



LD Lamps  
for New Ones

by

Charles Dickens



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Gads Hill Place,  
Higham by Rochester, Kent.

Wednesday night June 1870

Wilton Kent

Tomorrow is a very bad day  
for me to make a call, as, in  
addition to my usual office business, I  
have a mass of accounts to settle  
with Wills. But I hope I may be  
ready for you at 3 o'clock. If I  
can't be - why, then I shan't be.

You must really get rid of  
these Opal enjoyments. They are too  
overpowering.

"These violent delights have violent ends"  
I think it was a father of our church  
who made the wise remark to a young  
gentleman who got up very (or  
stayed out late) at Verona.?

Yours affectionately

CD

*Letter, written on the day before his death, by Charles Dickens  
to Charles Kent, appointing to meet him on the morrow.*

---

*From the original in the British Museum.*

Letter, written on the day before his death, by Charles Dickens  
to Charles Keble, appointing to meet him on the morrow

From the original in the British Museum

# OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES

AND OTHER SKETCHES AND ESSAYS

Hitherto uncollected.

By CHARLES DICKENS

Edited, with an introduction, by

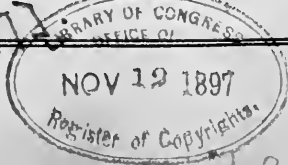
FREDERICK G. KITTON

AUTHOR OF

“A Bibliography of Dickens,” “Dickensiana,” “Dickens by Pen  
and Pencil,” Etc., Etc.



NEW AMSTERDAM BOOK COMPANY  
156 : FIFTH : AVENUE : NEW : YORK



6002102

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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE fact that the Essays, Reviews, and other papers here collected for the first time, have never (until now) been reprinted, will doubtless surprise even those who claim familiarity with everything which emanated from the prolific pen of Charles Dickens. Many of the fugitive pieces included in the present volume were apparently unknown to bibliographers as the productions of the great novelist, and it is only by means of careful research among the manuscripts in the Forster Collection at South Kensington Museum and elsewhere that I have been enabled to identify several of the more interesting of these occasional contributions to journalistic literature.

A few of Charles Dickens' earliest efforts in this direction may be discovered in *Bentley's Miscellany*, launched by Richard Bentley in 1837. His clever "Sketches by Boz" were then delighting the world with their freshness and originality, while the immortal "Pickwick Papers," then in course of publication, abundantly proved that the author possessed a sense of humor, combined with a power of expressing it, which far exceeded that of the average writer. No wonder, therefore, that Mr. Bentley was desirous of obtaining the services of one so eminently fitted for his art, and of securing his assistance as editor of the new venture. Dickens agreed to accept the position of conductor of the *Miscellany* for a fee of twenty pounds per

month (a *desideratum* in those days), while at the same time it was stipulated that he should furnish the magazine with a serial romance, and thus it happened that the "Life and Adventures of Oliver Twist" first appeared in its pages, embellished with George Cruikshank's powerful etchings. The third part of the *Miscellany* contained a curious production by the rising young novelist; it appeared as a leaflet among the advertisements, and was designated "Extraordinary Gazette." This remarkable literary composition was rendered in a style parodying a Royal speech, and additional interest was imparted thereto by means of a humorous, and now almost historical, wood-engraving, designed by Hâblot K. Browne ("Phiz"), representing the youthful editor leading by the lapels of his vest a burly, perspiring porter, who is laden with a monster package containing copies of the *Miscellany*, stray copies of which are being rapturously seized by an eager throng of spectators. Charles Dickens occupied the editorial chair nearly two years, and so valuable was his influence, even at this date, that Mr. Bentley, anxious to avail himself of "Boz's" popularity, offered him an honorarium equal to twice the amount of his editorial stipend merely for lending his name to the magazine for a brief period, an arrangement which gained the consent of the novelist.

In the earlier days of *The Examiner*, the pages of that now defunct journal were enriched by contributions from such distinguished writers as Leigh Hunt, William Hazlitt, and Charles Lamb. During Mr. John Forster's editorship Charles Dickens supplied its columns with several articles on various subjects, the majority of which have been hitherto undetected by bibliographers. Although the authorship of these ephemeral papers has never been acknowl-

edged or recorded, there can be no doubt as to their origin, for the original manuscripts, in Dickens' autograph, are still extant. Of the more important articles contributed by him to *The Examiner*, special interest attaches to his notable criticisms of, and comments upon, the work of his two famous contemporaries, George Cruikshank and John Leech, partly reproduced in Mr. Forster's biography, and now reprinted *in extenso* for the first time. The admirable description of the Chinese junk was the result of a visit by Dickens to this curious Oriental vessel when anchored in the London docks; its strange appearance in English waters so much impressed him that he was compelled to give an account of it in a letter to Mr. Forster, who tells us that he "could not resist the temptation of using some parts of it at the time"; hence its appearance in *The Examiner*, while other portions are printed in his *Life of the novelist*. It is, perhaps, unnecessary to suggest that the mysterious "Report of the Commissioners," etc., is intended as a burlesque piece of writing, marked by a sense of humor so characteristic of the author. In his emphatic remarks *à propos* of the pamphlet entitled "The Ballantyne Humbug Handled," Dickens expresses "his hearty sympathy" (to quote Mr. Forster) "with Lockhart's handling of certain passages in his 'Life of Scott' that had drawn down upon him the wrath of the Ballantynes."

In a letter dated March 10th, 1844, addressed to his solicitor friend, Mr. Thomas Melton, Dickens intimated his intention to furnish an occasional leader to *The Morning Chronicle*, the identical newspaper in which some of his "Boz" sketches were originally published. It is impossible to say whether this intention was realized; but a clew to one of these anonymous productions is afforded by the

above-mentioned letter, where the novelist wrote: "I send you a paper with my first article in it, the second leader. When you have read it send it me back, as I have no other." A reference to the *Chronicle* of the day preceding enables the reader to trace the leader in question, which, treating on matters agricultural, is written in that trenchant manner favored by Dickens when actuated by a strong sense of injustice or wrong. It will be observed, by the way, in many of the present collection of papers, that his political views are at once made manifest, and that a vigorous form of liberalism animates his forcible censures of the Tory party, at which he rather enjoyed poking fun, both in *The Examiner* and *Household Words*, whenever the opportunity offered and the occasion justified.

Several of the articles in this volume, written anonymously for *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, are of more than secondary interest, and are really worthy of the pen of "Inimitable Boz"; it is, therefore, strange that they have never been included among his "Reprinted Pieces." In some instances the original manuscripts have apparently been destroyed; but this proof of authorship is rendered unnecessary when *internal evidence* suffices to indicate their origin. Dickens' peculiarity of style and his marked originality of treatment is apparent in all these productions; in certain cases where the slightest doubt presents itself in this respect, I have advisedly refrained from reprinting. It should, however, be explained that the latter remark merely applies to a very limited number of papers in *Household Words*, for, as regards *All the Year Round*, I have fortunately obtained access to an "office set" of that journal, in which the names of the authors are recorded (in manuscript) against their respective contribu-

tions. It is probably well known to my readers that Dickens sometimes collaborated in the writing of an article, thus imparting to it his own literary individuality, which has not unfrequently led to the assumption that such essays were entirely composed by him. As an instance of this I may refer to a paper in *Household Words*, entitled "One Man in a Dockyard," the initial portion of which, descriptive of Rochester and Chatham (a locality he knew so well), was from the novelist's pen, while the remainder was written by Mr. R. H. Horne, author of "Orion," etc.

Peculiar value attaches at the present time to the paper on "The Guild of Literature and Art," which gives an account of a scheme intended to benefit necessitous authors and artists. Charles Dickens, Lord Lytton, and others distinguished in literary and artistic circles, were most indefatigable in their endeavors to promote the success of so excellent a project, and a fund for the purpose of founding and establishing this society was raised, principally by means of a series of dramatic entertainments both in London and the Provinces, the cast of characters in the selected plays including the names of Dickens and such intimate friends as John Leech, Augustus Egg, R.A., Mark Lemon, John Forster, Douglas Jerrold, and other famous wielders of the brush and pen. A considerable sum of money was thus raised, and the financial aspect of the new society looked promising; but it unfortunately happened that the "Guild" project itself was not favorably received by the public. Strenuous efforts were made to resuscitate interest in the well-intentioned movement, which, however, proved insufficient to overcome popular prejudice, and the result was failure. There is, at the time of writing, a Private Bill before Parliament, the object of which is to provide for the

winding up and dissolution of the "Guild," and, the House of Lords assenting, to transfer the value of existing stock, etc., in which the income of the Society was invested, to the coffers of the Royal Literary Fund and the Artists' General Benevolent Institution. The melancholy fate of "The Guild of Literature and Art" amply suffices to prove that the best of schemes, notwithstanding the support it may receive from persons of eminence and influence, courts disaster unless it is based upon absolute practicability and the keenest insight into human nature.

It will be seen that the article bearing the striking designation, "Whole Hogs," assumes the form of a protest against the extreme views of the so-called Temperance Party and of those who advocate Vegetarianism. This paper excited considerable indignation in that section of the community to which it had special reference, and the author was severely handled in a pamphlet (published at Middlesborough shortly afterwards), entitled "Mr. Charles Dickens on the Temperance Reformation," the denunciations in which, if he ever read them, doubtless provoked more merriment than irritation. In the paper headed "A Worthy Magistrate," criticising the action of an occupant of the bench at the Bow Street Police-Court, we are reminded of the novelist's famous attack upon a Mr. Laing, who, some fifty years ago, occupied a similar position at Clerkenwell; this particular magistrate enjoyed an unenviable reputation for coarseness and brutality, whereupon Dickens introduced him into the story upon which he was then engaged, and we are assured that this portrait of him as Mr. Fang, in "Oliver Twist," was more or less responsible for the dismissal of that unworthy official from a position for which his personal traits rendered him obviously incompetent.

Charles Dickens' retort upon a trenchant criticism of "Little Dorrit" in the *Edinburgh Review*, is a very spirited performance, concerning which he thus wrote to his friend Macready, the actor: "I hope you have seen my tussle with the *Edinburgh*. I saw the chance last Friday week, as I was going down to read the 'Carol' in St. Martin's Hall, instantly turned to, then and there, and wrote half the article, flew out of bed early next morning, and finished it by noon. Went down to Gallery of Illustration (we acted that night), did the day's business, corrected the proofs in Polar costume in dressing-room, broke up two numbers of *Household Words* to get it out directly, played in 'Frozen Deep' and 'Uncle John,' presided at supper of company, made no end of speeches, went home and gave in completely for four hours, then got sound asleep, and next day was as fresh as you used to be in the far-off days of your lusty youth."

In the October number of the *Edinburgh Review* there appeared the following "Note on His Answer": "In answer to some of the remarks contained in our review of 'Little Dorrit,' Mr. Dickens states in the *Household Words*, of the 1st of August, that the catastrophe of that tale formed part of his original plan, and was not suggested by a contemporary occurrence. The coincidence we pointed out was therefore accidental." It will be observed that the writer of this paragraph was silent concerning the "misprint" which constituted the principal feature of the attack.

The statement which appears under the title "Personal" was intended as an indignant protest against an anonymous libel that had been circulated respecting the novelist's separation from his wife—a libel which implicated others as well as himself. Mr. Forster considered the publication of

this paper as most injudicious, and held that the novelist had altogether exaggerated the public importance of the rumor as well as the extent of its circulation. Dickens agreed to suppress the statement if a certain distinguished man whom he named should disapprove of his proposal to print it; unhappily, the novelist's views were indorsed, and the protest appeared accordingly. A few days after the number containing it was issued, the printers and part proprietors of *Household Words*, Messrs. Bradbury and Evans, were informed that Dickens had resolved to cease his connection with them for the reason that this statement was not printed in *Punch*, a journal with which they were also associated. This proved to be correct; the novelist was aggrieved and determined to dissolve partnership. The result of this unfortunate quarrel led to the disposal by auction of the rights in *Household Words* on May 6th, 1859, the purchaser being Mr. Arthur Smith, acting on Dickens' behalf. It was then determined to discontinue the publication of *Household Words*, and to substitute for it (or, to be more exact, to incorporate with it) a similar periodical entitled *All the Year Round*, the initial number of which was launched a month prior to the final issue of its predecessor, so that during this brief interval the journals bearing these respective titles were co-existent. The editor of the *Edinburgh Review* (Mr. Macvey Napier), as proved by a letter included in the novelist's published Correspondence, where he expresses a belief that he "could write a pretty good and a well-timed article on the 'Punishment of Death,' and sympathy with great criminals, instancing the gross and depraved curiosity that exists in reference to them, by some of the outrageous things that were written, done, and said in recent cases." The pro-



posed paper was approved and accepted by Mr. Napier, but was never published in the *Review*, apparently because Dickens found it impossible to write it for the ensuing number, owing to the many insuperable obstacles which, at the time, crowded into the way of his pursuits. A few months later the subject was treated by him in the form of letters to the editors of the *Daily News*, and I may add that nearly four years afterward (viz., in November, 1849) capital punishment and its degrading effects upon the people constituted the theme of two very forcible letters to the editor of the *Times*, which have since been reprinted.

The brief missive addressed to the Metropolitan Drapers' Association, having reference to the early closing of shops, is not without interest at the present day. It was received by the secretary of the Association in answer to an application made to Dickens to take part in the proceedings at a meeting of its members, and to accept the office of vice-president.

It may justly be said of the letters, now reprinted for the first time, that those on "Crime and Education" and "Capital Punishment" are among the most valuable contributions to the many discussions on important social questions. The subject of educating young people of the poorest class (which is now giving rise to much controversy in London) was one in which he took a deep interest, and this spirit impelled him, observes Mr. Forster, "to give eager welcome to the remarkable institution of Ragged Schools, which, begun by a shoemaker of Southampton and a chimney-sweep of Windsor, and carried on by a peer of the realm, has had results of incalculable importance to society." Writing to his biographer in 1843, he says: "I sent Miss Coutts [now the Baroness Burdett-Coutts] a

there with real honest tears for his memory, and I feel it very much. I never, never, never was better loved by man than I was by him, I am sure. Poor dear fellow; good, affectionate, gentle creature." It is interesting to add as a further proof of the sincere friendship existing between them, that Dickens presented to Mr. Townshend the original manuscript of "Great Expectations," which, according to the terms of the reverend gentleman's will, was deposited at his decease in the Museum at Wisbeck, in Cambridge-shire.

F. G. KITTON.

ST. ALBANS, ENGLAND, October, 1897.

# OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES,

## AND OTHER SKETCHES AND ESSAYS.

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### OLD LAMPS FOR NEW ONES.

THE Magician in "Aladdin" may possibly have neglected the study of men, for the study of alchemical books; but it is certain that in spite of his profession he was no conjuror. He knew nothing of human nature, or the everlasting set of the current of human affairs. If, when he fraudulently sought to obtain possession of the wonderful Lamp, and went up and down, disguised, before the flying palace, crying New Lamps for Old Ones, he had reversed his cry, and made it Old Lamps for New Ones, he would have been so far before his time as to have projected himself into the nineteenth century of our Christian Era.

This age is so perverse, and is so very short of faith—in consequence, as some suppose, of there having been a run on that bank for a few generations—that a parallel and beautiful idea, generally known among the ignorant as the Young England hallucination, unhappily expired before it could run alone, to the great grief of a small but a very select circle of mourners. There is something so fascinating, to a mind capable of any serious reflection, in the notion of ignoring all that has been done for the happiness and elevation of mankind during three or four centuries of

slow and dearly bought amelioration, that we have always thought it would tend soundly to the improvement of the general public, if any tangible symbol, any outward and visible sign, expressive of that admirable conception, could be held up before them. We are happy to have found such a sign at last; and although it would make a very indifferent sign, indeed, in the Licensed Victualling sense of the word, and would probably be rejected with contempt and horror by any Christian publication, it has our warmest philosophical appreciation.

In the fifteenth century, a certain feeble lamp of art arose in the Italian town of Urbino. This poor light, Raphael Sanzio by name, better known to a few miserably mistaken wretches in these later days, as Raphael (another burned at the same time, called Titian), was fed with a preposterous idea of Beauty—with a ridiculous power of etherealizing, and exalting to the very Heaven of Heavens, what was most sublime and lovely in the expression of the human face divine on Earth—with the truly contemptible conceit of finding in poor humanity the fallen likeness of the angels of God, and raising it up again to their pure spiritual condition. This very fantastic whim effected a low revolution in Art, in this wise, that Beauty came to be regarded as one of its indispensable elements. In this very poor delusion, Artists have continued until this present nineteenth century, when it was reserved for some bold aspirants to “put it down.”

The Pre-Raphael Brotherhood, Ladies and Gentlemen, is the dread Tribunal which is to set this matter right. Walk up, walk up; and here, conspicuous on the wall of the Royal Academy of Art in England, in the eighty-second year of their annual exhibition, you shall see what this new

Holy Brotherhood, this terrible Police that is to disperse all Post-Raphael offenders, has "been and done!"

You come—in this Royal Academy Exhibition, which is familiar with the works of WILKIE, COLLINS, ELTY, EAST-LAKE, MULREADY, LESLIE, MACLISE, TURNER, STANFIELD, LANDSEER, ROBERTS, DANBY, CRESWICK, LEE, WEBSTER, HEBERT, DYCE, COPE, and others who would have been renowned as great masters in any age or country—you come, in this place, to the contemplation of a Holy Family. You will have the goodness to discharge from your minds all Post-Raphael ideas, all religious aspirations, all elevating thoughts; all tender, awful, sorrowful, ennobling, sacred, graceful, or beautiful associations; and to prepare yourselves, as befits such a subject—Pre-Raphaelly considered—for the lowest depths of what is mean, odious, repulsive, and revolting.

You behold the interior of a carpenter's shop. In the foreground of that carpenter's shop is a hideous, wry-necked, blubbering, red-headed boy, in a bed-gown; who appears to have received a poke in the hand, from the stick of another boy with whom he has been playing in an adjacent gutter, and to be holding it up for the contemplation of a kneeling woman, so horrible in her ugliness, that (supposing it were possible for any human creature to exist for a moment with that dislocated throat) she would stand out from the rest of the company as a Monster, in the vilest cabaret in France, or the lowest gin-shop in England. Two almost naked carpenters, master and journeyman, worthy companions of this agreeable female, are working at their trade; a boy, with some small flavor of humanity in him, is entering with a vessel of water; and nobody is paying any attention to a snuffy old woman who seems to have

mistaken that shop for the tobacconist's next door, and to be hopelessly waiting at the counter to be served with half an ounce of her favorite mixture. Wherever it is possible to express ugliness of feature, limb, or attitude, you have it expressed. Such men as the carpenters might be undressed in any hospital where dirty drunkards, in a high state of varicose veins, are received. Their very toes have walked out of Saint Giles'.

This, in the nineteenth century, and in the eighty-second year of the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Art, is the Pre-Raphael representation to us, Ladies and Gentlemen, of the most solemn passage which our minds can ever approach. This, in the nineteenth century, and in the eighty-second year of the annual exhibition of the National Academy of Art, is what Pre-Raphael Art can do to render reverence and homage to the faith in which we live and die! Consider this picture well. Consider the pleasure we should have in a similar Pre-Raphael rendering of a favorite horse, or dog, or cat; and, coming fresh from a pretty considerable turmoil about desecration in connection with the National Post-Office, let us extol this great achievement, and commend the National Academy!

In further considering this symbol of the great retrogressive principle, it is particularly gratifying to observe that such objects as the shavings which are strewn on the carpenter's floor are admirably painted; and that the Pre-Raphael Brother is indisputably accomplished in the manipulation of his art. It is gratifying to observe this, because the fact involves no low effort at notoriety; everybody knowing that it is by no means easier to call attention to a very indifferent pig with five legs, than to a symmetrical pig with four. Also, because it is good to know that the

National Academy thoroughly feels and comprehends the high range and exalted purposes of Art; distinctly perceives that Art includes something more than the faithful portraiture of shavings, or the skilful coloring of drapery—imperatively requires, in short that it shall be informed with mind and sentiment; will on no account reduce it to a narrow question of trade-juggling with a palette, palette-knife, and paint-box. It is likewise pleasing to reflect that the great educational establishment foresees the difficulty into which it would be led, by attaching greater weight to mere handicraft, than to any other consideration—even to considerations of common reverence or decency; which absurd principle, in the event of a skilful painter of the figure becoming a very little more perverted in his taste than certain skilful painters are just now, might place Her Gracious Majesty in a very painful position, one of these fine Private View Days.

Would it were in our power to congratulate our readers on the hopeful prospects of the great retrogressive principle, of which this thoughtful picture is the sign and emblem! Would that we could give our readers encouraging assurance of a healthy demand for Old Lamps in exchange for New Ones, and a steady improvement in the Old Lamp Market! The perversity of mankind is such, and the untoward arrangements of Providence are such, that we cannot lay that flattering unction to their souls. We can only report what Brotherhoods, stimulated by this sign, are forming; and what opportunities will be presented to the people, if the people will but accept them.

In the first place, the Pre-Perspective Brotherhood will be presently incorporated, for the subversion of all known rules and principles of perspective. It is intended to swear

every P.P.B. to a solemn renunciation of the art of perspective on a soup-plate of the willow pattern; and we may expect, on the occasion of the eighty-third Annual Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Art in England, to see some pictures by this pious Brotherhood, realizing Hogarth's idea of a man on a mountain several miles off, lighting his pipe at the upper window of a house in the foreground. But we are informed that every brick in the house will be a portrait; that the man's boots will be copied with the utmost fidelity from a pair of Bluchers, sent up out of Northamptonshire for the purpose; and that the texture of his hands (including four chilblains, a whitlow, and ten dirty nails) will be a triumph of the Painter's art.

A Society, to be called the Pre-Newtonian Brotherhood, was lately projected by a young gentleman, under articles to a Civil Engineer, who objected to being considered bound to conduct himself according to the laws of gravitation. But this young gentleman, being reproached by some aspiring companions with the timidity of his conception, has abrogated that idea in favor of a Pre-Galileo Brotherhood now flourishing, who distinctly refuse to perform any annual revolution round the Sun, and have arranged that the world shall not do so any more. The course to be taken by the Royal Academy of Art in reference to this Brotherhood is not yet decided upon; but it is whispered that some other large Educational Institutions in the neighborhood of Oxford are nearly ready to pronounce in favor of it.

Several promising Students connected with the Royal College of Surgeons have held a meeting, to protest against the circulation of the blood, and to pledge themselves to treat all the patients they can get, on principles condemnatory of that innovation. A Pre-Harvey Brotherhood is



the result, from which a great deal may be expected by the undertakers.

In literature, a very spirited effort has been made, which is no less than the formation of a P.G.A.P.C.B., or Pre-Gower and Pre-Chaucer Brotherhood, for the restoration of the ancient English style of spelling, and the weeding out from all libraries, public and private, of those and all later pretenders, particularly a person of loose character named SHAKESPEARE. It having been suggested, however, that this happy idea could scarcely be considered complete while the art of printing was permitted to remain unmolested, another society, under the name of the Pre-Laurentius Brotherhood, has been established in connection with it, for the abolition of all but manuscript books. These Mr. PUGIN has engaged to supply, in characters that nobody on earth shall be able to read. And it is confidently expected by those who have seen the House of Lords, that he will faithfully redeem his pledge.

In Music, a retrogressive step, in which there is much hope, has been taken. The P.A.B., or Pre-Agincourt Brotherhood has arisen, nobly devoted to consign to oblivion Mozart, Beethoven, Handel, and every other such ridiculous reputation, and to fix its Millennium (as its name implies) before the date of the first regular musical composition known to have been achieved in England. As this Institution has not yet commenced active operations, it remains to be seen whether the Royal Academy of Music will be a worthy sister of the Royal Academy of Art, and admit this enterprising body to its orchestra. We have it on the best authority, that its compositions will be quite as rough and discordant as the real old original—that it will be, in a word, exactly suited to the pictorial Art we

have endeavored to describe. We have strong hopes, therefore, that the Royal Academy of Music, not wanting an example, may not want courage.

The regulation of social matters, as separated from the Fine Arts, has been undertaken by the Pre-Henry-the-Seventh Brotherhood, who date from the same period as the Pre-Raphael Brotherhood. This Society, as cancelling all the advances of nearly four hundred years and reverting to one of the most disagreeable periods of English History, when the Nation was yet very slowly emerging from barbarism, and when gentle female foreigners, come over to be the wives of Scottish Kings, wept bitterly (as well they might) at being left alone among the savage Court, must be regarded with peculiar favor. As the time of ugly religious caricatures (called mysteries), it is thoroughly Pre-Raphael in its spirit; and may be deemed the twin brother to that great society. We should be certain of the Plague among many other advantages, if this Brotherhood were properly encouraged.

All these Brotherhoods, and any other society of the like kind, now in being or yet to be, have at once a guiding star, and a reduction of their great ideas to something palpable and obvious to the senses, in the sign to which we take the liberty of directing their attention. We understand that it is in the contemplation of each Society to become possessed, with all convenient speed, of a collection of such pictures; and that once, every year, to wit upon the first of April, the whole intend to amalgamate in a high festival, to be called the Convocation of Eternal Boobies.

[1850.]

## EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE.

SPEECH OF HIS MIGHTINESS ON OPENING THE SECOND  
NUMBER OF "BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY."

Edited by "Boz."

ON Wednesday, the first of February, "the House" (of Bentley) met for the despatch of business, in pursuance of the Proclamation inserted by authority in all the Morning, Evening, and Weekly Papers, appointing that day for the publication of the Second Number of the *Miscellany* edited by "Boz."

His mightiness the Editor, in his progress to New Burlington Street, received with the utmost affability the numerous petitions of the crossing-sweepers; and was repeatedly and loudly hailed by the cabmen on the different stands in the line of road through which he passed. His mightiness appeared in the highest possible spirits; and immediately after his arrival at the House, delivered himself of the following most gracious speech:

"MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN:

"In calling upon you to deliberate on the various important matters which I have now to submit to your consideration, I rely with entire confidence on that spirit of good will and kindness of which I have more than once taken

occasion to express my sense; and which I am but too happy to acknowledge again.

“It has been the constant aim of my policy to preserve peace in your minds, and promote merriment in your hearts; to set before you, the scenes and characters of real life in all their endless diversity; occasionally (I hope) to instruct, always to amuse, and never to offend. I trust I may refer you to my Pickwickian measures, already taken and still in progress, in confirmation of this assurance.

“In further proof of my sincere anxiety for the amusement and lightheartedness of the community, let me direct your particular attention to the volume I now lay before you, which contains no fewer than twenty-one reports, of greater or less extent, from most eminent, active, and intelligent commissioners. I cannot but anticipate that when you shall have given an attentive perusal to this general report on Periodical Literature, you will be seized with an eager and becoming desire to possess yourselves of all the succeeding numbers,—a desire on which too much praise and encouragement can never be bestowed.

“GENTLEMEN OF THE REVIEWS:

“I have directed the earliest copies of every monthly number to be laid before you. They shall be framed with the strictest regard to the taste and wishes of the people; and I am confident that I may rely on your zealous and impartial co-operation in the public service.

“The accounts and estimates of the first number have been made out; and I am happy to inform you that the state of the revenue as compared with the expenditure (great as the latter has been, and must necessarily continue to be) is most satisfactory; in fact, that a surplus of considerable extent has been already realized. It affords me

much pleasure to reflect that not the smallest difficulty will arise in the appropriation of it.

“MY LORDS, LADIES, AND GENTLEMEN:

“I continue to receive from Foreign Powers, undeniable assurances of their disinterested regard and esteem. The free and independent States of America have done me the honor to reprint my Sketches, gratuitously; and to circulate them throughout the Possessions of the British Crown in India, without charging me anything at all. I think I shall recognize Don Carlos if I ever meet him in the street; and I am sure I shall at once know the King of the French, for I have seen him before.

“I deeply lament the ferment and agitation of the public mind in Ireland, which was occasioned by the inadequate supply of the first number of this *Miscellany*. I deplore the outrages which were committed by an irritated and disappointed populace on the shop of the agent; and the violent threats which were directed against him personally on his stating his inability to comply with their exorbitant demands. I derive great satisfaction from reflecting that the promptest and most vigorous measures were instantaneously taken to repress the tumult. A large detachment of *Miscellanies* was levied and shipped with all possible despatch; and I have it in my power to state, that, although the excitement has not yet wholly subsided, it has been, by these means, materially allayed. I have every reason to hope that the arrangements since made with my agent in the Port of Dublin render any recurrence of the disturbances extremely improbable, and will effectually prevent their breaking out afresh.

“I view with heartfelt satisfaction, the loyal and peaceable demeanor of the people of Scotland; who, although

they experienced a similar provocation to outrage and rebellion, were content to wait until fresh supplies could be forwarded per mail and steam.

“I feel unfeigned pleasure in bearing similar testimony to the forbearing disposition and patriotic feeling of the hardy mountaineers in the Principality of Wales.

“I have concluded treaties on the most advantageous terms, not only with the powers whose names are already known to you, but with others, to whom it might prove disadvantageous to the public service to make any more direct reference at present. I have labored, and shall continue to labor, most earnestly and zealously for your pleasure and enjoyment; and, surrounded as I am, by talent and ability, I look most confidently to your approval and support.”

[1837.]

ADDRESS ON THE COMPLETION OF THE FIRST  
VOLUME OF *BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY*.

“AT the end of a theatrical season it is customary for the manager to step forward, and, in as few words as may be, to say how very much obliged he feels for all past favors, and how very ready he is to incur fresh obligations.

“With a degree of candor which we managers would display, we cheerfully confess that we have been fairly inundated with *orders* during our six months' campaign; but so liberal are we, notwithstanding, that we place many of the very first authors of the day on our free list, and invite them to write for our establishment just as much paper as they think proper.

“We have produced a great variety of novelties, some of which we humbly hope may become stock pieces, and all of which we may venture to say have been most successful; and, although we are not subject to the control of a licenser, we have eschewed everything political, personal, or ill-natured, with perhaps as much care as we could possibly have shown, even had we been under the watchful eye of the Lord Chamberlain himself.

“We shall open our Second Volume, ladies and gentlemen, on the first day of July, One thousand eight hundred and thirty-seven, when we shall have the pleasure of submitting a great variety of entirely new pieces for your judgment and approval. The company will be numerous, first-

rate, and complete. The scenery will continue to be supplied by the creative pencil of Mr. George Cruikshank; the whole of the extensive and beautiful machinery will be, as heretofore, under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Samuel Bentley, of Dorset Street, Fleet Street; and Mr. Richard Bentley, of New Burlington Street, has kindly consented to preside over the treasury department, where he has already conducted himself with uncommon ability.

“The stage management will again be confided, ladies and gentlemen, to the humble individual with the short name, who has now the honor to address you, and who hopes, for very many years to come, to appear before you in the same capacity. Permit him to add in sober seriousness, that it has been the constant and unremitting endeavor of himself and the proprietor to render this undertaking worthy of your patronage. That they have not altogether failed in their attempt, its splendid success sufficiently demonstrates; that they have no intention of relaxing in their efforts, its future volumes, we trust, will abundantly testify.

“London, June, 1837.

Boz.”



“THE BALLANTYNE HUMBUG HANDLED; IN A  
LETTER TO SIR ADAM FERGUSSON.”

BY THE AUTHOR OF “MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF SIR  
WALTER SCOTT.”

WHEN the *Refutation*, to which this pamphlet<sup>1</sup> is a reply, was put forth, we took occasion to examine into the nature of the charges of misstatement and misrepresentation which were therein brought against Mr. Lockhart, to point out how very slight and unimportant they appeared to be, even upon the refutor's own showing, and to express our opinion that the refutation originated in the overweening vanity of the Ballantyne family, who, confounding their own importance with that of the great man who condescended (to his cost) to patronize them, sought to magnify and exalt themselves with a degree of presumption and conceit which leaves the fly on the wheel, the organ-bellows blower, and the aspiring frog of the fable, all at an immeasurable distance behind.

Much as we may wonder, after an attentive perusal of the pamphlet before us, how the lad, James Ballantyne's son, can have been permitted by those who must have known from the commencement what facts were in reserve, to force on this exposure of the most culpable neg-

<sup>1</sup> “The Ballantyne Humbug Handled; in a letter to Sir Adam Fergusson.” By the Author of “Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott.”

ligence and uselessness on the part of the men who have been paraded as the victims of erring and ambitious genius, it is impossible to regard the circumstance in any other light than as a most fortunate and happy one for the memory of Sir Walter Scott. If ever engineer were "hoist with his own petard," if ever accusations recoiled upon the heads of those who made them, if ever the parties in the witness-box and the dock changed places, it is in this case of the Ballantynes and Sir Walter Scott, and the proof, be it remembered, is to be found—not in the unsupported assertions of Mr. Lockhart or his ingenious reasoning from assumed facts, but in the letters, accounts, and statements of the Ballantynes themselves.

