), to determine in what system of solids or fluids this original sin of my constitution lay lurking. What work will they make with their acids and alkalines, their serums and coagulums, effervescences, viscous matter, bile, chyle, and acrimonious juices, to explain that cause which Nature, who willed the effect to punish me for my sins, may no less have determined to keep in the dark from them, to punish them for their presumption.

You may ask, Mr. Reflector, to what purpose is my appeal to you; what can you do for me? Alas! I know too well that my case is out of the reach of advice,—out of the reach of consolation. But it is some relief to the wounded heart to impart its tale of misery; and some of my acquaintance, who may read my case in your pages under a borrowed name, may be induced to give it a more humane consideration than I could ever yet obtain from

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from them under my own. Make them, if possible, to *reflect*, that an original peculiarity of constitution is no crime; that not that which goes into the mouth desecrates a man, but that which comes out of it,—such as sarcasm, bitter jests, mocks and taunts, and ill-natured observations; and let them consider, if there be such things (which we have all heard of) as Pious Treachery, Innocent Adultery, &c. whether there may not be also such a thing as Innocent Gluttony.

I shall only subscribe myself, your afflicted servant,

EDAX.

ART. XIX.—*HOSPITA on the immoderate Indulgence of the Pleasures of the Palate.*

MR. REFLECTOR,

MY Husband and I are fond of company, and being in easy circumstances, we are seldom without a party to dinner two or three days in a week. The utmost cordiality has hitherto prevailed at our meetings; but there is a young gentleman, a near relation of my husband's, that has lately come among us, whose preposterous behaviour bids fair, if not timely checked, to disturb our tranquillity. He is too great a favourite with my husband in other respects, for me to remonstrate with him in any other than this distant way. A Letter printed in your publication may catch his eye; for he is a great reader, and makes a point of seeing all the new things that come out. Indeed he is by no means deficient in understanding. My husband says that he has a good deal of wit; but for my part I cannot say I am any judge of that, having seldom observed him open his mouth except for purposes very foreign to conversation. In short, Sir, this young gentleman's failing is, an immoderate indulgence of his palate. The first time he dined with us, he thought it necessary to extenuate the length of time he kept the dinner on the table, by declaring that he had taken a very long walk in the morning, and came in fasting; but as that excuse could not serve above once or twice at most, he has latterly dropped the mask altogether, and chosen to appear in his own proper colours without reserve or apology.

You cannot imagine how unpleasant his conduct has become. His way of staring at the dishes as they are brought in, has absolutely something immodest in it: it is like the stare of an impudent man of fashion at a fine woman, when she first comes into a room. I am positively in pain for the dishes, and cannot help thinking

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thinking they have consciousness, and will be put out of countenance, he treats them so like what they are not.

Then again he makes no scruple of keeping a joint of meat on the table, after the cheese and fruit are brought in, till he has what he calls *done with it.* Now how aukward this looks, where there are ladies, you may judge, Mr. Reflector,—how it disturbs the order and comfort of a meal. And yet I always make a point of helping him first, contrary to all good manners,—before any of my female friends are helped,—that he may avoid this very error. I wish he would eat before he comes out.

What makes his proceedings more particularly offensive at our house is, that my husband, though out of common politeness he is obliged to set dishes of animal food before his visitors, yet himself and his whole family (myself included) feed entirely on vegetables. We have a theory, that animal food is neither wholesome nor natural to man; and even vegetables we refuse to eat until they have undergone the operation of fire, in consideration of those numberless little living creatures which the glass helps us to detect in every fibre of the plant or root before it be dressed. On the same theory we boil our water, which is our only drink, before we suffer it to come to table. Our children are perfect little Pythagoreans: it would do you good to see them in their nursery, stuffing their dried fruits, figs, raisins, and *milk*, which is the only approach to animal food which is allowed. They have no notion how the substance of a creature that ever had life can become food for another creature. A beef-steak is an absurdity to them; a mutton-chop, a solecism in terms; a cutlet, a word absolutely without any meaning; a butcher is nonsense, except so far as it is taken for a man who delights in blood, or a hero. In this happy state of innocence we have kept their minds, not allowing them to go into the kitchen, or to hear of any preparations for the dressing of animal food, or even to know that such things are practised. But as a state of ignorance is incompatible with a certain age; and as my eldest girl, who is ten years old next Midsummer, must shortly be introduced into the world and sit at table with us, where she will see some things which will shock all her received notions, I have been endeavouring by little and little to break her mind, and prepare it for the disagreeable impressions which must be forced upon it. The first hint I gave her on the subject, I could see her recoil from it with the same horror with which we listen to a tale of Anthropophagism; but she has gradually grown more reconciled to it in some measure, from my telling her that it was the custom of the world,—to which, however senseless, we must submit so far as we could do it with innocence, not to give offence; and she has shewn so much strength of mind on other occasions, which I have no doubt

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is owing to the calmness and serenity superinduced by her diet, that I am in good hopes, when the proper season for her *debut* arrives, she may be brought to endure the sight of a roasted chicken or a dish of sweetbreads, for the first time, without fainting. Such being the nature of our little household, you may guess what inroads into the economy of it,—what revolutions and turnings of things upside down, the example of such a feeder as Mr. ——— is calculated to produce.

I wonder at a time like the present, when the scarcity of every kind of food is so painfully acknowledged, that *shame* has no effect upon him. Can he have read Mr. Malthus's Thoughts on the Ratio of Food to Population? Can he think it reasonable that one man should consume the sustenance of many?

The young gentleman has an agreeable air and person, such as are not unlikely to recommend him on the score of matrimony. But his fortune is not over large; and what prudent young woman would think of embarking hers with a man who would bring three or four mouths (or what is equivalent to them) into a family? She might as reasonably choose a widower in the same circumstances with three or four children.

I cannot think who he takes after. His father and mother, by all accounts, were very moderate eaters; only I have heard that the latter swallowed her victuals very fast, and the former had a tedious custom of sitting long at his meals. Perhaps he takes after both.

I wish you would turn this in your thoughts, Mr. Reflector, and give us your ideas on the subject of excessive eating; and, particularly, of animal food.*

HOSPITA.

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* To all appearance, the obnoxious visitor of HOSPITA can be no other than my inordinate friend EDAX, whose misfortunes are detailed, ore rotundo, in the preceding article. He will of course see the complaint that is made against him; but it can hardly be any benefit either to himself or his entertainers. The man's appetite is not a bad habit but a disease; and if he had not thought proper to relate his own story, I do not know whether it would have been altogether justifiable to be so amusing upon such a subject.
Ref.

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ART. XX.—*A DAY BY THE FIRE,—poetically and practically considered.*

I AM one of those that delight in a fireside, and can enjoy it without even the help of a cat or a tea-kettle. To cats indeed I have an aversion, as animals that only affect a sociality without caring a jot for any thing but their own luxury; and my tea-kettle,—I frankly confess,—has long been displaced, or rather dismissed, by a bronze-coloured and graceful urn; though between ourselves, I am not sure that I have gained any thing by the exchange. Cowper, it is true, talks of the "bubbling and loud-hissing urn," which

"Throws up a steamy column;"

but there was something so primitive and unaffected,—so warm-hearted and unpresuming, in the tea-kettle,—it's song was so much more cheerful and continued,—and it kept the water so hot and comfortable as long as you wanted it,—that I sometimes feel as if I had sent off a good, plain, faithful old friend, who had but one wish to serve me, for a superficial, smooth-faced, upstart of a fellow, who after a little promising and vapouring, grows cold and contemptuous, and thinks himself bound to do nothing but stand on a rug and have his person admired by the circle. To this admiration, in fact, I have been obliged to resort, in order to make myself think well of my bargain, if possible; and accordingly, I say to myself every now and then during the tea,—"A pretty look with it—that urn;" or "It's wonderful what a taste the Greeks had;" or "The eye might have a great many enjoyments, if people would but look after forms and shapes." In the meanwhile, the urn leaves off it's "bubbling and hissing,"—but then there is such an air with it! My tea is made of cold water,—but then the Greeks were such a nation!

If there is any one thing that can reconcile me to the loss of my kettle, more than another, it is that my fire is left quite to itself; it has full room to breathe and to blaze, and I can poke it as I please. What recollections does that idea excite!—Poke it as I please!—Think, benevolent Reader,—think of the pride and pleasure of having in your hand that awful but at the same time artless weapon, a poker,—of putting it into the proper bar,—gently levering up the coals,—and seeing the instant and bustling flame above! To what can I compare that moment? That sudden, empyreal enthusiasm? That fiery expression of vivification? That ardent acknowledgment, as it were, of the care and kindliness of the operator?—Let me consider a moment;—

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ment:—it is very odd;—I was always reckoned a lively hand at a simile;—but language and combination absolutely fail me here. If it is like any thing, it must be something beyond every thing in beauty and life. Oh—I have it now:—think, Reader,—if you are one of those who can muster up sufficient sprightliness to engage in a game of forfeits,—on Twelfth night, for instance,—think of a blooming girl, who is condemned to "open her mouth and shut her eyes, and see what heaven," in the shape of a mischievous young fellow, "will send her." Her mouth is opened accordingly, the fire of her eyes is dead, her face assumes a doleful air;—up walks the aforesaid heaven or mischievous young fellow, (young Ouranos,—Hesiod would have called him) and instead of a piece of paper, a thimble, or a cinder, claps into her mouth a peg of orange or a long slice of citron;—then her eyes above instantly light up again,—the smiles wreathe about,—the sparklings burst forth,—and all is warmth, brilliancy, and delight.—I am aware that this simile is not perfect; but if it would do for an epic poem, as I think it might after Virgil's whipping-tops and Homer's jackasses and black-puddings, the reader perhaps will not quarrel with it.

But to describe my feelings in an orderly manner, I must request the reader to go with me through a day's enjoyments by the fireside. It is part of my business, as a Reflector, to look about for helps to reflection; and for this reason, among many others, I indulge myself in keeping a good fire from morning till night. I have also a reflective turn for an easy chair, and a very thinking attachment to comfort in general. But of this, as I proceed.—Imprimis then,—the morning is clear and cold,—time half past seven,—scene a breakfast-room. Some persons, by the bye, prefer a thick and rainy morning, with a sobbing wind, and the clatter of pattens along the streets; but I confess, for my own part, that being a sedentary person, and too apt to sin against the duties of exercise, I have somewhat too sensitive a consciousness of bad weather, and feel a heavy sky go over me like a feather-bed, or rather like a huge brush which rubs all my nap the wrong way. I am growing better in this respect, and by the help of a stout walk at noon, and getting, as it were, fairly into a favourite poet and a warm fire of an evening, begin to manage a cloud or an East wind tolerably well;—but still, for perfection's sake on the present occasion, I must insist upon my clear morning, and will add to it, if the reader pleases, a little hoar-frost upon the windows, a bird or two coming after the crumbs, and the light smoke from the neighbouring chimnies brightening up into the early sunshine. Even the dustman's bell is not unpleasant from its association; and there is something absolutely musical in the clash of the milkpails suddenly unyoked, and the ineffable, ad libitum

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libitum note that follows. The waking epicure rises with an elastic anticipation; enjoys the freshening cold-water which endears what is to come; and even goes placidly through the villanous scraping process which we soften down into the level and lawny appellation of shaving. He then hurries down stairs, rubbing his hands, and sawing the sharp air through his teeth; and as he enters the breakfast-room, sees his old companion glowing through the bars,—the life of the apartment,—and wanting only his friendly hand to be lightened a little and enabled to shoot up into dancing brilliancy. (I find I am getting into a quantity of epithets here; and must rein in my enthusiasm.)—What need I say? The poker is applied, and would be so whether required or not, for it is impossible to resist the sudden ardour inspired by that sight:—the use of the poker, on first seeing one's fire, is as natural as shaking hands with a friend. At that movement, a hundred little sparkles fly up from the coal-dust that falls within, while from the masses themselves a roaring flame mounts aloft with a deep and fitful sound as of a shaken carpet:—epithets again;—I must recur to poetry at once:—

> Then shine the bars, the cakes in smoke aspire,
> A sudden glory bursts from all the fire.
> The conscious wight, rejoicing in the heat,
> Rubs the blithe knees, and toasts th' alternate feet.*

The utility as well as beauty of the fire *during* breakfast need not be pointed out to the most unphlogistic observer. A person would rather be shivering at any time of the day than at that of his first rising:—the transition would be too unnatural:—he is not prepared for it,—as Barnardine says when he objects to being hung. If you eat plain bread and butter with your tea, it is fit that your moderation should be rewarded with a good blaze; and if you indulge in hot rolls or toast, you will hardly keep them to their warmth without it, particularly if you read; and then,—if you take in a newspaper,—what a delightful change from the wet, raw, dabbing fold of paper, when you first touch it, to the dry, crackling, crisp superficies, which, with a skilful spat of the finger-nails at it's upper end, stands at once in your hand, and looks as if it said "Come read me." Nor is it the look of the newspaper only which the fire must render complete:—it is the interest of the ladies who may happen to form part of your family,—of your wife in particular, if you have one,—to avoid the niggling and pinching aspect of cold; it takes away the harmony of her features and the graces of her behaviour;

* Parody upon part of the well-known description of night, with which Pope has swelled out the passage in Homer, and the faults of which have long been appreciated by general readers.

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vigour; while on the other hand, there is scarcely a more interesting sight in the world than that of a neat, delicate, good-humoured female, presiding at your breakfast-table, with hands tapering out of her long sleeves, eyes with a touch of Sir Peter Lely in them, and a face set in a little oval frame of muslin tied under the chin, and retaining a certain tinge of the pillow without it's cloudiness. This is indeed the finishing grace of a fireside, though it is impossible to have it at all times, and perhaps not always politic,—especially for the studious.