Premising that Mr. Lockhart, in glancing at the "unanswerable refutation" and "the overwhelming exposure" notices of the Ballantyne pamphlet in other journals, might fairly and justly have noticed this journal as an exception (in whose columns more than one head of his reply was anticipated long ago), we will proceed to quote—first, Mr. Lockhart's statement of his reasons for introducing in the biography detailed descriptions of the habits and manners of the Ballantynes, which we take to have been the head and front of his offence; and secondly, such scraps of evidence bearing upon the allegation that the Ballantynes were ruined by the improvidence and lavish expenditure of Scott, as we can afford space for, in a very brief analysis of the whole.

With regard to the first point, Mr. Lockhart writes thus:

"The most curious problem in the life of Scott could receive no fair attempt at solution, unless the inquirer were made acquainted, in as far as the biographer could make

him so, with the nature, and habits, and manners of Scott's partners and agents. Had the reader been left to take his ideas of those men from the eloquence of epitaphs—to conceive of them as having been capitalists instead of penniless adventurers—men regularly and fitly trained for the callings in which they were employed by Scott, in place of being the one and the other entirely unacquainted with the prime requisites for success in such callings—men exact and diligent in their proper business, careful and moderate in their personal expenditure, instead of the reverse; had such hallucinations been left undisturbed, where was the clue of extrication from the mysterious labyrinth of Sir Walter's fatal entanglements in commerce? It was necessary, in truth and justice, to show—not that he was without blame in the conduct of his pecuniary affairs—(I surely made no such ridiculous attempt)—but that he could not have been ruined by commerce, had his partners been good men of business. It was necessary to show that he was in the main the victim of his own blind overconfidence in the management of the two Ballantynes. In order to show how excessive was the kindness that prompted such overconfidence, it was necessary to bring out the follies and foibles, as well as the better qualities, of the men."

Does any reasonable and dispassionate man doubt this? Is there any man who does not know that the titles of a hundred biographies might be jotted down in half an hour, in each and every one of which there shall be found a hundred personal sketches of a hundred men, a hundred times more important, clever, excellent, and worthy, than Mr. James Ballantyne, the Printer of Edinburgh, and whilom of Kelso, regarding which the world has never heard one syllable of remonstrance or complaint?

Of Mr. John Ballantyne, the less said the better. If he were an honest, upright, honorable man, it is a comfort to know that there are plentiful store of such characters living at this moment in the rules of our Debtors' Prison, and passing through the Insolvent Court by dozens every day. As an instance of Mr. Lockhart's easy mode of assertion, we were given to understand in the *Refutation* that Mr. John Ballantyne had never been a banker's clerk. Mr. Cadell and another gentleman bear testimony that he used to *say* he had been (which seems by no means conclusive evidence that he ever was), and if he were, as Mr. Lockhart tells us he has since learnt, a tailor, or superintendent of the tailoring department of the father's general shop at Kelso, a previously unintelligible fragment in one of Scott's letters becomes susceptible of a very startling and simple solution: "If it takes nine tailors to make a man, how many will it take to ruin one?"

The descendants of Mr. James Ballantyne charge Sir Walter Scott with having ruined him by his profuse expenditure, and the tremendous responsibilities which he cast upon the printing concern. Mr. Lockhart charges Mr. James Ballantyne with having ruined the business by his own negligence, extravagance, and inattention. Let us see which of these charges is the best supported by facts.

Scott entered into partnership with James Ballantyne in May, 1805. James Ballantyne's brother John (being then the book-keeper) enters the amount of capital which James had invested in the concern, at £3,694 16s. 11d.; but of these figures no less than £2,090 represents "stock in trade," which it appears from other statements that the same John Ballantyne was in the habit of valuing at most preposterous and exaggerated sums; and the balance of

£1,604 16s. 11d. is represented by "book debts" to that amount. Scott came in as the moneyed partner—as the man to prop up the concern; even then his patrimonial fortune was £10,000 or £12,000; he possessed at the time, independently of all literary exertions, an income of £1,000 per annum; he advanced for the business, £2,008 "including in the said advance the sum of £500 contained in Mr. Ballantyne's promissory note, dated 1st February last"—from which it would seem pretty clear that the affluent Mr. James Ballantyne ran rather short of money about this time—and £40 more, also advanced to Mr. Ballantyne previous to the execution of the deed. Scott, in consideration of this payment, was to have one-third of the business, and James Ballantyne two; his extra third being specially in consideration of his undertaking those duties of management, for the neglect and omission of which, throughout the long correspondence of a long term of years, we find him apologizing to Scott himself in every variety of humble, maudlin, abject, and whining prostration.

The very first entry in the very first "State," or statement of the partnership accounts, is a payment on behalf of James Ballantyne, for "an acceptance *at Kelso*,"—at Kelso, observe, in his original obscurity and small way of business—"£200." There are advances to his father to the amount of £270 19s. 5d., there are his own drafts during the first year of the partnership to the enormous amount of £2,378 4s. 9d., *his share of the profits being only* £786 10s. 3d.; Scott's drafts for the same period being £100 and *his share* £393 5s. 1d.! At the expiration of five years and a half, the injured and oppressed Mr. James Ballantyne had *overdrawn* his share of the profits to the amount

of £2,027 2s. 5d., while Scott had *underdrawn* his share by the sum of £577 2s. 8d. Now let any man of common practical sense, from Mr. Rothschild's successor, whoever he may be, down to the commonest light porter and warehouseman who can read and write and cast accounts, say, upon such a statement of figures as this, who was the gainer by the partnership, who may be supposed to have had objects and designs of his own to serve in forming it, and in what pecuniary situation Mr. James Ballantyne—the needy and embarrassed printer of Kelso—must have been placed, when Scott first shed upon him the light of his countenance.

“Scott, in those days,” says Mr. Lockhart, “had neither bought land, nor indulged in any private habits likely to hamper his pecuniary condition. He had a handsome income, nowise derived from commerce. He was already a highly popular author, and had received from the booksellers copy-moneys of then unprecedented magnitude. With him the only speculation and the only source of embarrassment was this printing concern; and how, had the other partner conducted himself in reference to it as Scott did, could it have been any source of embarrassment at all? He was, I cannot but think, imperfectly acquainted with James Ballantyne's pecuniary means, as well as with his habits and tastes, when the firm was set up. He was deeply injured by his partner's want of skill and care in the conduct of the concern, and not less so by that partner's irreclaimable personal extravagance; and he was systematically mystified by the States, etc., prepared by Mr. John. In fact, every balance-sheet that has been preserved, or made accessible to me, seems to be fallacious. They are not of the company's entire affairs, but of one

particular account in their books only—viz., the expenditure on the printing work done, and the produce of that work. This delusive system appears to have continued till the end of 1823, after which date the books are not even *added* or *written up*.”

In 1809, the bookselling firm started, Scott having one moiety for his share, and the two brothers the remaining moiety for theirs. He put down £1,000 for his share, and LENT Mr. James Ballantyne £500 for his; (!) and by the month of June, 1810, he had embarked £9,000 in the two concerns. Mr. James Ballantyne, even now, had no capital; he borrowed capital from Scott to form the bookselling establishment; he rendered the system of accommodation bills necessary by so egregiously overdrawing so small a capital as they started with; and not satisfied with this, he grossly neglected and mismanaged the business (by his own confession) during the whole time of its superintendence being entrusted to him.

In 1815 (the year of Mr. James Ballantyne's marriage) the bookselling business was abandoned; there were no resources with which to meet its obligations but those of the printing company, and Scott, in January, 1816, writes thus to him

“The burden must be upon you and me—that is, on the printing office. If you will agree to conduct this business henceforth with steadiness and care, and to content yourself with £400 a year from it for your private purposes, its profits will ultimately set us free. I agree that we should grant mutual discharges as booksellers, and consider the whole debt as attaching to you and me as printers. I agree, farther, that the responsibility of the whole debt should be assumed by myself alone for the present—pro-

vided you, on your part, never interfere with the printing profits, beyond your allowance, until the debt has been obliterated, or put into such a train of liquidation that you see your way clear, and voluntarily reassume your station as my partner, instead of continuing to be, as you now must consider yourself, merely my steward, book-keeper, and manager in the Canongate."

Now, could the dullest and most addle-headed man alive be brought to believe—is it in human nature, in common sense, or common reason—that if Mr. James Ballantyne had the smallest ground of just complaint against Scott at this time, he would have listened to such a proposition? But he *did* listen to it, and eagerly embraced it; and in the October of that very year this same Mr. James Ballantyne, whose besotted trustees have dragged the circumstance to light from the concealment in which Mr. Lockhart mercifully left it—this same Mr. James Ballantyne, the plundered and deluded victim of Scott, announces to him that, being pressed by a younger brother at Kelso for a personal debt—not a partnership liability—a personal debt of £500, he had paid away to him a bill of the company, and, but for this bill being dishonored by an accidental circumstance, Scott would, in all human probability have never heard one word of the matter down to the day of his death.

Does Mr. James Ballantyne brazen this proceeding out, and retort upon Scott, "I have been your tool and instrument. But for you I should have been by this time a man in affluent circumstances, and well able to pay this money. You brought me to this pass by your misconduct; it was your bounden duty to extricate me, and I had a right to extricate myself by the use of your name for my own pur-



poses, when you have so often used mine for yours"? Judge from the following extracts from his letters on the subject:

"It is needless for me to dwell on my deep regret at the *discreditable incident* which has taken place. . . . *I was not aware of the terrible consequences arising from one acting partner's using the copartnery signature for his personal purposes. I assure you, Sir, I should very nearly as soon FORGE your own signature as use one which implicated your credit and property for what belonged to me personally.*"

And then he goes on in a tone of great humility, endeavoring to excuse himself thus:

"I respectfully beg leave to call to your recollection a very long and not very pleasant correspondence two years ago, on the subject of the debts due to my brother Alexander, and I may now shortly restate, that the money advanced by him went into the funds of the business, and at periods when it was imperiously wanted. No doubt it went in *in my name, to help up my share of stock equal to yours*; but I honestly confess to you, that this consideration never went into my calculation, and that when I agreed that the name of James B. and Co. should be given to the bills for that money, I had no other idea than that it was an *easy mode of procuring money*, at a very serious crisis, when money was greatly wanted; nor did I see that I should refuse it because the lender was my brother. His cash was as good as another's. *Personally*, I never received a sixpence of it."

Personally he never received a sixpence of it! Oh, certainly not. That is to say, Mr. James Ballantyne paid the money to the partnership banking account towards his share of the joint capital, and immediately set about draw-

ing private checks as fast as he could draw for three times the sum.

In 1821 Mr. John Ballantyne died, and Mr. James Ballantyne, petitioning Scott that a termination might be put to his stewardship, and that he might be admitted to a new share in the business, he comes, under a deed bearing date on the 1st of April, 1822 (the missive letter, in Scott's handwriting, laying down the heads of which, is given by Mr. Lockhart at length), once more a partner in the business. The circumstances under which his stewardship had been undertaken,—and this request for a new partnership was conceded by Scott,—are thus stated by Mr. Lockhart; and the statement is, in every respect in which we have been able to examine it, borne out by facts:

“For the preparation of the formal contract of 1822, Sir Walter selected Mrs. James Ballantyne's brother. We have seen that this Mr. George Hogarth, a man of business, a writer to the *Signet*, a gentleman whose ability and intelligence no one can dispute, was privy to all the transactions between Scott and James, whereupon the matrimonial negotiation proceeded to its close; and that Mr. Hogarth approved of, and Mr. Ballantyne expressed deep gratitude for, the arrangements then dictated by Sir Walter Scott. Must not these Trustees themselves, when confronted with the evidence now given, admit, that these arrangements were most liberal and generous? Scott, ‘the business being in difficulties,’ takes the whole of those difficulties upon himself. He assumes, for a prospective series of five or six years, the whole responsibility of its debts and its expenditure, including a liberal salary to James as manager. In order to provide him with the means of paying a *personal* debt of £3,000 due to himself—and wholly

distinct from copartnership debts—Scott agrees to secure for him a certain part of the proceeds of every novel that shall be written during the continuance of this arrangement. With the publishing of these novels James was to have no trouble—there was no risk about them—the gain on each was clear and certain,—and of every sum thus produced by the exertion of Scott's genius and industry, James Ballantyne was to have a sixth, as a mere bonus to help him in paying off his debt of £3,000, upon which debt, moreover, no interest was to be charged. In what respect did this differ from drawing the pen, every five or six months, through a very considerable portion of the debt? Scott was undertaking neither more nor less than to take the money out of his own pocket, and pay it regularly into James', who had no more risk or trouble in the publication of those immortal works than any printer in Westminster. The Pamphleteers must admit that James, pending this arrangement, was not the partner, but literally the paid servant of his benefactor, and that while 'the total responsibility of the debts and expenditure of the business' lay on Scott, Scott had the perfect right to make any use he pleased of its profits and credit. They must admit, that after the arrangement had continued for five years, James examined the state of the concern, and petitioned Scott to replace him as a partner; that so far from finding any reason to complain of what Scott had done with the business while it was solely his, without one word of complaint as to this large amount of floating bills so boldly averred in the Pamphlet to have been drawn for Scott's personal accommodation, James, in praying for readmission, acknowledged that down to the close of that period (June, 1821) he had grossly neglected *the most important parts* of the busi-

ness whereof he had had charge as Scott's stipendiary servant;—acknowledged, that notwithstanding his salary as manager of the printing-office, another salary of £200 a year as editor of a newspaper, and the large sums he derived from novel-copyrights given to him *ex mera gratia*,—he had so misconducted his own private affairs, that having begun his stewardship as debtor to Scott for £3,000, he, when he wished the stewardship to terminate, owed Scott much more than £3,000; but that, acknowledging all this, he made at the same time such solemn promises of amendment for the future, that Scott consented to do as he prayed; only stipulating, that until the whole affairs of the printing business should be reduced to perfect order, *debts discharged*, its stock and disposable funds increased, each partner should limit himself to drawing £500 per annum for his personal use. They must admit that James made all these acknowledgments and promises; that Scott accepted them graciously; and that the moment before the final copartnership was signed, James Ballantyne was Sir Walter Scott's debtor, entirely at his mercy; that down to that moment, by James' own clear confession, Scott, as connected with this printing establishment, had been sinned against, not sinning.

“The contract prepared and written by Mr. Hogarth, was signed on the 1st of April, 1822. It bears express reference to the ‘missive letter dated the 15th and 22d of June last,’ by which the parties had ‘concluded an agreement for the settlement of the accounts and transactions subsisting between them, and also for the terms of the said new copartnership, and agreed to execute a regular deed in implement of said agreement;’ and ‘therefore and for the reasons more particularly specified in the said missive let-

ters, which are here specially referred to, and held as repeated, they have agreed, and hereby agree to the following articles.' Then follow the articles of agreement, embodying the substance of the missive. Scott is to draw the whole profits of the business prior to Whitsunday, 1822, in respect of the responsibility he had undertaken. Ballantyne acknowledges a personal debt of £1,800 as at Whitsunday, 1821, which was to be paid out of the funds specified in the missives, no interest being due until after Whitsunday, 1822. Sir Walter having advanced £2,575 for buildings in the Canongate, new types, etc., James is to grant a bond for the half of that sum. It further appears by the only cashbook exhibited to me, that James, notwithstanding his *frugal* mode of living, had quietly drawn £1,629 more than his allowance between 1816 and 1822, but of *this*, as it is stated, as a *balance of cash*, due by James at Whitsunday, 1822, Scott could not have been aware when with his own hand he wrote the missive letter. Sir Walter, I have said, was to be liable for all the debts contracted between 1816 and 1822, but to have the exclusive right of property in all the current funds, to enable him to pay off these debts, and as the deed bears, 'to indemnify him for his advances on account of the copartnery'—*i.e.*, from 1816 to 1822. Finally, JAMES BECOMES BOUND TO KEEP REGULAR AND DISTINCT BOOKS, WHICH ARE TO BE BALANCED ANNUALLY. Now, on looking at the import of this legal instrument, as well as the missive which it corroborated, and the prior communications between the parties, whom would an unbiassed reader suppose to have been the partner most benefited by this concern in time past,—whom to be the person most likely to have trespassed upon its credit, and embarrassed its resources?"

How did Mr. James Ballantyne perform his part of *this* contract? From January, 1822, to May, 1826, when the affairs were wound up, he was entitled to have drawn in all about £1,750. He drew in all £7,581 15s. 5d. Of whose money? Assuredly not his own.

For Mr. Lockhart's explanation of the *Vidimus*, and of the refutor's construction and distortion of certain important items which go a long way towards accounting for the great increase in the accommodation bills, and show how improperly, and with what an appearance of wilful error, certain receipts and charges have been fixed upon Scott, which might with as much justice have been fixed upon the Chancellor of the Exchequer, or the Bank of Scotland, we must refer our readers to the pamphlet itself, and merely state these general results: That, in 1823, the accommodations of James Ballantyne and Co. amounted to £36,000; that there is no shadow or scrap of evidence to show that any of these accommodation bills had been issued for Scott's private purposes; that it is made a matter of charge in the *Refutation* pamphlet that in 1826 they had increased to £46,000; that we now find that of this additional £10,000 Mr. James Ballantyne himself pocketed (calculating interest) more than £8,000, and that all the expenses of stamps and renewals have to be charged against the remaining £2,000; finally, that Scott, who is asserted to have ruined these Ballantynes by his ambition to become a landed proprietor, invested in all, up to June, 1821, £29,083 in the purchase of land, having received since 1811 an official income of £1,600 per annum, and gained, as an author, £80,000. Let any plain, unprejudiced man, who has learnt that two and two make four, and who has moved in the world in the ordinary pursuits of life, put

these facts together, read this correspondence with acknowledgments of error and misconduct on the part of the Messrs. Ballantyne repeated from day to day and urged from year to year—let him examine these transactions, and find that in every one which is capable of explanation now the parties are in their graves, the extravagances, thoughtlessness, recklessness, and wrong have been upon the part of these pigmies, and the truest magnanimity and forbearance on the side of the giant who upheld them, and under the shadow of whose protection they gradually came to lose sight of their own stature, and to imagine themselves as great as he—let any man divest himself of that lurking desire to carp and cavil over the actions of men who have raised themselves high above their fellows, which unhappily seems inherent in human nature, and bring to this subject but the calmest and most plodding consideration of facts and probabilities—and say whether it is possible to arrive at any conclusion but that the Messrs. Ballantyne and the Messrs. Ballantyne's descendants owe a deep and lasting debt of gratitude to Sir Walter Scott as the originator of all the name, fame, and fortune they may possess, or to which they can ever aspire—and that this attempt to blacken the memory of the dead benefactor of their house would be an act of the basest and most despicable ingratitude, were it not one of the most puling and drivelling folly.

That Mr. James Ballantyne did not know at what time Abbotsford had to stand "between him and ruin,"—that he did not know, and well know, that Sir Walter Scott had made the settlement of it which he did upon his son's marriage, is next to impossible. All Edinburgh rung with it for days; the topic was canvassed in every bookseller's shop and discussed at every street corner; gossips carried

it from door to door; advocates discoursed upon it in loquacious groups in the outer house; and the very boys at the high school bandied it from mouth to mouth. To Professor Wilson, Mr. Sheriff Cay, Mr. Peter Robertson, all the known men and women of Edinburgh, and all the unknown men and women also, it was notorious as the existence of Arthur's Seat and Holyrood. Is it to be believed that Mr. James Ballantyne alone, shut up in his printing-office in solitary admiration of his old critiques on Mrs. Siddons or his improvements in Scott's romances, was in ignorance of the fact while it resounded through the city from end to end, or that he could have remained so for the space of nine long months? The insinuations put forth by "the trustees and son of the late Mr. James Ballantyne respecting his marriage, and his throwing his wife's portion into the partnership fund at Mr. Scott's command, are no less monstrous. How stands this fact? Why, that but for Scott's kindness and goodness he never could have contracted it.—"I fear I am in debt for more than all I possess—to a lenient creditor no doubt; but still the debt exists."—"I am, *de jure et de facto*, wholly dependent on you."—"All, and more than all, belonging ostensibly to me, is, I presume, yours."—"God be praised *that, after all your cruel vexations, you know the extent of your loss. It has been great, but few men have such resources.*" Such are the terms in which Mr. James Ballantyne addresses his "dear friend and benefactor" when, being deep in love as well as in debt, he solicits that aid from his lenient creditor, which, after all the cruel loss and vexation, the latter did not withhold.

Ruin! ruin brought upon the Ballantynes by Scott—by Scott, who aided and assisted them at every turn, from the



first hour when he found Mr. James Ballantyne, a poor and struggling tradesman in a small Scotch town, down to those later days when the same patronage and notice enabled him to affect criticism and taste, Shakespeare and the Musical Glasses, and to get a good business—which would have been a better one if he had minded it—and to leave it to this very son, who is made to talk about his father having cast his bread upon the waters, and so forth, in a style not unworthy of Mr. James Ballantyne's own extravagant solemnity! Ruin! Where are the signs and tokens of this ruin? Are they discernible in the position of Mr. James Ballantyne at any one time after he had fluttered, butterfly-like, into Edinburgh notoriety through the influence of Scott, but for whom he would have lived and died a grub at Kelso? Are they manifest in the present condition of his son, who has acquired and inherited an honorable trade which he will do well to stick to, disregarding the promptings of weak and foolish friends? Good God! How much of the profits of the last edition of the Waverley Novels has gone to the schooling, apprenticing, lodging, washing, clothing, and feeding of this very young man, and in how different a manner would he have been schooled, apprenticed, boarded, lodged, washed, clothed, and fed, without them!

There is nothing in these transactions, which, to our mind, casts the smallest doubt or suspicion upon Sir Walter Scott, save in one single particular. His repeated forgiveness of his careless partners, and his constant and familiar association with persons so much beneath a man of his transcendent abilities and elevated station, lead us to fear that he turned a readier ear than became him to a little knot of toad-eaters and flatterers. [1839.]

## MACREADY AS "BENEDICK."

"Much Ado about Nothing" and "Comus" were repeated on Tuesday to a crowded house. They were received with no less enthusiasm than on the night of Mr. Macready's benefit; and are announced for repetition twice a week.

We are desirous to say a few words of Mr. Macready's performance of *Benedick*; not because its striking merits require any commendation to those who witness it—as is sufficiently shown by its reception—but because justice is scarcely done to his impersonation of the character, as we think, by some of those who have reported upon it for the nobility and gentry (not quite so limited a one as could be desired, perhaps), who seldom enter a Theatre unless it be a foreign one; or who, when they do repair to an English temple of the drama, would seem to be attracted thither solely by an amiable desire to purify, by their presence, a scene of vice and indecorum; and who select their place of entertainment accordingly.

There are many reasons why a tragic actor incurs considerable risk of failing to enlist the sympathies of his audience when he appears in comedy. In the first place, some people are rather disposed to take it ill that he should make them laugh who has so often made them cry. In the second, he has not only to make the impression which he seeks to produce in that particular character, but has to render it, at once, so obvious and distinct, as to cast into oblivion

for the time all the host of grave associations with which he is identified. Lastly, there is a very general feeling abroad in reference to all the arts, and every phase of public life, that the path which a man has trodden for many years—even though it should be the primrose path to the everlasting bonfire—must be of necessity his allotted one, and that it is, as a matter of course, the only one in which he is qualified to walk.

First impressions, too, even with persons of a cultivated understanding, have an immense effect in settling their notions of a character; and it is no heresy to say that many people unconsciously form their opinion of such a creation as *Benedick*, not so much from the exercise of their own judgment in reading the play, as from what they have seen bodily presented to them on the stage. Thus, when they call to mind that in such a place Mr. A. or Mr. B. used to stick his arms akimbo and shake his head knowingly; or that in such another place he gave the pit to understand, by certain confidential nods and winks, that in good time they should see what they should see; or in such another place, swaggered; or in such another place, with one hand clasping each of his sides, heaved his shoulders as with laughter; they recall his image, not as the Mr. A. or B. aforesaid, but as Shakespeare's *Benedick*—the real *Benedick* of the book, not the conventional *Benedick* of the boards—and missing any familiar action, miss, as it were, something of right belonging to the part.

Against all these difficulties, Mr. Macready has had to contend, as any such man must, in his performance of *Benedick*, and yet before his very first scene was over on the first night of the revival, the whole house felt that there was before them a presentment of the character so

fresh, distinct, vigorous, and enjoyable, as they could not choose but relish, and go along with, delightedly, to the fall of the curtain.

If it be beyond the province of what we call genteel comedy—a term which Shakespeare would have had some difficulty in understanding, perhaps—to make people laugh; then, assuredly, Mr. Macready is far from being a genteely comic *Benedick*. But as we find him—*Signior Benedick* of Padua, that is, not the *Benedick* of this or that theatrical company—the constant occasion of merriment among the persons represented in "Much Ado about Nothing;" "all mirth," as *Don Pedro* has it, from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot;" and as we find him, in particular, constantly moving to laughter both the *Prince* and *Claudio*, who may be reasonably supposed to possess their share of refined and courtier-like behavior; we venture to think that those who sit below the salt, or t'other side the lamps, should laugh also. And that they did and do, both loud and long, let the ringing walls of Drury Lane bear witness.

Judging of it by analogy; by comparison with anything we know in nature, literature, art: by any test we can apply to it, from within us or without, we can imagine no purer or higher piece of genuine comedy than Mr. Macready's performance of the scene in the orchard after emerging from the arbor. As he sat, uneasily cross-legged, on the garden chair, with that face of grave bewilderment and puzzled contemplation, we seemed to be looking on a picture by Leslie. It was just such a figure as that excellent artist, in his fine appreciation of the finest humor, might have delighted to produce. Those who consider it broad, or farcical, or overstrained, cannot surely have considered all the train and course of circumstances

leading up to that place. If they take them into reasonable account, and try to imagine for a moment how any master of fiction would have described *Benedick's* behavior at that crisis—supposing it had been impossible to contemplate the appearance of a living man in the part, and therefore necessary to describe it at all—can they arrive at any other conclusion than that such ideas as are here presented by Mr. Macready would have been written down? Refer to any passage in any play of Shakespeare's, where it has been necessary to describe, as occurring beyond the scene, the behavior of a man in a situation of ludicrous perplexity; and by that standard alone (to say nothing of any mistaken notion of natural behavior that may have suggested itself at any time to Goldsmith, Swift, Fielding, Smollett, Sterne, Scott, or other such unenlightened journeymen) criticise, if you please, this portion of Mr. Macready's admirable performance.

The nice distinction between such an aspect of the character as this, and the after love-scenes with *Beatrice*, the challenging of *Claudio*, or the gay endurance and return of the *Prince's* jests at last, was such as none but a master could have expressed, though the veriest tyro in the house might feel its truth when presented to him. It occurred to us that Mr. Macready's avoidance of *Beatrice* in the second act was a little too earnest and real; but it is hard dealing to find so slight a blemish in such a finished and exquisite performance. For such, in calm reflection, and not in the excitement of having recently witnessed it, we unaffectedly and impartially believe it to be.

The other characters are, for the most part, exceedingly well played. *Claudio*, in the gay and gallant scenes, has an efficient representative in Mr. Anderson; but his per-

fect indifference to *Hero's* supposed death is an imputation on his good sense, and a disagreeable circumstance in the representation of the play, which we should be heartily glad to see removed. Mr. Compton has glimpses of *Dogberry*, though iron was never harder than he. If he could but derive a little oil from his contact with Keeley (whose utter absorption in his learned neighbor is amazing), he would become an infinitely better leader of the *Prince's* Watch. Mrs. Nisbett is no less charming than at first, and Miss Fortescue is more so, from having a greater share of confidence in her bearing, and a somewhat smaller nose-gay in her breast. Both Mr. Phelps and Mr. W. Bennet deserve especial notice, as acting at once with great spirit and great discretion.

Let those who still cling to the opinion that the Senate of ancient Rome represented by five shillings' worth of supernumerary assistance huddled together at a rickety table, with togas above the cloth and corduroys below, is more gratifying and instructive to behold than the living Truth presented to them in "*Coriolanus*" during Mr. Macready's management of Covent Garden,—let such admirers of the theatre track the mazes of the wildwood in "*Comus*," as it is now produced; let them look upon the stage, what time—

"He and his monstrous rout are heard to howl,  
Like stabbed wolves, or tigers at their prey,  
Doing abhorred rites to Hecate  
In their obscured haunts of inmost bowers,"

and reconcile their previous notions with any principle of human reason, if they can. [1843.]

REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS APPOINTED  
TO INQUIRE INTO THE CONDITION OF THE  
PERSONS VARIOUSLY ENGAGED IN THE  
UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD.

It can scarcely be necessary for us to remind our readers that a Commission under the Great Seal was appointed some months since, to inquire into the deplorable amount of ignorance and superstition alleged to prevail in the University of Oxford; concerning which, the representatives of that learned body in the Commons' House of Parliament had then, and have since, at divers times, publicly volunteered the most alarming and astounding evidence. The Commission was addressed to those gentlemen who had investigated the moral condition of the Children and Young Persons employed in Mines and Manufactories; it being wisely considered that their opportunities of reporting on the darkness of College, as compared with Mines, and on the prejudicial atmosphere of Seats of Learning as compared with Seats of Labor, would be highly advantageous to the public interest, and might possibly open the public eyes.

The Commissioners have ever since been actively engaged in pursuing their inquiries into this subject, and deducting from the mass of evidence such conclusions as appeared to them to be warranted by the facts. Their Report is now before us, and though it has not yet been presented to Parliament, we venture to give it entire.

The Commissioners find:

First, with regard to EMPLOYMENT.

That the intellectual works in the University of Oxford are, in all essential particulars, precisely what they were, when it was first established for the Manufacture of Clergymen. That they alone have stood still (or, in the very few instances in which they have moved at all, have moved backward), when all other works have advanced and improved. That the nature of the employment in which the young persons are engaged is, by reason of its excessive dust and rust, extremely pernicious and destructive. That they are become shortsighted in a most remarkable degree; that, for the most part, they lose the use of their reason at a very early age, and are seldom known to recover it. That the most hopeless and painful extremes of deafness and blindness are frequent among them. That they are reduced to such a melancholy state of apathy and indifference as to be willing to sign anything, without asking what it is, or knowing what it means; which is a common custom with these unhappy persons, even to the extent of nine-and-thirty articles at once. That, from the monotonous nature of their employment, and the dull routine of their unvarying drudgery (which requires no exercise of original intellectual power, but is a mere parrot-like performance), they become painfully uniform in character and perception, and are reduced to one dead level (a very dead one, as your Commissioners believe) of mental imbecility. That cramps and paralysis of all the higher faculties of the brain are the ordinary results of this system of labor. And your Commissioners can truly add, that they found nothing in the avocations of the miners of Scotland, the knife-grinders of Sheffield, or the workers in iron of Wol-



verhampton, one-half so prejudicial to the persons engaged therein, or one-half so injurious to society, as this fatal system of employment in the University of Oxford.

Secondly, with regard to the PREVAILING IGNORANCE.

That the condition of the University of Oxford, under this head, is of the most appalling kind; insomuch that your Commissioners are firmly of opinion that, taking all the attendant circumstances into consideration, the Young Persons employed in Mines and Manufactories are enlightened beings, radiant with intelligence, and overflowing with the best results of knowledge, when compared with the persons, young and old, employed in the Manufacture of Clergymen at Oxford. And your Commissioners have been led to this conclusion, not so much by the perusal of prize poems, and a due regard to the very small number of Young Persons accustomed to University Employment who distinguish themselves in after-life, or become in any way healthy and wholesome—as by immediate reference to the evidence taken on the two Commissions, and an impartial consideration of the two classes of testimony, side by side.

That it is unquestionably true that a boy was examined under the Children's Employment Commission, at Brinsley, in Derbyshire, who had been three years at school, and could not spell "Church;" whereas there is no doubt that the persons employed in the University of Oxford can all spell Church with great readiness, and, indeed, very seldom spell anything else. But, on the other hand, it must not be forgotten that, in the minds of the persons employed in the University of Oxford, such comprehensive words as justice, mercy, charity, kindness, brotherly love, forbearance, gentleness, and Good Works, awaken no ideas whatever; while the evidence shows that the most preposterous

notions are attached to the mere terms Priest and Faith. One young person, employed in a Mine, had no other idea of a Supreme Being than "that he had heard him constantly damned at;" but use the verb to damn, in this horrible connection with the Fountain Head of Mercy, in the active sense, instead of in the passive one; and make the Deity the nominative case instead of the objective; and how many persons employed in the University of Oxford have their whole faith in, and whole knowledge of, the Maker of the World, presented in a worse and far more impious sentence!