From breakfast to dinner, the quantity and quality of enjoyment depend very much on the nature of one's concerns; and occupation of any kind, if we pursue it properly, will hinder us from paying a critical attention to the fireside. It is sufficient, if our employments do not take us away from it, or at least from the genial warmth of a room which it adorns;—unless indeed we are enabled to have recourse to exercise; and in that case, I am not so unjust as to deny that walking or riding has it's merits, and that the general glow they diffuse throughout the frame has something in it extremely pleasurable and encouraging;—nay, I must not scruple to confess, that without some preparation of this kind, the enjoyment of the fireside, humanly speaking, is not absolutely perfect; as I have latterly been convinced by a variety of incontestible arguments in the shape of headaches, rheumatisms, mote-haunted eyes, and other logical appeals to one's feelings which are in great use with physicians.—Supposing therefore the morning to be passed, and the due portion of exercise to have been taken, the Firesider fixes rather an early hour for dinner, particularly in the winter-time; for he has not only been early at breakfast, but there are two luxurious intervals to enjoy between dinner and the time of candles,—one that supposes a party round the fire with their wine and fruit,—the other, the hour of twilight, of which it has been reasonably doubted whether it is not the most luxurious point of time which a fireside can present:—but opinions will naturally be divided on this as on all other subjects, and every degree of pleasure depends upon so many contingencies and upon such a variety of associations induced by habit and opinion, that I should be as unwilling as I am unable to decide on the matter. This however is certain, that no true Firesider can dislike an hour so composing to his thoughts and so cherishing to his whole faculties; and it is equally certain, that he will be little inclined to protract the dinner beyond what he can help, for if ever a fireside becomes unpleasant, it is during that gross and pernicious prolongation of eating and drinking, to which this latter age has given itself up, and which threatens to make the rising generation regard a meal of repletion as the ultimatum of enjoyment. The inconvenience to which I allude is

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owing to the way in which we sit at dinner, for the persons who have their backs to the fire are liable to be scorched, while at the same time they render the persons opposite them liable to be frozen; so that the fire becomes uncomfortable to the former and tantalizing to the latter; and thus three evils are produced, of a most absurd and scandalous nature;—in the first place, the fireside loses a degree of it's character, and awakens feelings the very reverse of what it should; secondly, the position of the back towards it is a neglect and affront, which it becomes it to resent; and finally, it's beauties, it's proffered kindness, and it's sprightly social effect, are at once cut off from the company by the interposition of those invidious and idle surfaces, called screens. This abuse is the more ridiculous, inasmuch as the remedy is so easy; for we have nothing to do but to use semicircular dining-tables, with the base unoccupied towards the fireplace, and the whole annoyance vanishes at once; the master or mistress might preside in the middle, as was the custom with the Romans, and thus propriety would be observed, while every body had the sight and benefit of the fire;—not to mention, that by this fashion, the table might be brought nearer to it,—that the servants would have better access to the dishes,—and that screens, if at all necessary, might be turned to better purpose as a general enclosure instead of a separation.—But I hasten from dinner, according to notice; and cannot but observe, that if you have a small set of visitors, who enter into your feelings on this head, there is no movement so pleasant as a general one from the table to the fireside, each person taking his glass with him, and a small, slim-legged table being introduced into the circle for the purpose of holding the wine, and perhaps a poet or two, a glee-book, or a lute. If this practice should become general among those who know how to enjoy luxuries in such temperance as not to destroy conversation, it would soon gain for us another social advantage by putting an end to the barbarous custom of sending away the ladies after dinner,—a gross violation of those chivalrous graces of life, for which modern times are so highly indebted to the persons whom they are pleased to term Gothic. And here I might digress, with no great impropriety, to shew the *snug* notions that were entertained by the knights and damsels of old in all particulars relating to domestic enjoyment, especially in the article of mixed company;—but I must not quit the fireside, and will only observe, that as the ladies formed its chief ornament, so they constituted it's most familiar delight.

> The minstralcie, the service at the feste,
> The grete yeftes to the most and leste,
> The riche array of Theseus' paleis,
> Ne who sate first, ne last upon the deis,

What

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What ladies fairest ben, or best dancing;
Or which of hem can carole best or sing;
Ne who most felingly speketh of love;
What haukis sitten on the perch above,
What houndis liggen on the flour adoun,—
Of all this now make I no mencioun.

CHAUCER.

The word *snug* however reminds me, that amidst all the languages ancient and modern, it belongs exclusively to our own; and that nothing but a want of ideas suggested by that soul-wrapping epithet, could have induced certain frigid connoisseurs to tax our climate with want of genius,—supposing forsooth, that because we have not the sunshine of the Southern countries, we have no other warmth for our veins, and that because our skies are not hot enough to keep us in doors, we have no excursiveness of wit and range of imagination. It seems to me that a great deal of good argument in refutation of these calumnies has been wasted upon Monsieur du Bos and the Herrn Winckellman,—the one a narrow-minded, pedantic Frenchman, to whom the freedom of our genius was incomprehensible,—the other an Italianized German, who being suddenly transported into the sunshine, began frisking about with unwieldy vivacity, and concluded that nobody could be great or bewitching out of the pale of his advantages. Milton, it is true, in his Paradise Lost, expresses an injudicious apprehension lest

An age too late, or cold
Climate, or years, damp his intended wing;

but the very complaint which foreign critics bring against him as well as Shakspeare, is that his wing was not damped enough,—that it was too daring and unsubdued; and he not only avenges himself nobly of his fears by a flight beyond all Italian poetry, but shews like the rest of his countrymen that he could turn the coldness of his climate into a new species of inspiration, as I shall presently make manifest. Not to mention however that the Greeks and Romans, Homer in particular, saw a great deal worse weather than these critics would have us imagine, the question is, would the Poets themselves have thought as they did? Would Tyrtæus, the singer of patriotism, have complained of being an Englishman? Would Virgil, who delighted in husbandry, and whose first wish was to be a philosopher, have complained of living in our pastures and being the countryman of Newton? Would Homer, the observer of character, the panegyrist of freedom, the painter of storms, of landscapes, and of domestic tenderness,—aye, and the lover of snug houseroom and a good dinner,—would he have complained of our humours, of our liberty, of our shifting skies, of our ever-green fields, our conjugal

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happiness, our firesides, and our hospitality? I only wish the reader and I had him at this party of our's after dinner, with a lyre on his knee, and a goblet, as he says, to drink as he pleased,—

——Piein, hote thumos anogoi.
Odyss. lib. viii. v. 70.

I am much mistaken if our blazing fire and our freedom of speech would not give him a warmer inspiration than ever he felt in the person of Demodocus, even though placed on a lofty seat and regaled with slices of brawn from a prince's table. The ancients, in fact, were by no means deficient in enthusiasm at sight of a good fire; and it is to be presumed, that if they had enjoyed such firesides as ours, they would have acknowledged the advantages which our genius presents in winter, and almost been ready to conclude with old Cleveland that the Sun himself was nothing but

Heaven's coalery;—
A coal-pit rampant, or a mine on flame.

The ancient hearth was generally in the middle of the room, the ceiling of which let out the smoke; it was supplied with charcoal or faggots; and consisted, sometimes of a brazier or chafing-dish (the focus of the Romans), sometimes of a mere elevation or altar (the ἑστια or ἐσχαρα of the Greeks). We may easily imagine the smoke and annoyance which this custom must have occasioned,—not to mention the bad complexions, which are caught by hanging over a fuming pan, as the faces of the Spanish ladies bear melancholy witness. The stoves however, in use with the countrymen of Mons. du Bos and Winckellmann, are, if possible, still worse, having a dull, suffocating effect, with nothing to recompense the eye. The abhorrence of them which Ariosto expresses in one of his satires, when justifying his refusal to accompany Cardinal d'Este into Germany, he reckons up the miseries of it's winter-time, may have led M. Winckellmann to conclude that all the Northern resources against cold were equally intolerable to an Italian genius; but Count Alfieri, a poet at least as warmly inclined as Ariosto, delighted in England; and the great Romancer himself, in another of his satires, makes a commodious fireplace the climax of his wishes with regard to lodging. In short, what did Horace say, or rather what did he not say, of the raptures of in-door sociality,—Horace, who knew how to enjoy sunshine in all its luxury, and who nevertheless appears to have snatched a finer inspiration from absolute frost and snow? I need not quote all those beautiful little invitations he sent to his acquaintances, telling one of them that a neat room and a sparkling fire were waiting for him, describing to another the smoke springing

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springing out of the roof in curling volumes, and even congratulating his friends in general on the opportunity of enjoyment afforded them by a stormy day; but to take leave at once of these frigid connoisseurs, hear with what rapture he describes one of those friendly parties, in which he passed his winter evenings, and which only wanted the finish of our better morality and our patent fireplaces, to resemble the one I am now fancying.

Vides ut altâ stet nive candidum
Soracte; nec jam sustineant onus
Silvæ laborantes; geluque
Flumina constiterint acuto?

Dissolve frigus, ligna super foco
Largè reponens; atque benigniùs
Deprome quadrimum Sabinâ,
O Thaliarche, merum diotâ.

Permitte Divis cætera. . . .
Donec virenti canities abest
Morosa, nunc et campus, et areæ,
Lenesque sub noctem susurri
Compositâ repetantur horâ:

Nunc et latentis proditor intimo
Gratus puellæ risus ab angulo,
Pignusque dereptum lacerto
Aut digito male pertinaci.

Lib. I. Od. 9.

Behold yon mountain's hoary height
Made higher with new mounts of snow;
Again behold the winter's weight
Oppress the lab'ring woods below,
And streams with icy fetters bound
Benumb'd and crampt to solid ground.

With well-heap'd logs dissolve the cold,
And feed the genial hearth with fires,
Produce the wine that makes us bold,
And sprightly wit and mirth inspires.
For what hereafter shall betide,
Jove, if 'tis worth his care, provide.

. . . . . .

Th' appointed hour of promis'd bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling, willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again,
These, these are joys the Gods for youth ordain.

DRYDEN.

The Roman poet however, though he occasionally boasts of his temperance, is too apt to lose sight of the intellectual part of his

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entertainment, or at least to make the sensual part predominate over the intellectual. Now I reckon the nicety of social enjoyment to consist in the reverse; and after partaking with Homer of his plentiful boiled and roast, and with Horace of his flower-crowned wine parties, the poetical reader must come at last to us Barbarians of the North for the perfection of fireside festivity—that is to say, for the union of practical philosophy with absolute merriment,—for light meals and unintoxicating glasses,—for refection that administers to enjoyment, instead of repletions that at once constitute and contradict it. I am speaking, of course, not of our common-place eaters and drinkers, but of our classical arbiters of pleasure, as contrasted with those of other countries: these, it is observable, have all delighted in Horace, and copied him as far as their tastes were congenial; but without relaxing a jot of their real comfort, how pleasingly does their native philosophy temper and adorn the freedom of their conviviality,—feeding the fire, as it were, with an equable fuel that hinders it alike from scorching and from going out, and instead of the artificial enthusiasm of a heated body, enabling them to enjoy the healthful and unclouded predominance of a sparkling intelligence! It is curious indeed to see how distinct from all excess are their freest and heartiest notions of relaxation. Thus our old poet Drayton, reminding his favourite companion of a fireside meeting, expressly unites freedom with moderation:—

> My dearly loved friend, how oft have we
> In winter evenings, meaning to be free,
> To some well-chosen place us'd to retire,
> And there with moderate meat, and wine, and fire,
> Have pass'd the hours contentedly in chat,
> Now talk'd of this, and then discours'd of that,—
> Spoke our own verses 'twixt ourselves,—if not
> Other mens' lines, which we by chance had got.
>
> *Epistle to Henry Reynolds, Esq. Of Poets and Poesy.*

And Milton, in his Sonnet to Cyriack Skinner, one of the turns of which is plainly imitated from Horace, particularly qualifies a strong invitation to merriment by anticipating what Horace would always drive from your reflections,—the feelings of the day after:—

> Cyriack, whose Grandsire, on the royal bench
> Of British Themis, with no mean applause
> Pronounc'd, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
> Which others at their bar so often wrench;
> *To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench*
> *In mirth, that, after, no repenting draws.*
> Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
> And what the Swede intends, and what the French.

To

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To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Tow'rd solid good what leads the nearest way;
For other things mild Heav'n a time ordains,
And disapproves that care, though wise in shew,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

But the execution of this sonnet is not to be compared in gracefulness and a finished sociality with the one addressed to his friend Lawrence, which as it presents us with the acme of elegant repast, may conclude the hour which I have just been describing, and conduct us complacently to our twilight. I cannot help observing however by the way, that ordinary readers, who know Milton only through the medium of his principal poem and of Johnson's biography, are apt to entertain the most erroneous ideas of his habits and private feeling, which, by an artifice that wants no epithet, in withholding passages like the present, and studiously keeping back indeed all the amiable and cordial features of his mind, the Doctor has contrived to represent as altogether severe and unyielding; whereas the truth is, that no poet abounds in passages that evince a finer sensibility to domestic enjoyment, from it's tenderest grace to it's heartiest familiarity. It might be supposed of Johnson, with much less malice or injustice, that the very taste thus exhibited by Milton for graces which he did not possess and delights which he could not enjoy, rendered him doubly bitter against the great republican; for not to repeat all the other proofs that have convicted him on this head,—what but sheer malice or sheer insensibility, or a mixture of both, could have induced him, when he was giving a specimen of the English sonnet in his Dictionary, to pass over the following delicious lines, and present us with the very sonnet which he thought the worst and which he had pronounced to be "contemptible"?—Yet what value indeed could have been placed on such lines by a critic, who was impatient of music,—by a philosopher, who almost got into his dish when he was eating,—and by a politician, who thought no man could be amiable that contradicted his opinions?

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank, and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day,—what may be won
From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well-touch'd, and artful voice

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Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of these delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft is not unwise.

But Twilight comes; and the lover of the fireside, for the perfection of the moment, is now alone. He was reading a minute or two ago, and for some time was unconscious of the increasing dusk, till on looking up, he perceived the objects out of doors deepening into massy outline, while the sides of his fireplace began to reflect the light of the flames, and the shadow of himself and his chair fidgeted with huge obscurity on the wall. Still wishing to read, he pushed himself nearer and nearer to the window, and continued fixed on his book, till he happened to take another glance out of doors, and on returning to it, could make out nothing. He therefore lays it aside, and restoring his chair to the fireplace, seats himself right before it in a reclining posture, his feet apart upon the fender, his eyes bent down towards the grate, his arms on the chair's elbows, one hand hanging down, and the palm of the other turned up and presented to the fire,—not to keep it from him, for there is no glare or scorch about it,—but to intercept and have a more kindly feel of it's genial warmth. It is thus that the greatest and wisest of mankind have sat and meditated; a homely truism perhaps, but such a one as we are apt enough to forget. We talk of going to Athens or Rome to see the precise objects which the Greeks and Romans beheld, and forget that the Moon, which may be looking upon us at the moment, is the same identical planet, that enchanted Homer and Virgil, and that has been contemplated and admired by all the great men and geniuses that have existed; by Socrates and Plato in Athens, by the Antonines in Rome, by the Alfreds, the Hospitals, the Miltons, Newtons, and Shakspeares. In like manner, we are anxious to discover how these great men and poets appeared in common, what habits they loved, in what way they talked and meditated, nay, in what postures they delighted to sit, and whether they indulged in the same tricks and little comforts that we do. Look at Nature and their works, and we shall see that they did, and that when we act naturally and think earnestly, we are reflecting their commonest habits to the life. Thus we have seen Horace talking of his blazing hearth and snug accommodations like the jolliest of our acquaintances; and thus we may safely imagine, that Milton was in some such attitude as I have described, when he sketched that enchanting little picture, which beats all the cabinet portraits that have been produced;—

Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,

Far

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Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.