That the answers of persons employed in the said University, to questions put to them by the Sub-Commissioners in the progress of this inquiry, bespoke a moral degradation infinitely lower than any brought to light in Mines and Factories; as may be gathered from the following examples. A vast number of witnesses being interrogated as to what they understood by the words Religion and Salvation, answered Lighted Candles. Some said water; some, bread; others, little boys; others mixed the water, lighted candles, bread, and little boys all up together, and called the compound Faith. Others again, being asked if they deemed it to be matter of great interest in Heaven, and of high moment in the vast scale of creation, whether a poor human priest should put on, at a certain time, a white robe or a black one; or should turn his face to the East or to the West; or should bend his knees of clay; or stand, or worm on end upon the earth; said, "Yes, they did:" and being further questioned, whether a man could hold such mummeries in his contempt, and pass to everlasting rest, said boldly, "No." (*See Evidence of Pusey and others.*)

And one boy (quite an old boy, too, who might have

known better) being interrogated in a public class, as to whether it was his opinion that a man who professed to go to church was of necessity a better man than one who went to chapel, also answered "Yes;" which your Commissioners submit is an example of ignorance, besotted dulness, and obstinacy, wholly without precedent in the inquiry limited to Mines and Factories; and is such as the system of labor adopted in the University of Oxford, could alone produce. (*See Evidence of Inglis.*) In the former Commission, one boy anticipated all examination by volunteering the remark, "that he wasn't no judge of nuffin;" but the persons employed in the University of Oxford, almost to a man, concur in saying "that they ain't no judges of nuffin," (with the unimportant exception of other men's souls); and that, believing in the divine ordination of any minister to whom they may take a fancy, "they ain't answerable for nuffin to nobody;" which your Commissioners again submit, is an infinitely worse case, and is fraught with much greater mischief to the general welfare. (*See the Evidence in general.*)

We humbly represent to your Majesty that the persons who give these answers, and hold these opinion, and are in this alarming state of ignorance and bigotry, have it in their power to do much more evil than the other ill-qualified teachers of Young Persons employed in Mines and Factories, inasmuch as those were voluntary instructors of youth, who can be removed at will, and as the public improvement demands, whereas these are the appointed Sunday teachers of the empire, forced by law upon your Majesty's subjects, and not removable for incompetence or misconduct otherwise than by certain overseers called Bishops, who are, in general, more incompetent and worse conducted than them-

selves; wherefore, it is our loyal duty to recommend to your Majesty that the pecuniary, social, and political privileges, now arising from the degradation and debasement of the minds and morals of your Majesty's subjects, be no longer granted to these persons; or at least that if they continue to exercise an exclusive power of conferring learned degrees and distinctions, the titles of the same be so changed and altered, that they may in some degree express the tenets in right of which they are bestowed. And this, we suggest to your Majesty, may be done without any great violation of the true Conservative principle: inasmuch as the initial letters of the present degrees (not by any means the least important parts of them) may still be retained as Bachelor of Absurdity, Master of Arrogance, Doctor of Church Lunacy, and the like.

All which we humbly certify to your Majesty.

THOMAS TOOKE (L.S.)

T. SOUTHWOOD SMITH (L.S.)

LEONARD HORNER (L.S.)

ROBT. J. SAUNDERS (L.S.)

Westminster, June 1, 1843.

“NARRATIVE OF THE EXPEDITION SENT BY  
HER MAJESTY’S GOVERNMENT TO THE  
RIVER NIGER IN 1841, UNDER  
THE COMMAND OF CAPTAIN  
H. D. TROTTER, R.U.”

BY CAPTAIN WILLIAM ALLEN, R.U., COMMANDER OF H.M.S.  
“WILBERFORCE,” AND T. R. H. THOMSON, M.D., ONE OF  
THE MEDICAL OFFICERS OF THE EXPEDITION.  
PUBLISHED WITH THE SANCTION OF THE  
COLONIAL OFFICE AND THE ADMIRALTY.

It might be laid down as a very good general rule of social and political guidance, that whatever Exeter Hall champions, is the thing by no means to be done. If it were harmless on a cursory view, if it even appeared to have some latent grain of common-sense at the bottom of it—which is a very rare ingredient in any of the varieties of gruel that are made thick and slab by the weird old women who go about, and exceedingly roundabout, on the Exeter Hall platform—such advocacy might be held to be a final and fatal objection to it, and to any project capable of origination in the wisdom or folly of man.

The African Expedition, of which these volumes, contain

<sup>1</sup> “Narrative of the Expedition sent by Her Majesty’s Government to the River Niger in 1841, under the command of Captain H. D. Trotter, R.U.” By Captain William Allen, R.U., Com-

the melancholy history, is in no respect an exception to the rule. Exeter Hall was not in its behalf, and it failed. Exeter Hall was hottest on its weakest and most hopeless objects, and in those it failed (of course) most signally. Not, as Captain Allen justly claims for himself and his gallant comrades, not through any want of courage and self-devotion on the part of those to whom it was intrusted; the sufferings of all, the deaths of many, the dismal wear and tear of stout frames and brave spirits, sadly attest the fact;—but because, if the ends sought to be attained are to be won, they must be won by other means than the exposure of inestimable British lives to certain destruction by an enemy against which no gallantry can contend, and the enactment of a few broad farces for the entertainment of a King Obi, King Boy, and other such potentates, whose respect for the British force is, doubtless, likely to be very much enhanced by their relishing experience of British credulity in such representations, and our perfect impotency in opposition to their climate, their falsehood, and deceit.

The main ends to be attained by the Expedition were these: The abolition, in great part, of the Slave-trade, by means of treaties with native chiefs, to whom were to be explained the immense advantages of general unrestricted commerce with Great Britain in lieu thereof; the substitution of free for slave labor in the dominions of those chiefs; the introduction into Africa of an improved system of agricultural cultivation; the abolition of human sacrifices; the diffusion among those Pagans of the true doc-

trine of H. M. S. *Wilberforce*, and T. R. H. Thomson, M.D., one of the medical officers of the Expedition. Published with the sanction of the Colonial Office and the Admiralty

trines of Christianity; and a few other trifling points, no less easy of attainment. A glance at this short list, and a retrospective glance at the great number of generations during which they have all been comfortably settled in our own civilized land, never more to be the subjects of dispute, will tend to materially remove any aspect of slight difficulty they may present. To make the treaties, certain officers of the Expedition were constituted her Majesty's Commissioners. To render them attractive to the native chiefs, a store of presents was provided. And to enforce them, "one or more small forts" were to be built, on land to be bought for the purpose on the banks of the Niger; which forts were, "to assist in the abolition of the Slave Trade, and further the innocent trade of her Majesty's subjects." The Niger was to be explored, the resources and productions of the country were to be inquired into and reported on, and various important and scientific observations, astronomical, geographical, and otherwise, were to be made; but these were by the way. A Model Farm was to be established by an agricultural society at home; and besides allowing stowage-room on board the ships for its various stores, implements, etc., the Admiralty granted a free passage to Mr. Alfred Carr, a West Indian gentleman of color, engaged as its superintendent. By all these means combined, as Mr. Lustington and Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton wrote to Lord John Russell, who was then Colonial Secretary, the people of Africa were "to be awakened to a proper sense of their own degradation."

On this awakening mission three vessels were appointed. They were flat-bottomed iron steam vessels, built for the purpose. The *Albert* and the *Wilberforce*, each 139 feet 4 inches in length, and 27 feet in breadth of beam, and

drawing 5 feet water, were in all respects exactly alike. The *Soudan*, intended for detached service, was much smaller, and drew a foot and a half less water. They were very ingeniously conceived, with certain rudder-tails and sliding keels for sea service; but they performed most unaccountable antics in bad weather, and had a perverse tendency to go to leeward, which nothing would conquer. Dr. Reid fitted them up with what "My Lords" describe as an ingenious and costly ventilating apparatus, the preparation of which occasioned a loss of much valuable time, and the practical effect of which was to suffocate the crews. "That truly amiable Prince," the Prince Consort, came on board at Woolwich, and gave a handsome gold chronometer to each of the three captains. The African Civilization Society came down with a thousand pounds. The Church of England Missionary Society provided a missionary and a catechist. Exeter Hall, in a ferment, was forever blocking up the gangway. At last, on the 12th of May, 1841, at half-past six in the morning, the line-of-battle ships anchored in Plymouth Sound gave three cheers to the Expedition as it steamed away, unknowing, for "the Gate of the Cemetery." Such was the sailors' name, thereafter, for the entrance to the fatal river whither they were bound.

At Sierra Leone, in the middle of June following, the interpreters were taken on board, together with some liberated Africans, their wives and children, who were engaged there by Mr. Carr as laborers on the Model Farm. Also, a large gang of Krumen to assist in working the vessels, and to save the white men as much as possible from exposure to the sun and heavy rains. Of these negroes—a faithful, cheerful, active, affectionate race—a very interesting account is given; which seems to render it clear that



they, under civilized direction, are the only hopeful human agents to whom recourse can ultimately be had for aid in working out the slow and gradual raising up of Africa. Those eminent Krumen, Jack Flying Pan, King George, Prince Albert, Jack Sprat, Bottle-of-Beer, Tom Tea-Kettle, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, and some four-score others, enrolled themselves on the ships' books, here, under Jack Andrews, their head man; and these being joined, at Cape Palmas, by Jack Smoke, Captain Allen's faithful servant and attendant in sickness in his former African expedition, the complement was complete. Thence the Expedition made for Cape Coast Castle, where much valuable assistance was desired from Governor MacLean; and thence for the Nun branch of the Niger—the Gate of the Cemetery.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Most English readers will be as unwilling as the manly writers of these volumes to leave one spot at Cape Coast Castle, without a word of remembrance.

“In passing across the square within the walls, an object of deep interest presents itself in the little space containing all that was mortal of the late Mrs. McLean; the once well-known, amiable, and accomplished L. E. L. A plain marble slab, bearing the following inscription, is placed over the spot:

Hic jacet sepultum  
 Omne quod mortale fuit  
 LETITIAE ELIZABETHÆ MCLEAN,  
 Quam, egregia ornatam indole, Musis  
 Unice amatam. Omniumque amores  
 Secum trahentem; in ipso ætatis, flore  
 Mors immatura rapuit,  
 Die Octobris XV., MDCCCXXXVIII., ætatis XXXVI.  
 Quod spectas, viator, marmor vanum,  
 Heu! doloris monumentum,  
 Conjux mærens erexit.

“The beams of the setting sun throw a rich but subdued color-

After a fortnight's voyage up the river the Royal residence of King Obi was reached. A solemn conference with this sovereign was soon afterwards held on board the *Albert*. His Majesty was dressed in a serjeant-major's coat, given him by Lander, and a loose pair of scarlet trousers, presented to him on the same occasion, and a conical black velvet cap was stuck on his head in a slanting manner. The following extracts describe the process of

#### TREATY-MAKING WITH OBI.

On being shown to the after part of the quarter-deck, where seats were provided for himself and the Commissioners, he sat down to collect his scattered ideas, which appeared to be somewhat bewildered; and after a few complimentary remarks from Captain Trotter and the other Commissioners, the conference was opened.

Captain Trotter, Senior Commissioner, explained to Obi Osaï, that her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain had sent him and the three other gentlemen composing the Commission, to endeavor to enter into treaties with African chiefs for the abolition of the trade in human beings, which her Majesty and all the British nation held to be an injustice to their fellow-creatures, and repugnant to the laws of God; that the vessels which he saw were not trading-ships, but belonging to our Queen, and were sent, at great expense, expressly to convey the Commissioners appointed by her Majesty, for the purpose of carrying out her benevolent intentions for the benefit of Africa. Captain Trotter therefore requested the King to give a patient hearing to what the Commissioners had to say to him on the subject.

Obi expressed himself through his interpreter, or "mouth," much

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ing over the place, and as we stood in sad reflection on the fate of the gifted poetess, some fine specimens of the *Hirundo Senegalensis*, or African swallow, fluttered gracefully about, as if to keep watch over a spot sacred indeed to the muses; while the noise of the sea, breaking on the not distant shore, seemed to murmur a requiem over departed genius."

gratified at our visit ; that he understood what was said, and would pay attention.

The Commissioners then explained that the principal object in inviting him to a conference was to point out the injurious effects to himself and to his people of the practice of selling their slaves, thus depriving themselves of their services forever, for a trifling sum ; whereas, if these slaves were kept at home, and employed in the cultivation of the land, in collecting palm-oil or other production of the country for commerce, they would prove a permanent source of revenue. Obi replied, that he was very willing to do away with the slave-trade *if a better traffic could be substituted.*

COMMISSIONERS.—Does Obi sell slaves from his own dominions?

OBI.—No ; they come from countries far away.

COMMISSIONERS.—Does Obi make war to procure slaves?

OBI.—When other chiefs quarrel with me and make war, I take all I can as slaves.

COMMISSIONERS.—What articles of trade are best suited to your people, or what would you like to be brought to your country?

OBI.—Cowries, cloth, muskets, powder, handkerchiefs, coral beads, hats—anything from the white man's country will please.

COMMISSIONERS.—You are the King of this country, as our Queen is the sovereign of Great Britain ; but she does not wish to trade with you ; she only desires that her subjects may trade fairly with yours. Would they buy salt?

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—The Queen of England's subjects would be glad to trade for raw cotton, indigo, ivory, gums, camwood. Now have your people these things to offer in return for English trade-goods?

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—Englishmen will bring everything to trade but rum or spirits, which are injurious. If you induce your subjects to cultivate the ground, you will all become rich ; but if you sell slaves, the land will not be cultivated, and you will become poorer by the traffic. If you do all these things which we advise you for your own benefit, our Queen will grant you for your own profit and revenue, one out of every twenty articles sold by British subjects in the Abòh territory, so that the more you persuade your people to

exchange native produce for British goods, the richer you will become. You will then have a regular profit, enforced by treaty, instead of trusting to a "Dash" or present, which depends on the willingness of the traders.

Obi.—I will agree to discontinue the slave-trade, but I expect the English to bring goods for traffic.

COMMISSIONERS.—The Queen's subjects cannot come here to trade, unless they are certain of a proper supply of your produce.

Obi.—I have plenty of palm-oil.

COMMISSIONERS.—Mr. Schön, missionary, will explain to you in the Hu language what the Queen wishes, and if you do not understand it shall be repeated.

Mr. Schön began to read the address drawn up for the purpose of showing the different tribes what the views of the Expedition were; but Obi soon appeared to be tired of a palaver which lasted so much longer than those to which he was accustomed. He manifested some impatience, and at last said: "I have made you a promise to drop this slave-trade, and do not wish to hear anything more about it."

COMMISSIONERS.—Our Queen will be much pleased if you do, and you will receive the presents which she sent for you. When people in the white man's country sign a treaty or agreement, they always abide by it. The Queen cannot come to speak to you, Obi Osaï, but she sends us to make the treaty for her.

Obi.—I can only engage my word for my own country.

COMMISSIONERS.—You cannot sell your slaves if you wish, for our Queen has many war-ships at the mouth of the river, and Spaniards are afraid to come and buy here.

Obi.—I understand.

He seemed to be highly amused on our describing the difficulties the slave-dealers have to encounter in the prosecution of the trade; and on one occasion he laughed immoderately when told that our cruisers often captured slave-ships, with the cargo on board. We suspected, however, that much of his amusement arose from his knowing that slaves were shipped off at parts of the coast little thought of by us. The abundance of Brazilian rum in Abòh showed that they often traded with nations who have avowedly no other object.

It is not difficult to imagine that Obi was "highly amused" with the whole "palaver," except when the recollection of its interposing between him and the presents made him restless. For nobody knew better than Obi what a joke it all was, as the result very plainly showed.

Some of the presents were now brought in, which Obi looked at with evident pleasure. His anxiety to examine them completed his inattention to the rest of the palaver.

COMMISSIONERS.—These are not all the presents that will be given to you. We wish to know if you are willing to stop boats carrying slaves through the waters of your dominions.

OBI.—Yes, very willing; except those I do not see.

COMMISSIONERS.—Also to prevent slaves being carried over your land.

OBI.—Certainly; but the English must furnish me and my people with arms, as my doing so will involve me in war with my neighbors.

Obi then retired for a short time to consult with his headmen.

COMMISSIONERS (*on his return*).—Have you power to make an agreement with the Commissioners in the name of all your subjects?

OBI.—I am the King. What I say is law. Are there two Kings in England? There is only one here.

COMMISSIONERS.—Understanding you have sovereign power, can you seize slaves on the river?

OBI.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—You must set them free.

OBI.—Yes (*snapping his fingers several times*).

COMMISSIONERS.—The boats must be destroyed.

OBI.—I will break the canoe, but kill no one.

COMMISSIONERS.—Suppose a man-of-war takes a canoe, and it is proved to be a slaver, the officer's word must be taken by the King. You, Obi, or some one for you, can be present to see justice done.

OBI.—I understand.

COMMISSIONERS.—Any new men coming henceforth to Abòh are not to be made slaves.

Obi.—Very good.

COMMISSIONERS.—If any King, or other person, sends down slaves, Obi must not buy them.

Obi.—I will not go to market to sell slaves.

COMMISSIONERS.—Any white men that are enslaved are to be made free.

The Commissioners here alluded to the case of the Landers; and asked Obi if he did not remember the circumstance of their being detained some time as slaves. Obi, turning round to his sons and headmen, appealed to them, and then denied all knowledge of Lander's detention.

COMMISSIONERS.—British people who settled in Abòh must be treated as friends, in the same way as Obi's subjects would be if they were in England.

Obi.—What you say to me I will hold fast and perform.

COMMISSIONERS.—People may come here, and follow their own religion without annoyance? Our countrymen will be happy to teach our religion, without which blessing we should not be prosperous as a nation, as we now are.

Obi.—Yes, let them come; we shall be glad to hear them.

COMMISSIONERS.—British people may trade with your people; but whenever it may be in Abòh, one-twentieth part of the goods sold is to be given to the King. Are you pleased with this?

Obi.—Yes. "*Makka*"—It is good (*snapping his fingers*).

COMMISSIONERS.—Is there any road from Abòh to Benin?

Obi.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—They must all be open to the English.

Obi.—Yes.

COMMISSIONERS.—All the roads in England are open alike to all foreigners.

Obi.—In this way of trade I am agreeable.

COMMISSIONERS.—Will Obi let the English build, cultivate, buy, and sell, without annoyance?

Obi.—Certainly.

COMMISSIONERS.—If your people do wrong to them, will you punish them?

Obi.—They shall be judged, and if guilty punished.

COMMISSIONERS.—When the English do wrong, Obi must send

word to an English officer, who will come and hold a palaver. You must not punish white people.

OBI.—I assent to this. (*He now became restless and impatient.*)

COMMISSIONERS.—If your people contract debts with the English they must be made to pay them.

OBI.—They shall be punished if they do not.

COMMISSIONERS.—The Queen may send an agent?

OBI.—If any Englishman comes to reside, I will show him the best place to build a house and render him every assistance.

COMMISSIONERS.—Obi must also give every facility for forwarding letters, etc., down the river, so that the English officer who receives them may give a receipt, and also a reward for sending them.

OBI.—Very good (*snapping his fingers*).

COMMISSIONERS.—Have you any opportunity of sending to Bonny?

OBI.—I have some misunderstanding with the people intermediate between Abòh and Bonny; but I can do it through the Brass people.

COMMISSIONERS.—Will you agree to supply men-of-war with fire-wood, provisions, etc., at a fair and reasonable price?

OBI.—Yes, certainly.

The Commissioners requested Mr. Schön, the respected missionary, to state to King Obi, in a concise manner, the difference between the Christian religion and heathenism, together with some description of the settlement at Sierra Leone.

MR. SCHÖN.—There is but one God.

OBI.—*I always understood there were two.*<sup>1</sup>

Mr. Schön recapitulated the Decalogue and the leading truths of the Christian faith, and then asked Obi if this was not a good religion, to which he replied, with a snap of his fingers, "Yes, very good" (*makka*).

Obi concluded the conference by remarking very emphatically "that he wanted this palaver settled; that he was

<sup>1</sup> Some former traveller—Lander, perhaps—had possibly bewildered Obi with the Athanasian Creed.

tired of so much talking and that he wished to go on shore." He finally said, with great impatience, "that this Slave Palaver was all over now, and he didn't wish to hear anything more of it."

The upshot of the Slave Palaver was that Obi agreed to every article of the proposed treaty, and plighted his troth to it then and there amidst a prodigious beating of tom-toms, which lasted all night. Of course he broke the treaty on the first opportunity (being one of the falsest rascals in Africa), and went on slave-dealing vigorously. When the Expedition became helpless and disabled, newly captured slaves, chained down to the bottoms of canoes, were seen passing along the river in the heart of this same Obi's dominions.

The following is curious:

#### OBI ON CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

*28th.* Agreeably to his promise, Obi Asaï went on board the *Albert* this morning, where he was received by Captain Trotter and the Commissioners, with whom he breakfasted. His dress was not so gay as on his visit of yesterday, being merely a cotton jacket and trousers, much in want of a laundress, a red cap on his head, and some strings of coral and teeth of wild beasts round his neck, wrists, and ankles. He entered frankly into the views previously explained to him, and assented unhesitatingly to all required from him. It was, however, necessary that the Treaty, which had been drawn up on the basis of the draft furnished by Lord John Russell with the addition of some articles relating especially to the free navigation of the river, should be again read and explained to Obi and his principal headmen, especially the heir presumptive and the chief ju-juman, much to their annoyance; and as all this occupied a long while, apparently to very little purpose, he completely turned against ourselves the charge we made against the black people—of not knowing the value of time. In agreeing to the additional ar-



ticle, binding the Chief and his people to the discontinuance of the horrid custom of sacrificing human beings, Obi very reasonably inquired what should be done with those who might deserve death as punishment for the commission of great crimes.

Something very like this question of Obi's has been asked, once or twice, by the very Government which sent out these "devil-ships," or steamers, to remodel his affairs for him; and the point has not been settled yet.

Now let us review this Diplomacy for a moment. Obi, though a savage in a sergeant-major's coat, may claim with Master Slender, and perhaps with better reason, to be not altogether an ass. Obi knows, to begin with, that the English Government maintains a blockade, the object of which is to prevent the exportation of slaves from his native coasts, and which is inefficient and absurd. The very mention of it sets him a-laughing. Obi, sitting on the quarter-deck of the *Albert*, looking slyly out from under his savage forehead and his conical cap, sees before him her Majesty's white Commissioners from the distant blockade-country gravely propounding, at one sitting, a change in the character of his people (formed, essentially, in the inscrutable wisdom of God, by the soil they work on and the air they breathe)—the substitution of a religion it is utterly impossible he can appreciate or understand, be the mutual interpretation never so exact and never so miraculously free from confusion, for that in which he has been bred, and with which his priests and jugglers subdue his subjects; the entire subversion of his whole barbarous system of trade and revenue—and the uprooting, in a word, of all his, and his nation's, preconceived ideas, methods, and customs. In return for this, the white men are to trade with him by means of ships that are to come there one day or other;

and are to quell infractions of the treaty by means of other white men, who are to learn how to draw the breath of life there, by some strong charm they certainly have not discovered yet. Can it be supposed that on this earth there lives a man who better knows than Obi, leering round upon the river's banks, the dull dead-man's grove trees, the shiny and decaying earth, the rotting vegetation, that these are shadowy promises and shadowy threats, which he may give to the hot winds? In any breast in the white group about him, is there a dark presentiment of death (the pestilential air is heavier already with such whispers, to some noble hearts) half so certain as this savage's foreknowledge of the fate fast closing in? In the mind's eye of any officer or seaman looking on, is there a picture of the bones of white men bleaching in a pestilential land, and of the timbers of their poor, abandoned, pillaged ships, showing, on the shore, like gigantic skeletons, half so vivid as Obi's? "Too much palaver," says Obi, with good reason. "Give me the presents and let me go home, and beat my tom-toms all night long, for joy!"

Yet these were the means by which the African people were to be awakened to a proper sense of their own degradation. For the conclusion of such treaties with such powers, the useful lives of scholars, students, mariners, and officers—more precious than a wilderness of Africans—were thrown away!

There was another monarch at another place on the Niger, a certain Attàh of Iddàh, "whose feet, enclosed in very large red leather boots, surrounded with little bells, dangled carelessly over the side of the throne," who spoke through a State functionary, called the King's mouth, and who had this very orthodox notion of the Divine right:

“God made me after his image; I am all the same as God; and he appointed me a King.” With this good old sovereign a similar scene was enacted; and he, too, promised everything that was asked, and was particularly importunate to see the presents. He, also, was very much amused by the missionary’s spectacles, it was supposed; and as royalty in these parts must not smile in public, the fan-bearers found it necessary to hide his face very often. The Attah dines alone—like the Pope—and is equally infallible. Some land for the Model Farm was purchased of him, and the settlement established. The reading of the deed was very patiently attended to, “unless,” say the writers of these volumes, with the frankness which distinguishes them—“unless we mistook apathy for such a laudable bearing.”

So much is done towards the great awakening of the African people. By this time the Expedition has been in the river five weeks; fever has appeared on board of all the ships in the river; for the last three days especially, it has progressed with terrible rapidity. On board the *Sou-dan* only six persons can move about. On board the *Albert* the assistant surgeon is at the point of death. On board the *Wilberforce* several are nearly at the same pass. Another day, and sixty, in all, are sick, and thirteen dead. “Nothing but muttering delirium or suppressed groans are heard on every side on board the vessels.” Energy of character and strength of hope are lost, even among those not yet attacked. One officer, remarkable for fortitude and resignation, burst into tears on being addressed, and being asked the reason, replies that it is involuntary weakness produced by the climate; though it afterwards appears that, “in addition to this cause, he has been disheartened,

during a little repose snatched from his duties, by a feverish dream of home and family." An anxious consultation is held. Captain Trotter decides to send the sick back to the sea, in the *Soudan*, but Captain Allen knows the river will begin to fall straightway, and that the most unhealthy season will set in, and places his opinion on record that the ships had better all return, and make no further effort, at that time, to ascend the river.

#### DEPARTURE OF THE SICK.

The *Soudan* was accordingly got ready with the utmost possible despatch to receive her melancholy cargo, and Commander W. Allen was directed to send his sick on board. That officer, however, feeling perfectly convinced from his former experience of the river that in a very short time H.M.S. *Wilberforce* would be reduced to the necessity of following the *Soudan*, requested permission to send such only of the sick as might desire to go; especially as he considered—in which his surgeon, Mr. Pritchett, concurred—that the removal of the men, in the state in which they were, would be attended with great risk. Only six expressed a wish to leave; the others, sixteen in number, preferred to remain by their ship. One man, on being asked whether he would like to go, said he thought we had got into a very bad place, and the sooner we were out of it the better, but he would stay by his ship.

In order to have as much air as possible for the sufferers, and to keep them from the other men, Commander W. Allen had a large screened berth fitted on the upper deck, in the middle of the vessel, well protected from the sun and the dews at night by thick awnings, from which was suspended a large punkah.

*Sunday, 19th.*—The *Soudan* came alongside the *Wilberforce* to receive our invalids, who took a melancholy farewell of their officers and messmates.

Prayers were read to the crews of both vessels. It was an affecting scene. The whole of one side of the little vessel was covered with invalids, and the cabins were full of officers; there was, indeed, no room for more.

The separation from so many of our companions under such circumstances could not be otherwise than painful to all;—the only cheering feature was in the hope that the attenuated beings who now departed could soon be within the influence of a more favorable climate, and that we might meet under happier auspices.

In a short time the steam was got up, and our little consort—watched by many commiserating eyes—rapidly glided out of view.

One, two, or three days have elapsed since this change was effected, and now the *Wilberforce* has thirty-two men sick of the fever, leaving only thirteen, officers and seamen, capable of duty. She, too, returns to the sea, on Captain Allen's renewed protest and another council; and the *Albert* goes on up the melancholy river alone.

#### THE WILBERFORCE ON HER RETURN.

We proceeded through these narrow and winding reaches with feelings very different to those we experienced in ascending the river. Then the elasticity of health and hope gave to the scenery a coloring of exceeding loveliness. The very silence and solitude had a soothing influence which invited to meditation and pleasing anticipations for the future. Now it was the stillness of death,—broken only by the strokes and echoes of our paddle-wheels and the melancholy song of the leadsmen, which seemed the knell and dirge of our dying comrades. The palm-trees, erst so graceful in their drooping leaves, were now gigantic hearse-like plumes.

So she drops down to Fernando Po, where the *Soudan* is lying, on whose small and crowded decks death has been, and is still, busy. Commanding officer, surgeons, seamen, engineers, mariners, all sick, many dead. Captain Allen, with the sick on board the *Wilberforce*, sails for Ascension, as a last hope of restoring the sick; and the *Soudan* is sent back to assist the *Albert*. She meets her coming out of the Gate of the Cemetery; thus :

## THE ALBERT ON HER RETURN.

It was a lovely morning, and the scenery about the river looked very beautiful, affording a sad contrast to the dingy and deserted look of the *Albert*.

Many were of course the painful surmises as to the fate of those on board. On approaching, however, the melancholy truth was soon told. The fever had been doing its direst work; several were dead, many dying, and of all the officers but two, Mr. McWilliam and Stanger, were able to move about. The former presented himself and waved his hand, and one emaciated figure was seen to be raised up for a second. This was Captain Trotter, who in his anxiety to look at the *Soudan* again, had been lifted out of his cot.

A spectacle more full of painful contemplation could scarcely have been witnessed. Slowly and portentously, like a plague-ship filled with its dead and dying, onwards she moved in charge of her generous pilot, Mr. Beecroft. Who would have thought that little more than two months previously she had entered that same river with an enterprising crew, full of life, and buoyant with bright hopes of accomplishing the objects on which all had so ardently entered?

The narrative of the *Albert's* solitary voyage, which occupied about a month, is given from the journal of Dr. McWilliam, and furnishes, to our thinking, one of the most remarkable instances of quiet courage and unflinching constancy of purpose that is to be found in any book of travel ever written. The sickness spreading, Captain Trotter falling very ill, officers, engineers, and men lying alike disabled, and the *Albert's* head turned, in the necessity of despair, once more towards the sea, the two doctors on board, Dr. McWilliam and Dr. Stanger—names that should ever be memorable and honored in the history of truly heroic enterprise—took upon themselves, in addition to the duty of attending the sick, the task of navigating the ship

down the river. The former took charge of her, the latter worked the engines, and, both persevering by day and night—through all the horrors of such a voyage, with their friends raving and dying around them, and some, in the madness of the fever, leaping overboard—brought her in safety to the sea. We would fain hope this feat would live, in Dr. McWilliam's few plain, and modest words; and, better yet, in the grateful remembrance handed down by the survivors of this fatal expedition; when the desperate and cruel of whole generations of the world shall have fallen into oblivion.

Calling at the Model Farm as they came down the Niger, they found the superintendent, Mr. Carr, and the school-master and gardener—both Europeans—lying prostrate with fever. These were taken on board the *Albert* and brought away for the restoration of their health; and the settlements—now mustering about forty natives, in addition to the people brought from Sierra Leone—was left in the charge of one Ralph Moore, an American negro emigrant.

The rest of the sad story is soon told. The sea-breeze blew too late on many wasted forms, to shed its freshness on them for their restoration, and Death, Death, Death, was aboard the *Albert* day and night. Captain Trotter, as the only means of saving his life, was with difficulty prevailed on to return to England; and after a long delay at Ascension and in the Bay of Amboise (in the absence of instructions from the Colonial office), and when the Expedition, under Captain Allen, was on the eve of another hopeless attempt to ascend the Niger, it was ordered home. It being necessary to revisit the Model Farm, in obedience to orders, Lieutenant Webb, Captain Allen's first officer, immediately volunteered for that service; and, with the requisite num-

ber of officers and a black crew, took command of the *Wilberforce*, and once again went boldly up the fatal Niger. Disunion and dismay were rife at the Model Farm, on their arrival there; Mr. Carr, who had returned from Fernando Po when restored to health, had been murdered by direction of King Boy, it would appear, and not without strong suspicion of co-operation on the part of our friend Obi, and the settlement was abandoned. Obi (though he is somewhat unaccountably complimented by Dr. McWilliam) came out in his true colors on the *Wilberforce's* return, and, not being by any means awakened to a proper sense of his own degradation, appears to have conceived an amiable intention of destroying the crew and seizing the ship. Being baffled in this design, however, by the coolness and promptitude of Lieutenant Webb and his officers, the white men happily left him behind in his own country, where he is no doubt ready at this moment, if still alive, to enter into any treaty that may be proposed to him, with presents to follow; and to be highly amused again on the subject of the Slave-trade, and to beat his tom-toms all night long for joy.

The fever, which wrought such terrible desolation in this and the preceding Expedition, becomes a subject of painful interest to the readers of these volumes. The length to which our notice has already extended prevents our extracting, as we had purposed, the account of it which is given in the present narrative. Of the predisposing causes, little can be positively stated; for the most delicate chemical tests failed to detect, in the air or water, the presence of those deleterious gases which were very confidently supposed to exist in both. It is preceded either by a state of great prostration, or great excitement, and unnatural indifference; it develops itself on board ship about the fifteenth



day after the ascent of the river is commenced; a close and sultry atmosphere, without any breeze stirring, is the atmosphere most unfavorable to it; it appears to yield to calomel in the first instance, and strong doses of quinine afterwards, more than to any other remedies; and it is remarkable that in cases of "total-abstinence" patients it seems from the first to be hopelessly and surely fatal.

The history of this Expedition is the history of the Past, in reference to the heated visions of philanthropists for the railroad Christianization of Africa and the abolition of the Slave-trade. May no popular cry, from Exeter Hall or elsewhere, ever make it, as to one single ship, the history of the future! Such means are useless, futile, and we will venture to add—in despite of hats broad-brimmed or shovel-shaped, and coats of drab or black, with collars or without—indeed. No amount of philanthropy has a right to waste such valuable life as was squandered here, in the teeth of all experience and feasible pretence of hope. Between the civilized European and the barbarous African there is a great gulf set.