—But to attend to our fireside. The evening is beginning to gather in. The window, which presents a large face of watery grey intersected by strong lines, is imperceptibly becoming darker; and as that becomes darker, the fire assumes a more glowing presence. The contemplatist keeps his easy posture, absorbed in his fancies; and every thing around him is still and serene. The stillness would even ferment in his ear, and whisper, as it were, of what the air contained; but a minute coil, just sufficient to hinder that busier silence, clicks in the baking coal, while every now and then the light ashes shed themselves below, or a stronger but still a gentle flame flutters up with a gleam over the chimney. At length, the darker objects in the room become mingled; the gleam of the fire streaks with a restless light the edges of the furniture, and reflects itself in the blackening window; while his feet take a gentle move on the fender, and then settle again, and his face comes out of the general darkness, earnest even in indolence, and pale in the very ruddiness of what it looks upon. —This is the only time perhaps at which sheer idleness is salutary and refreshing How observed with the smallest effort is every trick and aspect of the fire! A coal falling in,—a fluttering fume,—a miniature mockery of a flash of lightning,—nothing escapes the eye and the imagination. Sometimes a little flame appears at the corner of the grate like a quivering spangle; sometimes it swells out at top into a restless and brief lambency; anon it is seen only by a light beneath the grate, or it curls around one of the bars like a tongue, or darts out with a spiral thinness and a sulphureous and continued puffing as from a reed. The glowing coals meantime exhibit the shifting forms of hills, and vales, and gulfs,—of fiery Alps, whose heat is uninhabitable even by spirit, or of black precipices, from which swart fairies seem about to spring away on sable wings;—then heat and fire are forgotten, and walled towns appear, and figures of unknown animals, and far-distant countries scarcely to be reached by human journey;—then coaches, and camels, and barking dogs as large as either, and forms that combine every shape and suggest every fancy;—till at last, the ragged coals tumbling together, reduce the vision to chaos, and the huge profile of a gaunt and grinning face seems to make a jest of all that has passed.—During these creations of the eye, the thought roves about into a hundred abstractions, some of them suggested by the fire,—some of them suggested by that suggestion,—some of them arising from the general sensation of comfort and composure, contrasted with whatever

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whatever the world affords of evil, or dignified by high-wrought meditation on whatsoever gives hope to benevolence and inspiration to wisdom. The philosopher at such moments plans his Utopian schemes, and dreams of happy certainties which he cannot prove:—the lover, happier and more certain, fancies his mistress with him, unobserved and confiding, his arm round her waist, her head upon his shoulder, and earth and heaven contained in that sweet possession:—the Poet, thoughtful as the one and ardent as the other, springs off at once above the world, treads every turn of the harmonious spheres, darts up with gleaming-wings through the sunshine of a thousand systems, and stops not till he has found a perfect Paradise, whose fields are of young roses, and whose air is music,—whose waters are the liquid diamond,—whose light is as radiance through chrystal,—whose dwellings are laurel bowers,—whose language is poetry,—whose inhabitants are congenial souls,—and to enter the very verge of whose atmosphere strikes beauty on the face and felicity on the heart.—Alas, that flights so lofty should ever be connected with earth by threads as slender as they are long, and that the least twitch of the most common-place hand should be able to snatch down the viewless wanderer to existing comforts!—The entrance of a single candle dissipates at once the twilight and the sunshine, and the ambitious dreamer is summoned to his tea!

> Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
> Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
> And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
> Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
> That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
> So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

Never was snug hour more feelingly commenced!—Cowper was not a *great* poet: his range was neither wide nor lofty; but such as it was, he had it completely to himself; he is the poet of quiet life and familiar observation.—The fire, we see, is now stirred, and becomes very different from the one we have just left: it puts on it's liveliest aspect in order to welcome those to whom the tea-table is a point of meeting, and it is the business of the Firesider to cherish this aspect for the remainder of the evening. How light and easy the coals look! How ardent is the roominess within the bars! How airily do the volumes of smoke course each other up the chimney, like so many fantastic and indefinite spirits, while the eye in vain endeavours to accompany any one of them! The flames are not so fierce as in the morning, but still they are active and powerful; and if they do not roar up the chimney, they make a constant and playful noise, that is extremely to the purpose. Here they come out at top with a leafy swirl; there they dart up spirally and at once,—there they form a lambent

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a lambent assemblage that shifts about on its own ground, and is continually losing and regaining its vanishing members. I confess I take particular delight in seeing a good blaze at top; and my impatience to produce it will sometimes lead me into great rashness in the article of poking,—that is to say, I use the poker at the top instead of the middle of the fire, and go probing it about in search of a flame. A lady of my acquaintance,—"near and dear" as they say in Parliament,—will tell me of this fault twenty times in a day, and every time so good-humouredly, that it is mere want of generosity in me not to amend it; but somehow or other I do not. The consequence is, that after a momentary ebullition of blaze, the fire becomes dark and sleepy and is in danger of going out. It is like a boy at school in the hands of a bad master, who thinking him dull, and being impatient to render him brilliant, beats him about the head and ears, till he produces the very evil he would prevent. But on the present occasion I forbear to use the poker:—there is no need of it:—every thing is comfortable; every thing snug and sufficient. How equable is the warmth around us! How cherishing this rug to one's feet! How complacent the cup at one's lip! What a fine broad light is diffused from the fire over the circle, gleaming in the urn and the polished mahogany, bringing out the white garments of the ladies, and giving a poetic warmth to their face and hair! I need not mention all the good things that are said at tea,—still less the gallant. Good-humour never has an audience more disposed to think it wit, nor gallantry an hour of service more blameless and elegant. Ever since tea has been known, it's clear and gentle powers of inspiration have been acknowledged, from Waller paying his court at the circle of Catharine of Braganza, to Dr. Johnson receiving homage at the parties of Mrs. Thrale. The former, in his lines upon hearing it "commended by her Majesty," ranks it at once above myrtle and laurel, and her Majesty, of course, agreed with him:—

> Venus her myrtle, Phœbus has his bays;
> Tea both excels, which she vouchsafes to praise.
> The *best of queens*, and best of herbs, we owe
> To that bold nation, which the way did show
> To the fair region, where the sun does rise,
> Whose rich productions we so justly prize.
> The Muse's friend, Tea, does our fancy aid,
> Repress those vapours which the head invade,
> And keeps that palace of the soul serene,
> Fit, on her birth-day, to salute the Queen.

The eulogies pronounced on his favourite beverage by Dr. Johnson, are too well known to be repeated here; and the commendatory inscription of the Emperor Kien Lung,—to an European taste

taste at least,—is somewhat too dull, unless his Majesty's tea-pot has been shamefully translated. For my own part, though I have the highest respect, as I have already shewn, for this genial drink, which is warm to the cold and cooling to the warm, I confess, as Montaigne would have said, that I prefer coffee,—particularly in my political capacity :—

> Coffee, that makes the Politician wise
> To see through all things with his half-shut eyes.

There is something in it, I think, more lively and at the same time more substantial. Besides, I never see it but it reminds me of the Turks and their Arabian tales,—an association infinitely preferable to any Chinese ideas; and like the king who put his head into the tub, I am transported into distant lands the moment I dip into the coffee-cup,—at one minute ranging the vallies with Sindbad, at another encountering the Faries on the wing by moonlight, at a third exploring the haunts of the cursed Maugraby, or rapt into the silence of that delicious solitude from which Prince Agib was carried by the fatal horse. Then if I wish to poeticise upon it at home, there is Belinda with her sylphs, drinking it in such state as nothing but poetry can supply :—

> For lo! the board with cups and spoons are crown'd,
> The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
> On shining altars of japan they raise
> The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze;
> From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
> And China's earth receives the smoking tide:
> At once they gratify the scent and taste,
> And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
> Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
> Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
> Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
> Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

It must be acknowledged however that the general association of ideas is at present in favour of tea, which on that account has the advantage of suggesting no confinement to particular ranks or modes of life. Let there be but a fireside, and any body, of any denomination, may be fancied enjoying the luxury of a cup of tea, from the duchess in the evening drawing-room, who makes it the instrument of displaying her white hand, to the washer-woman at her early tub, who having had nothing to signify since five, sits down to it with her shining arms and corrugated fingers at six. If there is any one station of life in which it is enjoyed to most advantage, it is that of mediocrity,—that in which all comfort is reckoned to be best appreciated, because while there is taste to enjoy, there is necessity to earn the enjoyment; and I cannot conclude the hour before us with a better climax of snug-

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ness than is presented in the following pleasing little verses. The author, I believe, is unknown, and may not have been much of a poet in matters of fiction; but who will deny his taste for matters of reality, or say that he has not handled his subject to perfection?

The hearth was clean, the fire was clear,
The kettle on for tea,
Palemon in his elbow-chair,
As blest as man could be.

Clarinda, who his heart possess'd
And was his new-made bride,
With head reclin'd upon his breast
Sat toying by his side.

Stretch'd at his feet, in happy state,
A fav'rite dog was laid,
By whom a little sportive cat
In wanton humour play'd.

Clarinda's hand he gently press'd;
She stole an amorous kiss,
And blushing modestly confess'd
The fullness of her bliss.

Palemon, with a heart elate,
Pray'd to Almighty Jove,
That it might ever be his fate,
Just so to live and love.

Be this eternity, he cried,
And let no more be given;
Continue thus my lov'd fireside,
I ask no other heaven.

The Happy Fireside.—Elegant Extracts.

There are so many modes of spending the remainder of the evening between tea-time and bed-time, (for I protest against all suppers that are not light enough to be taken on the knee) that a general description would avail me nothing, and I cannot be expected to enter into such a variety of particulars. Suffice it to say, that where the fire is duly appreciated and the circle good-humoured, none of them can be unpleasant, whether the party be large or small, young or old, talkative or contemplative. If there is music, a good fire will be particularly grateful to the performers, who are often seated at the farther end of the room; for it is really shameful that a lady who is charming us all with her voice, or firing us, at the harp or piano, with the lightning of her fingers, should at the very moment be trembling with cold. As to cards, which were invented for the solace of a mad prince, and which are only tolerable in my opinion when we can be as mad as he was, that is to say, at a round-game,—I cannot by any means patronize them, as a conscientious Firesider: for not

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to mention all the other objections, the card-table is as aukward, in a fireside point of view, as the dinner-table, and is not to be compared with it in sociality. If it be necessary to pay so ill a compliment to the company as to have recourse to some amusement of the kind, there is chess or draughts, which may be played upon a tablet by the fire; but nothing is like discourse, freely uttering the fancy as it comes, and varied perhaps with a little music or with the perusal of some favourite passages, which excite the comments of the circle. It is then, if tastes happen to be accordant, and the social voice is frank as well as refined, that the "sweet music of speech" is heard in it's best harmony, differing only for apter sweetness, and mingling but for happier participation, while the mutual sense smilingly bends in with every rising measure,

> And female stop smoothens the charm o'er all.

This is the finished evening; this the quickener at once and the calmer of tired thought; this the spot, where our better spirits await to exalt and enliven us, when the daily and vulgar ones have discharged their duty!

> Questo è il Paradiso,
> Più dolce, che fra l' acque, e fra l' arene
> In ciel son le Sirene.
>
> TASSO. *Rime Amorose.*

> Here, here is found
> A sweeter Paradise of sound,
> Than where the Sirens take their summer stands
> Among the breathing waters and glib sands.

Bright fires and joyous faces,—and it is no easy thing for philosophy to say good night. But health must be enjoyed, or nothing will be enjoyed; and the charm should be broken at a reasonable hour. Far be it however from a rational Firesider not to make exceptions to the rule, when friends have been long asunder, or when some domestic celebration has called them together, or even when hours peculiarly congenial render it difficult to part. At all events, the departure must be a voluntary matter; and here I cannot help exclaiming against the gross and villanous trick which some people have, when they wish to get rid of their company, of letting their fires go down and the snuffs of their candles run to seed:—it is paltry and palpable, and argues bad policy as well as breeding, for such of their friends as have a different feeling of things, may chance to be disgusted with them altogether, while the careless or unpolite may chuse to revenge themselves on the appeal, and face it out gravely till the morning. If a common visitor be inconsiderate enough on an ordinary occasion to sit beyond all reasonable hour, it must be reckoned

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as a fatality,—as an ignorance of men and things, against which you cannot possibly provide,—as a sort of visitation, which must be borne with patience, and which is not likely to occur often, if you know whom you invite, and those who are invited know you. —But with an occasional excess of the fireside, what social virtue shall quarrel? A single friend perhaps loiters behind the rest:— you are alone in the house;—you have just got upon a subject, delightful to you both; the fire is of a candent brightness; the wind howls out of doors; the rain beats; the cold is piercing! Sit down.———This is a time when the most melancholy temperament may defy the clouds and storms, and even extract from them a pleasure that will take no substance by daylight. The ghost of his happiness sits by him, and puts on the likeness of former hours;—and if such a man can be made comfortable by the moment, what enjoyment may it not furnish to an unclouded spirit? If the excess belong not to vice, temperance does not forbid it when it only grows out of occasion. The great Poet, whom I have quoted so often for the fireside, and who will enjoy it with us to the last, was like the rest of our great poets, an ardent recommender of temperance in all it's branches; but though he practised what he preached, he could take his night out of the hands of sleep as well as the most entrenching of us. To pass over, as foreign to our subject in point of place, his noble wish that he might "*oft* outwatch the bear," with what a wrapped-up recollection of snugness, in the elegy on his friend Diodati, does he describe the fireside enjoyment of a winter's night?

> Pectora cui credam? Quis me lenire docebit
> Mordaces curas? Quis longam fallere noctem
> Dulcibus alloquiis, grato cum sibilat igni
> Molle pyrum, et nucibus strepitat focus, et malus Auster
> Miscet cuncta foris, et desuper intonat ulmo?
>
> In whom shall I confide? Whose counsel find
> A balmy med'cine for my troubled mind?
> Or whose discourse, with innocent delight,
> Shall fill me now, and cheat the wintry night,
> When hisses on my hearth the pulpy pear,
> And black'ning chesnuts start and crackle there,
> While storms abroad the dreary meadows whelm,
> And the wind thunders through the neighb'ring elm?
>
> COWPER'S *Translation.*

Even when left alone, there is sometimes a charm in watching out the decaying fire,—in getting closer and closer to it with tilted chair and knees against the bars, and letting the whole multitude of fancies, that work in the night silence, come whispering about the yielding faculties. The world around is silent; and for a moment the very cares of day seem to have gone with it to

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to sleep, leaving you to snatch a waking sense of disenthralment, and to commune with a thousand airy visitants that come to play with innocent thoughts. Then for imagination's sake, not for superstition's, are recalled the stories of the Secret World and the midnight pranks of Fairyism. The fancy roams out of doors after rustics led astray by the jack-o'-lantern, or minute laughings heard upon the wind, or the night-spirit on his horse that comes flouncing through the air on his way to a surfeited citizen, or the tiny morris-dance that springs up in the watery glimpses of the moon;—or keeping at home, it finds a spirit in every room peeping at it as it opens the door, while a cry is heard from up stairs announcing the azure marks inflicted by

> The nips of fairies upon maids' white hips,

or hearing a snoring from below, it tiptoes down into the kitchen and beholds where

> ——Lies him down the lubber fiend,
> And stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
> Basks at the fire his hairy strength.