The air that brings life to the latter brings death to the former. In the mighty revolutions of the wheel of time, some change in this regard may come about; but in this age of the world, all the white armies and white missionaries of the world would fall, as withered reeds, before the rolling of one African river. To change the customs even of civilized and educated men, and impress them with new ideas, is—we have good need to know it—a most difficult and slow proceeding; but to do this by ignorant and savage races is a work which, like the progressive changes of the globe itself, requires a stretch of years that dazzles in the looking at. It is not, we conceive, within the likely provi-

dence of God that Christianity shall start to the banks of the Niger, until it shall have overflowed all intervening space. The stone that is dropped into the ocean of ignorance at Exeter Hall must make its widening circles, one beyond another, until they reach the negroes' country in their natural expansion. There is a broad, dark sea between the Strand in London, and the Niger, where those rings are not yet shining; and through all that space they must appear, before the last one breaks upon the shore of Africa. Gently and imperceptibly the widening circle of enlightenment must stretch and stretch, from man to man, from people on to people, until there is a girdle round the earth; but no convulsive effort, no far-off aim, can make the last great outside one first, and then come home at leisure to trace out the inner one. Believe it, African civilization, Church of England Missionary, and all other missionary societies! The work at home must be completed thoroughly or there is no hope abroad. To your tents, O Israel! but see they are your own tents! Set *them* in order; leave nothing to be done *there*; and outpost will convey your lesson on to outpost until the naked armies of King Obi and King Boy are reached and taught. Let a knowledge of the duty that man owes to man, and to his God, spread thus, by natural degrees and growth of example, to the outer shores of Africa, and it will float in safety up the rivers, never fear!

We will not do injustice to Captain Allen's scheme of future operations by reproducing it shorn of its fair proportions. As a most distinguished officer and a highly accomplished gentleman, than whom there is no one living so well entitled to be heard on all that relates to Africa, he merits and assuredly will receive great attention. We are not on

the ground we have just now indicated so sanguine as he; but there is sound wisdom in his idea of approaching the black man through the black man, and in his conviction that he can only be successfully approached by a studied reference to the current of his own opinions and customs instead of ours. So true is this, that it is doubtful whether any European save Bruce—who had a perfectly marvellous genius for accommodating himself, not only to the African character, but to every variety of character with which he came in contact—has ever truly won to himself a mingled sentiment of confidence, respect, and fear in that country. So little has our government profited by his example that one of the foremost objects of this very expedition is to repeat the self-same mistake with which Clapperton so astonished the King Boy and King Obi of his time, by running head foremost at the abolition of the Slave-trade; which, of all possible objects, is the most inconceivable, unpalatable, and astounding to these barbarians!

Captain Allen need be under no apprehension that the failure of the expedition will involve his readers in any confusion as to the sufferings and deserts of those who sacrificed themselves to achieve its unattainable objects. No generous mind can peruse this narrative without a glow of admiration and sympathy for himself and all concerned. The quiet spot by Lander's tomb, lying beyond the paths of guava and the dark-leaved trees, where old companions dear to his heart lie buried side by side beneath the sombre and almost impenetrable brushwood, is not to be ungratefully remembered, or lightly forgotten. Though the African is not yet awakened to a proper sense of his degradation, the resting-place of those brave men is sacred, and their history a solemn truth. [1848.]

## THE CHINESE JUNK.

THE shortest road to the Celestial Empire is by the Blackwall Railway. You may take a ticket, through and back, for a matter of eighteen-pence. With every carriage that is cast off on the road—at Stepney, Limehouse, Poplar, West India Docks—thousands of miles of space are cast off too; the flying dream of tiles and chimney-pots, backs of squalid houses, frowzy pieces of waste ground, narrow courts and streets, swamps, ditches, masts of ships, gardens of dock-weed, and unwholesome little bowers of scarlet beans, whirls away in half a score of minutes. Nothing is left but China.

How the flowery region ever got, in the form of the junk *Keying*, into the latitude and longitude where it is now to be found is not the least part of the marvel. The crew of Chinamen aboard the *Keying* devoutly believed that their good ship would arrive quite safe at the descried port, if they only tied red rags enough upon the mast, rudder, and cable. Perhaps they ran short of rags, through bad provision of stores; certain it is that they had not enough on board to keep them from the bottom, and would most indubitably have gone there, but for such poor aid as could be rendered by the skill and coolness of a dozen English sailors, who brought this extraordinary craft in safety over the wide ocean.

If there be any one thing in the world that it is not at all like, that thing is a ship of any kind. So narrow, so long,

so grotesque, so low in the middle, so high at each end (like a China pen-tray), with no rigging, with nowhere to go to aloft, with mats for sails, great warped cigars for masts, gaudy dragons and sea-monsters disporting themselves from stem to stern, and, on the stern, a gigantic cock of impossible aspect, defying the world (as well he may) to produce his equal—it would look more at home at the top of a public building, at the top of a mountain, in an avenue of trees, or down in a mine, than afloat on the water. Of all unlikely callings with which imagination could connect the Chinese lounging on the deck, the most unlikely and the last would be the mariner's craft. Imagine a ship's crew, without a profile among them, in gauze pinafores and plaited hair; wearing stiff clogs, a quarter of a foot thick in the sole; and lying at night in little scented boxes, like backgammon-men or chess-pieces, or mother-of-pearl counters!

The most perplexing considerations obtrude themselves on your mind when you go down in the cabin. As, what became of all those lanterns hanging to the roof, when the junk was out at sea? Whether they dangled there, banging and beating against each other, like so many jester's baubles? Whether the idol, Chin Tee, of the eighteen arms, enshrined in a celestial Puppet Show, in the place of honor, ever tumbled out in heavy weather? Whether the incense and the joss-stick still burnt before her with a faint perfume and a little thread of smoke, while the mighty waves were roaring all around? Whether that preposterous umbrella in the corner was always spread, as being a convenient maritime instrument for walking about the decks with in a storm? Whether all the cool and shiny little chairs and tables were continually sliding about and bruis-

ing each other, and if not, why not? Whether anybody, on the voyage, ever read those two books printed in characters like bird-cages and fly-traps? Whether the Mandarin passenger, He Sing, who had never been ten miles from home in his life before, lying sick on a bamboo couch in a private china-closet of his own (where he is now perpetually writing autographs for inquisitive barbarians), ever began to doubt the potency of the goddess of the sea, whose counterfeit presentment, like a flowery monthly nurse, occupies the sailors' joss-house in the second gallery? Whether it is possible that the said Mandarin, or the artist of the ship, Sam Sing, Esquire, R. A., of Canton, *can* ever go ashore without a walking-staff of cinnamon, agreeably to the usage of their likenesses in British tea-shops? Above all, whether the hoarse old ocean can ever have been seriously in earnest with this floating toy-shop, or merely played with it in lightness of spirit—roughly, but meaning no harm—as the bull did with the china-shop, on St. Patrick's day in the morning?

Here, at any rate, is the doctrine of finality beautifully worked out, and shut up in a corner of a dock near the Whitebait-house at Blackwall, for the edification of men. Thousands of years have passed away, since the first Chinese junk was constructed on this model; and the last Chinese junk that was ever launched was none the better for that waste and desert of time. In all that interval, through all the immense extent of the strange kingdom of China—in the midst of its patient and ingenious, but never advancing art, and its diligent agricultural cultivation—not one new twist or curve has been given to a ball of ivory; not one blade of experience has been grown.

The general eye has opened no wider, and seen no far-

ther than the minute eye upon this vessel's prow, by means of which she is supposed to find her way; or has been set in the flowery head to as little purpose, for thousands of years. Sir Robert Inglis, member for the University of Oxford, ought to become Ty Rong or managing man of the *Reying*, and nail the red rag of his party to the mast forever.

There is no doubt, it appears, that if any alteration took place, in this junk, or any other, the Chinese form of government would be destroyed. It has been clearly ascertained by the wise men and law-givers that to make the cock upon the stern (the Grand Falcon of China) by a feather's breadth a less startling phenomenon, or to bring him within the remotest verge of ornithological possibility, would be to endanger the noblest institutions of the country. For it is a remarkable circumstance in China (which is found to obtain nowhere else), that although its institutions are the perfection of human wisdom, and are the wonder and envy of the world by reason of their stability, they are constantly imperilled in the last degree by very slight occurrences. So, such wonderful contradictions as the neatness of the *Reying's* cups and saucers, and the ridiculous rudeness of her guns and rudder, continue to exist. If any Chinese maritime generation were the wiser for the wisdom of the generation gone before, it is agreed upon by all the Ty Rongs in the navy that the Chinese constitution would immediately go by the board, and that the Church of the Chinese Bonzes would be effectually done for.

It is pleasant, coming out from behind the wooden screen that incloses this interesting and remarkable sight (which all who can should see) to glance upon the mighty signs of

life, enterprise, and progress that the great river and its busy banks present. It is pleasant, coming back from China by the Blackwall Railway, to think that we trust no red rags in storms, and burn no joss-sticks before idols; that we never grope our way by the aid of conventional eyes which have no sight in them; and that, in our civilization, we sacrifice absurd forms to substantial facts. The ignorant crew of the *Reying* refused to enter on the ship's books, until "a considerable amount of silvered paper, tin-foil, and joss-sticks" had been laid in by the owners, for the purposes of their worship; but our seamen—far less our bishops, priests, and deacons—never stand out upon points of silvered paper and tin-foil, or the lighting up of joss-sticks upon altars! Christianity is not Chin-Teeism; and therein all insignificant quarrels as to means are lost sight of in remembrance of the end.

There is matter for reflection aboard the *Reying* to last the voyage home to England again. [1848.]



## “THE DRUNKARD’S CHILDREN.”

A SEQUEL TO “THE BOTTLE.” IN EIGHT PLATES. BY GEORGE  
CRUIKSHANK.

A “SEQUEL to the Bottle”<sup>1</sup> seems to us to demand a few words by way of gentle protest. Few men have a better right to erect themselves into teachers of the people than Mr. George Cruikshank. Few men have observed the people as he has done, or known them better; few are more earnestly and honestly disposed to teach them for their good; and there are very, very few artists, in England or abroad, who can approach him in his peculiar and remarkable power.

But this teaching, to last, must be fairly conducted. It must not be all on one side. When Mr. Cruikshank shows us, and shows us so forcibly and vigorously, that side of the medal on which the people in their crimes and faults are stamped, he is bound to help us to a glance at that other side on which the government that forms the people, with all *its* faults and vices, is no less plainly impressed. Drunkenness, as a national horror, is the effect of many causes. Foul smells, disgusting habitations, bad workshops and workshop customs, want of light, air, and water, the absence of all easy means of decency and health, are commonest among its common, every-day, physical causes.

<sup>1</sup> “The Drunkard’s Children. A Sequel to The Bottle.” In Eight Plates. By George Cruikshank.

The mental weariness and languor so induced, the want of wholesome relaxation, the craving for *some* stimulus and excitement, which is as much a part of such lives as the sun is; and, last and inclusive of all the rest, ignorance, and the need there is among the English people of reasonable, national training, in lieu of mere parrot-education, or none at all, are its most obvious moral causes. It would be as sound philosophy to issue a series of plates under the title of "The Physic Bottle, or the Saline Mixture," and, tracing the history of typhus fever by such means, to refer it all to the gin-shop, as it is to refer Drunkenness thither and to stop there. Drunkenness does not begin there. It has a teeming and reproachful history anterior to that stage; and at the remediable evil in that history, it is the duty of the moralist, if he strikes at all, to strike deep and spare not.

HOGARTH avoided the Drunkard's Progress, we conceive, precisely because the causes of drunkenness among the poor were so numerous and widely spread, and lurked so sorrowfully deep and far down in all human misery, neglect, and despair, that even *his* pencil could not bring them fairly and justly into the light. That he was never contented without giving all the effect, witness the Miser (his shoe new-soled with the binding of his Bible), dead before the Young Rake begins his career; the worldly father, listless daughter, impoverished nobleman, and crafty lawyer in the first plate of the "Marriage à la Mode;" the detestable advances in the Stages of Cruelty; and the progress downward of Thomas Idle! That he did not spare that kind of drunkenness which was of more "respectable" engenderment, his midnight modern conversation, the election plates, and a crowd of stupid aldermen and other guzzlers,

amply testify. But after one immortal journey down Gin Lane he turned away in grief and sorrow—perhaps in hope of better things one day, from better laws, and schools, and poor men's homes—and went back no more. It is remarkable of that picture that, while it exhibits drunkenness in its most appalling forms, it forces on the attention of the spectator a most neglected, wretched neighborhood (the same that is only just now cleared away for the extension of Oxford Street), and an unwholesome, indecent, abject condition of life, worthy to be a Frontispiece to the late Report of the Sanitary Commissioners, made nearly one hundred years afterward. We have always been inclined to think the purpose of this piece not adequately stated, even by Charles Lamb. "The very houses seem absolutely reeling," it is true; but they quite as powerfully indicate some of the more prominent causes of intoxication among the neglected orders of society, as any of its effects. There is no evidence that any of the actors in the dreary scene have ever been much better off than we find them. The best are pawning the commonest necessaries and tools of their trades, and the worst are homeless vagrants who give us no clue to their having been otherwise in bygone days. All are living and dying miserably. Nobody is interfering for prevention or for cure in the generation going out before us or the generation coming in. The beadle (the only sober man in the composition except the pawnbroker) is mightily indifferent to the orphan child crying beside its parents' coffin. The little charity-girls are not so well taught or looked after but that they can take to dram-drinking already. The church is very prominent and handsome, but coldly surveys these things in progress underneath the shadow of its tower (it was in the year of

grace eighteen hundred and forty-eight that a Bishop of London first came out respecting something wrong in poor men's social accommodations), and is passive in the picture. We take all this to have a meaning, and to the best of our knowledge it has not grown obsolete in a century.

Whereas, to all such considerations Mr. Cruikshank gives the go-by. The hero of "The Bottle," and father of these children, lived in undoubted comfort and good esteem until he was some five-and-thirty years of age, when, happening, unluckily, to have a goose for dinner one day, in the bosom of his thriving family, he jocularly sent out for a bottle of gin, and persuaded his wife (until then a pattern of neatness and good housewifery) to take a little drop, after the stuffing, from which moment the family never left off drinking gin, and rushed down-hill to destruction very fast.

Entertaining the highest respect for Mr. Cruikshank's great genius, and no less respect for his motives in these publications, we deem it right on the appearance of a sequel to "The Bottle" to protest against this. First, because it is a compromising of a very serious and pressing truth; secondly, because it will, in time, defeat the end these pictures are designed to bring about. There is no class of society so certain to find out their weak place as the class to which they are especially addressed. It is particularly within their knowledge and experience.

In the present series we trace the brother and sister, whom we left in that terrible representation of the father's madness with which the first series closed, through the career of vice and crime then lowering before them. The gin-shop, beer-shop, and dancing-rooms receive them in turn. They are tried for a robbery. The boy is convicted, and

sentenced to transportation; the girl acquitted. He dies, prematurely, on board the hulks; and she, desolate and mad, flings herself from London Bridge into the night-darkened river.

The power of this closing scene is extraordinary. It haunts the remembrance like an awful reality. It is full of passion and terror, and we question whether any other hand could so have rendered it. Nor, although far exceeding all that has gone before, as such a catastrophe should, is it without the strongest support all through the story. The death-bed scene on board the hulks—the convict who is composing the face—and the other who is drawing the screen round the bed's head—are master-pieces, worthy of the greatest painter. The reality of the place, and the fidelity with which every minute object illustrative of it is presented, are quite surprising. But the same feature is remarkable throughout. In the final scene at the Old Bailey the eye may wander round the court, and observe everything that is a part of the place. The very light and atmosphere of the reality are reproduced with astonishing truth. So in the gin-shop and the beer-shop; no fragment of the fact is indicated and slurred over, but every shred of it is honestly made out. It is curious, in closing the book, to recall the number of faces we have seen that have as much individual character and identity in our remembrance as if we had been looking at so many living people of flesh and blood. The man behind the bar in the gin-shop, the barristers round the table in court, the convicts already mentioned, will be, like the figures in the pictures of which the Spanish Friar spoke to Willie, realities, when thousands of living shadows shall have passed away. May Mr. Cruikshank linger long behind to give us

many more of such realities, and to do with simple means, such as are used here, what the whole paraphernalia and resources of Art could not effect, without a master-hand!

The sequel to "The Bottle" is published at the same price as its predecessor. The eight large plates may be bought for a shilling!

[1848.]

## THE AMERICAN PANORAMA.

A VERY extraordinary exhibition is open at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, under the title of "Banvard's Geographical Panorama of the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers." With one or two exceptions, its remarkable claims to public notice seem scarcely to have been recognized as they deserve. We recommend them to the consideration of all holiday-makers and sight-seers this Christmas.

It may be well to say what the panorama is *not*. It is not a refined work of art (nor does it claim to be, in Mr. Banvard's modest description); it is not remarkable for accuracy of drawing, or for brilliancy of color, or for subtle effects of light and shade, or for any approach to any of the qualities of those delicate and beautiful pictures by Mr. Stanfield which used, once upon a time, to pass before our eyes in like manner. It is not very skilfully set off by the disposition of the artificial light; it is not assisted by anything but a piano-forte and a seraphine.

But it is a picture three miles long, which occupies two hours in its passage before the audience. It is a picture of one of the greatest streams in the known world, whose course it follows for upwards of three thousand miles. It is a picture irresistibly impressing the spectator with a conviction of its plain and simple truthfulness, even though that were not guaranteed by the best testimonials. It is an easy means of travelling, night and day, without any inconvenience from climate, steamboat company, or fatigue,

from New Orleans to the Yellowstone Bluffs (or from the Yellowstone Bluffs to New Orleans, as the case may be), and seeing every town and settlement upon the river's banks, and all the strange wild ways of life that are afloat upon its waters. To see this painting is, in a word, to have a thorough understanding of what the great American river is—except, we believe, in the color of its water—and to acquire a new power of testing the descriptive accuracy of its best describers.

These three miles of canvas have been painted by one man, and there he is, present, pointing out what he deems most worthy of notice. This is history. Poor, untaught, wholly unassisted, he conceives the idea—a truly American idea—of painting “the largest picture in the world.” Some capital must be got for the materials, and the acquisition of that is his primary object. First, he starts “a floating diorama” on the Wabash river, which topples over when people come to see it, and keeps all the company at the pumps for dear life. This entertainment drawing more water than money, and being set upon, besides, by robbers armed with bowie-knives and rifles, is abandoned. Then he paints a panorama of Venice, and exhibits it in the West successfully, until it goes down in a steamer on the Western waters. Then he sets up a museum at St. Louis, which fails. Then he comes down to Cincinnati, where he does no better. Then, without a farthing, he rows away on the Ohio in a small boat, and lives, like a wild man, upon nuts; until he sells a revolving pistol which cost him twelve dollars for five and twenty. With the proceeds of this commercial transaction he buys a larger boat, lays in a little store of calicoes and cottons, and rows away again among the solitary settlers alongshore, bartering his goods



for beeswax. Thus, in course of time, he earns enough to buy a little skiff, and go to work upon the largest picture in the world!

In his little skiff he travels thousands of miles, with no companions but his pencil, rifle, and dog, making the preparatory sketches for the largest picture in the world. Those completed, he erects a temporary building at Louisville, Kentucky, in which to paint the largest picture in the world. Without the least help, even in the grinding of his colors, or the splitting of the wood for his machinery, he falls to work, and keeps at work; maintaining himself meanwhile, and buying more colors, wood, and canvas, by doing odd jobs in the decorative way. At last he finishes the largest picture in the world, and opens it for exhibition on a stormy night, when not a single "human" comes to see it. Not discouraged yet, he goes about among the boatmen, who are well acquainted with the river, and gives them free admissions to the largest picture in the world. The boatmen come to see it, are astonished at it, talk about it. "Our country" wakes up from a rather sullen doze at Louisville, and comes to see it too. The upshot is, that it succeeds; and here it is in London, with its painter standing on a little platform by its side explaining it; and probably, by this time next year, it and he may be in Timbuctoo.

Few can fail to have some interest in such an adventure and in such an adventurer, and they will both repay it amply. There is a mixture of shrewdness and simplicity in the latter which is very prepossessing; a modesty, an honesty, and an odd original humor, in his manner of telling what he has to tell, that gives it a peculiar relish. The picture itself, as an indisputably true and faithful representation of a wonderful region—wood and water, river and

prairie, lonely log-hut and clustered city rising in the forest—is replete throughout. Its incidental revelations of the different states of society, yet in transition, prevailing at different points of these three thousand miles—slaves and free republicans, French and Southerners; immigrants from abroad, and restless Yankees and Down-Easters ever steaming somewhere; alligators, store-boats, show-boats, theatre-boats, Indians, buffaloes; deserted tents of extinct tribes, and bodies of dead Braves, with their pale faces turned up to the bright day, lying still and solitary in the wilderness, nearer and nearer to which the outposts of civilization are approaching with gigantic strides to tread their people down and erase their very trace from the earth's face—teem with suggestive matter. We are not disposed to think less kindly of a country when we see so much of it, although our sense of its immense responsibility may be increased.

It would be well to have a panorama, three miles long, of England. There might be places in it worth looking at, a little closer than we see them now; and worth the thinking of, a little more profoundly. It would be hopeful, too, to see some things in England, part and parcel of a *moving* panorama: and not one that stood still, or had a disposition to go backward.

[1848.]

“THE POETRY OF SCIENCE, OR STUDIES OF THE  
PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF NATURE.”

BY ROBERT HUNT.

JUDGING from certain indications scattered here and there in this book,<sup>1</sup> we presume that its author would not consider himself complimented by the remark that we are perhaps indebted for the publication of such a work to the author of the “Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation,” who, by rendering the general subject popular, and awakening an interest and spirit of inquiry in many minds, where these had previously lain dormant, has created a reading public—not exclusively scientific or philosophical—to whom such offerings can be hopefully addressed. This however, we believe to be the case; and in this, as we conceive, the writer of that remarkable and well-abused book has not rendered his least important service to his own time.

The design of Mr. Hunt’s volume is striking and good. To show that the facts of science are at least as full of poetry as the most poetical fancies ever founded on an imperfect observation and a distant suspicion of them (as, for example, among the ancient Greeks); to show that if the Dryades no longer haunt the woods, there is, in every forest, in every tree, in every leaf, and in every ring on

<sup>1</sup> “The Poetry of Science, or Studies of the Physical Phenomena of Nature.” By Robert Hunt.

every sturdy trunk, a beautiful and wonderful creation, always changing, always going on, always bearing testimony to the stupendous workings of Almighty Wisdom, and always leading the student's mind from wonder on to wonder, until he is wrapt and lost in the vast worlds of wonder by which he is surrounded from his cradle to his grave; it is a purpose worthy of the natural philosopher, and salutary to the spirit of the age. To show that Science, truly expounding nature, can, like nature herself, restore in some new form whatever she destroys; that, instead of binding us, as some would have it, in stern utilitarian chains, when she has freed us from a harmless superstition, she offers to our contemplation something better and more beautiful, something which, rightly considered, is more elevating to the soul, nobler and more stimulating to the soaring fancy, is a sound, wise, wholesome object. If more of the learned men who have written on these themes had had it in their minds, they would have done more good, and gathered upon their track many followers on whom its feeblest and most distant rays have only now begun to shine.

Science has gone down into the mines and coal-pits, and before the safety-lamp the Gnomes and Genii of those dark regions have disappeared. But in their stead, the process by which metals are engendered in the course of ages; the growth of plants which, hundreds of fathoms underground, and in black darkness, have still a sense of the sun's presence in the sky, and derive some portion of the subtle essence of their life from his influence; the histories of mighty forests and great tracts of land carried now into the sea, by the same process which is active in the Mississippi and such great rivers at this hour, are made

familiar to us. Sirens, mermaids, shining cities glittering at the bottom of the quiet seas and in deep lakes, exist no longer; but, in their place, Science, their destroyer, shows us whole coasts of coral reef constructed by the labors of minute creatures; points to our own chalk cliffs and limestone rocks, as made of the dust of myriads of generations of infinitesimal beings that have passed away; reduces the very element of water into its constituent airs, and recreates it at her pleasure. Caverns in rocks, choked with rich treasures shut up from all but the enchanted hand, Science has blown to atoms, as she can rend and rive the rocks themselves; but in those rocks she has found, and read aloud, the great stone book which is the history of the earth, even when darkness sat upon the face of the deep. Along their craggy sides, she has traced the footprints of birds and beasts whose shapes were never seen by man. From within them she has brought the bones, and pieced together the skeletons, of monsters that would have crushed the noted dragons of the fables at a blow. The stars that stud the firmament by night are watched no more from lonely towers by enthusiasts or impostors, believing or feigning to believe those great worlds to be charged with the small destinies of individual men down here; but two astronomers, far apart, each looking from his solitary study up into the sky, observe, in a known star, a trembling which forewarns them of the coming of some unknown body through the realms of space, whose attraction at a certain period of its mighty journey causes that disturbance. In due time it comes, and passes out of the disturbing path; the old star shines at peace again; and the new one, ever more to be associated with the honored names of Le Verrier and Adams, is called Neptune! The astrologer has faded

out of the castle turret-room (which overlooks a railroad now), and forebodes no longer that because the light of yonder planet is diminishing my lord will shortly die: but the professor of an exact science has arisen in his stead, to *prove* that a ray of light must occupy a period of six years in travelling to the earth from the nearest of the fixed stars; and that, if one of the remote fixed stars were "blotted out of heaven" to-day, several generations of the mortal inhabitants of this earth must perish out of time, before the fact of its obliteration could be known to man!

This ample compensation, in respect of poetry alone, that Science has given us in return for what she has taken away, it is the main object of Mr. Hunt's book to elucidate. The subject is very ably dealt with, and the object very well attained. We might object to an occasional discursiveness, and sometimes we could have desired to be addressed in a plainer form of words. Nor do we quite perceive the force of Mr. Hunt's objection (at p. 307) to certain geological speculations; which we must be permitted to believe many intelligent men to be capable of making, and reasonably sustaining, on a knowledge of certain geological facts; albeit they are neither practical chemists nor palæontologists. But the book displays a fund of knowledge, and is the work of an eloquent and earnest man; and, as such, we are too content and happy to receive it to enlarge on these points. We subjoin a few short extracts:

HOW WE "COME LIKE SHADOWS, SO DEPART."

A plant exposed to the action of natural or artificial decomposition passes into air, leaving but a few grains of solid matter behind it. An animal, in like manner, is gradually resolved into "thin air." Muscle and blood and bones, having undergone the change,

are found to have escaped as gases, "leaving only a pinch of dust," which belongs to the more stable mineral world. Our dependency on the atmosphere is therefore evident. We derive our substance from it—we are, after death resolved again, into it. We are really but fleeting shadows. Animal and vegetable forms are little more than consolidated masses of the atmosphere. The sublime creations of the most gifted bard cannot rival the beauty of this, the highest and the truest poetry of science. Man has divined such changes by the unaided powers of reason, arguing from the phenomena which science reveals in unceasing action around him. The Grecian sage's doubt of his own identity was only an extension of a great truth beyond the limits of our reason. Romance and superstition resolve the spiritual man into a visible form of extreme ethereality in the spectral creations, "clothed in their own horror," by which their reigns have been perpetuated.

When Shakespeare made his charming *Ariel* sing—

"Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
Of his bones are coral made,  
Those are pearls that were his eyes ;  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea change,  
Into something rich and strange,"

he little thought how correctly he painted the chemical changes, by which decomposing animal matter is replaced by a siliceous or calcareous formation.

Why Mr. Hunt should be of opinion that Shakespeare "little thought" how wise he was, we do not altogether understand. Perhaps he founded the supposition on Shakespeare's not having been recognized as a practical chemist or palæontologist.

We conclude with the following passage, which seems to us strikingly suggestive of the shortness and hurry of our little life, which is rounded with a sleep and the calm majesty of nature.

## RELATIVE IMPORTANCE OF TIME TO MAN AND NATURE.

All things on the earth are the result of chemical combination. The operation by which the commingling of molecules and the interchange of atoms take place we can imitate in our laboratories; but in nature they proceed by slow degrees, and, in general, in our hands they are distinguished by suddenness of action. In nature chemical power is distributed over a long period of time, and the process of change is scarcely to be observed. By acts we concentrate chemical force, and expend it in producing a change which occupies but a few hours at most.

[1848.]



## COURT CEREMONIES.

THE late Queen Dowager, whose death has given occasion for many public tributes to exalted worth, often formally and falsely rendered on similar occasions, and rarely, if ever, better deserved than on this, committed to writing eight years ago her wishes in reference to her funeral. This truly religious and most unaffected document has been published by her Majesty the Queen's directions. It is more honorable to the memory of the noble lady deceased than broadsides upon broadsides of fulsome panegyric, and is full of good example to all persons in this empire, but particularly, as we think, to the highest persons of all.

I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the throne of God, and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be moved to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible.

I particularly desire not to be laid out in state, and the funeral to take place by daylight; no procession; the coffin to be carried by sailors to the chapel.

All those of my friends and relations, to a limited number, who wish to attend may do so; my nephew, Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, Lords Howe and Denbigh, the Hon. William Ashley, Mr. Wood, Sir Andrew Barnard, and Sir D. Davies, with my dressers, and those of my Ladies who may wish to attend.

I die in peace, and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and the pomp of this world.

I request not to be dissected, nor embalmed; and desire to give as little trouble as possible.

November, 1841.

ADELAIDE R.

It may be questionable whether the "Ceremonial for the private interment of her late Most Excellent Majesty, Adelaide the Queen Dowager, in the Royal Chapel of St. George at Windsor," published at the same time as this affecting paper, be quite in unison with the feelings it expresses. Uneasy doubts obtrude themselves upon the mind whether "her late Majesty's state carriage drawn by six horses, in which will be the crown of her late Majesty, borne on a velvet cushion," would not have been more in keeping with the funeral requests of the late Mr. Ducrow. The programme, setting forth in four lines—

THE CHIEF MOURNER,  
the Duchess of Norfolk  
(veiled)  
Attended by a Lady,

is like a bad play-bill. The announcement how "the Archbishop having concluded the service, Garter will pronounce near the grave the style of Her late Majesty; after which the Lord Chamberlain and the Vice-Chamberlain of Her late Majesty's household will break their staves of office, and, kneeling, deposit the same in the Royal Vault," is more like the announcement outside a booth at a fair, respecting what the elephant or the conjuror will do within, by-and-by, than consists with the simple solemnity of that last Christian service which is entered upon with the words: "We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord."

We would not be misunderstood on this point, and we wish distinctly to express our full belief that the funeral of the good Dowager Queen was conducted with a proper absence of conventional absurdity. We are persuaded that

the highest personages in the country respected the last wishes so modestly expressed, and were earnest in impressing upon all concerned a desire for their exact fulfilment. It is not so much because of any inconsistencies on this particular occasion, as because the Lord Chamberlain's office is the last stronghold of an enormous amount of tomfoolery, which is infinitely better done upon the stage in "Tom Thumb," which is cumbrous and burdensome to all outside the office itself, and which is negative for any good purpose and often positive for much harm, as making things ridiculous or repulsive which can only exist beneficially in the general love and respect, that we take this occasion of hoping that it is fast on the decline.

This is not the first occasion on which we have observed upon the preposterous constraints and forms that set a mark upon the English Court among the nations of Europe, and amaze European Sovereigns when they first become its guests. In times that are marked beyond all others by rapidity of change, and by the condensation of centuries into years in respect of great advances, it is in the nature of things that these constraints and forms should yearly, daily, hourly, become more preposterous. What was obsolete at first is rendered, in such circumstances, a thousand times more obsolete by every new stride that is made in the onward road. A Court that does not keep pace with a people will look smaller, through the tube which Mr. Stephen is throwing across the Menai Straits, than it looked before.

It is typical of the English Court that its state dresses, though greatly in advance of its ceremonies, are always behind the time. We would bring it up to the time, that it may have the greater share in, and the stronger hold upon,

the affections of the time. The spectacle of a Court going down to Windsor by the Great Western Railway, to do, from morning to night, what is five hundred years out of date; or sending such messages to Garter by electric telegraph as Garter might have received in the lists in the days of King Richard the First, is not a good one. The example of the Dowager Queen, serving and improving on the example of the late Duke of Sussex, makes the present no unfit occasion for the utterance of a hope that these things are at last progressing, changing, and resolving themselves into harmony with all other things around them. It is particularly important that this should be the case when a new line of Sovereigns is stretching out before us. It is particularly important that this should be the case when the hopes, the happiness, the property, the liberties, the lives of innumerable people may, and in great measure must, depend on Royal Childhood not being too thickly hedged in, or loftily walled round, from a great range of human sympathy, access, and knowledge. Therefore we could desire to have the words of their departed relative, "We are all alike before the throne of God," commended to the earliest understanding of our rising Princes and Princesses. Therefore we could desire to bring the chief of the Court ceremonies a little more into the outer world, and cordially to give him the greeting,

My good Lord Chamberlain,  
Well are you welcome to this open air!