Presently the whole band of fairies, ancient and modern,—the dæmons, sylphs, gnomes, sprites, elves, peries, genii, and above all the fairies of the fireside, the salamanders, lob-lye-by-the-fires, lars, lemures, and larvæ, come flitting between the fancy's eye and the dying coals, some with their weapons and lights, others with grave stedfastness on book or dish, others of the softer kind with their arch looks and their conscious pretence of attitude, while a minute music tinkles in the ear, and Oberon gives his gentle order:—

> Through this house in glimmering light
> By the dead and drowsy fire,
> Every elf and fairy sprite
> Hop as light as bird from briar;
> And this ditty, after me,
> Sing, and dance it trippingly.

Anon, the whole is vanished, and the dreamer turning his eye down aside, almost looks for a laughing sprite, gazing at him from a tiny chair and mimicking his face and attitude.—Idle fancies these, and incomprehensible to minds clogged with every-day earthliness,—but not useless, either as an exercise of the invention, or even as adding consciousness to the range and destiny of the soul. They will occupy us too, and steal us away from ourselves, when other recollections fail us or grow painful,—when friends are found selfish, or better friends can but commiserate, or when the world has nothing in it to compare with what we have missed out of it. They may even lead us to higher and more

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more solemn meditation, till we work up our way beyond the clinging and heavy atmosphere of this earthly sojourn, and look abroad upon the light that knows neither blemish nor bound, while our ears are saluted at that egress by the harmony of the skies, and our eyes behold the lost and congenial spirits that we have loved, hastening to welcome us with their sparkling eyes and their curls that are ripe with sunshine.

But earth recalls us again;—the last flame is out;—the fading embers tinkle with a gaping dreariness; and the chill reminds us where we should be.—Another gaze on the hearth that has so cheered us, and the last, lingering action is to wind up the watch for the next day.—Upon how many anxieties shall the finger of that brief chronicler strike,—and upon how many comforts too! —To-morrow our fire shall be trimmed anew; and so, gentle Reader, good night:—may the weariness I have caused you, make sleep the pleasanter!

> Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull tears,
> Be heard all night within, nor yet without;
> Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden fears,
> Break gentle sleep with misconceived doubt.
> Let no deluding dreams, nor dreadful sights,
> Make sudden, sad affrights,
> Ne let hob-goblins, names whose sence we see not,
> Fray us with things that be not;
> But let still silence true night-watches keep,
> That sacred Peace may in assurance reigne,
> And timely Sleep, since it is time to sleep,
> May pour his limbs forth on your pleasant plaine.
>
> SPENSER'S *Epithalamion.*

☞

ART. XXI.—*Athens and England.*

> "Ἐγὼ δὲ λέξω δεινὰ μὲν, δίκαια δέ·
> οὐ γάρ με καὶ νῦν διαβαλεῖ Κλέων, ὅτι,
> ξένων παρόντων, τὴν πόλιν κακῶς λέγω."
>
> ARISTOPH. *Acharn.*

> Truths I will utter, sharp as truths may be:
> No mischief-making Cleon now, at least,
> Shall storm and swear I'm libelling the State.

To learn caution from the events of former ages, and to grow wise from the calamitous experience of other nations, ought to be the first object and the noblest distinction of a thinking people. It is not only the cheapest, but the easiest and most obvious method

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method of acquiring wisdom; and that man has perused the page of history with very little profit, who has not learned to pity the despicable squabbles of interest and ambition,—to despise the false lustre of blood-dealing heroes, and to deprecate from his own country the miseries which war has inflicted on other nations;—above all, who has not studied to retrace these miseries to their original source, and to root out their first cause by the removal of corruption, moral and political.

If an Englishman were now to take into his hand the volume of universal history, and search through it for a precedent for the present deplorable situation of his country, he could not, perhaps, fix upon a part more completely in point than that critical period of the history of Athens, when Philip of Macedon was plotting its destruction, together with that of the rest of Greece. This period was about the 108th Olympiad. Athens had sunk into a state of paralytic enfeeblement, from which the encroaching ambition of the Macedonian was not sufficient to rouse her: her citizens were more intent on the pleasures of the theatre, than alive to the honour and danger of their country; and it was* only the wiser few among them, who kept their eyes open to approaching hazard,—who saw the necessity of a political reform, and dared to lift up their voice amidst the insensate selfishness of their countrymen for the remnant of honour that was left. At the head of this party was Demosthenes,—a man, whose political character is not free from objections, but whose eloquence dazzles us with such a blaze of lightning as prevents us from nicely examining his failings;—who, with at least the courage of a patriot, dared to utter to an assembly of men nominally free, such truths as freemen ought to utter and to hear. He spoke to the people of Athens, who, however degenerate from the glory of their ancestors, were at least not packed together by bribery and corruption; but were assembled to hear the words of honest truth from the lips of the noblest orators that ever spoke to freemen.

The distinguishing trait of the eloquence of Demosthenes was sublimity. Eloquence allows a wider scope for the play of a sublime imagination, than any other art except Poetry itself; or, in other words, it is more poetical in its nature than any other species of writing. The speeches of Demosthenes everywhere abound with "thoughts that breathe and words that burn:" he possessed a fervid strength of sentiment and language admirably calculated

* There was a party at this time in Athens, who entirely gave up the interests of the State in despair of preventing that ruin which was impending, and checking that degeneracy which prevailed:—of this party Phocion was the leader. Perhaps, there exists such a party now in England; and if Sir Philip Francis be designated as the head of it, it will be no ill compliment to him to have his name coupled with that of Phocion.

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calculated to rouse the dormant patriotism of his hearers,—to inspire them with a warlike enthusiasm, and influence them with an eagerness "to fire the impious wreath on Philip's brow." It was this excellency which arrested the attention and stimulated the exertions of his countrymen: it is this which has elevated him above the standard of his Grecian competitors, and which has given him the chief advantage over his great Roman rival, Cicero. Longinus's character of him is as remarkable for truth as it is for the masterly beauty with which it is drawn:—

"Θᾶττον ἄν τις κεραυνοῖς φερομένοις ἀντανοῖξαι τὰ ὄμματα δύναιτο, ἢ ἀντοφθαλμῆσαι τοῖς ἐπαλλήλοις ἐκείνου πάθεσιν."

De Sublim. § 34.

"For a man might sooner await the thunderbolts of heaven with his eyes wide open, than sustain the reverberated impassionment of Demosthenes."

His Philippics are so full of fire, that no man with a mind the least poetical can read them without ecstacy; and I hope no man with a soul at all English, can read them without being reminded of the errors and misfortunes of his own country, and without an ardent wish for the success of that great cause of Political Reform, for which Demosthenes laboured so strenuously in his country and his generation.

Let us turn, then, and hear from the mouth of Demosthenes a few such truths as the liberty of the British Press will now-a-days scarcely allow us to utter ourselves. The follies of Athens come before us "in a tangible shape," as the facetious Mr. Canning calls it; and though I am not so sanguine as to think with Lord Cochrane, that the first Olynthiac of Demosthenes prescribes *all* that is necessary to be done in the present disastrous war,—yet if sober Englishmen will but read of the sufferings of other nations, and, as they read, mark and learn, there is yet some hope that the fruits of well-timed and deliberate reflection may be the purification of our Constitution, wisdom in our councils, and success in our enterprizes.

"Εἰ δέ τις ὑμῶν, ὦ ἄνδρες Ἀθηναῖοι, δυσπολέμητον οἴεται τὸν Φίλιππον εἶναι, σκοπῶν τό τε πλῆθος τῆς νῦν ὑπαρχούσης αὐτῷ δυνάμεως, καὶ τὸ τὰ χωρία πάντα ἀπολωλέναι τῇ πόλει· ὀρθῶς μὲν οἴεται."

Κατὰ Φιλιπ. Α. γ'.

"If any one of you, Athenians, considering the multitude of resources which Philip possesses, and the quantity of places which have been lost by the Republic, shall conclude that he is somewhat difficult to be conquered, he will not be mistaken."

That there is some little difficulty in conquering Napoleon, is a point, I believe, now pretty generally agreed on by all parties;

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and the considerations upon which it is grounded, whether taken with reference to his accumulating power, or to our own accumulating losses, are equally formidable. To his unvarying success in his military undertakings, to his successive subjugation of Holland, Italy, Switzerland, Austria, Prussia, (and why not add Russia and Spain?) we have nothing to oppose but petty and unsuccessful attempts to subsidize the Continent;—but the incumbrance of a few useless Islands; the capture and subsequent relinquishment of a hospital, called Walcheren: in short, τὸ τὰ χωρία πάντα ἀπολῶλέναι.—And happy would it be, if this were the extent of our loss! Happy, if we had not squandered many thousands of British lives in these paltry achievements!—Such being the case, why, we despondingly enquire, is not an end put to the desolations of War? And the answer is obvious,—because Corruption, the great nurse of War and Misery, will not suffer it.

"Τέθνηκε Φίλιππος; οὐ, μὰ Δί', ἀλλ' ἀσθενεῖ. Τί δ' ὑμῖν διαφέρει; καὶ γὰρ ἂν οὗτός τι πάθῃ, ταχέως ὑμεῖς ἕτερον Φίλιππον ποιήσετε, ἄνπερ οὕτω προσέχητε τοῖς πράγμασι τὸν νοῦν· οὐδὲ γὰρ οὗτος παρὰ τὴν αὑτοῦ ῥώμην τοσοῦτον ἐπηύξηται, ὅσον παρὰ τὴν ὑμετέραν ἀμέλειαν." § ί.

"Is Philip dead? No indeed, but he is sick:—and what does that profit you?—If any accident were to befall him, you would quickly beget yourself another Philip, while your affairs are thus managed; for the man has not grown to this height so much by his own strength as by your inattention."

This sentence is as severe a satire on Englishmen as could have been dictated by the spirit of prophecy. The only consolation we appear to take refuge in amidst all the victories of our adversary is, to hunt after groundless reports of his illness or his death; and hence, while he is silently pursuing his path of conquest, we represent him as dying; and he is absolutely dead at Vienna, when he is employed in negociating the articles of his marriage. And if he were dead, the natural reflection is, τι ἡμῖν διαφέρει; would this single occurrence shake off the lethargy which has hitherto paralysed our energies? Would it invigorate our Constitution, and remove the damned and damning spot of corruption which disfigures it? Would it not rather, by apparently diminishing the necessity of exertion, sink us into a more torpid indifference, and render us an easier prey to some future Napoleon? For doubtless, as the Athenian orator told his countrymen, our indolence would soon raise up another Bonaparte,—another enemy, who, like him, would conquer our indolence by activity, our folly by prudence, and our gold by iron.—Such are the probable advantages to be derived from the political system of those who would sit waiting till something may "turn up,"—"like an old rusty conductor

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conductor waiting for a flash of lightning." But what "turn up" of things is it which these chance-lotterymen would desire? Can their imaginations devise any thing more favourable to their views than the recent insurrection in Spain, which presented them, one might think, with as entire an opportunity as they could possibly look for in the present state of things, of opposing some effectual resistance to the arms of Napoleon?—Is Spain, then, rescued? Were the French driven through they Pyrennes, the passes guarded, and one corner, at least, of the Continent for ever wrested from the grasp of the Conqueror? Alas! nothing of this;——as soon as the enthusiasm of liberty has evaporated, and the French have established a firm footing in the country,—then we send out a handful of men to shew their faces to the enemy, and bring home half their number,—then we march to Madrid, and back again to Corunna or to Lisbon, and amuse ourselves with talking of Spanish success, while Spain is fast sinking into subjugation; and thus, as Demosthenes told his countrymen,—

ὡς νῦν ἔχετε, οὐδὲ διδόντων ὑμῖν τῶν καιρῶν Ἀμφίπολιν, δέξασθαι δύναισθ' ἄν, ἀπηρτημένοι καὶ ταῖς παρασκευαῖς καὶ ταῖς γνώμαις, §. ι.

"Distracted both in conduct and counsel, we lose the very tact of opportunity, and cannot lay hold of the commonest advantages it thrusts upon our acceptance."

Let us next advert to the subject of Mercenary Troops, upon which the Orator has exerted his bitterest spirit of invective. The Athenians, it seems, had their German Legion as well as we; but Demosthenes speaks of them with an indignation, which, it appears, their patriotic exertions sufficiently justified; for, says he,

——ἐξ οὗ αὐτὰ καθ' αὑτὰ τὰ ξενικὰ ὑμῖν στρατεύεται, τοὺς φίλους νικᾶ καὶ τοὺς συμμάχους. §. θ'.

"As soon as these foreigners undertake to fight for you by themselves, they go conquering your friends and allies."

Who would not, on reading this passage, be led to conclude, that the sacking of Copenhagen had arisen from a similar blunder;—that the expedition had been sent out under some mercenaries, who had been commissioned to attack Calais or Flushing, but by mere mistake had fallen upon a country in perfect amity with Great Britain? I wish the ingenuity of some future historian could hit upon such an excuse for us: it would fasten upon us, indeed, the strongest imputation of folly; but, at least, we should not then be reproached as robbers and pirates, and violators of the laws of nations.

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The folly of the Athenians consisted in employing their mercenaries αὐτὰ καθ' αὑτὰ,—in sending them out alone, without any force or commander from their own country, capable of giving a proper direction to their exertions, and of restraining them from wanton and indiscriminate mischief. Such is not exactly our case; we send out our expeditions, purposely and after full deliberation, to pillage the capitals of neutral nations; as if our only ambition were to augment the number of our enemies!—The temporary employment of foreign troops in such a state as Athens,—which was open to the attacks of a powerful and encroaching enemy, without any barrier from the sea, and without the means of adequate resistance by its own internal strength,—is a measure which may well be palliated in its policy, though not, perhaps, reconciled with the national pride of the Athenians. But what occasion can England have for a standing army of mercenaries, enclosed as she is by the ocean, supported by a warlike population, and defended by the first navy in the world? What end can we hope to attain by such a measure, but to foment distrust, jealousies, and divisions?—But the German soldiers, we are told, are brave;—and so are the English: but they are loyal:—to whom? If to their employers,—so are the English. But, *perhaps*, the German soldiers are necessary to enforce obedience to military flogging!

The Athenians, our great prototypes, and our great rivals in political folly, had their expeditions too,—with this difference, however, that they did not call them by a name which contained so lively a satire on the thing itself. Demosthenes censures with just severity the tardiness of their armaments: had he lived in these times, what language could he have found sufficiently severe,—what name sufficiently sarcastic,—for British Expeditions?

"——'Εν ὅσῳ ταῦτα μέλλετε, προαπόλωλεν ἐφ' ἃ ἂν ἐκπλέωμεν· τὸν γὰρ τοῦ πράττειν χρόνον εἰς τὸ παρασκευάζεσθαι ἀναλίσκομεν." § ιγ'.

"In consequence of these delays, action is wasted in preparation, and the very objects of our equipment are lost before we stir."

"Και ὑμεῖς ἐὰν ἐν Χερρονήσῳ πύθησθε Φίλιππον, ἐκεῖσε βοηθεῖν ψηφιξεσθε· ἐὰν ἐν Πύλαις, ἐκεῖσε· ἐὰν ἄλλοθί που, συμπαραθεῖτε ἄνω καὶ κάτω." § ιδ'.