[1849.]

## THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.

THE present Government, having shown itself to be particularly clever in its management of Indictments for Conspiracy, cannot do better, we think (keeping in its administrative eye the pacification of some of its most newly acquired supporters), than indict the whole manufacturing interest of the country for a conspiracy against the agricultural interest. As the jury ought to be beyond impeachment, the panel might be chosen from among the Duke of BUCKINGHAM's tenants, with the Duke of BUCKINGHAM himself as foreman; and, to the end that the country might be quite satisfied with the judge, and have ample security beforehand for his moderation and impartiality, it would be desirable, perhaps, to make such a slight change in the working of the law (a mere nothing to a Conservative Government, bent upon its end), as would enable the question to be tried before an Ecclesiastical Court, with the Bishop of EXETER presiding. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL for Ireland, turning his sword into a ploughshare, might conduct the prosecution; and Mr. COBDEN and the other traversers might adopt any ground of defence they chose, or prove or disprove anything they pleased, without being embarrassed by the least anxiety or doubt in reference to the verdict.

That the country in general is in a conspiracy against this sacred but unhappy agricultural interest, there can be no doubt. It is not alone within the walls of Covent Gar-

den Theatre, or the Free Trade Hall at Manchester, or the Town Hall at Birmingham, that the cry "Repeal the Corn-laws!" is raised. It may be heard, moaning at night, through the straw-littered wards of Refuges for the Destitute; it may be read in the gaunt and famished faces which make our streets terrible; it is muttered in the thankful grace pronounced by haggard wretches over their felon fare in jails; it is inscribed in dreadful characters upon the walls of Fever Hospitals; and may be plainly traced in every record of mortality. All of which proves that there is a vast conspiracy afoot, against the unfortunate agricultural interest.

They who run, even upon railroads, may read of this conspiracy. The old stage-coachman was a farmer's friend. He wore top-boots, understood cattle, fed his horses upon corn, and had a lively personal interest in malt. The engine-driver's garb, and sympathies, and tastes belong to the factory. His fustian dress, besmeared with coal-dust and begrimed with soot; his oily hands, his dirty face, his knowledge of machinery, all point him out as one devoted to the manufacturing interest. Fire and smoke and red-hot cinders follow in his wake. He has no attachment to the soil, but travels on a road of iron, furnace wrought. His warning is not conveyed in the fine old Saxon dialect of our glorious forefathers, but in a fiendish yell. He never cries "Yor-hip!" with agricultural lungs; but jerks forth a manufactured shriek from a brazen throat.

Where *is* the agricultural interest represented? From what phase of our social life has it not been driven, to the undue setting up of its false rival?

Are the police agricultural? The watchmen were. They wore woollen nightcaps to a man; they encouraged the

growth of timber, by patriotically adhering to staves and rattles of immense size; they slept every night in boxes, which were but another form of the celebrated wooden walls of Old England; they never woke up till it was too late—in which respect you might have thought them very farmers. How is it with the police? Their buttons are made at Birmingham; a dozen of their truncheons would poorly furnish forth a watchman's staff; they have no wooden walls to repose between; and the crowns of their hats are plated with cast-iron.

Are the doctors agricultural? Let Messrs. MORISON and MOAT, of the Hygeian establishment at King's Cross, London, reply. Is it not, upon the constant showing of those gentlemen, an ascertained fact that the whole medical profession have united to depreciate the worth of the Universal Vegetable Medicines? And is this opposition to vegetables, and exaltation of steel and iron instead, on the part of the regular practitioners, capable of any interpretation but one? Is it not a distinct renouncement of the agricultural interest, and a setting up of the manufacturing interest instead?

Do the professors of the law at all fail in their truth to the beautiful maid whom they ought to adore? Inquire of the Attorney-General for Ireland. Inquire of that honorable and learned gentleman, whose last public act was to cast aside the gray goose-quill, an article of agricultural produce, and take up the pistol, which, under the system of percussion locks, has not even a flint to connect it with farming. Or put the question to a still higher legal functionary, who, on the same occasion, when he should have been a reed, inclining here and there, as adverse gales of evidence disposed him, was seen to be a manufactured

image on the seat of Justice, cast by Power, in most impenetrable brass.

The world is too much with us in this manufacturing interest, early and late; that is the great complaint and the great truth. It is not so with the agricultural interest, or what passes by that name. It never thinks of the suffering world, or sees it, or cares to extend its knowledge of it; or, so long as it remains a world, cares anything about it. All those whom DANTE placed in the first pit or circle of the doleful regions might have represented the agricultural interest in the present Parliaments, or at quarter-sessions, or at meetings of the farmer's friends, or anywhere else.

But that is not the question now. It is conspired against; and we have given a few proofs of the conspiracy, as they shine out of various classes engaged in it. An indictment against the whole manufacturing interest need not be longer, surely, than the indictment in the case of the Crown against O'CONNELL and others. Mr. COBDEN may be taken as its representative—as indeed he is, by one consent, already. There may be no evidence; but that is not required. A judge and jury are all that is needed. And the Government know where to find *them*, or they gain experience to little purpose. [1844.]



## CRIME AND EDUCATION.

I OFFER no apology for entreating the attention of the readers of the *Daily News* to an effort which has been making for some three years and a half, and which is making now, to introduce among the most miserable and neglected outcasts in London some knowledge of the commonest principles of morality and religion; to commence their recognition as immortal human creatures, before the jail Chaplain becomes their only schoolmaster; to suggest to Society that its duty to this wretched throng, foredoomed to crime and punishment, rightfully begins at some distance from the police office; and that the careless maintenance from year to year, in this the capital city of the world, of a vast, hopeless nursery of ignorance, misery, and vice—a breeding-place for the hulks and jails—is horrible to contemplate.

This attempt is being made, in certain of the most obscure and squalid parts of the Metropolis; where rooms are opened, at night, for the gratuitous instruction of all comers, children or adults, under the title of RAGGED SCHOOLS. The name implies the purpose. They who are too ragged, wretched, filthy, and forlorn, to enter any other place; who could gain admission into no charity school, and who would be driven from any church-door, are invited to come in here, and find some people not depraved, willing to teach them something, and show them some sympathy, and

stretch a hand out, which is not the iron hand of Law, for their correction.

Before I describe a visit of my own to a RAGGED SCHOOL, and urge the readers of this letter for GOD'S sake to visit one themselves and think of it (which is my main object), let me say that I know the prisons of London well; that I have visited the largest of them, more times than I could count; and that the children in them are enough to break the heart and hope of any man. I have never taken a foreigner or a stranger of any kind to one of these establishments, but I have seen him so moved at sights of the child offenders, and so affected by the contemplation of their utter renouncement and desolation outside the prison walls, that he has been as little able to disguise his emotion as if some great grief had suddenly burst upon him. Mr. CLAESTERTON and Lieutenant TRACEY (than whom more intelligent and humane Governors of Prisons it would be hard, if not impossible, to find) know, perfectly well, that these children pass and repass through the prisons all their lives; that they are never taught; that the first distinctions between right and wrong are, from their cradles, perfectly confounded and perverted in their minds; that they come of untaught parents, and will give birth to another untaught generation; that in exact proportion to their natural abilities are the extent and scope of their depravity; and that there is no escape or chance for them in any ordinary revolution of human affairs. Happily, there are schools in these prisons now. If any readers doubt how ignorant the children are, let them visit those schools and see them at their tasks, and hear how much they knew when they were sent there. If they would know the produce of this seed, let them see a class of men and boys together, at their books

(as I have seen them in the House of Correction for this County of Middlesex), and mark how painfully the full-grown felons toil at the very shape and form of letters; their ignorance being so confirmed and solid. The contrast of this labor in the men, with the less blunted quickness of the boys; the latent shame and sense of degradation struggling through their dull attempts at infant lessons, and the universal eagerness to learn, impress me, in this passing retrospect, more painfully than I can tell.

For the instruction, and as a first step in the reformation, of such unhappy beings, the RAGGED SCHOOLS were founded. I was first attracted to the subject, and indeed was first made conscious of their existence, about two years ago, or more, by seeing an advertisement in the papers dated from West Street, Saffron-hill, stating "That a room had been opened and supported in that wretched neighborhood for upwards of twelve months, where religious instruction had been imparted to the poor," and explaining in a few words what was meant by Ragged Schools as a generic term, including, then, four or five similar places of instruction. I wrote to the masters of this particular school to make some further inquiries, and went myself soon afterward.

It was a hot summer night; and the air of Field-lane and Saffron-hill was not improved by such weather, nor were the people in those streets very sober or honest company. Being unacquainted with the exact locality of the school, I was fain to make some inquiries about it. These were very jocosely received in general; but everybody knew where it was, and gave the right direction to it. The prevailing idea among the loungers (the greater part of them the very sweepings of the streets and station-houses) seemed to be that the

teachers were quixotic, and the school upon the whole “a lark.” But there was certainly a kind of rough respect for the intention, and (as I have said) nobody denied the school or its whereabouts, or refused assistance in directing to it.

It consisted at that time of either two or three—I forget which—miserable rooms, up-stairs in a miserable house. In the best of these, the pupils in the female school were being taught to read and write; and, though there were among the number many wretched creatures steeped in degradation to the lips, they were tolerably quiet, and listened with apparent earnestness and patience to their instructors. The appearance of this room was sad and melancholy, of course—how could it be otherwise!—but, on the whole, encouraging.

The close, low chamber at the back, in which the boys were crowded, was so foul and stifling as to be, at first, almost insupportable. But its moral aspect was so far worse than its physical that this was soon forgotten. Huddled together on a bench about the room, and shown out by some flaring candles stuck against the walls, were a crowd of boys, varying from mere infants to young men; sellers of fruit, herbs, lucifer-matches, flints; sleepers under the dry arches of bridges; young thieves and beggars—with nothing natural to youth about them: with nothing frank, ingenuous, or pleasant in their faces; low-browed, vicious, cunning, wicked; abandoned of all help but this; speeding downwards to destruction; and UNUTTERABLY IGNORANT.

This, Reader, was one room as full as it could hold; but these were only grains in sample of a Multitude that are perpetually sifting through these schools; in sample of a Multitude who had within them once, and perhaps have now, the elements of men as good as you or I, and may

be infinitely better; in sample of a Multitude among whose doomed and sinful ranks (oh, think of this, and think of them!) the child of any man upon this earth, however lofty his degree, must, as by Destiny and Fate, be found, if, at its birth, it were consigned to such an infancy and nurture as these fallen creatures had!

This was the Class I saw at the Ragged School. They could not be trusted with books; they could only be instructed orally; they were difficult of reduction to anything like attention, obedience, or decent behavior; their benighted ignorance in reference to the Deity, or to any social duty (how could they guess at any social duty, being so discarded by all social teachers but the jailer and the hangman!) was terrible to see. Yet, even here, and among these, something had been done already. The Ragged School was of recent date and very poor; but it had inculcated some association with the name of the Almighty which was not an oath, and had taught them to look forward in a hymn (they sang it) to another life which would correct the miseries and woes of this.

The new exposition I found in this Ragged School of the frightful neglect by the State of those whom it punishes so constantly, and whom it might, as easily and less expensively, instruct and save, together with the sight I had seen there, in the heart of London, haunted me, and finally impelled me to an endeavor to bring these Institutions under the notice of the Government; with some faint hope that the vastness of the question would supersede the theology of the schools, and that the Bench of Bishops might adjust the latter question, after some small grant had been conceded. I made the attempt; and have heard no more of the subject, from that hour.

The perusal of an advertisement in yesterday's paper, announcing a lecture on the Ragged Schools last night, has led me into these remarks. I might easily have given them another form; but I address this letter to you, in the hope that some few readers in whom I have awakened an interest, as a writer of fiction, may be, by that means, attracted to the subject, who might otherwise, unintentionally, pass it over.

I have no desire to praise the system pursued in the Ragged Schools; which is necessarily very imperfect, if indeed there be one. So far as I have any means of judging of what is taught there, I should individually object to it, as not being sufficiently secular, and as presenting too many religious mysteries and difficulties to minds not sufficiently prepared for their reception. But I should very imperfectly discharge in myself the duty I wish to urge and impress on others, if I allowed any such doubt of mine to interfere with my appreciation of the efforts of these teachers, or my true wish to promote them by any slight means in my power. Irritating topics, of all kinds, are equally far removed from my purpose and intention. But I adjure those excellent persons who aid, munificently, in the building of NEW CHURCHES, to think of these Ragged Schools; to reflect whether some portion of their rich endowments might not be spared for such a purpose; to contemplate, calmly, the necessity of beginning at the beginning; to consider for themselves where the Christian Religion most needs and most suggests immediate help and illustration; and not to decide on any theory or hearsay, but to go themselves into the Prisons and the Ragged Schools, and form their own conclusions. They will be shocked, pained, and repelled, by much that they learn

there; but nothing they can learn will be one thousandth part so shocking, painful, and repulsive, as the continuance for one year more of those things as they have been for too many years already.

Anticipating that some of the more prominent facts connected with the history of the Ragged Schools may become known to the readers of the *Daily News* through your account of the lecture in question, I abstain (though in possession of some such information) from pursuing the question further, at this time. But if I should see occasion, I will take leave to return to it.

[Letter to the Editors of the *Daily News*, February 4th, 1846.]

## THE RISING GENERATION,

A SERIES OF TWELVE DRAWINGS ON STONE.

BY JOHN LEECH.

From his Original Designs in the Gallery of Mr. Punch.

### *Leech's Rising Generation.*

THESE are not stray crumbs that have fallen from Mr. Punch's well-provided table, but a careful reproduction by Mr. Leech, in a very graceful and cheerful manner, of one of his best series of designs. Admirable as the "Rising Generation" is in Mr. Punch's gallery, it shows to infinitely greater advantage in the present enlarged and separate form of publication.<sup>1</sup>

It is to be remarked of Mr. Leech that he is the very first English caricaturist (we use the word for want of a better) who has considered beauty as being perfectly compatible with his art. He almost always introduces into graphic sketches some beautiful faces, or agreeable forms; and in striking out this course and setting this example, we really believe he does a great deal to refine and elevate that popular branch of art which the facilities of steam printing and wood-engraving are rendering more popular every day.

<sup>1</sup> "The Rising Generation, a Series of Twelve Drawings on Stone." By John Leech. From his Original Designs in the Gallery of Mr. Punch.



If we turn back to a collection of the works of Rowlandson or Gilray, we shall find, in spite of the great humor displayed in many of them, that they are rendered wearisome and unpleasant by a vast amount of personal ugliness. Now, besides that it is a poor device to represent what is satirized as being necessarily ugly—which is but the resource of an angry child or a jealous woman—it serves no purpose but to produce a disagreeable result. There is no reason why the farmer's daughter in the old caricature who is squalling at the harpsichord (to the intense delight, by the by, of her worthy father, the farmer, whom it is her duty to please) should be squab and hideous. The satire on the manner of her education, if there be any in the thing at all, would be just as good if she were pretty. Mr. Leech would have made her so. The average of farmer's daughters in England are not impossible bumps of fat. One is quite likely to find a pretty girl in a farmhouse as to find an ugly one; and we think, with Mr. Leech, that the business of this style of art is with the pretty one. She is not only a pleasanter object in our portfolio, but we have more interest in her. We care more about what does become her, and does not become her. In Mr. Punch's Almanack for the new year, there is one illustration by Mr. Leech representing certain delicate creatures with bewitching countenances, encased in several varieties of that amazing garment, the ladies' paletot. Formerly these fair creatures would have been made as ugly and ungainly as possible, and there the point would have been lost, and the spectator, with a laugh at the absurdity of the whole group, would not have cared one farthing how such uncouth creatures disguised themselves, or how ridiculous they became.

But to represent female beauty as Mr. Leech represents it, an artist must have a most delicate perception of it, and the gift of being able to realize it to us with two or three slight, sure touches of his pencil. This power Mr. Leech possesses, in an extraordinary degree.

For this reason, we enter our protest against those of the "rising generation"—who are precociously in love, being made the subject of merriment by a pitiless and unsympathizing world. We never saw a boy more distinctly in the right than the young gentleman kneeling on the chair to beg a lock of hair from his pretty cousin, to take back to school. Madness is in her apron, and Virgil, dog's-eared and defaced, is in her ringlets. Doubts may suggest themselves of the perfect disinterestedness of this other young gentleman contemplating the fair girl at the piano—doubts engendered by his worldly allusion to "tin" (though even that may arise in his modest consciousness of his own inability to support an establishment); but that he should be "decidedly inclined to go and cut that fellow out" appears to us one of the most natural emotions of the human breast. The young gentleman with the dishevelled hair and clasped hands, who loves the transcendent beauty with the bouquet, and can't be happy without her, is, to us, a withering and desolate spectacle, who *could* be happy without her.

The growing boys, or the rising generation, are not less happily observed and agreeably depicted than the grown women. The languid little creature who "hasn't danced since he was quite a boy," is perfect, and the eagerness of the little girl whom he declines to receive for a partner at the hands of the glorious old lady of the house—her feet quite ready for the first position—her whole heart projected into the quadrille—and her glance peeping timidly

at him out of her flutter of hope and doubt—is quite delightful to look at. The intellectual juvenile who awakens the tremendous wrath of a Norma of private life, by considering woman an inferior animal, is lecturing, this present Christmas, we understand, on the Concrete in connection with the Will. We recognized the legs of the philosopher who considers Shakespeare an overrated man, dangling over the side of an omnibus, last Tuesday. The scowling young gentleman who is clear that “if his governor don’t like the way he goes on it, why, he must have chambers and so much a week,” is not of our acquaintance; but we trust he is by this time in Van Diemen’s Land, or he will certainly come to Newgate. We should be exceedingly unwilling to stand possessed of personal property in a strong-box, and be in the relation of bachelor-uncle to that youth. We would on no account reside at that suburb of ill omen, Camberwell, under such circumstances, remembering the Barnwell case.

In all his drawings, whatever Mr. Leech desires to do he does. The expression indicated, though indicated by the simplest means, is exactly the natural expression, and is recognized as such immediately. His wit is good-natured, and always the wit of a true gentleman. He has a becoming sense of responsibility and self-restraint; he imparts some pleasant air of his own to things not pleasant in themselves; he is suggestive and full of matter, and he is always improving. Into the tone, as well as into the execution of what he does, he has brought a certain elegance which is altogether new, without involving any compromise of what is true. He is an acquisition to popular art in England who has already done great service, and will, we doubt not, do a great deal more. Our best wishes

for the future, and our cordial feeling toward him for the past, attend him in his career.

It is eight or ten years ago since a writer in the *Quarterly Review*, making mention of Mr. George Cruikshank, commented, in a few words, on the absurdity of excluding such a man from the Royal Academy, because his works were not produced in certain materials, and did not occupy a certain space annually on its walls. Will no Members and Associates be found upon its books, one of these days, the labors of whose oils and brushes will have sunk into the profoundest obscurity, when the many pencil-marks of Mr. Cruikshank and of Mr. Leech will still be fresh in half the houses in the land? [1848.]

## AN AMERICAN IN EUROPE.

WHY an honest republican, coming from the United States to England on a mission of inquiry into ploughs, turnips, mangel-wurzel, and live-stock, cannot be easy unless he is forever exhibiting himself to his admiring countrymen, with a countess hanging on each arm, a duke or two walking deferentially behind, and a few old English barons (all his very particular friends) going on before, we cannot, to our satisfaction, comprehend. Neither is his facility of getting into such company quite intelligible; unless something of the spirit which rushes into print with a record of these genteel processions pervades the aristocratic as well as the republican breast, and tickles the noble fancy with a bird's-eye view of some thousands of American readers across the water, poring, with open mouths and goggle-eyes, over descriptions of its owner's domestic magnificence. We are bound to confess, in justice to a stranger with Mr. Colman's opportunities, that we are not altogether free from a suspicion of this kind.

Mr. Colman came here, as we have already intimated, charged with a mission of inquiry into the general agricultural condition of the country. In this capacity he wrote some reports very creditable to his good sense, expressed in plain nervous English, and testifying to his acquaintance with the rural writings of Cobbett. It would have been better for Mr. Colman, and more agreeable, we conceive, to

all Americans of good sense and good taste, if he had contented himself with such authorship; but in an evil hour he committed the two volumes before us,<sup>1</sup> in which—

He talks so like a waiting gentlewoman,  
Of napkins, forks, and spoons (God save the mark !)

that the dedication of his book to Lady Byron is an obvious mistake, and an outrage on the rights of Mr. N. P. Willis.

Mr. Colman's letters have one very remarkable feature which our readers will probably never have observed before in any similar case. They were not intended for publication. Of this unprecedented fact there is no doubt. He wrote them, without a twinkle of his eye at the public, to some partial friends; who were so delighted with them and talked so much about them that all his other friends cried out for copies. They *would have* copies. Now these may be excellent friends, but they are bitter bad judges: still they may be turned to good account; for if Mr. Colman should ever, in future, write anything that is particularly agreeable to this audience, he may rely upon it that the nearest fire will be its fittest destination.

We do not say but that there are parts of these letters which exhibit the writer in the character of a good-natured, kind-hearted private individual, though of a somewhat cumbersome and elephantine jocularity, and of a rather startling sentimentality—as when he goes to see the charity children assembled at St. Paul's, and has impulses, on account of their extraordinary beauty, to pitch himself out of the whispering-gallery head-foremost into the midst of those young Christians; a homage to youth and innocence neces-

<sup>1</sup> "European Life and Manners, or Familiar Letters to Friends." By Henry Colman. 2 vols. Boston.

sarily involving the annihilation of the wearers of several undersized pairs of leather breeches. But what Mr. Colman may choose to write, in this private aspect of himself, to his friends, is a very different thing from what he is justified in calling upon the public to read. A man may play at horses with his children, in his own parlor, and give nobody offence; but if he should hire the Opera House in London, or the Théâtre Français in Paris, for the exhibition of that performance at so much a head, he would challenge criticism, and might very justly be hissed.

The one great impression on our letter-writer's mind, of which it does not appear at all probable that he will ever completely relieve himself, is made by the internal economy of an English nobleman's country-house.

#### MR. COLMAN AT A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION.

As soon as you arrive at the house, your name is announced, your portmanteau is immediately taken into your chamber, which the servant shows you, with every requisite convenience and comfort. At Lord Spencer's the watch opens your door in the night to see if all is safe, as his house was once endangered by a gentleman's reading in bed, and if he should find your light burning after you had retired, excepting the night-taper, or you reading in bed, without a single word he would stretch out a long extinguisher, and put it out. In the morning, a servant comes in to let you know the time in season for you to dress for breakfast. At half-past nine you go in to family prayers, if you find out the time. They are happy to have the guests attend, but they are never asked. The servants are all assembled in the room fitted for a chapel. They all kneel, and the master of the house, or a chaplain, reads the morning service. As soon as it is over they all wait until he and his guests retire, and then the breakfast is served. At breakfast there is no ceremony whatever. You are asked by the servant what you will have, tea or coffee, or you get up and help yourself. Dry toast, boiled eggs, and bread and butter are on the table, and on

the side-table you will find cold ham, tongue, beef, etc., to which you carry your own plate and help yourself, and come back to the breakfast-table and sit as long as you please. All letters or notes addressed to you are laid by your plate, and letters to be sent by mail are put in the post-box in the entry, and are sure to go. The arrangements for the day are then made, and parties are formed, horses and carriages for all the guests are found at the stables, and each one follows the bent of his inclination. When he returns, if at noon, he finds a side-table with an abundant lunch upon it if he chooses, and when he goes to his chamber for preparation for dinner, he finds his dress-clothes brushed and folded in the nicest manner, and cold water, and hot water, and clean napkins in the greatest abundance.

One would think this sufficiently explicit, but here, a few pages further on, is—

#### MR. COLMAN AGAIN AT A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION.

In most families the hour of breakfast is announced to you before retiring, and the breakfast is entirely without ceremony. Your letters are brought to you in the morning, and the mail goes out every day. The postage of letters is always prepaid by those who write them, who paste double or single stamps upon them; and it is considered an indecorum to send a letter unpaid, or sealed with a wafer. Any expense incurred for you, if it be only a penny upon a letter, is at once mentioned to you, and you of course pay it. At breakfast the arrangements are made for the day; you are generally left to choose what you will do, and horses and carriages are always at the service of the guests, or guns and implements for sporting, if those are their habits. There is your chamber, or the library, the billiard-room, or the garden, the park, or the village. You are not looked for again, unless you make one of some party, until dinner-time, which is generally, in a nobleman's house, seven o'clock. Breakfast from nine to ten. Lunch, to which you go if you choose, which in truth is a dinner, though most things are cold, at half-past one; coffee immediately after dinner, and tea and cake immediately after coffee. At eleven o'clock there is always a candle for each guest, placed on the sideboard or in the entry, with allumettes



alongside of them, and at your pleasure you light your own candle, and bid good-night. In a Scotch family you are expected to shake hands on retiring, with all the party, and on meeting in the morning. The English are a little more reserved, though, in general, the master of the house shakes hands with you. On a first introduction, no gentlemen shake hands, but simply bow to each other. In the morning you come down in undress, with boots, trousers of any color, frock-coat, etc. At dinner you are always expected to be in full dress: straight coat, black satin or white waistcoat, silk stockings and pumps, but not gloves; and if you dine abroad in London, you keep your hat in your hand until you go in to dinner, when you give it to a servant, or leave it in an anteroom. The lady of the house generally claims the arm of the principal stranger, or the gentleman of the highest rank; she then assigns the other ladies and gentlemen by name, and commonly waits until all her guests precede her in to dinner, though this is not invariable. The gentleman is expected to sit near the lady whom he hands in. Grace is almost always said by the master, and it is done in the shortest possible way. Sometimes no dishes are put upon the table until the soup is done with, but at other times there are two covers besides the soup. The soup is various; in Scotland it is usually what they call hodge-podge, a mixture of vegetables with some meat. After soup, the fish-cover is removed, and this is commonly served round without any vegetables, but certainly not more than one kind. After fish, come the plain joints, roast or boiled, with potatoes, peas or beans, and cauliflowers. Then sherry wine is handed by the servant to every one. German wine is offered to those who prefer it; this is always drank in green glasses; then come the entrées, which are a variety of French dishes, and hashes; then champagne is offered; after this remove, come ducks, or partridges, or other game; after this the bonbons, puddings, tarts, sweetmeats, blanc-mange; then cheese and bread, and a glass of strong ale is handed round; then the removal of the upper cloth, and oftentimes the most delicious fruits and confectionery follow, such as grapes, peaches, melons, apples, dried fruits, etc., etc. After this is put upon the table a small bottle of Constantia wine, which is deemed very precious, and handed round in small wineglasses, or noyau, or some other cordial. Finger-glasses are always furnished, though in some cases I have seen

a deep silver plate filled with rosewater presented to each guest, in which he dips the corner of his napkin, to wipe his lips or his fingers. No cigars or pipes are ever offered, and soon after the removal of the cloth the ladies retire to the drawing-room, the gentlemen close up at the table, and after sitting as long as you please, you go into the drawing-room to have coffee and then tea. The wines at table are generally of the most expensive quality: port, sherry, claret, seldom madeira; but I have never heard any discussion about the character of wines, excepting that I have been repeatedly asked what wine we usually drank in America.

In connection with this same establishment, we have the happiness of learning that the butler "takes care of all the wines, fruit, glasses, candlesticks, lamps, and plate;" also that he has an under-butler "for his adjunct." The ladies, it seems, "never wear a pair of white satin shoes or white gloves more than once." And we have a dim vision of the agitation of the tremendous depths of this social sea, which looks so smooth at top, when we are informed that "some of them (the ladies) if they find, on going into society, *another person of inferior rank wearing the same dress as themselves*"—which would certainly appear an inconvenient proceeding—"the dress, upon being taken off, is at once thrown aside, and the lady's maid perfectly understands her perquisite."

Having recovered our breath, impeded in the contemplation of this awful picture, and the mysterious shadow thrown around the lady's maid, we expect to find our American friend in some new scene; and, indeed, we *do* find him, for a little time, in the company of Scotch gentlemen, who keep small ivory spoons in their pockets "to shove their snuff up their noses," and who likewise carry small brushes in their pockets to sweep their noses and upper lips with afterwards—which is well known to be a practice universal with

the bench and bar of Scotland, and with the principal members of the Scottish Universities, whose snuff is for the most part carried after them in coal-scuttles by Highlanders, who cannot be made to sneeze by any artificial process whatever. But our traveller's foot is hot upon his native heath in this society, and he is back again in no time.

MR. COLMAN AGAIN IN A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION.

The house is one of the most magnificent and ancient in the country, having been long in the possession of the family. It was once the property of the Marquis of Rockingham, one of the most distinguished ministers of the Crown in the war of the Revolution, and always an ardent friend of America. I think, upon the whole, it is upon the largest scale of anything I have yet seen. The house itself is six hundred and ten feet in length, and the width proportionate. I was forewarned that I should lose my way in it, and so I have done two or three times, until, at last, I have made sure of my own bedroom. The house is elegantly furnished, parts of it superbly, and the style of living is in keeping. I arrived about six, and, after a short walk with my noble host, the dressing-bell rung, and I was shown at once to my chamber. The chamber is a large and superb room, called the blue-room, because papered with elegant blue satin paper, and the bed and the windows hung with superb blue silk curtains. My portmanteau had already been carried there, and the straps untied for opening; a large coal fire was blazing; candles were burning on the table, and water and everything else necessary for ablution and comfort. There was, likewise, what is always to be found in an English house, a writing table, letter-paper, note-paper, new pens, ink, sealing-wax, and wax-taper, and a letter-box is kept in the house, and notice given to the guests always at what time the post will leave.

Nor is his mind yet discharged of the mere froth and foam of that one idea, which must work henceforth with him, while memory lasts; for, after travelling a few pages, we find—

## MR. COLMAN AGAIN AT A GREAT COUNTRY MANSION.

Imagine an elegant dining-room, the table covered with the richest plate, and this plate filled with the richest viands which the culinary art and the vintage and the fruit-garden can supply ; imagine a horse at your disposal, a servant at your command to anticipate every want ; imagine an elegant bed-chamber, a bright coal fire, fresh water in basins, in goblets, in tubs, napkins without stint as white as snow, a double mattress, a French bed, sheets of the finest linen, a canopy of the richest silk, a table portfolio, writing-apparatus and stationery, allumettes, a night-lamp, candles and silver candlesticks, and beautiful paintings and exquisite statuary, and every kind of chair or sofa but a rocking-chair, and then you will have some little notion of the place where I now am.

And yet a few pages more and here is—

## MR. COLMAN AT THE GREATEST COUNTRY MANSION OF ALL.

I asked, when I retired, "What time do you breakfast?" The Duke replied, "Just what time you please, from nine to twelve." I always came down at nine precisely, and found the Duchess at her breakfast. About half-past nine the Duke would come in, and the ladies, one by one, soon after. At breakfast, the side-table would have on it cold ham, cold chicken, cold pheasant or partridge, which you ask for, or to which, as is common, you get up and help yourself. On the breakfast-table were several kinds of the best bread possible, butter always fresh, made that morning, as I have found at all these houses, and if you ask for coffee or chocolate it would be brought to you in a silver coffee-pot, and you help yourself ; if for tea, you would have a silver urn to each guest, heated by alcohol, placed by you, a small teapot, and a small caddie of black and green tea to make for yourself, or the servant for you. The papers of the morning, from London (for a country paper is rarely seen), were then brought to you, and your letters, if any. At breakfast, the arrangements were made for the day, and if you were to ride, choose your mode, and at the minute the horses and servants would be at the door.

At two o'clock is the lunch, which I was not at home to take,

and very rarely do take. A lunch at such houses is in fact a dinner; the table is set at half-past one, not quite so large as for dinner. Commonly, there is roast meat, warm or cold, cold chicken, cold beef, cold ham, bread, butter, cheese, fruit, beer, ale, and wines, and every one takes it as he pleases, standing, sitting, waiting for the rest, or not, and going away when he pleases; dinner at seven, sometimes at eight, when all are congregated in the drawing-room, five minutes before the hour, in full dress. I have already told you the course at dinner, but at many houses there is always a bill of fare—in this case written, I had almost said engraved, on the most elegant embossed and colored paper, always in French, and passed round to the guests.

“The Duke” meantime, it is to be presumed, keeping his noble eyes on Mr. Colman’s waistcoat, until he satisfies his noble mind that it is not a waistcoat like his waistcoat; which would render it indispensable for his Grace instantly to depart from table, take it off in desperation, and bestow it on his valet.

But there is one phase of the national character which impresses our good traveller more than any other. It is remarkable that the guests at a gentleman’s house do not dash at the dishes, and contend with one another for “the fixings” they contain, but put their trust in Providence, and in the servants, and in the good time coming if they wait a little longer;—it is a grave consideration that they have water to wash in, sheets to sleep in, paper to write letters on, and allumettes to light their sealing-wax by;—it is matter for a philosopher’s reflection that at breakfast you find the cold beef on the sideboard, and at night the chamber candlestick in the entry;—but the distinctive mark of the national character, the centre prong in the trident of Britannia, the strong tuft in the mane of the British lion, is the national propensity to perform that humble house-

hold service which is familiarly called "emptying the slops." This, and the kindred national propensity to brush a man's clothes and polish his boots, whensoever and wheresoever the clothes and boots can be seized without the man, are the noteworthy things that can never be effaced from an observant traveller's remembrance.