"If you hear that Philip is in the Chersonese, you vote your aid into that quarter; if in Thermopylæ, you rush into that; and if any where else, there you are immediately, waiting him up and down."

How true is the former of these extracts in its application to England, the experience of every year from the accession of Mr. Pitt to power to the present moment, is too sad a memorial. While a battle

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battle is fighting in Spain, we are embarking reinforcements to our army there; and while the most formidable expedition we ever equipped is lingering on our shores, waiting for the inspection of this or that minister, our enemies are vigorously employed in fortifying the point destined for our attack. They wait for no inspection, and seem scarcely to require time for preparation: the moment the alarm of danger is given, every one is in his station ready to disperse it, with as much promptitude as if the thing had been foreseen a year beforehand. And the beauty of all this is, Bonaparte knows just as certainly as our Minister himself at what point the attack is to be expected:—"*εἰσὶ γάρ, εἰσὶν οἱ πάντ' ἐξαγγέλλοντες ἐκείνῳ.*"—In one respect, however, we do deviate somewhat from the example of our Athenian prototypes:—it was their practice, Demosthenes tells us, to follow Philip about from one place to another,—from Thermopylæ to the Chersonese, and back again,—in short, up and down, wherever he chose to lead them; for they were a people who, with all their wisdom, could

> ——"as easily be led by the nose
> As asses are."

Now, we are somewhat more politic in this respect, but withal not more bold: our wisdom seems to be to look where Bonaparte is *not*, and there to aim our exertions. If he is employed in Spain or Austria, we send out a large expedition to Flushing: and neither Austria nor Spain is the better for it; for without relaxing his efforts in those quarters, he easily collects a sufficient force to march to Antwerp, not to take a leading part in the war (for that was unnecessary), but just to co-operate as an ally with the plague which was already destroying.

"*Πλείω δ' ἢ χιλία καὶ πεντακόσια τάλαντα ἀνηλώκαμεν εἰς οὐδὲν δέον.*"
Olynth. B. § 9.

The Athenians had squandered away, the Orator complains, more than 1500 talents,—that is, something above a quarter of a million. A prodigious sum, truly, in these days to enter into the calculations of war! Poor as the Athenian state itself was, its dependencies were numerous and opulent; and if still the resources of England are out of all proportion greater than theirs,—a truth which need not be disputed,—yet our expenditures (our useless expenditures, I mean,—the consumptions *εἰς οὐδὲν δέον* *) have been infinitely disproportionate too. Calculate the expence of one single British expedition,—to Sweden, to Corunna, or to Walcheren, and the amount would stagger the credulity of Pericles himself.

But it is not in foreign expeditions, however useless and how-

 ever

* To no purpose.

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ever expensive, that the most obnoxious part of our expenditure consists: it is the gulph of Pensions and Sinecures which swallows up with unrelenting avidity the wealth of the country; and, Heaven knows! all this is expenditure *εἰς οὐδὲν δέον*! Expeditions will serve to dazzle us with a shew of exertion, and to keep alive our hopes and fears; but sinecures are a dead weight upon the shoulders of the nation, which palsies every energy, and checks all patriotic ambition. The Athenians knew not what they meant, and yet their orators dared to complain of foreign expenditure: we are patient under the pressure of an useless home consumption, superadded to an infinitely greater foreign expenditure. Surely there is some reason for complaint in this!

"Ἀποβλέψατε δὴ πρὸς τοὺς τὰ τοιαῦτα πολιτευομένους· ὧν οἱ μὲν ἐκ πτωχῶν ταχὺ πλούσιοι γεγόνασιν, οἱ δ' ἐξ ἀδόξων ἔντιμοι· . . . ὅσῳ δὲ τὰ τῆς πόλεως ἐλάττω γέγονε, τοσούτῳ τὰ τούτων ηὔξηται."

Ibid.

"Turn your eyes upon the authors of these doings, and see how the obscure have been made eminent, how the beggarly have been made rich, and in what exact proportion as the means of the State have become less, those of it's Statesmen have become greater."

Look, then, at the men whose ill-fated administration has reduced their country to this wretched state: look at the Percevals, the Cannings, the Castlereaghs—*οἱ ἐξ ἀδόξων ἔντιμοι*—the sinecurists, the reversionists, the duellists! And how truly does the parallel hold good in this particular,—that they have risen in proportion as the country has fallen!

It was not, however, by pensions and sinecures that the Athenian politicians accumulated their riches: their resources were in the bribes they could collect from the enemies of their country;—a practice which, however execrable, however repugnant to every decent feeling, had at least one advantage over the modern system, that whenever it was detected, it was liable to be not only checked, but punished: the thing was not only in a visible, but in a "tangible shape;" whereas now-a-days, we may murmur, if we will, to see men fatten on the spoils of the State; but we have no resource against it in the detection of Macedonian cups or Persian carpets: the men hug themselves in their thousands, as if they were conscious of having well earned them; and conscious they are that clamour cannot strip them of their wealth, nor bring them to the bar of their country.

"Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, incumber'd villainy!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
With all their brandies or with all their wines?"

POPE's *Moral Essays*, Epist. iii.

No

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No: the thing that now shackles our brave designs is that intangible, invisible, mischief-working Influence, which hovers over pensions, places, and sinecures,—which defies all scrutiny and all analysation, and which, upon the first mention of inquiry into its merits, sends out a shrill, pert cry of faction and disloyalty; and thus we are secure in our approbation of the last, most galling, most degrading parallel in the Athenian Orator's complaint:—

"Ταῦτα, μὰ τὴν Δήμητρα, οὐκ ἂν θαυμάσαιμι, εἰ μείζων εἰπόντι ἐμοὶ γένοιτο πρὸς ὑμῶν βλάβη, τῶν πεποιηκότων αὐτὰ γενέσθαι· οὐδὲ γὰρ παρρησία παρὶ πάντων αἰεὶ πρὸς ὑμῖν ἐστίν."

Ibid.

"In fact, as liberty of speech does not always suit the taste of the times, I should not be at all surprised, if what I have now uttered should be of more injury to myself than to the very perpetrators of what you are suffering."

This was a bold truth to utter under the "Tyranny of Democracy," as it is designated by the aristocratic zeal of Mr. Mitford: and it is a truth which is equally evident in its application to the existing circumstances of this country. It is notorious that the detectors of political abuses expose themselves to greater danger than they incur who practise and encourage them: it is notorious that certain shackles are imposed on the freedom of discussion,—that truth is liable to be distorted into libel, and that they, of all political writers, live in the greatest personal security, whose pens are employed on the side of the existing Administration, with all its corruptions; and that the men in power betray a strong and watchful jealousy of all the popular writers in this land of liberty and internal security. Now, against this spirit of jealousy our writers have a resource in the law of the land, which the Athenian orators did not possess: it is not exactly that our law of libel is more defined in its purport or extent, for in this respect it is confessedly vague; but it is more defined in its "local habitation" than theirs was. The Athenian law was in effect vested in the Athenian mob; and if this body of fickleness and despotism could be skilfully wielded by some factious declaimer, hopeless was the lot of him whose words could be construed into treason by the vehemence of political, or frequently personal, animosity.

The freedom of our Press does not rest on so precarious a foundation: but there is a body of men, whose interest it is (as detached from the interest of the State) to restrain this freedom within certain limits; and it becomes us to hold fast this safeguard of our liberties, to look about us on the situation of our own affairs, and to look back on the comparative circumstances of

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of other times and other countries.—Why should the experience, which has been accumulating since the world began, and which history has carefully recorded for our instruction, be accumulated and recorded in vain?

It has been at all times a favourite topic with philosophers to lay open the workings of the human mind in "Dialogues of the Dead;" and it would be a curious speculation (if the idea of such meetings were not connected with a feeling of too much awe to allow of any speculation in the remotest degree approaching to the ludicrous) to conceive an Englishman, upon just crossing the Stygian lake after dying in the deadly expedition to Flushing or the glorious battle of Albuera, meeting with an Athenian who had perished 2149 years ago in that battle of Chæronæa in which Philip of Macedon crushed the liberties of Greece. The mutual compassion and mutual complaints would to them be vain: but to us, the surviving generation, the very conception of them ought to speak a lesson pregnant with instruction: it should teach us that, as the same causes operate with the same effects, we are not secure that we shall not fall as Athens fell, a prey to the ambition of a foreign conqueror; and above all, it should teach us to guard against the fate of that unfortunate republic, by a timely removal of its worst defects,—by the renovation of public spirit and public virtue, and the consolidation of every rank in one fixed and patriotic interest, by that single popular and mighty act,—a Constitutional Reform.

S.

Art. XXII.—*Retrospect of the Theatre.*

Though the latter half of the year 1811 has produced little actual improvement in the state of the Drama, yet upon the whole, appearances have continued favourable, and something like *thinking* begins to be discernible in that chaos of commonplace. It is true, we have been presented with some miserable farces, the ideas of which are as hacknied, as badly drawn, as fantastic and as unmeaning, as the pictures upon a China dish; and what is worse, the authors of them are young men, who in thus copying the lowest of their cotemporaries, shew us how little we have to hope from their advancing years:—but still the nonsense has been confined to melodrama and afterpiece; and it seems to be understood, both by young and old, that the time for what was called *comedy*, that is to say, for larger farces unassisted

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sisted by music and spectacle, exists no longer. A sort of desperate attempt to revive it was made by Mr. Thomas Dibdin in October last at the "classical" theatre of Covent-Garden; but though his long interval of silence might have led the town to suppose that he had been really studying a little grammar and sense, and though the piece itself, *Up to Town*, actually bore out the supposition, comparatively speaking, yet audiences are not what they were, and the piece was resolutely damned. Mr. Dibdin therefore drew back again into the more congenial house, which he had latterly taken on his shoulders,—the Circus or Surrey Theatre; and as Mr. Cherry has long been rusticated in Wales, and Mr. Reynolds betaken himself to the fastnesses of melodrama, the better part of the Stage is beginning to make room for better endeavour. Even Mr. Morton, in losing his little ground of superiority and declining to the mere level of his contemporaries, has at the same time grown judiciously idle:—the Siddonses, Allinghams, Eyres, and other small infesters of the theatre,—the bats of our stage darkness,—begin, as the phrase is, to drop off;—and the critics have at least the consolation of being assured, that if dulness and buffoonery should regain their old possession, they must do it under some other shape; for the tricks of punning, of loyal clap-traps, and of maudlin sentiment, are well nigh exhausted, and what the town used to applaud from inexperience, it has now learnt to despise from knowledge and to shun from weariness and disgust. Yet the unwillingness with which these gentlemen make room for others, is inconceivable, though some of them have absolutely grown rich upon our good-nature, and all of them are superannuated in point of joking. It is curious to observe with what little comprehension they enter into the real causes of the change they experience. Mr. Reynolds and his friends consider it, I understand, as a sort of visitation upon the drama in general, and talk of the "hard times" as they would of a scarcity or a frost; and a letter absolutely appeared the other day in one of the papers complaining in Mr. Dibdin's behalf of the pitiless severity of modern audiences,—a severity, it informed us, which would have been equally astonishing and fatal to the writers of former days. Thus Dryden, Congreve, and others, luckily escaped the fate of the modern dramatists, because audiences were formerly better natured; and we are of course to understand, that if Mr. Dibdin had lived in the times of those *congenial* wits, his merits would have been more justly appreciated. Such is the modesty of indulged ignorance! And such the just though appalling retribution with which the long indulgence of the town is visited! But unfortunately, these worthies and their advocates never come before us without exposing their want of common information. The truth is, that if the singular and

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and foolish goodnature of modern audiences had not been sufficiently established by the long success of the very persons who now complain of them, nothing could have shewn it in a stronger light than a comparison with the audiences of former times. Ben Jonson was exasperated more than once by the failure of an elaborate piece; Dryden had at least four dramas condemned; and out of as many comedies of Congreve, which are all indeed that he wrote, two were so ill received, that it is well known he gave up the stage in disgust. Something too much perhaps might appear to be thus made out against the taste of our ancestors; but in truth there was generally a sufficient quantity of objectionable matter in the pieces which they condemned; and if they were sometimes led astray into an illegitimate favouritism, as in the cases of Settle, d'Urfey, and others, the fault was only momentary, and well retrieved by a due and lasting appreciation of better writers. The critical spirit was too lively among them to put up with such entire nonsense as latterly has engrossed the stage: Dryden laments somewhere that his own precepts had made them too knowing for him; and our dramatists should be told that even the Settles and d'Urfeys, the bye-words and buffoons of our elder stage, were men infinitely their superiors in all that constitutes a claim to be heard, for they really had read books and collected ideas: there was some kind of thinking about them; they could handle an image and a thought with something like a consciousness of possession, and did not exhibit that wretched imbecility of hand, which shews an utter want of acquaintance with shapes and substances,—and which ventures upon nothing but the merest surfaces of life, it's cant, and it's common-place.

So far then, the months under consideration have not been unpromising in a negative point of view; and if the smallest advance towards a better taste, or even towards the recommendation of a better taste, is to be valued as it ought, the reader will agree that a comedy written in imitation of Beaumont and Fletcher, and another in which there are touches of genuine wit and poetry, are some indications of improvement on the positive side. I allude to the *Kiss* of Mr. Stephen Clarke, and *M. P.* or the *Blue Stocking*, by Thomas Moore. The *Kiss*, it is true, had little or nothing to recommend it but where it directly borrowed from the old bards; but there was a taste absolutely new to living dramatists in thus resorting to the treasures of sterling comedy; and if the example of the late Mr. Tobin has been the means of diverting the attention of succeeding writers from the cant of the day to the language of reflexion and poetry, our obligations to his elegant mind are incalculable. The benefit to be derived from Mr. Moore's comedy is of a different description, and certainly of no

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no such extent, though coming from a more original and gifted source; but it is still no contemptible one, if rightly appreciated. *M. P.* or the *Blue Stocking*, is of a character directly the reverse of that of the *Kiss*;—what belongs strictly to the author is the best part of it; what he has imitated is from wretched originals and infinitely beneath him. Unluckily, the best part of it is by far the smallest; and a few elegant songs,—a few pointed sentences,—a few elaborate witticisms,—make us no amends in the abstract for a plot from Leadenhall-street and a profusion of puns, clap-traps, and farcicalities. A voluntary descent of this kind from the upper ranks of literature into the profound of the modern stage would have left nothing wanting to the regret of the critics in the extreme perniciousness of it's example, had not the author himself, in contradicting some supposed allusions to circumstances in high life, taken a public opportunity of expressing his own sense of the unworthiness of his production. Nor is this confession, though explained by Mr. Arnold the Manager in a counter-epistle to be a mere ebullition of modesty, disproved and defeated by the unusual success of the piece itself, for there is still enough of the author's spirit in it to have scattered for a time a preserving salt over the performance; and from all these circumstances put together, the dramatic student may derive three excellent lessons:—he may see, in the first place, what an immediate and striking superiority to the Dibdins and Reynoldses is observable in the commonest and most perverted efforts of a man of genius, even when he condescends to their level; secondly, he may be convinced how assuredly a man of genius is humiliated in his own eyes as well as those of the critics by so doing; and thirdly, in regarding the piece and it's effect with a general eye, he will be enabled to discern, that whatever momentary advantages the author may have proposed to himself from begging the question like his inferiors with puns and clap-traps, he has upon the whole done an immediate as well as lasting injury to the success of his production, and might have secured continued houses and a better reputation in proportion as he had added to his own efforts on the occasion and taken away from the vices he chose to employ in their stead.—After all however, it is not to be concluded, that the genius of Mr. Moore, though it owed us a better endeavour in this respect, would ever appear to advantage in the dramatic walk;—it is much more allied to description and fancy than passion and character; and I cannot forbear repeating in this place, what I have hinted in another work, that the public have now an additional demand on him to put his talents to their proper account.—The union of the lighter ethics with fanciful rhetoric and an air of accomplishment is still a desideratum in English poetry; the task seems peculiarly fitted to Mr. Moore; and

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and his best friends would willingly see him occupied in embellishing that cause of morality, which has suffered till lately under the warmth of his hand, but which there is no writer, I am persuaded, who, with some restraint on his floridness and a little more on his learning, would adorn with greater elegance of thought or felicity of recommendation.