"Princes and lords may flourish or may fade,"

even "the Duke," with his four-and-twenty silver tea-caddies all of a row, may be made hay of by the inexorable getter-in of human grass—but the ducal housemaid and the ducal boots-boy will flourish in immortal freshness.

"I forgot to say," writes Mr. Colman, and strange it is indeed that any man should forget the having such a thing to say—"I forgot to say, if you leave your chamber twenty times a day, after using your basin, you would find it clean, and the pitcher replenished on your return; and that you cannot take your clothes off, but they are taken away, brushed, folded, pressed, and placed in the bureau; and at the dressing-hour, before dinner, you find your candles lighted, your clothes laid out, your shoes cleaned, and everything arranged for use."

By and by he expatiates on the bell-rope being always within reach; on "a worked night-cap" being "not unfrequently" placed ready for you (though we suspect the Duchess of a personal attention to this article); on the unwonted luxury of a bootjack; on the high civilization of a little copper tea-kettle; on the imposing solemnity of that complicated Institution known as dinner-napkins—which, we are told, "are never left upon the table, but either thrown into your chair, or on the floor under the table,"—but, faithful to the one great trait of Britain, he falls back

on the boots and clothes forever "brushed and folded and laid out for use."

Again and again we find Mr. Colman again at a great country mansion—those to which we have followed him having numerous successors. And again and again, after simmering in his "copper kettle of hot water," and floundering in his "tub of cold," he sinks into a gentle trance of admiration at the brushing of his clothes and cleaning of his boots. We could desire to have known whose blacking the Duke uses, and we must regard the maker's name as unaccountably omitted. It is one of the few such things Mr. Colman has forgotten to say.

Much as we admire Mr. Colman in private life, we must confess to being a little staggered by his appearances in public. They are rare, but marvellous. His singular emotions at St. Paul's we have already referred to, but his experience of another public occasion is still more remarkable.

#### MR. COLMAN AT THE OLD BAILEY.

The judge, again and again, passed dreadful and heart-rending sentences upon some wretched boy, or some poor, miserable afflicted woman; and, after telling them, in the harshest manner, that they might congratulate themselves upon escaping so lightly, *turned round and laughed heartily at the concern of the compassionate alderman, who sat at his side and did what he could to stay his violence, and at the surprise and anguish of the poor convicts.*

Next to our curiosity in respect of the Duke's blacking-maker, and the conflict of our hopes and fears between Warren's blacking, 30 Strand, and Day and Martin's, 97 High Holborn, we confess to a desire to be favored with the name of this judge. For we cannot help thinking that it must be Jeffreys, and that Mr. Colman, falling into a

magnetic slumber one day, when they had taken away his boots, became clairvoyant as to the Bloody Assize.

With this we think we may conclude. How Mr. Colman could espy no beggars on the roads in France, and how he could find out nothing in Paris, of all the cities upon earth, that had a poverty-stricken or vagabond aspect, we will not relate. We hope, and believe, that he writes better about things agricultural than about the topics of the *Court Circular*. We are chiefly sorry for the folly of his letters, because we take him to be a man of better stuff than their contents would indicate; and because, in the still increasing facilities of friendly communication between the two sides of the Atlantic (long may they continue to increase, and to make the inhabitants of each shore better acquainted with the other, to their mutual improvement, forbearance, and advantage!) we feel for the many American gentlemen with an undoubted claim on the hospitality and respect of all classes of English society who stand committed by such very egregious slip-slop. [1849.]



## CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.

I WILL take for the subject of this letter the effect of Capital Punishment on the commission of crime, or rather of murder; the only crime with one exception (and that a rare one) to which it is now applied. Its effect in preventing crime, I will reserve for another letter; and a few of the more striking illustrations of each aspect of the subject, for a concluding one.

### THE EFFECT OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT ON THE COMMISSION OF MURDER.

Some murders are committed in hot blood and furious rage; some, in deliberate revenge; some, in terrible despair; some (but not many), for mere gain; some, for the removal of an object dangerous to the murderer's peace or good name; some, to win a monstrous notoriety.

On murders committed in rage, in the despair of strong affection (as when a starving child is murdered by its parent), or for gain, I believe the punishment of death to have no effect in the least. In the two first cases, the impulse is a blind and wild one, infinitely beyond the reach of any reference to the punishment. In the last, there is little calculation beyond the absorbing greed of the money to be got. Courvoisier, for example, might have robbed his master with greater safety and with fewer chances of detection if he had not murdered him. But, his calculations going

to the gain and not to the loss, he had no balance for the consequences of what he did. So, it would have been more safe and prudent in the woman who was hanged a few weeks since, for the murder in Westminster, to have simply robbed her old companion in an unguarded moment, as in her sleep. But, her calculation going to the gain of what she took to be a banknote, and the poor old woman living between her and the gain, she murdered her.

On murders committed in deliberate revenge, or to remove a stumbling-block in the murderer's path, or in an insatiate craving for notoriety, is there reason to suppose that the punishment of death has the direct effect of an incentive and an impulse?

A murder is committed in deliberate revenge. The murderer is at no trouble to prepare his train of circumstances, takes little or no pains to escape, is quite cool and collected, perfectly content to deliver himself up to the Police, makes no secret of his guilt, but boldly says: "I killed him. I'm glad of it. I meant to do it. I am ready to die." There was such a case the other day. There was such another case not long ago. There are such cases frequently. It is the commonest first exclamation on being seized. Now, what is this but a false arguing of the question, announcing a foregone conclusion, expressly leading to the crime, and inseparably arising out of the Punishment of Death? "I took his life. I give up mine to pay for it. Life for life; blood for blood. I have done the crime. I am ready with the atonement. I know all about it; it's a fair bargain between me and the law. Here am I to execute my part of it; and what more is to be said or done?" It is the very essence of the maintenance of this punishment for murder, that it *does* set life against life. It is in the es-

sence of a stupid, weak, or otherwise ill-regulated mind (of such a murderer's mind, in short), to recognize in this set-off a something that diminishes the base and coward character of murder. In a pitched battle, I, a common man, may kill my adversary, but he may kill me. In a duel, a gentleman may shoot his opponent through the head, but the opponent may shoot him too, and this makes it fair. Very well. I take this man's life for a reason I have, or choose to think I have, and the law takes mine. The law says, and the clergyman says, there must be blood for blood and life for life. Here it is. I pay the penalty.

A mind incapable, or confounded in its perceptions—and you must argue with reference to such a mind, or you could not have such a murder—may not only establish on these grounds an idea of strict justice and fair reparation, but a stubborn and dogged fortitude and foresight that satisfy it hugely. Whether the fact be really so, or not, is a question I would be content to rest, alone, on the number of cases of revengeful murder in which this is well known, without dispute, to have been the prevailing demeanor of the criminal: and in which such speeches and such absurd reasoning have been constantly uppermost with him. “Blood for blood,” and “Life for life,” and such like balanced jingles, have passed current in people's mouths, from legislators downward, until they have been corrupted into “Tit for tat,” and acted on.

Next come the murders done, to sweep out of the way a dreaded or detested object. At the bottom of this class of crimes, there is a slow, corroding, growing hate. Violent quarrels are commonly found to have taken place between the murdered person and the murderer: usually of opposite sexes. There are witnesses to old scenes of reproach and

recrimination, in which they were the actors; and the murderer has been heard to say, in this or that coarse phrase, "that he wouldn't mind killing her, though he should be hanged for it"—in these cases, the commonest avowal.

It seems to me that in this well-known scrap of evidence there is a deeper meaning than is usually attached to it. I do not know, but it may be—I have a strong suspicion that it is—a clew to the slow growth of the crime, and its gradual development in the mind. More than this: a clew to the mental connection of the deed with the punishment to which the doer of that deed is liable, until the two, conjoined, give birth to monstrous and misshapen Murder.

The idea of murder, in such a case, like that of self-destruction in the great majority of instances, is not a new one. It may have presented itself to the disturbed mind in a dim shape and afar off; but it has been there. After a quarrel, or with some strong sense upon him of irritation or discomfort arising out of the continuance of this life in his path, the man has brooded over the unformed desire to take it, "though he should be hanged for it." With the entrance of the Punishment into his thoughts, the shadow of the fatal beam begins to attend—not on himself, but on the object of his hate. At every new temptation, it is there, stronger and blacker yet, trying to terrify him. When she defies or threatens him, the scaffold seems to be her strength and vantage-ground. Let her not be too sure of that; "though he should be hanged for it."

Thus, he begins to raise up, in the contemplation of this death by hanging, a new and violent enemy to brave. The prospect of a slow and solitary expiation would have no congeniality with his wicked thoughts, but this throttling

and strangling has. There is always before him an ugly, bloody, scarecrow phantom, that champions her, as it were, and yet shows him, in a ghastly way, the example of murder. Is she very weak, or very trustful in him, or infirm, or old? It gives a hideous courage to what would be mere slaughter otherwise; for there it is, a presence always about her, darkly menacing him with that penalty whose murky secret has a fascination for all secret and unwholesome thoughts. And when he struggles with his victim at the last, "though he should be hanged for it," it is a merciless wrestle, not with one weak life only, but with that ever-haunting, ever-beckoning shadow of the gallows, too; and with a fierce defiance to it, after their long survey of each other, to come on and do its worst.

Present this black idea of violence to a bad mind contemplating violence; hold up before a man remotely compassing the death of another person the spectacle of his own ghastly and untimely death by man's hands; and out of the depths of his own nature you shall assuredly raise up that which lures and tempts him on. The laws which regulate those mysteries have not been studied or cared for, by the maintainers of this law; but they are paramount and will always assert their power.

Out of one hundred and sixty-seven persons under sentence of Death in England, questioned at different times in the course of years, by an English clergyman in the performance of his duty, there were only three who had not been spectators of executions.

We come, now, to the consideration of those murders which are committed, or attempted, with no other object than the attainment of an infamous notoriety. That this class of crimes has its origin in the Punishment of Death,

we cannot question; because (as we have already seen, and shall presently establish by another proof) great notoriety and interest attach, and are generally understood to attach, only to those criminals who are in danger of being executed.

One of the most remarkable instances of murder originating in mad self-conceit, and of the murderer's part in the repulsive drama, in which the law appears at such great disadvantage to itself and to society, being acted almost to the last with a self-complacency that would be horribly ludicrous if it were not utterly revolting, is presented in the case of HOCKER.

Here is an insolent, flippant, dissolute youth: aping the man of intrigue and levity: overdressed, overconfident, inordinately vain of his personal appearance: distinguished as to his hair, cane, snuff-box, and singing-voice: and unhappily the son of a working shoemaker. Bent on loftier flights than such a poor house-swallow as a teacher in a Sunday-school can take; and having no truth, industry, perseverance, or other dull work-a-day quality, to plume his wings eternal; he casts about him, in his jaunty way, for some mode of distinguishing himself—some means of getting that head of hair into the print-shops; of having something like justice done to his singing-voice and fine intellect; of making the life and adventures of Thomas Hocker remarkable; and of getting up some excitement in connection with that slighted piece of biography. The Stage? No. Not feasible. There has always been a conspiracy against the Thomas Hockers, in that kind of effort. It has been the same with Authorship in prose and poetry. Is there nothing else? A Murder, now, would make a noise in the papers! There is the gallows to be sure; but

without that, it would be nothing. Short of that, it wouldn't be fame. Well! We must all die at one time or other; and to die game, and have it in print, is just the thing for a man of spirit. They always die game at the Minor Theatres and the Saloons, and the people like it very much. Thurtell, too, died very game, and made a capital speech when he was tried. There's all about it in a book at the cigar-shop now. Come, Tom, get your name up! Let it be a dashing murder that shall keep the wood-engravers at it for the next two months. You are the boy to go through with it, and interest the town!

The miserable wretch, inflated by this lunatic conceit, arranges his whole plan for publication and effect. It is quite an epitome of his experience of the domestic melodrama or penny novel. There is the Victim Friend; the mysterious letter of the injured Female to the Victim Friend; the romantic spot for the Death-Struggle by night; the unexpected appearance of Thomas Hocker to the Policeman; the parlor of the Public House, with Thomas Hocker reading the paper to a strange gentleman; the Family Apartment, with a song by Thomas Hocker; the Inquest Room, with Thomas Hocker boldly looking on; the interior of the Marylebone Theatre, with Thomas Hocker taken into custody; the Police Office with Thomas Hocker "affable" to the spectators; the interior of Newgate, with Thomas Hocker preparing his defence; the Court, where Thomas Hocker, with his dancing-master airs, is put upon his trial, and complimented by the Judge; the Prosecution, the Defence, the Verdict, the Black Cap, the Sentence—each of them a line in any Playbill, and how bold a line in Thomas Hocker's life!

It is worthy of remark, that the nearer he approaches to

the gallows—the great last scene to which the whole of these effects have been working up—the more the overweening conceit of the poor wretch shows itself; the more he feels that he is the hero of the hour; the more audaciously and recklessly he lies, in supporting the character. In public—at the condemned sermon—he deports himself as becomes the man whose autographs are precious, whose portraits are innumerable; in memory of whom, whole fences and gates have been borne away, in splinters, from the scene of murder. He knows that the eyes of Europe are upon him; but he is not proud—only graceful. He bows, like the first gentleman in Europe, to the turnkey who brings him a glass of water; and composes his clothes and hassock as carefully as good Madame Blaize could do. In private—within the walls of the condemned cell—every word and action of his waning life is a lie. His whole time is divided between telling lies and writing them. If he ever have another thought, it is for his genteel appearance on the scaffold; as when he begs the barber “not to cut his hair too short, or they won’t know him when he comes out.” His last proceeding but one is to write two romantic love-letters to women who have no existence. His last proceeding of all (but less characteristic, though the only true one) is to swoon away, miserably, in the arms of the attendants, and be hanged up like a craven dog.

Is not such a history, from first to last, a most revolting and disgraceful one; and can the student of it bring himself to believe that it ever could have place in any record of facts, or that the miserable chief actor in it could have ever had a motive for his arrogant wickedness, but for the comment and the explanation which the Punishment of Death supplies!



It is not a solitary case, nor is it a prodigy, but a mere specimen of a class. The case of Oxford, who fired at Her Majesty in the Park, will be found, on examination, to resemble it very nearly, in the essential feature. There is no proved pretence whatever for regarding him as mad; other than that he was like this malefactor, brimful of conceit, and a desire to become, even at the cost of the gallows (the only cost within his reach) the talk of the town. He had less invention than Hocker, and perhaps was not so deliberately bad; but his attempt was a branch of the same tree and it has its root in the ground where the scaffold is erected.

Oxford had his imitators. Let it never be forgotten, in the consideration of this part of the subject, how they were stopped. So long as their attempts invested them with the distinction of being in danger of death at the hangman's hands, so long did they spring up. When the penalty of death was removed, and a mean and humiliating punishment substituted in its place, the race was at an end, and ceased to be.

. . . . .

We come, now, to consider the effect of Capital Punishment in the prevention of crime.

Does it prevent crime in those who attend executions?

There never is (and there never was) an execution at the Old Bailey in London, but the spectators include two large classes of thieves—one class who go there as they would go to a dog-fight, or any other brutal sport, for the attraction and excitement of the spectacle; the other who make it a dry matter of business, and mix with the crowd solely to pick pockets. Add to these, the dissolute, the drunken, the most idle, profligate, and abandoned of both sexes—some

moody, ill-conditioned minds, drawn thither by a fearful interest—and some impelled by curiosity; of whom the greater part are of an age and temperament rendering the gratification of that curiosity highly dangerous to themselves and to society—and the great elements of the course are stated.

Nor is this assemblage peculiar to London. It is the same in country towns, allowing for the different statistics of the population. It is the same in America. I was present at an execution in Rome, for a most treacherous and wicked murder, and not only saw the same kind of assemblage there, but, wearing what is called a shooting-coat, with a great many pockets in it, felt innumerable hands busy in every one of them, close to the scaffold.

I have already mentioned that out of one hundred and sixty-seven convicts under sentence of death, questioned at different times in the performance of his duty by an English clergyman, there were only three who had not been spectators of executions. Mr. Wakefield, in his "Facts Relating to the Punishment of Death," goes into the working, as it were, of this sum. His testimony is extremely valuable, because it is the evidence of an educated and observing man, who, before having personal knowledge of the subject and of Newgate, was quite satisfied that the Punishment of Death should continue, but who, when he gained that experience, exerted himself to the utmost for its abolition, even at the pain of constant public reference in his own person to his own imprisonment. "It cannot be egotism," he reasonably observes, "that prompts a man to speak of himself in connection with Newgate."

"Whoever will undergo the pain," says Mr. Wakefield, "of witnessing the public destruction of a fellow creature's

life, in London, must be perfectly satisfied that in the great mass of spectators the effect of the punishment is to excite sympathy for the criminal and hatred of the law. . . . I am inclined to believe that the criminals of London, spoken of as a class and allowing for exceptions, take the same sort of delight in witnessing executions as the sportsman and soldier find in the dangers of hunting and war. . . . I am confident that few Old Bailey Sessions pass without the trial of a boy whose first thought of crime occurred while he was witnessing an execution. . . . And one grown man, of great mental powers and superior education, who was acquitted of a charge of forgery, assured me that the first idea of committing a forgery occurred to him at the moment when he was accidentally witnessing the execution of Fauntleroy. To which it may be added that Fauntleroy is said to have made precisely the same declaration in reference to the origin of his own criminality.

But one convict "who was within an ace of being hanged," among the many with whom Mr. Wakefield conversed, seems to me to have unconsciously put a question which the advocates of Capital Punishment would find it very difficult indeed to answer. "Have you often seen an execution?" asked Mr. Wakefield. "Yes, often." "Did it not frighten you?" "No. *Why should it?*"

It is very easy and very natural to turn from this ruffian, shocked by the hardened retort; but answer his question, why should it? Should he be frightened by the sight of a dead man? We are born to die, he says, with a careless triumph. We are not born to the treadmill, or to servitude and slavery, or to banishment; but the executioner has done no more for that criminal than nature may do to-morrow for the judge, and will certainly do, in her own good time,

for judge and jury, counsel and witnesses, turnkeys, hangman, and all. Should he be frightened by the manner of the death? It is horrible, truly, so horrible, that the law, afraid or ashamed of its own deed, hides the face of the struggling wretch it slays; but does this fact naturally awaken, in such a man, terror—or defiance? Let the same man speak. “What did you think then?” asked Mr. Wakefield. “Think? Why, I thought it was a —— shame.”

Disgust and indignation, or recklessness and indifference, or a morbid tendency to brood over the sight until temptation is engendered by it, are the inevitable consequences of the spectacle, according to the difference of habit and disposition in those who believed it. Why should it frighten or deter? We know it does not. We know it from the police reports, and from the testimony of those who have experience of prison and prisoners, and we may know it, on the occasion of an execution, by the evidence of our own senses; if we will be at the misery of using them for such a purpose. But why should it? Who would send his child or his apprentice, what tutor would send his scholars, or what master would send his servants, to be deterred from vice by the spectacle of an execution? If it be an example to criminals, and to criminals only, why are not the prisoners in Newgate brought out to see the show before the debtors’ door? Why, while they are made parties to the condemned sermon, are they rigidly excluded from the improving postscript of the gallows? Because an execution is well known to be an utterly useless, barbarous, and brutalizing sight, and because the sympathy of all beholders, who have any sympathy at all, is certain to be always with the criminal, and never with the law.

I learn from the newspaper accounts of every execution

how Mr. So-and-so, and Mr. Somebody else, and Mr. So-forth shook hands with the culprit, but I never find them shaking hands with the hangman. All kinds of attention and consideration are lavished on the one; but the other is universally avoided, like a pestilence. I want to know why so much sympathy is expended on the man who kills another in the vehemence of his own bad passions, and why the man who kills him in the name of the law is shunned and fled from? Is it because the murderer is going to die? Then by no means put him to death. Is it because the hangman executes a law, which, when they once come near it face to face, all men instinctively revolt from? Then by all means change it. There is, there can be, no prevention in such a law. .

It may be urged that Public Executions are not intended for the benefit of those dregs of society who habitually attend them. This is an absurdity, to which the obvious answer is, So much the worse. If they be not considered with reference to that class of persons, comprehending a great host of criminals in various stages of development, they ought to be, and must be. To lose sight of that consideration is to be irrational, unjust, and cruel. All other punishments are especially devised, with a reference to the rooted habits, propensities, and antipathies of criminals. And shall it be said, out of Bedlam, that this last punishment of all is alone to be made an exception from the rule, even where it is shown to be a means of propagating vice and crime!

But there may be people who do not attend executions, to whom the general fame and rumor of such scenes is an example, and a means of deterring from crime.

Who are they? We have seen that around Capital Pun-

ishment there lingers a fascination, urging weak and bad people toward it, and imparting an interest to details connected with it, and with malefactors awaiting it or suffering it, which even good and well-disposed people cannot withstand. We know that last-dying speeches, and Newgate calendars, are the favorite literature of very low intellects. The gallows is not appealed to, as an example in the instruction of youth (unless they are training for it); nor are there condensed accounts of celebrated executions for the use of national schools. There is a story in an old spelling-book, of a certain Don't Care, who was hanged at last, but it is not understood to have had any remarkable effect on crimes or executions in the generation to which it belonged, and with which it has passed away. HOGARTH'S idle apprentice is hanged; but the whole scene—with the unmistakable stout lady, drunk and pious, in the cast; the quarrelling, blasphemy, lewdness, and the boys picking his pocket—is a bitter satire on the great example; as efficient then, as now.

Is it efficient to prevent crime? The parliamentary returns demonstrate that it is not. I was engaged in making some extracts from these documents, when I found them so well abstracted in one of the papers published by the committee on this subject established at Aylesbury last year, by the humane exertions of Lord NUGENT, that I am glad to quote the general results from its pages:

“In 1843, a return was laid on the table of the House of the commitments and executions for murder in England and Wales, during the 30 years ending with December, 1842; divided into five periods of six years each. It shows that in the last six years, from 1836 to 1842, during which there were only 50 executions, the commitments for mur-

der were fewer by 61 than in the six years preceding with 74 executions; fewer by 63 than in the six years ending 1830 with 75 executions; fewer by 56 than in the six years ending 1824 with 94 executions; and fewer by 93 than in the six years ending 1818, when there was no less a number of executions than 122. But it may be said, perhaps, that, in the inference we draw from this return, we are substituting cause for effect, and that in each successive cycle the number of murders decreased in consequence of the example of public executions in the cycle immediately preceding, and that it was for that reason there were fewer commitments. This might be said with some color of truth, if the example had been taken from *two* successive cycles *only*. But when the comparative examples adduced are of no less than *five* successive cycles, and the result gradually and constantly progressive in the same direction, the relation of facts to each other is determined beyond all ground for dispute, namely, that the number of these crimes has diminished in consequence of the diminution of the number of executions. More especially when it is also remembered that it was *immediately after* the first of these cycles of five years, when there had been the greatest number of executions and the greatest number of murders, that the greatest number of persons were suddenly cast loose upon the country, without employ, by the reduction of the army and navy; that then came periods of great distress and great disturbance in the agricultural and manufacturing districts; and *above all*, that it was during the subsequent cycles that the most important mitigations were effected in the law, and that the Punishment of Death was taken away not only for crimes of stealth, such as cattle and horse stealing, and forgery, of which crimes corre-

sponding statistics show likewise a corresponding decrease, but for the crimes of violence, too, *tending to murder*, such as are many of the incendiary offences, and such as are highway robbery and burglary. But another return, laid before the House at the same time, bears upon our argument, if possible, still more conclusively. In Table 11, we have *only* the years which have occurred since 1810, in which *all* persons convicted of murder suffered death; and, compared with these an *equal* number of years in which the *smallest* proportion of persons convicted were executed. In the first case there were 66 persons convicted, *all* of whom underwent the penalty of death; in the second 83 were convicted, of whom 31 only were executed. Now see how these two very different methods of dealing with the crime of murder affected the commission of it *in the years immediately following*. The number of commitments for murder, in the four years immediately following those in which all persons convicted were executed, was 270.

“In the four years immediately following those in which little more than one-third of the persons convicted were executed, there were but 222, being 48 less. If we compare the commitments in the following years with those in the first years, we shall find that, immediately after the examples of unsparing execution, the crime *increased nearly 13 per cent.*, and that, after commutation was the practice and capital punishment the exception, it *decreased 17 per cent.*

“In the same parliamentary return is an account of the commitments and executions in London and Middlesex, *spread over a space of 32 years*, ending in 1842, divided into two cycles of 16 years each. In the first of these, 34 persons were *convicted* of murder, *all of whom were exe-*



*cuted.* In the second, 27 were *convicted*, and only 17 executed. The *commitments* for murder during the latter *long* period, with 17 executions, were *more than one-half* fewer than they had been in the former *long* period with *exactly double the number of executions.* This appears to us to be as conclusive upon our argument as any statistical illustration can be upon any argument professing to place successive events in the relation of cause and effect to each other. How justly then is it said in that able and useful periodical work, now in the course of publication at Glasgow, under the name of the 'Magazine of Popular Information on Capital and Secondary Punishment': 'The greater the number of executions, the greater the number of murders; the smaller the number of executions, the smaller the number of murders. The lives of her Majesty's subjects are less safe with a hundred executions a year than with fifty; less safe with fifty than with twenty-five.' "

Similar results have followed from rendering public executions more and more infrequent, in Tuscany, in Prussia, in France, in Belgium. Wherever capital punishments are diminished in their number, there, crimes diminish in their number too.

But the very same advocates of the Punishment of Death who contend, in the teeth of all facts and figures, that it does prevent crime, contend in the same breath against its abolition because it does not! "There are so many bad murders," say they, "and they follow in such quick succession, that the Punishment must not be repealed." Why, is not this a reason, among others, *for* repealing it? Does it not go to show that it is ineffective as an example; that it fails to prevent crime; and that it is wholly inefficient to stay that imitation, or contagion, call it

what you please, which brings one murder on the heels of another?

One forgery came crowding on another's heels in the same way, when the same punishment attached to that crime. Since it has been removed, forgeries have diminished in a most remarkable degree. Yet, within five and thirty years, Lord Eldon, with tearful solemnity, imagined in the House of Lords, as a possibility for their Lordships to shudder at, that the time might come when some visionary and morbid person might even propose the abolition of the punishment of Death for forgery. And when it *was* proposed, Lords Lyndhurst, Wynford, Tenterden,<sup>1</sup> and Eldon—all Law Lords—opposed it.

The same Lord Tenterden manfully said, on another occasion and another question, that he was glad the subject of the amendment of the laws had been taken up by Mr. Peel, "who had not been bred to the law; for those who were, were rendered dull, by habit, to many of its defects!" I would respectfully submit, in extension of this text, that a criminal judge is an excellent witness against the Punishment of Death, but a bad witness in its favor; and I will reserve this point for a few remarks in the next, concluding, Letter.

The last English Judge, I believe, who gave expression to a public and judicial opinion in favor of the Punishment of Death, is Mr. Justice Coleridge, who in charging the Grand Jury at Hertford, last year, took occasion to lament the presence of serious crimes in the calendar, and to say that he feared that they were referable to the comparative infrequency of Capital Punishment.

[<sup>1</sup> Printed "Tenderden" in the *Daily News*, in error.—ED.]

It is not incompatible with the utmost deference and respect for an authority so eminent to say that, in this, Mr. Justice Coleridge was not supported by facts, but quite the reverse. He went out of his way to found a general assumption on certain very limited and partial grounds, and even on these grounds was wrong. For among the few crimes which he instanced, murder stood prominently forth. Now persons found guilty of murder are more certainly and unsparingly hanged at this time, as the Parliamentary Returns demonstrate, than such criminals ever were. So how can the decline of public executions affect that class of crimes? As to persons committing murder, and yet not found guilty of it by juries, they escape solely because there *are* many public executions—not because there are none or few.

But when I submit that a criminal judge is an excellent witness against Capital Punishment, but a bad witness in its favor, I do so on more broad and general grounds than apply to this error in fact and deduction (so I presume to consider it) on the part of the distinguished judge in question. And they are grounds which do not apply offensively to judges, as a class; than whom there are no authorities in England so deserving of general respect and confidence, or so possessed of it, but which apply alike to all men in their several degrees and pursuits.

It is certain that men contract a general liking for those things which they have studied at great cost of time and intellect, and their proficiency in which has led to their becoming distinguished and successful. It is certain that out of this feeling arises, not only that passive blindness to their defects, of which the example given by my Lord Tenterden was quoted in the last letter, but an active dis-

position to advocate and defend them. If it were otherwise, if it were not for this spirit of interest and partizanship, no single pursuit could have that attraction for its votaries which most pursuits in course of time establish. Thus legal authorities are usually jealous of innovations on legal principles. Thus it is described of the lawyer in the Introductory Discourse to the Description of Utopia, that he said of a proposal against Capital Punishment, 'This could never be so established in England but that it must needs bring the weal-public into great jeopardy and hazard,' and as he was thus saying, he shook his head, and made a wry mouth, and so he held his peace." Thus the Recorder of London, in 1811, objected to "the capital part being taken off" from the offence of picking pockets. Thus the Lord Chancellor, in 1813, objected to the removal of the penalty of death from the offence of stealing to the amount of five shillings from a shop. Thus Lord Ellenborough, in 1820, anticipated the worst effects from there being no punishment of death for stealing five shillings' worth of wet linen from a bleaching-ground. Thus the Solicitor General, in 1830, advocated the punishment of death for forgery, and "the satisfaction of thinking," in the teeth of mountains of evidence from bankers and other injured parties (one thousand bankers alone!), "that he was deterring persons from the commission of crime, by the severity of the law." Thus, Mr. Justice Coleridge delivered his charge at Hertford in 1845. Thus there were in the criminal code of England, in 1790, one hundred and sixty crimes punishable with death. Thus the lawyer has said, again and again, in his generation, that any change in such a state of things "must needs bring the weal-public into jeopardy and hazard." And thus he has, all through

the dismal history, "shaked his head, and made a wry mouth, and held his peace." Except—a glorious exception!—when such lawyers as Bacon, More, Blackstone, Romilly, and—let us ever gratefully remember—in later times Mr. Basil Montagu, have striven, each in his day, within the utmost limits of the endurance of the mistaken feeling of the people or the legislature of the time, to champion and maintain the truth.

There is another and a stranger reason still, why a criminal judge is a bad witness in favor of the Punishment of Death. He is a chief actor in the terrible drama of a trial, where the life or death of a fellow-creature is at issue. No one who has seen such a trial can fail to know, or can ever forget, its intense interest. I care not how painful this interest is to the good, wise judge upon the bench. I admit its painful nature, and the judge's goodness and wisdom to the fullest extent—but I submit that his prominent share in the excitement of such a trial, and the dread mystery involved, has a tendency to bewilder and confuse the judge upon the general subject of that penalty. I know the solemn pause before the verdict, the hush and stilling of the fever in the court, the solitary figure brought back to the bar, and standing there, observed of all the outstretched heads and gleaming eyes, to be, next minute, stricken dead, as one may say, among them. I know the thrill that goes round when the black cap is put on, and how there will be shrieks among the women, and a taking out of some one in a swoon; and, when the judge's faltering voice delivers sentence, how awfully the prisoner and he confront each other; two mere men, destined one day, however far removed from one another at this time, to stand alike as suppliants at the bar of God. I know all this; I can imagine

what the office of the judge costs, in this execution of it; but I say that in these strong accusations he is lost, and is unable to abstract the penalty, as a preventive or example, from an experience of it, and from associations surrounding it, which are and can be only his, and his alone.

Not to contend that there is no amount of wig or ermine that can change the nature of the man inside; not to say that the nature of a judge may be, like the dyer's hand, subdued to what it works in, and may become too used to this punishment of death, to consider it quite dispassionately; not to say that it may possibly be inconsistent to have, deciding as calm authorities in favor of death, judges who have been constantly sentencing to death;—I contend that for the reasons I have stated, alone, a judge, and especially a criminal judge, is a bad witness for the punishment but an excellent witness against it, inasmuch as in the latter case his conviction of its inutility has been so strong and paramount as utterly to beat down and conquer these adverse incidents. I have no scruple in stating this position, because, for anything I know, the majority of excellent judges now on the bench may have overcome them, and may be opposed to the Punishment of Death under any circumstances.

I mentioned that I would devote a portion of this letter to a few prominent illustrations of each head of objection to the Punishment of Death. Those on record are so very numerous that selection is extremely difficult; but in reference to the possibility of mistake, and the impossibility of reparation, one case is as good (I should rather say as bad) as a hundred; and if there were none but ELIZA FENNING'S, that would be sufficient. Nay, if there were none at all, it would be enough to sustain this objection, that men of finite

and limited judgment do inflict, on testimony which admits of doubt, an infinite and irreparable punishment. But there are on record numerous instances of mistake; many of them very generally known and immediately recognizable in the following summary, which I copy from the New York Report already referred to.

“There have been cases in which groans have been heard in the apartment of the crime, which have attracted the steps of those on whose testimony the case has turned—when, on proceeding to the spot, they have found a man bending over the murdered body, a lantern in the left hand, and the knife yet dripping with the warm current in the blood-stained right, with horror-stricken countenance, and lips which, in the presence of the dead, seem to refuse to deny the crime in the very act of which he is thus surprised—and yet the man has been, many years after, when his memory alone could be benefited by the discovery, ascertained *not* to have been the real murderer!<sup>1</sup> There have been cases in which, in a house in which were two persons alone, a murder has been committed on one of them—when many additional circumstances have fastened the imputation upon the other—and when, all apparent modes of access from without being closed inward, the demonstration has seemed complete of the guilt for which that other has suffered the doom of the law—yet suffered *innocently!* There have been cases in which a father has been found murdered in an outhouse, the only person at home being a son, sworn by a sister to have been dissolute and undutiful, and anxious for the death of the father, and succession to the family property—when the track of his shoes in the snow is found from the house to the spot of the murder, and the hammer

<sup>1</sup> Printed “murdered” in *Daily News*.—ED.

with which it was committed (known as his own) found, on a search, in the corner of one of his private drawers, with the bloody evidence of the deed only imperfectly effaced from it—and yet the son has been innocent!—the sister, years after, on her death-bed, confessing herself the fratricide as well as the parricide. There have been cases in which men have been hung on the most positive testimony as to identity (aided by many suspicious circumstances), by persons familiar with their appearance, which have afterwards proved grievous mistakes, growing out of remarkable personal resemblance. There have been cases in which two men have been seen fighting in a field—an old enmity existing between them—the one found dead, killed by a stab from a pitchfork, known as belonging to the other, and which that other had been carrying, the pitchfork lying by the side of the murdered man—and yet its owner has been afterward found not to have been the author of the murder of which it had been the instrument, the true murderer sitting on the jury that tried him. There have been cases in which an innkeeper has been charged by one of his servants with the murder of a traveller, the servant deposing to having seen his master on the stranger's bed, strangling him, and afterwards rifling his pockets—another servant deposing that she saw him come down at that time at a very early hour in the morning, steal into the garden, take gold from his pocket, and carefully wrapping it up bury it in a designated spot—on the search of which the ground is found loose and freshly dug, and a sum of thirty pounds in gold found buried according to the description—the master, who confessed the burying of the money, with many evidences of guilt in his hesitation and confusion, has been hung, of course, and proved innocent only too late. There



have been cases in which a traveller has been robbed on the highway, of twenty guineas which he had taken the precaution to *mark*—one of these is found to have been paid away or changed by one of the servants of the inn which the traveller reaches the same evening—the servant is about the height of the robber, who had been cloaked and disguised—his master deposes to his having been recently unaccountably extravagant and flush of gold—and on his trunk being searched the other nineteen marked guineas and the traveller's purse are found there, the servant being asleep at the time, half-drunk—he is of course convicted and hung, for the crime of which his master was the author! There have been cases in which a father and daughter have been overheard in violent dispute—the words "*barbarity,*" "*cruelty,*" and "*death*" being heard frequently to proceed from the latter—the former goes out, locking the door behind him—groans are overheard, and the words, "*Cruel father, thou art the cause of my death!*"—on the room being opened, she is found on the point of death from a wound in her side, and near her the knife with which it had been inflicted—and on being questioned as to her owing her death to her father, her last motion before expiring is an expression of assent—the father, on returning to the room, exhibits the usual evidences of guilt—he, too, is of course hung—and it is not till nearly a year afterwards that, on the discovery of conclusive evidence that it was a suicide, the vain reparation is made to his memory by the public authorities, of—waving a pair of colors over his grave in token of the recognition of his innocence."

More than a hundred such cases are known, it is said in this Report, in English criminal jurisprudence. The same Report contains three striking cases of supposed criminals

being unjustly hanged in America; and also five more in which people whose innocence was not afterward established were put to death on evidence as purely circumstantial and as doubtful, to say the least of it, as any that was held to be sufficient in this general summary of legal murders. Mr. O'Connell defended, in Ireland, within five and twenty years, three brothers who were hanged for a murder of which they were afterward shown to have been innocent. I cannot find the reference at this moment, but I have seen it stated on good authority, that but for the exertions, I think, of the present Lord Chief Bacon, six or seven innocent men would certainly have been hanged. Such are the instances of wrong judgment which are known to us. How many more there may be, in which the real murderers never disclosed their guilt, or were never discovered, and where the odium of great crimes still rests on guiltless people long since resolved to dust in their untimely graves, no human power can tell.

The effect of public executions on those who witness them requires no better illustration, and can have none, than the scene which any execution in itself presents, and the general Police-office knowledge of the offences arising out of them. I have stated my belief that the study of rude scenes leads to the disregard of human life, and to murder. Referring since that expression of opinion to the very last trial for murder in London, I have made inquiry, and am assured that the youth now under sentence of death in Newgate for the murder of his master in Drury Lane was a vigilant spectator of the three last public executions in this City. What effects a daily increasing familiarity with the scaffold, and with death upon it, wrought in France in the Great Revolution everybody knows. In reference to

this very question of Capital Punishment, ROBESPIERRE himself, before he was—

“In blood steep in so far,”

warned the National Assembly that in taking human life, and displaying before the eyes of the people scenes of cruelty and the bodies of murdered men, the law awakened ferocious prejudices, which gave birth to a long and growing train of their kind. With how much reason this was said, let his own detestable name bear witness! If we would know how callous and hardened society, even in a peaceful and settled state, becomes to public executions when they are frequent, let us recollect how few they were who made the last attempt to stay the dreadful Monday-morning spectacles of men and women strung up in a row for crimes as different in their degree as our whole social scheme is different in its component parts, which, within some fifteen years or so, made human shambles of the Old Bailey.

There is no better way of testing the effect of public executions on those who do not actually behold them, but who read of them and know of them, than by inquiring into their efficiency in preventing crime. In this respect they have always, and in all countries, failed. According to all facts and figures, failed. In Russia, in Spain, in France, in Italy, in Belgium, in Sweden, in England, there has been one result. In Bombay, during the Recordership of Sir JAMES MACINTOSH, there were fewer crimes in seven years without one execution, than in the preceding seven years with forty-seven executions; notwithstanding that in the seven years without capital punishment the population had greatly increased, and there had been a large accession

to the numbers of the ignorant and licentious soldiery, with whom the more violent offences originated. During the four wickedest years of the Bank of England (from 1814 to 1817, inclusive), when the one-pound note capital prosecutions were most numerous and shocking, the number of forged one-pound notes discovered by the Bank steadily increased, from the gross amount in the first year of £10,342, to the gross amount in the last of £28,412. But on every branch of this part of the subject—the inefficiency of capital punishment to prevent crime, and its efficiency to produce it—the body of evidence (if there were space to quote or analyze it here) is overpowering and resistless.

I have purposely deferred until now any reference to one objection which is urged against the abolition of capital punishment: I mean that objection which claims to rest on Scriptural authority.

It was excellently well said by Lord Melbourne, that no class of persons can be shown to be very miserable and oppressed, but some supporters of things as they are will immediately rise up and assert—not that those persons are moderately well to do, or that their lot in life has a reasonably bright side—but that they are, of all sorts and conditions of men, the happiest. In like manner, when a certain proceeding or institution is shown to be very wrong indeed, there is a class of people who rush to the fountainhead at once, and will have no less authority for it than the Bible, on any terms.

So, we have the Bible appealed to in behalf of Capital Punishment. So, we have the Bible produced as a distinct authority for Slavery. So, American representatives find the title of their country to the Oregon distinctly laid down in the Book of Genesis. So, in course of time, we shall

find Repudiation, perhaps, expressly commanded in the Sacred Writings.

It is enough for me to be satisfied, on calm inquiry and with reason, that an Institution or Custom is wrong and bad; and thence to feel assured that IT CANNOT BE a part of the law laid down by the Divinity who walked the earth. Though every other man who wields a pen should turn himself into a commentator on the Scriptures—not all their united efforts, pursued through our united lives, could ever persuade me that Slavery is a Christian law; nor, with one of these objections to an execution, in my certain knowledge that Executions are a Christian law, my will is not concerned. I could not, in my veneration for the life and lessons of Our Lord, believe it. If any text appeared to justify the claim, I would reject that limited appeal and rest upon the character of the Redeemer, and the great scheme of His Religion, where, in its broad spirit made so plain—and not this or that disputed letter—we all put our trust. But, happily, such doubts do not exist. The case is far too plain. The Rev. Henry Christmas, in a recent pamphlet on this subject, shows clearly that in five important versions of the Old Testament (to say nothing of versions of less note) the words, “by man,” in the often-quoted text, “Whoso sheddeth man’s blood, by man shall his blood be shed,” do not appear at all. We know that the law of Moses was delivered to certain wandering tribes, in a peculiar and perfectly different social condition from that which prevails among us at this time. We know that the Christian Dispensation did distinctly repeal and annul certain portions of that law. We know that the doctrine of retributive justice or vengeance was plainly disavowed by the Saviour. We know that on the only occasion of an

offender, liable by the law to death, being brought before Him for His judgment, it was *not* death. We know that He said, "Thou shalt not kill." And if we are still to inflict capital punishment because of the Mosaic law (under which it was not the consequence of a legal proceeding, but an act of vengeance from the next of kin, which would surely be discouraged by our later laws if it were revived among the Jews just now), it would be equally reasonable to establish the lawfulness of a plurality of wives on the same authority.

Here I will leave this aspect of the question. I should not have treated of it at all, in the columns of a newspaper, but for the possibility of being unjustly supposed to have given it no consideration in my own mind.

In bringing to a close these letters on a subject in connection with which there is happily very little that is new to be said or written, I beg to be understood as advocating the total abolition of the Punishment of Death, as a general principle, for the advantage of society, for the prevention of crime, and without the least reference to, or tenderness for, any individual malefactor whomsoever. Indeed, in most cases of murder, my feeling toward the culprit is very strongly and violently the reverse. I am the more desirous to be so understood, after reading a speech made by Mr. MACAULAY in the House of Commons last Tuesday night, in which that accomplished gentleman hardly seemed to recognize the possibility of anybody entertaining an honest conviction of the inutility and bad effects of Capital Punishment in the abstract, founded on inquiry and reflection, without being the victim of "a kind of effeminate feeling." Without staying to inquire what there may be that is especially manly and heroic in the advocacy of the

gallows, or to express my admiration of Mr. Calcraft, the hangman, as doubtless one of the most manly specimens now in existence, I would simply hint a doubt, in all good humor, whether this be the true MACAULAY way of meeting a great question? One of the instances of effeminacy of feeling quoted by Mr. Macaulay, I have reason to think, was not quite fairly stated. I allude to the petition in Tawell's case. I had neither hand nor part in it myself; but, unless I am greatly mistaken, it did pretty clearly set forth that Tawell was a most abhorred villain, and that the House might conclude how strongly the petitioners were opposed to the Punishment of Death, when they prayed for its non-infliction even in such a case.

[Letters to the Editor of the *Daily News*, 1846.]

## “A PRELIMINARY WORD.”

THE name that we have chosen for this publication<sup>1</sup> expresses, generally, the desire we have at heart in originating it.

We aspire to live in the Household affections, and to be numbered among the Household thoughts of our readers. We hope to be the comrade and friend of many thousands of people, of both sexes, and of all ages and conditions, on whose faces we may never look. We seek to bring into innumerable homes, from the stirring world around us, the knowledge of many social wonders, good and evil, that are not calculated to render any of us less ardently persevering in ourselves, less tolerant of one another, less faithful in the progress of mankind, less thankful for the privilege of living in this summer-dawn of time.

No mere utilitarian spirit, no iron binding of the mind to grim realities, will give a harsh tone to our *Household Words*. In the bosoms of the young and old, of the well-to-do and of the poor, we would tenderly cherish that light of Fancy which is inherent in the human breast; which, according to its nurture, burns with an inspiring flame, or sinks into a sullen glare, but which (or woe betide that day!) can never be extinguished. To show to all, that in all familiar things, even in those which are repellant on the surface, there is Romance enough, if we will find it out:—to teach the hardest workers at this whirling wheel of toil,

<sup>1</sup> *Household Words*.



that their lot is not necessarily a moody brutal fact, excluded from the sympathies and graces of imagination; to bring the greater and the lesser in degree, together, upon that wide field, and mutually dispose them to a better acquaintance and a kinder understanding—is one main object of our *Household Words*.

The mightier inventions of this age are not, to our thinking, all material, but have a kind of souls in their stupendous bodies which may find expression in *Household Words*. The traveller whom we accompany on his railroad or his steamboat journey may gain, we hope, some compensation for incidents which these later generations have outlived, in new associations with the Power that bears him onward; with the habitations and the ways of life of crowds of his fellow creatures among whom he passes like the wind; even with the towering chimneys he may see, spurting out fire and smoke upon the prospect. The swart giants, Slaves of the Lamp of Knowledge, have their thousand and one tales no less than the Genii of the East; and these in all their wild, grotesque, and fanciful aspects, in all their many phases of endurance, in all their many moving lessons of compassion and consideration, we design to tell.

Our *Household Words* will not be echoes of the present time alone, but of the past too. Neither will they treat of the hopes, the enterprises, triumphs, joys, and sorrows, of this country only, but, in some degree, of those of every nation upon earth. For nothing can be a source of real interest in one of them without concerning all the rest.

We have considered what an ambition it is to be admitted into many houses with affection and confidence; to be regarded as a friend by children and old people; to be thought of in affliction and in happiness; to people the sick-room

with airy shapes "that give delight and hurt not," and to be associated with the harmless laughter and the gentle tears of many hearths. We know the great responsibility of such a privilege; its vast reward; the pictures that it conjures up, in hours of solitary labor, of a multitude moved by one sympathy; the solemn hopes which it awakens in the laborer's breast, that he may be free from self-reproach in looking back at last upon his work, and that his name may be remembered in his race in time to come, and borne by the dear objects of his love with pride. The hand that writes these faltering lines, happily associated with *some* Household Words before to-day, has known enough of such experiences to enter in an earnest spirit upon this new task, and with an awakened sense of all it involves.

Some tillers of the field into which we now come have been before us, and some are here whose high usefulness we readily acknowledge, and whose company it is an honor to join. But there are others here—Bastards of the Mountain, draggled fringe on the Red Cap, Panders to the basest passions of the lowest natures—whose existence is a national reproach. And these we should consider it our highest service to displace.

Thus, we begin our career! The adventurer in the old fairy-story, climbing towards the summit of a steep eminence on which the subject of his search was stationed, was surrounded by a roar of voices, crying to him, from the stones in the way, to turn back. All the voices *we* hear cry, "Go on!" The stones that call to us have sermons in them, as the trees have tongues, as there are books in the running brooks, as there is good in everything! They, and the Time, cry out to us to "Go on!" With a fresh heart, a

light step, and a hopeful courage, we begin the journey. The road is not so rough that it need daunt our feet: the way is not so steep that we need stop for breath, and, looking faintly down, be stricken motionless. “Go on,” is all we hear, “Go on!” In a glow already, with the air from yonder height upon us, and the inspiriting voices joining in this acclamation, we echo back the cry, and go on cheerily!

[1850.]

## THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.—I.

As one half of the world is said not to know how the other half lives, so it may be affirmed that the upper half of the world neither knows nor greatly cares how the lower half amuses itself. Believing that it does not care mainly because it does not know, we purpose occasionally recording a few facts on this subject.

The general character of the lower class of dramatic amusements is a very significant sign of a people, and a very good test of their intellectual condition. We design to make our readers acquainted in the first place with a few of our experiences under this head in the metropolis.

It is probable that nothing will ever root out from among the common people an innate love they have for dramatic entertainment in some form or other. It would be a very doubtful benefit to society, we think, if it could be rooted out. The Polytechnic Institution in Regent Street, where an infinite variety of ingenious models are exhibited and explained, and where lectures comprising a quantity of useful information on many practical subjects are delivered, is a great public benefit and a wonderful place, but we think a people formed *entirely* in their hours of leisure by Polytechnic Institutions would be an uncomfortable community. We would rather not have to appeal to the generous sympathies of a man of five-and-twenty, in respect of some affliction of which he had had no personal experience, who

had passed all his holidays, when a boy, among cranks and cog-wheels. We should be more disposed to trust him if he had been brought into occasional contact with a Maid and a Magpie; if he had made one or two diversions into the Forest of Bondy; or had even gone the length of a Christmas Pantomime. There is a range of imagination in most of us, which no amount of steam-engines will satisfy; and which The-great-exhibition-of-the-works-of-industry-of-all-nations, itself, will probably leave unappeased. The lower we go, the more natural it is that the best-relished provision for this should be found in dramatic entertainments; as at once the most obvious, the least troublesome, and the most real, of all escapes out of the literal world. Joe Whelks, of the New Cut, Lambeth, is not much of a reader, has no great store of books, no very commodious room to read in, no very decided inclination to read, and no power at all of presenting vividly before his mind's eye what he reads about. But put Joe in the gallery of the Victoria Theatre; show him doors and windows in the scene that will open and shut, and that people can get in and out of; tell him a story with these aids, and by the help of live men and women dressed up, confiding to him their innermost secrets, in voices audible half a mile off; and Joe will unravel a story through all its entanglements, and sit there as long after midnight as you have anything left to show him. Accordingly, the Theatres to which Mr. Whelks resorts are always full; and whatever changes of fashion the drama knows elsewhere, it is always fashionable in the New Cut.

The question, then, might not unnaturally arise, one would suppose, whether Mr. Whelks' education is at all susceptible of improvement, through the agency of his

theatrical tastes. How far it is improved at present, our readers shall judge for themselves.

In affording them the means of doing so, we wish to disclaim any grave imputation on those who are concerned in ministering to the dramatic gratification of Mr. Whelks. Heavily taxed, wholly unassisted by the state, deserted by the gentry, and quite unrecognized as a means of public instruction, the higher English Drama has declined. Those who would live to please Mr. Whelks, must please Mr. Whelks to live. It is not the Manager's province to hold the Mirror up to Nature, but to Mr. Whelks—the only person who acknowledges him. If, in like manner, the actor's nature, like the dyer's hand, become subdued to what he works in, the actor can hardly be blamed for it. He grinds hard at his vocation, is often steeped in direful poverty, and lives, at the best, in a little world of mockeries! It is bad enough to give away a great estate six nights a-week, and want a shilling; to preside at imaginary banquets, hungry for a mutton-chop; to smack the lips over a tankard of toast and water, and declaim about the mellow produce of the sunny vineyard on the banks of the Rhine; to be a rattling young lover with the measles at home, and to paint sorrow over with burnt cork and rouge, without being called upon to despise his vocation too. If he can utter the trash to which he is condemned, with any relish, so much the better for him, Heaven knows; and peace be with him!

A few weeks ago, we went to one of Mr. Whelks' favorite Theatres, to see an attractive Melo-Drama called "MAY MORNING, OR THE MYSTERY OF 1715, AND THE MURDER!" We had an idea that the former of these titles might refer to the month in which either the Mystery or the Mur-

der happened, but we found it to be the name of the heroine, the pride of Keswick Vale; who was called "May Morning" (after a common custom among the English Peasantry) "from her bright eyes and merry laugh." Of this young lady, it may be observed, in passing, that she subsequently sustained every possible calamity of human existence in a white muslin gown with blue tucks; and that she did every conceivable and inconceivable thing with a pistol, that could anyhow be effected by that description of firearms.

The Theatre was extremely full. The prices of admission were, to the boxes, a shilling; to the pit, sixpence; to the gallery, threepence. The gallery was of enormous dimensions (among the company, in the front row, we observed Mr. Whelks); and overflowing with occupants. It required no close observation of the attentive faces, rising one above another, to the very door in the roof, and squeezed and jammed in, regardless of all discomforts, even there, to impress a stranger with a sense of its being highly desirable to lose no possible chance of effecting any mental improvement in that great audience.

The company in the pit were not very clean or sweet-savored, but there were some good-humored young mechanics among them, with their wives. These were generally accompanied by "the baby," insomuch that the pit was a perfect nursery. No effect made on the stage was so curious, as the looking down on the quiet faces of these babies fast asleep, after looking up at the staring sea of heads in the gallery. There were a good many cold fried soles in the pit, besides; and a variety of flat stone bottles, of all portable sizes.

The audience in the boxes was of much the same charac-

ter (babies and fish excepted) as the audience in the pit. A private in the Foot Guards sat in the next box; and a personage who wore pins on his coat instead of buttons, and was in such a damp habit of living as to be quite mouldy, was our nearest neighbor. In several parts of the house we noticed some young pickpockets of our acquaintance; but as they were evidently there as private individuals, and not in their public capacity, we were little disturbed by their presence. For we consider the hours of idleness passed by this class of society as so much gain to society at large; and we do not join in a whimsical sort of lamentation that is generally made over them, when they are found to be unoccupied.

As we made these observations the curtains rose, and we were presently in possession of the following particulars:

Sir George Elmore, a melancholy Baronet with every appearance of being in that advanced stage of indigestion in which Mr. Morrison's patients usually are, when they happen to hear, through Mr. Moat, of the surprising effect of his Vegetable Pills, was found to be living in a very large castle, in the society of one round table, two chairs, and Captain George Elmore, "his supposed son, the Child of Mystery, and the Man of Crime." The Captain, in addition to an undutiful habit of bullying his father on all occasions, was a prey to many vices; foremost among which may be mentioned his desertion of his wife, "Estella de Neva, a Spanish lady," and his determination unlawfully to possess himself of May Morning; M. M. being then on the eve of marriage to Will Stanmore, a cheerful sailor, with very loose legs.

The strongest evidence, at first, of the Captain's being the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime was deducible



from his boots, which, being very high and wide, and apparently made of sticking-plaster, justified the worst theatrical suspicions to his disadvantage. And indeed he presently turned out as ill as could be desired: getting into May Morning's Cottage by the window after dark, refusing to "unhand" May Morning when required to do so by that lady; waking May Morning's only surviving parent, a blind old gentleman with a black ribbon over his eyes, whom we shall call Mr. Stars, as his name was stated in the bill thus \* \* \*; and showing himself desperately bent on carrying off May Morning by force of arms. Even this was not the worst of the Captain; for, being foiled in his diabolical purpose—temporarily by means of knives and pistols, providentially caught up and directed at him by May Morning, and finally, for the time being, by the advent of Will Stanmore—he caused one Slink, his adherent, to denounce Will Stanmore as a rebel, and got that cheerful mariner carried off and shut up in prison. At about the same period of the Captain's career, there suddenly appeared in his father's castle a dark-complexioned lady of the name of Manuella, "a Zingara Woman from the Pyrenean mountains; the wild wanderer of the heath, and the pronouncer of the prophecy," who threw the melancholy baronet, his supposed father, into the greatest confusion by asking him what he had upon his conscience, and by pronouncing mysterious rhymes concerning the Child of Mystery and the Man of Crime to a low trembling of fiddles. Matters were in this state when the Theatre resounded with applause, and Mr. Whelks fell into a fit of unbounded enthusiasm, consequent on the entrance of "Michael the Mendicant."

At first we referred something of the cordiality with

which Michael the Mendicant was greeted to the fact of his being "made up" with an excessively dirty face, which might create a bond of union between himself and a large majority of the audience. But it soon came out that Michael the Mendicant had been hired in old time by Sir George Elmore, to murder his (Sir George Elmore's) elder brother—which he had done; notwithstanding which little affair of honor, Michael was in reality a very good fellow; quite a tender-hearted man; who, on hearing of the Captain's determination to settle Will Stanmore, cried out, "What! more bel—ood!" and fell flat—overpowered by his nice sense of humanity. In like manner, in describing that small error of judgment into which he had allowed himself to be tempted by money, this gentleman exclaimed, "I ster-ruck him down, and fel-ed in er-rror!" and further he remarked, with honest pride, "I have liveder as a beggar—a roadersider vaigerant, but no Kerreime since then has stained these hands!" All these sentiments of the worthy man were hailed with showers of applause; and when, in the excitement of his feelings on one occasion, after a soliloquy, he "went off" *on his back*, kicking and shuffling along the ground, after the manner of bold spirits in trouble who object to be taken to the station-house, the cheering was tremendous.

And to see how little harm he had done, after all! Sir George Elmore's elder brother was NOT dead. Not he! He recovered, after this sensitive creature had "fel-ed in er-rror," and, putting a black ribbon over his eyes to disguise himself, went and lived in a modest retirement with his only child. In short, Mr. Stars was the identical individual! When Will Stanmore turned out to be the wrongful Sir George Elmore's son, instead of the Child of Mystery

and Man of Crime, who turned out to be Michael's son (a change having been effected, in revenge, by the lady from the Pyrenean Mountains, who became the Wild Wanderer of the Heath, in consequence of the wrongful Sir George Elmore's perfidy to her and desertion of her), Mr. Stars went up to the Castle, and mentioned to his murdering brother how it was. Mr. Stars said it was all right; he bore no malice; he had kept out of the way, in order that his murdering brother (to whose numerous virtues he was no stranger) might enjoy the property; and now he would propose that they should make it up and dine together. The murdering brother immediately consented, embraced the Wild Wanderer, and it is supposed sent instructions to Doctors' Commons for a license to marry her. After which, they were all very comfortable indeed. For it is not much to try to murder your brother for the sake of his property, if you only suborn such a delicate assassin as Michael the Mendicant!

All this did not tend to the satisfaction of the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, who was so little pleased by the general happiness that he shot Will Stanmore, now joyfully out of prison and going to be married directly to May Morning, and carried off the body, and May Morning to boot, to a lone hut. Here, Will Stanmore, laid out for dead at fifteen minutes past twelve, P.M., arose at seventeen minutes past, infinitely fresher than most daisies, and fought two strong men single-handed. However, the Wild Wanderer, arriving with a party of male wild wanderers, who were always at her disposal—and the murdering brother arriving arm-in-arm with Mr. Stars—stopped the combat, confounded the Child of Mystery and Man of Crime, and blessed the lovers.

The adventures of "RED RIVEN THE BANDIT" concluded the moral lesson of the evening. But, feeling by this time a little fatigued, and believing that we already discerned in the countenance of Mr. Whelks a sufficient confusion between right and wrong to last him for one night, we retired; the rather as we intended to meet him shortly, at another place of dramatic entertainment for the people.

## THE AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.—II.

MR. WHELKS being much in the habit of recreating himself at a class of theatres called "Saloons," we repaired to one of these, not long ago, on a Monday evening; Monday being a great holiday-night with Mr. Whelks and his friends.

The Saloon in question is the largest in London (that which is known as The Eagle, in the City Road, should be excepted from the generic term, as not presenting by any means the same class of entertainment), and is situate not far from Shoreditch Church. It announces "The People's Theatre," as its second name. The prices of admission are, to the boxes, a shilling; to the pit, sixpence; to the lower gallery, fourpence; to the upper gallery and back seats, threepence. There is no half-price. The opening piece on this occasion was described in the bills as "The greatest hit of the season, the grand new legendary and traditionary drama, combining supernatural agencies with historical facts, and identifying extraordinary superhuman causes with material, terrific, and powerful effects." All the queen's horses and all the queen's men could not have drawn Mr. Whelks into the place like this description. Strengthened by lithographic representations of the principal superhuman causes, combined with the most popular of the material, terrific, and powerful effects, it became irresistible. Consequently, we had already failed, once, in finding six square inches of room within the walls, to stand

upon; and when we now paid our money for a little stage-box, like a dry shower-bath, we did so in the midst of a stream of people who persisted in paying theirs for other parts of the house in despite of the representations of the Money-taker that it was very full, everywhere.

The outer avenues and passages of the People's Theatre bore abundant testimony to the fact of its being frequented by very dirty people. Within, the atmosphere was far from odoriferous. The place was crammed to excess in all parts. Among the audience were a large number of boys and youths, and a great many very young girls grown into bold women before they had well ceased to be children. These last were the worst features of the whole crowd, and were more prominent there than in any other sort of public assembly that we know of, except at a public execution. There was no drink supplied, beyond the contents of the porter-can (magnified in its dimensions, perhaps), which may be usually seen traversing the galleries of the largest Theatres as well as the least, and which was seen here everywhere. Huge ham-sandwiches, piled on trays like deals in a timber-yard, were handed about for sale to the hungry; and there was no stint of oranges, cakes, brandy-balls, or other similar refreshments. The Theatre was capacious with a very large capable stage, well lighted, well appointed, and managed in a businesslike, orderly manner in all respects; the performances had begun so early as a quarter-past six, and had been then in progress for three-quarters of an hour.

It was apparent here, as in the theatre we had previously visited, that one of the reasons of its great attraction was its being directly addressed to the common people, in the provision made for their seeing and hearing. Instead of

being put away in a dark gap in the roof of an immense building, as in our once National Theatres, they were here in possession of eligible points of view, and thoroughly able to take in the whole performance. Instead of being at a great disadvantage in comparison with the mass of the audience, they were *the* audience, for whose accommodation the place was made. We believe this to be one great cause of the success of these speculations. In whatever way the common people are addressed, whether in churches, chapels, schools, lecture-rooms, or theatres, to be successfully addressed they must be directly appealed to. No matter how good the feast, they will not come to it on mere sufferance. If, on looking round us, we find that the only things plainly and personally addressed to them, from quack medicines upwards, be bad or very defective things,—so much the worse for them and for all of us, and so much the more unjust and absurd the system which has haughtily abandoned a strong ground to such occupation.

We will add that we believe these people have a right to be amused. A great deal that we consider to be unreasonable is written and talked about not licensing these places of entertainment. We have already intimated that we believe a love of dramatic representations to be an inherent principle in human nature. In most conditions of human life of which we have any knowledge, from the Greeks to the Bosjesmen, some form of dramatic representation has always obtained.<sup>1</sup> We have a vast respect for county magis-

<sup>1</sup> In the remote interior of Africa, and among the North American Indians, this truth is exemplified in an equally striking manner. Who that saw the four grim, stunted, abject Bush-people at the Egyptian Hall—with two natural actors among them out of that number, one a male and the other a female—can forget how some-

trates, and for the Lord Chamberlain; but we render greater deference to such extensive and immutable experience, and think it will outlive the whole existing court and commission. We would assuredly not bear harder on the four-penny theatre than on the four-shilling theatre, or the four-guinea theatre; but we would decidedly interpose to turn to some wholesome account the means of instruction which it has at command, and we would make that office of Dramatic Licensor, which, like many other offices, has become a mere piece of Court favor and dandy conventionality, a real, responsible, educational trust. We would have it exercise a sound supervision over the lower drama, instead of stopping the career of a real work of art, as it did in the case of Mr. Chorley's play at the Surrey Theatre, but a few weeks since, for a sickly point of form.

To return to Mr. Whelks. The audience, being able to see and hear, were very attentive. They were so closely packed that they took a little time in settling down after any pause; but otherwise the general disposition was to lose nothing, and to check (in no choice language) any disturber of the business of the scene.

On our arrival, Mr. Whelks had already followed Lady Hatton the Heroine (whom we faintly recognized as a mutilated theme of the late THOMAS INGOLDSBY) to the "Gloomy Dell and Suicide's Tree," where Lady H. had encountered the "apparition of the dark man of doom," and heard the "fearful story of the Suicide." She had

thing human and imaginative gradually broke out on the little ugly man, when he was roused from crouching over the charcoal fire, into giving a dramatic representation of the tracking of a beast, the shooting of it with poisoned arrows, and the creature's death?



also "signed the compact in her own Blood," beheld "the Tombs rent asunder," seen "skeletons start from their graves, and gibber, 'Mine, mine, forever!'" and undergone all these little experiences (each set forth in a separate line in the bill) in the compass of one act. It was not yet over, indeed, for we found a remote King of England, of the name of "Enerry," refreshing himself with the spectacle of a dance in a Garden, which was interrupted by the "thrilling appearance of the Demon." This "superhuman cause" (with black eyebrows slanting up into his temples, and red-foil cheekbones,) brought the Drop-Curtain down as we took possession of our Shower-Bath.

It seemed, on the curtain's going up again, that Lady Hatton had sold herself to the Powers of Darkness, on very high terms, and was now overtaken by remorse, and by jealousy too; the latter passion being excited by the beautiful Lady Rodolpha, ward to the King. It was to urge Lady Hatton on to the murder of this young female (as well as we could make out, but both we and Mr. Whelks found the incidents complicated) that the Demon appeared "once again in all his terrors." Lady Hatton had been leading a life of piety, but the Demon was not to have his bargain declared off, in right of any such artifices, and now offered a dagger for the destruction of Rodolpha. Lady Hatton hesitating to accept this trifle from Tartarus, the Demon, for certain subtle reasons of his own, proceeded to entertain her with a view of the "gloomy court-yard of a convent," and the apparitions of the "Skeleton Monk" and the "King of Terrors." Against these superhuman causes, another superhuman cause, to wit, the ghost of Lady H.'s mother, came into play, and greatly confounded the Powers of Darkness by waving the "sacred emblem"

over the head of the else devoted Rodolpha, and causing her to sink into the earth. Upon this the Demon, losing his temper, fiercely invited Lady Hatton to "Be-old the tortures of the damned!" and straightway conveyed her to a "grand and awful view of Pandemonium, and Lake of Transparent Rolling Fire," whereof, and also of "Prometheus chained, and the Vulture gnawing at his liver," Mr. Whelks was exceedingly derisive.