☞

ART. XXIII.—*The Good Clerk, a Character; with some account of "The Complete English Tradesman."*

THE GOOD CLERK.—He writeth a fair and swift hand, and is competently versed in the Four First Rules of Arithmetic, in the Rule of Three (which is sometimes called the Golden Rule) and in Practice. We mention these things, that we may leave no room for cavillers to say, that any thing essential hath been omitted in our definition; else, to speak the truth, these are but ordinary accomplishments, and such as every understrapper at a desk is commonly furnished with. The character we treat of soareth higher.

He is clean and neat in his person; not from a vain-glorious desire of setting himself forth to advantage in the eyes of the other sex (with which vanity too many of our young Sparks now-a-days are infected) but to do credit (as we say) to the office. For this reason he evermore taketh care that his desk or his books receive no soil; the which things he is commonly as solicitous to have fair and unblemished, as the owner of a fine horse is to have him appear in good keep.

He riseth early in the morning; not because early rising conduceth to health (though he doth not altogether despise that consideration) but chiefly to the intent that he may be first at the desk. There is his post, there he delighteth to be, unless when his meals, or necessity, calleth him away; which time he alway esteemeth as lost, and maketh as short as possible.

He is temperate in eating and drinking, that he may preserve a clear head and steady hand for his master's service. He is also partly induced to this observation of the rules of temperance by his respect for religion and the laws of his country; which things (it may once for all be noted) do add special assistances to his actions, but do not and cannot furnish the main spring or motive thereto. His first ambition (as appeareth all along) is to be a good Clerk, his next a good Christian, a good Patriot, &c.

Cor-

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Correspondent to this, he keepeth himself honest, not for fear of the laws, but because he hath observed how unseemly an article it maketh in the Day Book, or Ledger, when a sum is set down lost or missing; it being his pride to make these books to agree, and to tally, the one side with the other, with a sort of architectural symmetry and correspondence.

He marrieth, or marrieth not, as best suiteth with his employer's views. Some merchants do the rather desire to have married men in their Counting Houses, because they think the married state a pledge for their servants' integrity, and an incitement to them to be industrious; and it was an observation of a late Lord Mayor of London, that the sons of Clerks do generally prove Clerks themselves, and that Merchants encouraging persons in their employ to marry, and to have families, was the best method of securing a breed of sober industrious young men attached to the mercantile interest. Be this as it may, such a character as we have been describing, will wait till the pleasure of his employer is known on this point; and regulateth his desires by the custom of the house or firm to which he belongeth.

He avoideth profane oaths and jesting, as so much time lost from his employ; what spare time he hath for conversation, which in a Counting House such as we have been supposing can be but small, he spendeth in putting seasonable questions to such of his fellows (and sometimes *respectfully* to the master himself) who can give him information respecting the price and quality of goods, the state of exchange, or the latest improvements in book-keeping; thus making the motion of his lips, as well as of his fingers, subservient to his master's interest. Not that he refuseth a brisk saying, or a cheerful sally of wit, when it comes unforced, is free of offence, and hath a convenient brevity. For this reason he hath commonly some such phrase as this in his mouth:—

Its a slovenly look
To blot your book.

Or,

Red ink for ornament, black for use,
The best of things are open to abuse.

So upon the eve of any great holyday, of which he keepeth one or two at least every year, he will merrily say in the hearing of a confidential friend, but to none other:—

All work and no play
Makes Jack a dull boy.

Or,

A bow always bent must crack at last.

But

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But then this must always be understood to be spoken confidentially, and, as we say, *under the rose.*

Lastly, his dress is plain without singularity; with no other ornament than the quill, which is the badge of his function, stuck under the dexter ear, and this rather for convenience of having it at hand, when he hath been called away from his desk, and expecteth to resume his seat there again shortly, than from any delight which he taketh in foppery or ostentation. The colour of his clothes is generally noted to be black rather than brown, brown rather than blue or green. His whole deportment is staid, modest, and civil. His motto is Regularity.———

This Character was sketched, in an interval of business, to divert some of the melancholy hours of a Counting House. It is so little a creature of fancy, that it is scarce any thing more than a recollection of some of those frugal and economical maxims which, about the beginning of the last century, (England's meanest period) were endeavoured to be inculcated and instilled into the breasts of the London Apprentices,* by a class of instructors who might not inaptly be termed *The Masters of mean Morals.* The astonishing narrowness and illiberality of the lessons contained in some of those books is inconceivable by those whose studies have not led them that way, and would almost induce one to subscribe to the hard censure which Drayton has passed upon the mercantile spirit:—

> *The gripple merchant, born to be the curse*
> *Of this brave Isle.*

I have now lying before me that curious book by Daniel Defoe, "The Complete English Tradesman." The pompous detail, the studied analysis of every little mean art, every sneaking address, every trick and subterfuge (short of larceny) that is necessary to the tradesman's occupation, with the hundreds of anecdotes, dialogues (in Defoe's liveliest manner) interspersed, all tending to the same amiable purpose, namely, the sacrificing of every honest emotion of the soul to what he calls the main chance,—if you read it in an *ironical sense*, and as a piece of *covered satire*, make it one of the most amusing books which Defoe ever writ, as much so as any of his best novels. It is difficult to say what his intention was in writing it. It is almost impossible to suppose him in earnest. Yet such is the bent of the book to narrow and to degrade the heart, that if such maxims were as catching and infectious as those of

* This term designated a larger class of young men than that to which it is now confined; it took in the articled Clerks of Merchants and Bankers, the George Barnwells of the day.

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of a licentious cast, which happily is not the case, had I been living at that time, I certainly should have recommended to the Grand Jury of Middlesex, who presented the Fable of the Bees, to have presented this book of Defoe's in preference, as of a far more vile and debasing tendency. I will give one specimen of his advice to the young Tradesman on the *Government of his Temper.* "The retail tradesman in especial, and even every tradesman in his station, must furnish himself with a competent stock of patience; I mean that sort of patience which is needful to bear with all sorts of impertinence, and the most provoking curiosity that it is impossible to imagine the buyers, even the worst of them, are or can be guilty of. *A tradesman behind his counter must have no flesh and blood about him, no passions, no resentment;* he must never be angry, no not so much as seem to be so, if a customer tumbles him five hundred pounds worth of goods, and scarce bids money for any thing; nay, though they really come to his shop with no intent to buy, as many do, only to see what is to be sold, and though he knows they cannot be better pleased, than they are, at some other shop where they intend to buy, 'tis all one, the tradesman must take it, he must place it to the account of his calling, that *'tis his business to be ill used and resent nothing;* and so must answer as obligingly to those that give him an hour or two's trouble and buy nothing, as he does to those who in half the time lay out ten or twenty pounds. The case is plain, and if some do give him trouble and do not buy, others make amends and do buy; and as for the trouble, 'tis the business of the shop." Here follows a most admirable story of a mercer who, by his indefatigable meanness and more than Socratic patience under affronts, overcame and reconciled a lady, who upon the report of another lady that he had behaved saucily to some third lady, had determined to shun his shop, but by the over-persuasions of a fourth lady was induced to go to it; which she does, declaring before hand that she will buy nothing, but give him all the trouble she can. Her attack and his defence, her insolence and his persevering patience, are described in colours worthy of a Mandeville; but it is too long to recite. "The short inference from this long discourse (says he) is this, that here you see, and I could give you many examples like this, how and in what manner a shop-keeper is to behave himself in the way of his business; what impertinences, what taunts, flouts, and ridiculous things, he must bear in his trade, and must not shew the least return, or the least signal of disgust: he must have no passions, no fire in his temper; he must be all soft and smooth; nay, if his real temper be naturally fiery and hot, he must shew none of it in his shop; he must be a perfect *complete hypocrite* if he will be

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a *complete tradesman.** It is true, natural tempers are not to be always counterfeited; the man cannot easily be a lamb in his shop, and a lion in himself; but let it be easy or hard, it must be done, and is done: there are men who have by custom and usage brought themselves to it, that nothing could be meeker and milder than they, when behind the counter; and yet nothing be more furious and raging in every other part of life; nay the provocations they have met with in their shops have so irritated their rage, that they would go up stairs from their shop, and fall into frenzies, and a kind of madness, and beat their heads against the wall, and perhaps mischief themselves, if not prevented, till the violence of it had gotten vent, and the passions abate and cool. I heard once of a shop-keeper that behaved himself thus to such an extreme, that when he was provoked by the impertinence of the customers, beyond what his temper could bear, he would go up stairs and beat his wife, kick his children about like dogs, and be as furious for two or three minutes, as a man chained down in Bedlam; and again, when that heat was over, would sit down and cry faster than the children he had abused; and after the fit, he would go down into the shop again, and be as humble, courteous, and as calm as any man whatever; so absolute a government of his passions had he in the shop and so little out of it; in the shop, a soul-less animal that would resent nothing; and in the family a madman: in the shop, meek like a lamb; but in the family, outrageous like a Lybian lion. The sum of the matter is, it is necessary for a tradesman to subject himself by all the ways possible to his business; *his customers are to be his idols: so far as he may worship idols by allowance, he is to bow down to them, and worship them;* at least he is not in any way to displease them, or shew any disgust or distaste whatsoever they may say or do; the bottom of all is, that he is intending to get money by them, and it is not for him that gets money to offer the least inconvenience to them by whom he gets it; he is to consider that, as Solomon says, the borrower is servant to the lender, so the seller is servant to the buyer."—What he says on the head of *Pleasures and Recreations* is not less amusing:—"The tradesman's pleasure should be in his business, his companions should be his books, (he means his Ledger, Waste-book, &c.) and if he has a family, he makes *his excursions up stairs and no further:*—none of my cautions aim at restraining a tradesman from diverting himself, as we call it, with his fireside, or keeping company with his wife and children."—

* As no qualification accompanies this maxim, it must be understood as the genuine sentiment of the Author!

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children."—Liberal allowance; nay, almost licentious and criminal indulgence!—but it is time to dismiss this *Philosopher of Meanness.* More of this stuff would illiberalize the pages of the *Reflector.* Was the man in earnest, when he could bring such powers of description, and all the charms of natural eloquence, in commendation of the meanest, vilest, wretchedest degradations of the human character?—Or did he not rather laugh in his sleeve at the doctrines which he inculcated, and retorting upon the grave Citizens of London their own arts, palm upon them a sample of disguised Satire under the name of wholesome Instruction?

L. B.

Art. XXIV.—*Short Miscellaneous Pieces.*

ON THE WORDS SECT *AND* SECTARY.

There are few exercises in Philosophy more useful, than, when a word by abuse has acquired an improper meaning, to trace it back to its genuine and primitive signification, especially when such meaning is employed to serve an unfair or malicious purpose. Not only language is rendered more accurate by such a process, but it frequently tends to the correction of misrepresentations, and the removal of prejudices. The words placed at the head of this paper are remarkable instances of this abusive deviation from their original and natural import, by which, from terms morally indifferent, they have been converted to reproachful appellations, and devoted to the service of party hatred. An attempt, therefore, to rectify the ideas associated with them cannot be thought unseasonable.

The word *sect* (*secta* in Latin) is derived from a verb signifying *to follow*, and has the correspondent simple meaning of the *followers* of a particular leader, or system. Thus the classes of ancient philosophers, which took their names from their master or school, were all termed sects; as the Stoic, Epicurean, Academic, &c. Classical writers sometimes apply the word also to parties in a state adhering to a particular chief; but in this sense it is become obsolete; and in modern languages it is appropriated to distinctions of opinion, especially in religion and philosophy. But in its accurate use it simply denotes the circumstance of distinction or division, without any reference to superiority or inferiority, merit or demerit. Thus Dr. Johnson defines *sect* to be

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"a body of men following some particular master, or united in some settled tenet;" which certainly implies nothing vituperative. It is true he adds, "often in a bad sense;" and I make no question that he had frequently heard it so employed; but in the examples he produces of the use of the word, this sense is made out only by adjuncts,—the common cause of splitting senses in his dictionary. Thus, the "jealous *sects*," in the lines from Dryden, and the "*sect* of freethinkers" in the quotation from Bentley, owe their bad name to the company in which they are placed. The passage from Dryden ought, however, to have suggested to the lexicographer another meaning of the word, which, though not strictly correct, is now familiarised by the practice of good writers; this is, that of contradistinction to *establishment*; in which sense, every mode of religion in a country deviating from that established by the state, may be denominated a *sect*. And this was doubtless the "bad sense" which ran in Johnson's mind when he made that addition to his definition; for with his principles, he must have considered a word implying such a fact, to be a moral imputation. This way of thinking he has clearly manifested by his definition of the kindred word *sectary*, who, says he, is "one who divides from public establishments, and joins with those distinguished by some particular whims." He is here too, however, unfortunate in his first example, taken from Gardiner's reproach of Cranmer in Shakespeare's Henry the Eighth—

My Lord, my Lord, you are a *sectary*;

for the *whim* with which this distinguished prelate is charged by his bigotted adversary was, that of rejecting the tenets of the church of Rome for those which were the ground-work of the church of England. But the definition is such as might be expected from one who could treat with gross insult an amiable and ingenuous female for yielding to the dictates of her conscience, in adopting a religion different from that in which she had been educated.* It was natural for a Roman, who conceived of the Christians as an obscure sect of Jews, to regard as an idle *whim* their refusing to sacrifice at a public altar; and Pliny, in his famous letter to the Emperor Trajan concerning them, considers their obstinacy as deserving of punishment, whatever else their guilt might be: this, I say, was natural in a polytheist; but it seems strange that any believer in Christianity should regard in the same light every dissent from the faith and worship that circumstances may have established in his country.

To

* See the Dialogue between Dr. Johnson and Mrs. Knowles, in Miss Seward's Letters.

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To revert to the genuine use of the word *sect*.—As it simply denotes the *followers* of some particular system, without indicating anything respecting that system, it is equally applicable to all bodies formed upon difference of opinion. It was a denomination annexed alike to all the schools of ancient philosophy, which stood upon the same level of free discussion. It is used equally to designate the three divisions of Judaism,—the Pharisees, Saducees, and Essenes,—without an exception of the first, who were the proudest and most considerable. And as soon as variety of doctrine took place among the Christians (which was very early), the adherents to each leader or system were equally entitled to the appellation of sects; for whatever superiority one body of believers might arrogate over the rest, it was disallowed by their rivals, and there was no umpire. They indeed, who, like the Roman Catholics, hold that there was always subsisting one visible and undivided church, in which resided the authority of deciding in all controverted points, will not admit this principle of equality, and will apply the term *sect* opprobriously to all separatists from this sole church, of which they are members; but what Protestant community, who are themselves separatists, and disclaim any authority but that of the Scriptures, can consistently make an exemption in their own favour, and apply to other Christian communities an appellation which does not reciprocally belong to themselves? If the follower of Luther call the follower of Calvin a sectary, it would be absurd for him to suppose that the term will not be returned upon himself. Episcopalian and Presbyterian, Athanasian and Arian, Arminian and Gomarist, stand in exactly the same relation, as sects, to the general church of Christ; and if it is opprobrious in one to have assumed a name of distinction from that general body, it is equally so in another.

It must therefore be upon the secondary and less proper meaning of the word *sect*, as opposed to *establishment*, that the only derogatory application of the word by Protestants can be founded; and this must be supported by a principle inconsistent not only with Protestanism, but with Christianity itself,—namely, that it is morally criminal to dissent from the religion adopted by the government under which we live. Such a principle makes religion a mere matter of state, excluding all consideration of its truth; for however the sectary may be charged by his antagonist for making mere *whim* the motive of separation, he may vindicate himself by saying, "what appear whims to you, are serious points with me." In fact, the grounds of separation alleged by the majority of sects, whether they be solid or not, are not even by their opponents regarded as of a trifling and chimerical nature, but

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involve some of the most important subjects of controversy. If they have been decided against the sectary by the civil power in one country, they have been determined in his favour in another; and it is not the intervention of a river or a channel that can mark the bounds between truth and error, reputation and discredit. The Episcopalian is termed a sectary in Scotland, and the Presbyterian in England; but they are as much right or wrong in their opinions in one country as in the other. The member of an establishment, monopolizing honours and emoluments, and backed by penal laws, may put on airs of superiority, and disdain to be classed with separatists; but when he speaks as a member of the great Christian commonwealth, and appeals to the authority of reason or antiquity in support of his particular system, he must quit his high ground, and descend to the arena of equal contest. If he there uses the word sect or sectary in scorn, it will be as scornfully retorted upon him; for a geographical distinction is no distinction in logic.

On the whole matter my conclusion is, that the term *sect* and its derivatives have strictly and properly the meaning of followers of any system or leader forming one of the divisions in a subject of opinion, and that in this sense they are perfectly neutral or indifferent terms, equally applicable to all such divisions; that when their meaning is extended to discrimination from the followers of opinions established by the state, they are still morally neutral terms, since such difference is only local, and implies neither error nor crime; and that to employ them as terms of reproach betrays equal ignorance and illiberality.

Mr. Reflector,

I send you two copies of Latin Verse for insertion among your Miscellaneous Articles, if you think them not unsuited to the nature of your Publication. The first are on a subject which, I believe, is as yet new to the Roman muse. The operation which forms the subject of them, is known on the Sussex coast, I am told, by the name of "spearing eels:" in Hampshire it is termed "wreckling," from the name of the fish or eel, which is the object of the sport. The very elegant lines which follow them, are understood to have been written by Dr. Phillimore, the present eminent civilian, when a resident student of Christ Church, Oxford; and they evince a taste for the scientific productions of his country, which it would be desirable to see more generally followed.

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lowed. While our dilletanti languish with rapture over the mutilated fragments of Greece and Rome, the noble monuments of Art in their own country are left either unknown or unremembered. It might be safely asserted, perhaps, that for one hundred persons who are critically acquainted with the Pharos of Ptolemy, scarcely one will be found who can give a scientific account of that chef-d'œuvre of Smeaton, the Light-house erected on the Eddystone Rocks. I have attempted a translation of these lines for the English reader. Those who wish to be further informed on the subject of this structure, will find ample amuse ment in Mr. Smeaton's interesting narrative, which contains a detailed account of the whole progress of the building; and in a recent publication of R. H. Weston, Esq. son of the late Proprietor, entitled, "Letters and important Documents relative to Eddystone Light-house."

Tempore quo longè fluctus sorbentur in altum,
Nulloque Oceano littora pulsa silent;
Quæritur in sabulo piscis tenuissima forma,
Quem lautum agnoscat grex, Epicure, tuus.
Unde et quò nomen (gaudet quin homine "Wreckle,")
Grammatici certant, plurima lisque valet.
Ad summum totus moduli palmaris ab imo est;
Tum moles nullas alvus obesa trahit:
Argenti color est vertex, argentea cauda;
Argento puro squamea terga nitent.
Hunc siquis captare velit, jam furca tricuspis
Deprimat huic humeros, cistula texta manus.
Parcet uti lato, me saltem auctore, ligone;
Ictus in obliquum membra tenella secat.
Armis in promptu, serventur tempora nota;
Tum madidum verset sedula dextra solum.
Protinus apparent ædes, latebrasque repertas
Mirantur pisces insolitumque diem.
Nil mora, quin rapidâ citior tu fulminis alâ
Deprensos obstes, ne loca cæca petant.
Præmonitusque cave, digitos ne molle per ipsos
Insinuet furtim lubricus anguis iter.
Nam semel elapsum servabit pervius usus
Erroresque domûs ambiguæque viæ.
Hic labor, hoc opus est; pariterque necesse páratos
Semper habere oculos, semper habere manus.

* The Sting-fish.

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Hoc quoque curandum est, ne cui dant spicula* nomen,
Inficiant piscis nigra venena manum.
Siqua fides, læsus plorabis vulnus acerbum,
Æstus dum refluens littora summa lavat.
Confestim accipiat prædam, captosque reservet,
Pondere dum grato cista referta gemat.
Pulvere sic tandem non turpi sparsus abibis,
Mensaque non emptum proferet alta cibum
Delicias quales jurasset Apicius ipse,
Aut mollis Salii gens epulata dapes.

ON THE EDDYSTONE LIGHT-HOUSE.

Qui cursu magnum jam præter vectus Ocrinum
Navita, Dumnoniæ littora curva legis,—
En, tibi, fluctifragi angusto de vertice saxi
Tollit se in medio vasta columna mari;
Quæ tanquam scopulis adnata et mole suâ stans
Despicit æquoreas inviolata minas.
Haud aliter validis penitùs radicibus hærens,
Quercus Caucaseo stat veneranda jugo.
Ergo nil metuas, quamvis tibi mille minentur
Exitium infido condita saxa salo;
Quamvis et tenebræ ingruerint, et non tibi luna,
Non Helice fausto sidere signet iter;
Hic tibi per noctem, curâ asservata fideli
Vivida sublimi è vertice flamma micat.
Hic tibi, ne dubites ventis dare vela secundis,
Hæc dux ambiguæ sufficit una viæ.

TRANSLATION.

Bold mariner, whose fragile bark explores
The Lizard's depths, and Devon's winding shores:
Bas'd on the craggy rock behold for thee
Yon tow'ring Column cleaves the middle sea.
A noble scion of it's parent rock,
Self-pois'd it stands and braves old Ocean's shock.
The rev'rend oak upon some mountain's brow,
So lifts it's head above,—so spreads it's roots below.—
Then fearless speed thee, nor thy course restrain,
Tho' rocks unnumber'd ambush in the main;

Tho'

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Tho' darkness thickens, and no fav'ring ray
Of moon or North-star point the doubtful way:
Yet watchful care shall here the live-long night
Tend the bright flame and feed the constant light;
Safe in whose guidance may thy sails defy
The treacherous ocean and the darken'd sky.

M.

Mr. Reflector,

As your Miscellany professes to please scholars as well as lighter readers, you may perhaps have no objection to insert, as in a former number, a few Latin verses; which if they do not please, may at any rate amuse your learned friends, as a subject on which they may exercise their critical sagacity. The verses do not affect poetry: they have no imagination, nor do they pretend even to fancy. Their utmost aim is prettiness; and perhaps your more friendly readers may think that they have not altogether failed in catching the turns of the Latin style of versification. As their merit, if any, consists entirely in their style and diction, they are not worthy of translation; but as now-a-days almost every family has one member in it who can read Latin, any such gentleman may if he pleases construe the lines for the amusement of his sister or "chere amie." I will not quarrel with him, as the learned have with Pope, if he should throw into his translation "any Ovidian graces not to be found in the original."

T. B.

SAPPHIC VERSES ON SENDING A BOUQUET TO A LADY.

Sic positæ quoniam suaves miscetis odores.

I, puer, plantâ celeri pererra,
Serta decerpens et amore digna
Qui meum torret jecur et pudicâ
Digna puellâ.

Sint Rosæ flores Veneris rubentes
Osculis Phœbi nimium propinqui:
Lilia haud absint humilis superbi
Vallis honores.

Num

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Num legens mittam violas? odores
Nympha spirabit mea suaviores.
Num crocos? sed lucidius micabunt
Lumina Lauræ.

O meâ vitâ mihi plus amata,
O magis-quam dimidium mei, me
Quæ diu mi surpueras, rogas cur
Hæc tibi mittam?

Cur nisi ut sint suave-olens amoris
Pignus? et fors quando oculis benignis
Hoc vides, mentem memorem mei tum
Stringat Imago.

Cur te amem? Non, non quia pulchra, quamvi,
Pulchrior cœli-genitis: quòd autem
Pectus ignarum mali et intimo mens
Casta recessu.

Forma marcebit; fugient Cupido
Et Venus: fati at domitor superstes,
Huic brevi serto absimilis, virebit
Optima Virtus.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE REFLECTOR.

Sir,

I am a *gentleman*, upon the authority of no less a fountain of honour than your Shakespeare, who was accustomed to deal with me in images; and I will be bold to say, that I am one of the most ill-used gentlemen in Christendom, as I am constrained to call it, in order to express my meaning, although I have about as great an affection for Christianity, as I have for holy water. The truth is, that it is not in England alone, that I am both feared and despised, trembled at and yet trifled with, held in abhorrence and in derision, now believed to exist and treated as a bugbear, and now believed to be a creature of the imagination and treated as a humbug. Man illuminates his room, sets wine on his table, bids his friends; and in the hilarity of the festive board, my name is sported with by every tongue, and my existence denied by universal acclamation. The bottle becomes empty, the lights

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lights are extinguished, the guests separate; and each retires to his bed, and thinks

——— "How charming if there's no such person!"

But it is not only by the gay that I am voted a non-entity. The unthinking churchman, indeed, has some pretence for getting rid of me, for his godfathers and godmothers have promised that he should: all that I complain of is, that, although he renounces me, he still sticks to the world and the flesh. But what galls me most is, that the freethinking unitarian should write pamphlets to prove my non-existence, and that posting-bills announcing that that question will be mooted at a debating society, should be stuck up all over the very town in which I am proverbially known to hold my constant residence. You will be surprised, Mr. Reflector, to learn that, although I am at all times to be found in the bosom of London, there associating chiefly among lawyers and tailors, yet I frequently fly over Lincoln Minster, and eye that magnificent building askance. But the most prominent trait in my character is, that I am (principally with those bad, bold men, who affect to deny my existence) the never-failing receptacle and depository for whatever annoys or discommodes them, their very selves upon great provocation. All these persons and things I am twenty times a day desired to take, or they are wished *at me;* and when I come for them, I find, as old Chaucer tells the story,

"It is not his entente; * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * *
The cherl spake a thing, but he thought another:
Here win I nothing." *

Ariosto tells us, that whatsoever is lost on earth is treasured in the moon. I have often thought of the far greater treasures I should have, if I could lay my claws upon every thing which has been abandoned to me, in the momentary passion of men of property. For instance, I should have the hindmost man in almost every race, and a perfect seraglio of all those hard-hearted mistresses, whose lovers are of Sir John Suckling's mind. My seclusion from society, by those who do acknowledge my existence, has been as great a source of mortification to me as the contempt of those who do not. A distinction is, by this class of people, taken between me "and all;" and when they get into any trouble, or their affairs go in the least degree wrong, they call it *me* "*and all*," or they pretend, that they have me "and all" *to pay*, although they very well know that, whoever else may have any demands upon them, I never touch a penny of their money. On the contrary, I often put them in the way of reimbursing themselves,

* The Frere's Tale.

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selves; and this kind of acknowledgment of my debt is all I can ever procure in return, although they make a great talk about giving me my due. I have heard it said, that he who owns himself to be a creditor, half satisfies the demand upon him; and it is in this manner, I suppose, that my numerous debtors think, by making me the acknowledgment twice, to pay me in full. But I never could understand what was meant by the threat of *playing me with such-a-one.* Do they take me for a pipe? as the wearer of the inky cloak says; and is this the tune they call the *Black Joke?* I am afraid they will find me neither harmonious, nor a joke. I understand, too, that the beaux and belles of your watering-places, have lately had the temerity to designate a whirling, roaring toy with my name, because it is played *upon two sticks;* and it is known in England, that Asmodeus, of our fraternity, who walks with such a support, once appeared in the city of Madrid. I am now therefore, forsooth, tossed about from the stick and the string of one fool to those of another, and am literally "easier to be played than a pipe:" so that when I wish to impress the world with my cunning as a pleader, I am complimented upon my skill as a rope-dancer. While I am upon this subject, I will just mention a playing, the discord of which is much more congenial to my nature: when a man drums his fingers upon a table, he has irrecoverably enlisted as my soldier, and is said to beat my tattoo.

An adjective has been formed, Sir, out of the primitive of my name; and it is used with the most unbounded profusion to qualify things, good, bad, hot, cold, moist or dry. And I must not forget the verb to which my name, with the help of the syllable *be,* has stood father, although that is always applied to describe a disagreeable situation. But there is one occasion upon which my enemies cannot avoid paying me "due honour for my burning throne:" when they wish to describe the extraordinary prowess, gallantry, or desperation of any given man, they affirm that he is one of my rank,—they call him *one of my species* "*of a fellow,*" by which they mean that he is worthy to be a fellow of mine; and, indeed, whenever they meet with any thing wonderful or vast in the works of Nature, a magnitudinous peak, a stupendous natural bridge from mountain to mountain, or a profound dyke, they constantly speak of it as my property, this real property being the only inheritance or acquisition which they will suffer me to retain. An idea of me is also connected in the minds of men with the unexpected and surprizing, as well as the wonderful; and my name generally follows the exclamation, *What!* from the mouths of the free-talkers, whom I have before described, or precedes the exclamations, *He, She* or *It is!* And when they are very incredulous, they affirm, that if the fact be as it is stated, or

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as they do not think it is, I am *in it*. Nay, I recollect a wag of former days, who prefixed as a title to his drama, "If this be not a good play, *that I was* in it," and he contrived to introduce me into the business of the scene, to make his word good, just as I have been introduced upon the same stage with *Doctor Faustus*, or as it may be said of this REFLECTOR, *if it be not a good number*. It would be endless to recount to you all the ridiculous situations, in which the poets and other triflers have placed me; one had the levity to say, that I once made my *debut* in a town in Scotland, in the capacity of a fiddler, and condescended to lead off a dance with an exciseman; and another had the hardihood to accuse me of being subject to the infirmity of sickness, in which condition, he represented me to having thoughts of turning monk, and to have scouted the idea when I convalesced. And the turn of the epigram which was written on this occasion, leads me to notice a peculiar sense in which my name is used: it is that of a negation, and seems to keep up the idea of my non-existence: I am made to answer to *not*, when used before the words *a bit*, or, indeed, before any noun; and the clergy themselves have not blushed to acknowledge my services in this capacity: Dean Swift is full of me; and Dean Aldrich prayed me in aid, when he wrote the last couplet of that merry catch called, "Christ Church Bells," and wished to intimate that not a man would leave his can,

"Till he heard the mighty Tom."

Such of the clergy as are more precise and affected, however, will mince my name down into "the deuce," which has always appeared to me to be a corruption of the Latin, for a name, which I "tremble" to "believe" in, and will neither take between my lips, nor let slip from my pen. Women, too, have either recourse to this metonymy, or spell my name with an *i* in the first syllable, which gives the word a sweet, pretty, innocent sound, and such as always carries with it a good sense when applied to the gallantries of the other sex. To tire your patience no longer, I shall only mention one further trait in my character; and this is that, though I am very much doubted myself, I am supposed to doubt nothing of others; and whenever a man boasts of a readiness to perform what it is his intent to do, he is cut short, by an exclamation, that *I* am to *doubt* him. This practice obtains in Scotland more than in England. I had a good deal to say in answer to the oppugners of my existence and my residence, in the way of interrogatory, why every piece of hot cookery goes by my name, and why certain gaming-houses are called after that of my abode; but, lest the subject should grow too serious, I hasten to subscribe myself, in jest, Mr. Reflector, your sincere friend,

†‡† THE DEVIL.

CHARACTER

CHARACTER OF AN EXAGGERATOR.

MR. REFLECTOR,

THE habits of exaggeration, and of speaking in strong terms,—of going beyond the gaol in order to reach it,—have already been matters of complaint with the periodical essayist; and all their vicious consequences, such as a contempt for the trammels of exact matter of fact, a difficulty of finding words left for those subjects, which are really in themselves great and important, an absolute unintelligibility to the plain matter-of-fact man, &c. &c. have been duly pointed out. I am therefore relieved of the unpleasant task of pointing a moral, and shall proceed immediately to lay before you the character of *Megastomos*. He is a man of considerable humour, and says as many good things as the rest of his *coterie;* but he mistakes exaggeration for anecdote, and the pleasure and surprize which it excites in the company for encouragement and admiration. He has such an inveterate habit of telling every story as strongly as possible, that, in the full swing of his invention, he will overlook the presence of a man who was a party to the transaction he is over-colouring, and who knows which part of it is truth and which fiction, and go romancing on, till he thinks he has wound every body up to the due pitch of wonder and delight. Nay, he will often relate what every body present knows to be a pure invention, for the mere purpose of keeping his tongue in, notwithstanding the company are half of them laughing at him for what he has said, and half ironically encouraging him to say something more, by a satisfaction, which he himself knows to be as fictitious as the monstrosities he is uttering. This man is such a determined and notorious exaggerator, that he one day himself told us, that we ought to divide what he said by a hundred; "and then," added a friend of his, "we shall have to make allowances in the quotient for oriental grandeur." He hears a common story, such as that an elderly gentlewoman, being at the theatre on the first night of a modern comedy, said to you, MR. REFLECTOR, or to any body else, at the conclusion of the second act, "The end of the third act, I believe Sir?" "No, Madam, only the second." Upon which, the old gentlewoman replied, "Vastly tedious."—He thinks there is not much at present in this story; but it has its capabilities. Having gone through the creative process of his invention, it comes out thus:—"An elderly gentlewoman being present at the first performance of a new play, written by her favourite nephew, asked a gentleman at the end of the first act, if it was not the fifth, when, upon being informed of her mistake, she rushed out of the theatre, with all her nieces in her train, the author's own sisters; the story spread through the house, *Sir* (for whenever he taxes your credulity very hard, he uses the most respectful

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spectful language), and the play was damned." Now there is nothing ludicrous in all this, but its abominable extravagance. We laugh at the ingenuity of his imagination; and he thinks we are pleased with the moral of the story. A fellow-student of his had the misfortune to have a little poetical compilation dedicated to him—"To ————, Esq., whose mind was early smitten with the charms of poetry;" and of this circumstance, *Megastomos* makes the following story: "Poor ———— is ruined for ever."—"Ruined! how?" "He can never shew his face again. He has had a book dedicated to him, 'whose tender and too-susceptible mind was early smitten with the soul-subduing charms of gentle poesy.' The consequence is, that he can never hold a brief; and the attornies have had a meeting, Sir, at which they came to an unanimous resolution never to employ him." The following is the way, in which he tells the story of Goldsmith's leaving out the point of the joke about taking yellow peas to Hammersmith, because that is the way to *Turnham Green*:—Goldsmith thought he would sport this good thing one day, and accordingly got together all the yellow peas he could procure from all parts of London and the adjacent villages, at great expense, and had them brought to his table, before a large party. In due time, the cover was taken off the peas; they were of a pretty good colour, but Goldsmith said with a start, "God bless me! how yellow those peas are. Here, John (ringing the bell in a fury)—The servant came in ready booted—"Take these peas to Hammersmith." "To Hammersmith?" said one of the company; "why is he to take them to Hammersmith?" "Because," replied Goldsmith, "that's the way to *make* them green." These exaggerations and incidental touches are not without humour, and are sufficiently innocent; for they deceive nobody who has the smallest acquaintance with their author. His friends find this *foible* in him very amusing, if *strength* of language may be called a *foible*, upon any principle of "When I am weak, then am I strong." †+†

Sir,

The following paper, extracted from the *Mercurius Politicus* of the year 1654, in the protectorate of Cromwell, may perhaps be interesting to your readers. It contains the apportioning to the different counties of England and Wales of a monthly Assessment of £120,000, laid upon these parts of the island; and will tend to shew the relative wealth and consequence of each at that period. I have subjoined a column shewing the number of Representatives in Parliament for each county, in a House consisting of 400 English members, summoned about that time; which proved to be so independently constituted, that it was likely to have dethroned the Protector, had he not soon dissolved it.

County

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County.	Assessment.	M.P.
Bedford	£1600 0 0	6
Berks	1866 13 4	7
Bucks	2200 0 0	8
Camb. & Ely	2520 0 0	8
Chester	1466 13 4	5
Cornwall	2800 0 0	12
Cumberland	185 2 8	3
Derby	1600 0 0	5
Devon	5333 6 8	20
Dorset	2266 13 4	10
Durham	263 10 2½	3
Essex	6000 0 0	16
Gloucester	3066 13 4	9
Hereford	2000 0 0	6
Hertford	2400 0 0	7
Huntingdon	1066 13 4	4
Kent	6266 13 4	18
Lancaster	1600 0 0	8
Leicester	1866 13 4	6
Lincoln	4666 13 4	16
London	8000 0 0	6
Middlesex & Westminster	3066 13 4	6
Monmouth	800 0 0	3
Northampton	2400 0 0	8
Nottingham	1600 0 0	6
Norfolk	6533 6 8	16
Northumberland	369 11 1½	5
Oxon	1933 6 8	8
Rutland	(not mentioned)	2
Salop	2266 13 4	8
Stafford	1600 0 0	6
Somerset & Bristol	£4960 0 0	18
Southampton	3466 13 4	14
Suffolk	6266 13 4	16
Surrey	3000 0 0	10
Sussex	3266 13 4	14
Warwick	2133 6 8	7
Worcester	2133 6 8	7
Westmorland	126 16 0	2
Wilts	3333 6 8	14
York	5333 6 8	22
Anglesey	232 13 4	2
Brecknock	620 0 0	2
Cardigan	732 0 0	2
Caermarthen	604 0 0	2
Caernarvon	346 13 4	2
Denbigh	466 13 4	2
Flint	232 13 4	2
Glamorgan	786 13 4	2
Merioneth	213 6 8	1
Montgomery	506 13 4	2
Pembroke	721 0 0	3
Radnor	436 0 0	2
Berw. on Tweed	10 0 0	0
	£120,000 0 0	400
Scotland		30
Ireland		30
		460

In this list of assessment it is observable, that of the counties Norfolk stands highest, and that the three succeeding ones on the coast southwards are the next in order,—a proof of the superior cultivation of those counties, and perhaps of their being particularly the seat of manufactures.

The proportion of members of parliament does not exactly correspond to the assessment, and was therefore probably regulated by a joint consideration of rental and population. It may seem extraordinary that London, which was the strength of the Parliamentary cause, and ranked so high both in wealth and population, should have no more representatives allotted to it; but Cromwell probably was apprehensive that they would be too republican in their principles to favour his designs. J. A.

OLD

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OLD MAIDS.

In an age like the present, when every projector has a scheme for the public advantage, it is strange that but few people seem inclined to bestow their stock of disposeable leisure on the consideration of such remediable evils, as continue to lessen the comforts of private life. It is true that education of all sorts has had its theorists, and its philosophers; systems have been formed, and the practice materially improved. The various causes of connubial infelicity have also heretofore occupied the attention of many writers, and may probably form the subject of several succeeding essays to this present one. But we shall now confine our thoughts to the situation of a class which observation and reasoning warrant us to believe is considerably increasing. We mean the already numerous body of unmarried women, arrived at an age, which establishes a probability, at least, of their remaining such to the end of their lives. This class, we apprehend, is not estimated of great importance in society; but as individual happiness must constitute the mass, it is to be expected will retain its proportionate weight in the balance of the philanthropist. Some of the minor evils attending this class proceed from the want of a distinguishing designation or term of introduction in society, which shall neither confound them with the matrons, by assuming whose title they may be convicted of usurping their undue honours, nor yet subject them to the ridicule of retaining one, which is no longer suitable to their appearance. When the drawing room door is thrown open, and Miss Montague, Miss Beverley, or Miss Worthington announced, the ideas which readily associate with the juvenile prefix, will represent to the imaginations, of young men in particular, the captivating graces of youth. —When, alas! for the objects of such ill founded expectations!— their entrance creates a disappointment which is not seldom revenged by some ill natured remark upon their personal defects, or unattended condition. And the unfortunate lady, so introduced, is obliged to take her place with the embarrassing conviction of an inveterate prejudice existing against her, and afraid to open her lips, fearing to encounter a lurking sneer, at what will, by many of the company, be considered her fruitless endeavours to attract. All of which disagreeable consequences might have been avoided, had the lady only been announced as Mrs. Mary Montague, Mrs. Ann Beverley, or Mrs. Amelia Worthington. No delusive expectations had then been excited; the men might rest easy, when persuaded that neither their hearts nor their liberties were attacked; and the women, when clear from the suspicion of any sinister views, and having no unreasonable prejudices to combat, would naturally

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follow the bent of their respective dispositions for the mutual enjoyment of themselves and the company. To preserve the dignity of this new order of mistresses and prevent it from being prematurely embraced by such as may afterwards desire an opportunity of relinquishing it, it may be adviseable to institute some precautions, lest many instances of inconsistency should reduce this classification to a merely ludicrous distinction. And though no irrevocable vow need here be insisted upon, it seems desirable to premise a rule, at least, that no lady shall be invested with the title here proposed, until she chooses to acknowledge herself thirty years of age, a period when the views of life are generally determined, and if destiny or inclination has till that time kept her single, the apprehensions of a dereliction of opinion can not be very formidable. And the resolution to continue it will be confirmed by the several advantages which seem reasonable to accompany this determination. At the age specified, the restraints which parents have imposed in childhood, are rivetted by habit, and when no longer relieved by the prospect of change, become intolerably irksome, while the love of power, which encreases with age, produces no disposition to relax towards those, who, either innocently or unadvisedly, have thwarted their patriarchal views. In families whose rank in society entitles every individual member to some degree of consequence, the unmarried daughters live in a state of useless dependance, and are frequently precluded from their share of social amusements, because their parents have no relish for such amusement themselves, and are weary of the unprofitable gratification of seeing their daughters partake of them. Even in cases, particularly fortunate, where parents behave not only with kindness and liberality, but where no unreasonable restrictions are experienced from their authority,—still there is much left to amend, when a daughter of discreet age and strict propriety is obliged, in order to attend a modern large party, to look out for a privileged chaperon, in some married acquaintance, perhaps not two thirds her own age; and it may be one whose levity of conduct, whose inexperience, or whose attractions require the fences of virtue to be stronger around her, but whose ceremonied importance entitles her to go unrestrained into company herself, and to conduct as many young females as choose to put themselves under her protection. When every addition to our personal consequence adds to our enjoyment, this is not altogether an insignificant privilege. And the participation of this, we would support with other reasonable indulgences. Little perhaps need here be urged in favor of those women who enjoy the proud though unassuming independence which is earned by the exercise of their own abilities, for they have a bulwark against the most insidious invaders of their peace and happiness. The wounds of Heaven are those of mercy, compared with the corroding anxieties which

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which are suffered from the caprices of men. And in order to diffuse as much as may be a similar security, we would strongly recommend to every father, whose circumstances allow a marriage portion for his daughter, to bestow it upon her at this period of her life, when her lot is almost as decidedly cast. And although there would be but few instances in which this portion would be sufficient for a separate establishment, yet it would, in many cases, conduce to such family arrangements as would obviate the intolerances of a continued residence together; or, where superior claims do not interfere, render it practicable to form such small societies as with united incomes would raise a sufficient independent accommodation.

In this short sketch we think we have suggested such means for ameliorating the condition of those who are somewhat opprobriously termed Old Maids, that there are many, who, if these regulations were adopted, would rather rejoice in than dread the appellation, and we should have it announced in the public papers, with the same exultation as usually attends a matrimonial connection or the birth of a child, that Miss Such-a-one, being of proper age, and perfectly free from any matrimonial engagement, determines on the ———— of the present month to enter herself in the class of single women, when she will be called Mrs. Anne, or Mrs. Mary Such-a-one. And this new arrangement might be celebrated by the friends of the party, whose cards, upon this occasion, would bear the mark of her new importance, and she would appear as one whose destiny was no longer in suspense. Upon this security, she shall be deemed competent to occupy a box at the theatre, to chaperon a younger sister or friend to a ball, to receive and pay visits among her acquaintance and intimates, bachelors not excepted;—and, in short, be generally considered on a footing with the lawful mistresses, except in the article of place, which shall be ceded to the dignity of more extensive connections. O. M.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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