The Demon still failing, even there, and still finding the ghost of the old lady greatly in his way, exclaimed that these vexations had such a remarkable effect upon his spirit as to "sear his eyeballs," and that he must go "deeper down," which he accordingly did. Hereupon it appeared that it was all a dream on Lady Hatton's part, and that she was newly married and uncommonly happy. This put an end to the incongruous heap of nonsense, and set Mr. Whelks applauding mightily; for, except with the lake of transparent rolling fire (which was not half infernal enough for him), Mr. Whelks was infinitely contented with the whole of the proceedings.

Ten thousand people, every week, all the year round, are estimated to attend this place of amusement. If it were closed to-morrow—if there were fifty such, and they were all closed to-morrow—the only result would be to cause that to be privately and evasively done which is now publicly done; to render the harm of it much greater, and to exhibit the suppressive power of the law in an oppressive and partial light. The people who now resort here *will be* amused somewhere. It is of no use to blink that fact, or to make pretences to the contrary. We had far better apply ourselves improving the character of their amusement. It would not be exacting much, or exacting any-

thing very difficult, to require that the pieces represented in these Theatres should have, at least, a good, plain, healthy purpose in them.

To the end that our experiences might not be supposed to be partial or unfortunate, we went, the very next night, to the Theatre where we saw *May Morning*, and found Mr. Whelks engaged in the study of an "Original Old English Domestic and Romantic Drama," called "*EVA THE BETRAYED, OR THE LADYE OF LAMBYTHE.*" We proceed to develop the incidents which gradually unfolded themselves to Mr. Whelks' understanding.

One Geoffrey Thornley the younger, on a certain fine morning, married his father's ward, *Eva the Betrayed, the Ladye of Lambythe*. She had become the Betrayed in right—or in wrong—of designing Geoffrey's machinations; for that corrupt individual, knowing her to be under promise of marriage to *Walter More*, a young mariner (of whom he was accustomed to make slighting mention, as a "minion"), represented the said *More* to be no more, and obtained the consent of the too trusting *Eva* to their immediate union.

Now it came to pass, by a singular coincidence, that on the identical morning of the marriage, *More* came home, and was taking a walk about the scenes of his boyhood—a little faded since that time—when he rescued "*Wilbert the Hunchback*" from some very rough treatment. This misguided person, in return, immediately fell to abusing his preserver in round terms, giving him to understand that he (the preserved) hated "manerkind, wither two eckerceptions," one of them being the deceiving *Geoffrey*, whose retainer he was, and for whom he felt an unconquerable attachment; the other, a relative, whom, in a sim-

ilar redundancy of emphasis, adapted to the requirements of Mr. Whelks, he called his "assister." This misanthrope also made the cold-blooded declaration, "There was a timer when I loved my fellow-keretures till they deserpised me. Now, I live only to witness man's disergherace and woman's misery!" In furtherance of this amiable purpose of existence, he directed More to where the bridal procession was coming home from church, and Eva recognized More, and More reproached Eva, and there was a great to-do, and a violent struggling, before certain social villagers who were celebrating the event with morris-dances. Eva was borne off in a tearing condition, and the bill very truly observed that the end of that part of the business was "despair and madness."

Geoffrey, Geoffrey, why were you already married to another! Why could you not be true to your lawful wife Katherine, instead of deserting her, and leaving her to come tumbling into public-houses (on account of weakness) in search of you! You might have known what it would end in, Geoffrey Thornley! You might have known that she would come up to your house on your wedding-day with her marriage-certificate in her pocket determined to expose you. You might have known beforehand, as you now very composedly observe, that you would have "but one course to pursue." That course clearly is to wind your right hand in Katherine's long hair, wrestle with her, stab her, throw down the body behind the door (cheers from Mr. Whelks), and tell the devoted Hunchback to get rid of it. On the devoted Hunchback's finding that it is the body of his "assister," and taking her marriage-certificate from her pocket and denouncing you, of course you have still but one course to pursue, and that is to

charge the crime upon him, and have him carried off with all speed into the "deep and massive dungeons beneath Thornley Hall."

More having, as he was rather given to boast, "a goodly vessel on the lordly Thames," had better have gone with it, weather permitting, than gone after Eva. Naturally, he got carried down to the dungeons, too, for lurking about, and got put into the next dungeon to the Hunchback, then expiring from poison. And there they were, hard and fast, like two wild beasts in dens, trying to get glimpses of each other through the bars, to the unutterable interest of Mr. Whelks.

But when the Hunchback made himself known and when More did the same; and when the Hunchback said he had got the certificate which rendered Eva's marriage illegal; and when More raved to have it given to him, and when the Hunchback (as having some grains of misanthropy in him to the last) persisted in going into his dying agonies in a remote corner of his cage, and took unheard of trouble not to die anywhere near the bars that were within More's reach, Mr. Whelks applauded to the echo. At last the Hunchback was persuaded to stick the certificate on the point of a dagger, and hand it in; and that done, died extremely hard, knocking himself violently about, to the very last gasp, and certainly making the most of all the life that was in him.

Still More had yet to get out of his den before he could turn his certificate to any account. His first step was to make such a violent uproar as to bring into his presence a certain "Norman Free Lance" who kept watch and ward over him. His second, to inform this warrior, in the style of the Polite Letter-Writer, that "circumstances had oc-

curred" rendering it necessary that he should be immediately let out. The warrior declining to submit himself to the force of these circumstances, Mr. More proposed to him, as a gentleman and a man of honor, to allow him to step out into the gallery, and there adjust an old feud subsisting between them, by single combat. The unwary Free Lance, consenting to this reasonable proposal, was shot from behind by the comic man, whom he bitterly designated as "a snipe" for that action, and then died exceedingly game.

All this occurred in one day—the bridal day of the Ladye of Lambythe; and now Mr. Whelks concentrated all his energies into a focus, bent forward, looked straight in front of him, and held his breath. For, the night of the eventful day being come, Mr. Whelks was admitted "to the bridal chamber of the Ladye of Lambythe," where he beheld a toilet table, and a particularly large and desolate four-post bedstead. Here the Ladye, having dismissed her bridesmaids, was interrupted in deploring her unhappy fate, by the entrance of her husband; and matters, under these circumstances, were proceeding to very desperate extremities, when the Ladye (by this time aware of the existence of the certificate) found a dagger on the dressing-table, and said, "Attempt to enfold me in thy pernicious embrace, and this poignard—!" etc. He did attempt it, however, for all that, and he and the Ladye were dragging one another about like wrestlers, when Mr. More broke open the door, and, entering with the whole domestic establishment and a Middlesex magistrate, took him into custody and claimed his bride.

It is but fair to Mr. Whelks to remark on one curious fact in this entertainment. When the situations were very

strong indeed, they were very like what some favorite situations in the Italian Opera would be to a profoundly deaf spectator. The despair and madness at the end of the first act, the business of the long hair, and the struggle in the bridal chamber, were as like the conventional passion of the Italian singers, as the orchestra was unlike the opera band, or its "hurries" unlike the music of the great composers. So do extremes meet; and so is there some hopeful congeniality between what will excite Mr. Whelks and what will rouse a Duchess.

[1850.]

## THE GUILD OF LITERATURE AND ART.

THERE are reasons, sufficiently obvious to our readers without explanation, which render the present a fitting place for a few words of remark on the proposed Institution bearing this name.

Its objects, as stated in the public advertisement, are, “to encourage life assurance and other provident habits among authors and artists; to render such assistance to both, as shall never compromise their independence; and to found a new Institution where honorable rest from arduous labor shall still be associated with the discharge of congenial duties.”

The authors and artists associated in this endeavor would be but indifferent students of human nature, and would be but poorly qualified for the pursuit of their art, if they supposed it possible to originate any scheme that would be free from objection. They have neither the right, nor the desire, to take offence at any discussion of the details of their plan. All that they claim is such consideration for it as their character and position may justly demand, and such moderate restraint in regard of misconception or misrepresentation as is due to any body of gentlemen disinterestedly associated for an honorable purpose.

It is proposed to form a Society of Authors and Artists by profession, who shall all effect some kind of Insurance on their lives;—whether for a hundred pounds or a thousand pounds—whether on high premiums terminable at a



certain age, or on premiums payable through the whole of life—whether for deferred annuities, or for pensions to widows, or for the accumulation of sums destined to the education or portioning of children—is in this, as in all other cases, at the discretion of the individual insuring. The foundation of a New Life Insurance Office, expressly for these purposes, would be, obviously, a rash proceeding, wholly unjustifiable in the infancy of such a design. Therefore its proposers recommend one existing Insurance Office—firstly, because its constitution appears to secure to its insurers better terms than they can meet with elsewhere; secondly, because in Life Insurance, as in most other things, a body of persons can obtain advantages which individuals cannot. The chief advantage thus obtained in this instance is stated in the printed Prospectus as a deduction of five per cent from all the premiums paid by Members of the Society to that particular office. It is needless to add that if an author or an artist be already insured in another office, or if he have any peculiar liking, in effecting a new insurance, for paying five per cent more than he need, he is at perfect liberty to insure where he pleases, and in right of any insurance whatever to become a Member of the Society if he will.

But there may be cases in which, on account of impaired health or of advanced age at the present time, individuals desirous of joining the Society may be quite unable to obtain acceptance at any Life Office. In such instances the required qualification of Life Insurance will be dispensed with. In cases of proved temporary inability to meet a periodical payment due on an Insurance, the Society proposes to assist the insurer from its funds.

“In connection with this Society,” the Prospectus pro-

ceeds, "by which it is intended to commend and enforce the duties of prudence and foresight, especially incumbent on those whose income is wholly, or mainly, derived from the precarious profit of a profession, it is proposed to establish and endow an Institute, having at its disposal certain salaries, to which certain duties will be attached; together with a limited number of free residences, which, though sufficiently small to be adapted to a very moderate income, will be completed with due regard to the ordinary habits and necessary comforts of gentlemen. The offices of Endowment will consist:

"First,—Of a Warden, with a house and a salary of two hundred pounds a year;

"Second,—Of Members, with a house and one hundred and seventy pounds, or, without a house, two hundred pounds a year;

"Third,—Of Associates, with a salary of one hundred pounds a year.

"For these offices all who are Insurers in the Society above mentioned are qualified to offer themselves as Candidates. Such Insurance is to be considered an indispensable qualification, saving in exceptional cases (should any such arise) where an individual can prove that he has made every effort to insure his life, but cannot find acceptance at any Life Office, by reason of impaired health, or of advanced age, at the date of his prospectus.

"Each Member will be required to give, either personally or by a proxy selected from the Associates, with the approval of the Warden, three lectures in each year—one in London, the others at the Mechanics' Institutes, or some public building suited for the purpose, in the principal provincial towns. Considering the many duties exacting time

and attention that will devolve on the Warden, he will not be required to give more than one lecture annually (which, if delivered by a proxy, he will, health permitting, be expected to compose himself), and that in the Metropolis.

“These lectures will be subject to the direction and control of the managing body of the Endowment. They will usually relate to Letters or Art, and will invariably avoid all debatable ground of Politics or Theology. It will be the endeavor of the Committee to address them to points on which the public may be presumed to be interested, and to require dispassionate and reliable information—to make them, in short, an educational and improving feature of the time.

“The duties of Associates will be defined and fixed by the Council (consisting of the Warden, the Members, and a certain number of the Associates themselves), according to the previous studies and peculiar talent of each—whether in gratuitous assistance to any learned bodies, societies for the diffusion of knowledge, etc., or, as funds increase, and the utilities of the Institution develop themselves, in co-operating toward works of national interest and importance, but on subjects of a nature more popular, and at a price more accessible, than those which usually emanate from professed academies. It is well to add that while, on every account, it is deemed desirable to annex to the receipt of a salary the performance of a duty, it is not intended that such duty should make so great a demand upon the time and labor, either of Member or Associate, as to deprive the public of their services in those departments in which they have gained distinction, or to divert their own efforts for independence from their accustomed professional pursuits.

“The design of the Institution proposed is, to select for the appointment of Members (who will be elected for life) those Writers and Artists of established reputation, and generally of mature years (or, if young, in failing health), to whom the income attached to the appointment may be an object of honorable desire; while the office of Associate is intended partly for those whose toils or merits are less known to the general public than their professional brethren, and partly for those, in earlier life, who give promise of future eminence, and to whom a temporary income of one hundred pounds a year may be of essential and permanent service. There are few men professionally engaged in Art or Letters, even though their labors may have raised them into comparative wealth, who cannot look back to some period of struggle in which an income so humble would have saved them from many a pang, and, perhaps, from the necessity of stooping their ambition to occupations at variance with the higher aims of their career.

“An Associate may, therefore, be chosen for life, or for one or more years, according to the nature of his claims, and the discretion of the Electors.”

With the view of bringing this project into general notice, Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (besides a gift of land) has written a new comedy, and presented it to the friends associated with him in the origination of the scheme. They will act it, first, before Her Majesty at Devonshire House, and afterward publicly. Over and above the profits that may arise from these dramatic representations, the copyright of the comedy, both for acting and publishing, being unconditionally given to the Association, has already enabled it to realize a handsome sum of money.

Many of our readers are aware that this company of

amateur actors has been for some time in existence. Its public existence was accidental. It was originally formed for the private amusement of a leisure hour. Yielding to urgent entreaty, it then had the good fortune to render service to the Sanatorium, one of the most useful and most necessary Institutions ever founded in this country. It was subsequently enabled to yield timely assistance to three distinguished literary men, all of whom Her Majesty has since placed on the Pension List, and entirely to support one of them for nearly three years. It is now about to renew its exertions for the cause we have set forth. To say that its members do not merely seek their own entertainment and display (easily attainable by far less troublesome and responsible means) is to award them the not very exalted praise of being neither fools nor impostors.

The Guild of Literature and Art may be a good name or a bad name; the details of this endowment—mere suggestions at present, and not to be proceeded with, until much work shall have been patiently done—may be perfect or most imperfect; the retirement proposed may be taken for granted to be everything that it is not intended to be; and still we conceive the real question to remain untouched. It is, whether Literature shall continue to be an exception from all other professions and pursuits, in having no resource for its distressed and divided followers but in eleemosynary aid; or, whether it is good that they should be provident, united, helpful of one another, and independent.

No child can suppose that the profits of the comedy alone will be sufficient for such an Endowment as is sought to be established. It is expressly stated in the Prospectus that "for farther support to the Endowment by subscription, and especially by annual subscription, it is intended to

appeal to the Public." If the Public will disembarass the question of any little cobwebs that may be spun about it, and will confine it to this, it will be faithful to its ever generous and honest nature.

There is no reason for affecting to conceal that the writer of these few remarks is active in the project, and is impelled by a zealous desire to advance what he knows to be a worthy object. He would be false to the trust placed in him, by the friends with whom he is associated, and to the secret experience of his daily life, and of the calling to which he belongs, if he had any dainty reserve in such a matter. He is one of an order beyond which he affects to be nothing. He knows—few men can know, he thinks, with better reason—that he does his duty to it in taking this part; and he wishes his personal testimony to tell for what it is worth.

[1851.]

## WHOLE HOGS.

THE public market has been of late more than usually remarkable for transactions on the American principle in Whole and indivisible Hogs. The market has been heavy—not the least approach to briskness having been observed in any part of it; but the transactions, such as they have been, have been exclusively for Whole Hogs. Those who may only have had a retail inclination for sides, ribs, limbs, cheeks, face, trotters, snout, ears, or tail, have been required to take the Whole Hog, sinking none of the offal, but consenting to it all—and a good deal of it too.

It has been discovered that mankind at large can only be regenerated by a Teatotal Society, or by a Peace Society, or by always dining on Vegetables. It is to be particularly remarked that either of these certain means of regeneration is utterly defeated, if so much as a hair's breadth of the tip of either ear of that particular Pig be left out of the bargain. Qualify your water with a teaspoonful of wine or brandy—we beg pardon, alcohol—and there is no virtue in Temperance. Maintain a single sentry at the gate of the Queen's Palace, and it is utterly impossible that you can be peaceful. Stew so much as the bone of a mutton chop in the pot with your vegetables, and you will never make another Eden out of a Kitchen Garden. You must take the whole Hog, Sir, and every bristle on him, or you and the rest of mankind will never be regenerated.

Now, without inquiring at present whether means of

regeneration that are so easily spoiled may not a little resemble the pair of dancing-shoes in the story, which the lady destroyed by walking across a room in them, we will consider the Whole Hog question from another point of view.

First, stand aside to see the great Teatotal Procession come by. It is called a Temperance Procession—which is not an honest use of a plain word, but never mind that. Hurrah! hurrah! The flags are blue and the letters golden. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many excellent, straightforward, thoroughly well-meaning, and exemplary people, four and *four*, or two and two. Hurrah! hurrah! Here are a great many children, also four and four, or two and two. Who are they?—They, Sir, are the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope.—Lord bless me! What are the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope?—They are the Infantine Brigade of Regenerators of Mankind.—Indeed? Hurrah! hurrah! These young citizens being pledged to total abstinence, and being fully competent to pledge themselves to anything for life; and it being the custom of such young citizens' parents, in the existing state of unregenerated society, to bring them up on ardent spirits and strong beer (both of which are commonly kept in barrels, behind the door, on tap, in all large families, expressly for persons of tender years, of whom it is calculated that seven-eighths always go to bed drunk); this is a grand show. So, again, Hurrah! hurrah!

Who are these gentlemen walking two and two, with medals on their stomachs and bows in their buttonholes?—These, Sir, are the Committee.—Are they? Hurrah! hurrah! One cheer more for the Committee! Hoo-o-o-oh! A cheer for the Reverend Jabez Fireworks—fond of



speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the stand-up collar, Mr. Gloss—fond of speaking; a cheer for the gentleman with the massive watchchain, who smiles so sweetly on the surrounding Fair, Mr. Glib—fond of speaking; a cheer for the rather dirty little gentleman who looks like a converted Hyæna, Mr. Scradger—fond of speaking; a cheer for the dark-eyed, brown gentleman, the Dove Delegate from America—fond of speaking; a cheer for the swarm who follow, blackening the procession,—Regenerators from everywhere in general—all good men—all fond of speaking; and all going to speak.

I have no right to object, I am sure. Hurrah, hurrah!

The Reverend Jabez Fireworks, and the great Mr. Gloss, and the popular Mr. Glib, and the eminent Mr. Scradger, and the Dove Delegate from America, and the distinguished swarm from everywhere, have ample opportunity (and profit by it, too) for speaking to their heart's content. For is there not to-day a Grand Demonstration Meeting; and to-morrow another Grand Demonstration Meeting; and the day after to-morrow a Grand United Regenerative Zoölogical Visitation; and the day after that a Grand Aggregate General Demonstration; and the day after that a Grand Associated Regenerative Breakfast; and the day after that a Final Grand Aggregate Compounded United and Associated Steamboat River Demonstration; and do the Regenerators go anywhere without speaking, by the bushel? Still what offence to me? None. Still I am content to cry Hurrah! hurrah! If the Regenerators, though estimable men, be the most tiresome men (as speakers) under Heaven; if their sincerest and best followers cannot, in the infirmity of human nature, bear the infliction of such oratory, but occupy themselves in preference with

tea and rolls, or resort for comfort to the less terrible society of Lions, Elephants, and Bears, or drown the Regenerative eloquence in the clash of brazen Bands; I think it sensible and right, and still exclaim, Hurrah!

But how, if with the matter of such eloquence, when any of it happens to be heard, and also happens not to be a singular compound of references to the Bible and selections from Joe Miller, I find, on drawing nearer, that I *have* some business? How, if I find that the distinguished swarm are not of that quiet class of gentlemen whom Mr. CARLYLE describes as consuming their own smoke; but that they emit a vast amount of smoke and blacken their neighbors very considerably? Then, as a neighbor myself, I have perhaps a right to speak?

In Bedlam, and in all other madhouses, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the patient. In Newgate, and in all other prisons, Society is denounced as being wrongfully combined against the criminal. In the speeches of the Reverend Jabez, and the other Regenerators, Society is denounced as being wrongfully and wickedly combined against their own particular Whole Hog—who must be swallowed, every bristle, or there is no Pork in him.

The proof? Society won't come in and sign the pledge; Society won't come in and recruit the Juvenile Temperance Bands of Hope. Therefore Society is fond of drunkenness, sees no harm in it, favors it very much, *is* a drunkard—a base, worthless, sensual, profligate brute. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, brothers and sisters, divines, physicians, lawyers, editors, authors, painters, poets, musicians, Queens, lords, ladies, and commons, are all in league against the Regenerators, are all violently attached

to drunkenness, are all the more dangerous if by any chance they be personal examples of temperance, in the real meaning of the word!—which last powerful steam-hammer of logic has become a pet one, and is constantly to be observed in action.

Against this sweeping misrepresentation, I take the liberty of entering my feeble protest. With all respect for Jabez, for Gloss, for Glib, for Dove Delegate, and for Scradger, I must make so bold as to observe that when a Malay runs a-muck he cannot be considered in a temperate state of mind; also, that when a thermometer stands at Fever Heat, it cannot claim to indicate Temperate weather. A man, to be truly temperate, must be temperate in many respects—in the rejection of strong words no less than of strong drinks—and I crave leave to assert against my good friends the Regenerators that, in such gross statements, they set a most intemperate example. I even doubt whether an equal number of drunkards, under the excitement of the strongest liquors, could set a worse example.

And I would beg to put it seriously to the consideration of those who have sufficient powers of endurance to stand about the platform, listening, whether they think of this sufficiently? Whether they ever knew the like of this before? Whether they have any experience or knowledge of a good cause that was ever promoted by such bad means? Whether they ever heard of an association of people, deliberately, by their chosen vessels, throwing overboard every effort but their own, made for the amelioration of the condition of men; unscrupulously vilifying all other laborers in the vineyard; calumniously setting down as aiders and abettors of an odious vice which they know to be held in

general abhorrence, and consigned to general shame, the great compact mass of the community—of its intelligence, of its morality, of its earnest endeavor after better things? If, upon consideration, they know of no such other case, then the inquiry will perhaps occur to them, whether, in supporting a so conducted cause, they really be upholders of Temperance, dealing with words, which should be the signs for Truth, according to the truth that is in them?

Mankind can only be regenerated, proclaim the fathers of the Whole Hog Number Two, by means of a Peace Society. Well! I call out of the nearest Peace Society my worthy friend John Bates—an excellent workman and a sound man, lineally descended from that sturdy soldier of the same name who spake with King Henry the Fifth, on the night before the battle of Agincourt. “Bates,” says I, “how about this Regeneration? *Why* can it only be effected by means of a Peace Society?” Says Bates in answer: “Because War is frightful, ruinous, and unchristian. Because the details of one battle, because the horrors of one siege, would so appal you, if you knew them, that probably you never could be happy afterward. Because man was not created in the image of his Maker to be blasted with gunpowder, or pierced with bayonets, or gashed with swords, or trampled under iron hoofs of horses into a puddle of mire and blood. Because War is a wickedness that always costs us dear. Because it wastes our treasure, hardens our hearts, paralyzes our industry, cripples our commerce, occasions losses, ills, and devilish crimes, unspeakable and out of number.” Says I sadly, “But have I not, O Bates, known all this for this many a year?” “It may be so,” says Bates; “then come into the Peace Society.” Says I, “Why come in there, Bates?” Says Bates, “Be-

cause we declare we won't have War or show of War. We won't have armies, navies, camps, or ships. England shall be disarmed, we say, and all these horrors ended." Says I, "How ended, Bates?" Says Bates, "By arbitration. We have a Dove Delegate from America, and a Mouse Delegate from France; and we are establishing a Bond of brotherhood, and that'll do it." "Alas! it will NOT do it, Bates. I, too, have thought upon the horrors of war, of the blessings of peace, and of the fatal distraction of men's minds from seeking them, by the roll of the drum and the thunder of the inexorable cannon. However, Bates, the world is not so far upon its course, yet, but that there are tyrants and oppressors left upon it, watchful to find Freedom weak that they may strike, and backed by great armies. O John Bates, look out toward Austria, look out toward Russia, look out toward Germany, look out toward the purple Sea, that lies so beautiful and calm beyond the filthy jails of Naples! Do you see nothing there?" Says Bates (like the sister in Blue Beard, but much more triumphantly), "I see nothing there, but dust;"—and this is one of the inconveniences of a fattened Whole and indivisible Hog, that it fills up the doorway, and its breeders cannot see beyond it. "Dust!" says Bates. I tell Bates that it is because there are, behind that dust, oppressors and oppressed, arrayed against each other—that it is because there are, beyond his Dove Delegate and his Mouse Delegate the wild beasts of the Forest—that it is because I dread and hate the miseries of tyranny and war—that it is because I would not be soldier-ridden, nor have other men so—that I am not for the disarming of England, and cannot be a member of his Peace Society; admitting all his premises, but denying his conclusion. Whereupon Bates, other-

wise just and sensible, insinuates that, not being for his Whole and indivisible Hog, I can be for no part of his Hog; and that I have never felt or thought what his Society now tells me it, and only it, feels and thinks as a new discovery; and that when I am told of the new discovery I don't care for it!

Mankind can only be regenerated by dining on Vegetables. Why? Certain worthy gentlemen have dined, it seems, on vegetables for ever so many years, and are none the worse for it. Straightway, these excellent men, excited to the highest pitch, announce themselves by public advertisement as "DISTINGUISHED VEGETARIANS," vault upon a platform, hold a vegetable festival, and proceed to show, not without prolixity and weak jokes, that a vegetable diet is the only true faith, and that, in eating meat, mankind is wholly mistaken and partially corrupt. Distinguished Vegetarians! As the men who wear Nankeen trousers might hold a similar meeting, and become Distinguished Nankeenarians! But am I to have No meat? If I take a pledge to eat three cauliflowers daily in the cauliflower season, a peck of peas in the pea time, a gallon of broad Windsor beans daily when beans are "in," and a young cabbage or so every morning before breakfast, with perhaps a little ginger between meals (as a vegetable substance, corrective of that windy diet), may I not be allowed half an ounce of beef-gravy to flavor my potatoes? Not a shred! Distinguished Vegetarians can acknowledge no imperfect animal. Their Hog must be a Whole Hog, according to the fashion of the time.

Now, we would so far renew the custom of sacrificing animals, as to recommend that an altar be erected to Our Country, at present sheltering so many of these very incon-

venient and unwieldy Hogs, on which their grosser portions should be "burnt and purged away." The Whole Hog of the Temperance Movement, divested of its intemperate assumption of infallibility and of its intemperate determination to run grunting at the legs of the general population of this empire, would be a far less unclean and a far more serviceable creature than at present. The Whole Hog of the Peace Society, acquiring the recognition of a community of feeling between itself and many who hold war in no less abhorrence, but who yet believe that, in the present era of the world, some preparation against it is a preservative of peace and a restraint upon despotism, would become as much enlightened as its learned predecessor, Toby of Immortal Memory. And if distinguished Vegetarians, of all kinds, would only allow a little meat, and if distinguished Fleshmeatarians, of all kinds, would only yield a little vegetable; if the former, quietly devouring the fruits of the earth to any extent, would admit the possible morality of mashed potatoes with beef—and if the latter would concede a little spinach with gammon; and if both could manage to get on with a little less platforming—there being at present rather an undue preponderance of cry over wool—if all of us, in short, were to yield up something of our whole and entire animals, it might be very much the better in the end, both for us and for them.

After all, my friends and brothers, even the best Whole and indivisible Hog may be but a small fragment of the higher and greater work, called Education? [1851.]

## TRADING IN DEATH.

SEVERAL years have now elapsed since it began to be clear to the comprehension of most rational men, that the English people had fallen into a condition much to be regretted, in respect of their Funeral customs. A system of barbarous show and expense was found to have gradually erected itself above the grave, which, while it could possibly do no honor to the memory of the dead, did great dishonor to the living, as inducing them to associate the most solemn of human occasions with unmeaning mummeries, dishonest debt, profuse waste, and bad example in an utter oblivion of responsibility. The more the subject was examined, and the lower the investigation was carried, the more monstrous (as was natural) these usages appeared to be, both in themselves and in their consequences. No class of society escaped. The competition among the middle classes for superior gentility in Funerals—the gentility being estimated by the amount of ghastly folly in which the undertaker was permitted to run riot—descended even to the very poor: to whom the cost of funeral customs was so ruinous and so disproportionate to their means, that they formed Clubs among themselves to defray such charges. Many of these Clubs, conducted by designing villains who preyed upon the general infirmity, cheated and wronged the poor most cruelly; others, by presenting a new class of temptations to the wickedest natures among them, led to a new class of mercenary murders, so abominable in their ini-



quity, that language cannot stigmatize them with sufficient severity. That nothing might be wanting to complete the general depravity, hollowness, and falsehood, of this state of things, the absurd fact came to light that innumerable harpies assumed the titles of furnishers of Funerals, who possessed no Funeral furniture whatever, but who formed a long file of middlemen between the chief mourner and the real tradesman, and who hired out the trappings from one to another—passing them on like water-buckets at a fire—every one of them charging his enormous percentage on his share of the “black job.” Add to all this, the demonstration, by the simplest and plainest practical science, of the terrible consequences to the living, inevitably resulting from the practice of burying the dead in the midst of crowded towns; and the exposition of a system of indecent horror, revolting to our nature and disgraceful to our age and nation, arising out of the confined limits of such burial-grounds, and the avarice of their proprietors; and the culminating point of this gigantic mockery is at last arrived at.

Out of such almost incredible degradation, saving that the proof of it is too easy, we are still very slowly and feebly emerging. There are now, we confidently hope, among the middle classes, many, who having made themselves acquainted with these evils through the parliamentary papers in which they are described, would be moved by no human consideration to perpetuate the old bad example; but who will leave it as their solemn injunction on their nearest and dearest survivors, that they shall not, in their death, be made the instruments of infecting either the minds or the bodies of their fellow-creatures. Among persons of note such examples have not been wanting. The late Duke of

Sussex did a national service when he desired to be laid, in the equality of death, in the cemetery of Kensal Green, and not with the pageantry of a State Funeral in the Royal vault at Windsor. Sir Robert Peel requested to be buried at Drayton. The late Queen Dowager left a pattern to every rank in these touching and admirable words: "I die in all humility, knowing well that we are all alike before the Throne of God; and I request, therefore, that my mortal remains be conveyed to the grave without any pomp or state. They are to be removed to St. George's Chapel, Windsor, where I request to have as private and quiet a funeral as possible. I particularly desire not to be laid out in state. I die in peace and wish to be carried to the tomb in peace, and free from the vanities and pomp of this world. I request not to be dissected or embalmed, and desire to give as little trouble as possible."

With such precedents and such facts fresh in the general knowledge, and at this transition-time in so serious a chapter of our social history, the obsolete custom of a State Funeral has been revived, in miscalled "honor" of the late Duke of Wellington. To whose glorious memory be all true honor while England lasts!

We earnestly submit to our readers that there is, and that there can be, no kind of honor in such a revival; that the more truly great the man, the more truly little the ceremony; and that it has been, from first to last, a pernicious instance and encouragement of the demoralizing practice of trading in Death.

It is within the knowledge of the whole public, of all diversities of political opinion, whether or no any of the Powers that be have traded in this Death—have saved it up, and petted it, and made the most of it, and reluctantly

let it go. On that aspect of the question we offer no further remark.

But, of the general trading spirit which, in its inherent emptiness and want of consistency and reality, the long-deferred State Funeral has appropriately awakened, we will proceed to furnish a few instances all faithfully copied from the advertising columns of *The Times*.

First, of seats and refreshments. Passing over that desirable first-floor where a party could be accommodated with "the use of a piano;" and merely glancing at the decorous daily announcement of "The Duke of Wellington Funeral Wine," which was in such high demand that immediate orders were necessary; and also "The Duke of Wellington Funeral Cake," which "delicious article" could only be had of such a baker; and likewise "The Funeral Life Preserver," which could only be had of such a tailor; and further "the celebrated lemon biscuits," at one and fourpence per pound, which were considered by the manufacturer as the only infallible assuagers of the national grief; let us pass in review some dozen of the more eligible opportunites the public had of profiting by the occasion.

LUDGATE HILL.—The fittings and arrangements for viewing this grand and solemnly imposing procession are now completed at this establishment, and those who are desirous of obtaining a fine and extensive view, combined with every personal convenience and comfort, will do well to make immediate inspection of the SEATS now remaining on hand.

FUNERAL, including Beds the night previous.—To be LET, a SECOND FLOOR, of three rooms, two windows, having a good view of the procession. Terms, including refreshment, 10 guineas. Single places, including bed and breakfast, from 15s.

THE DUKE'S FUNERAL.—A first-rate VIEW for 15 persons, also good clean beds and a sitting-room on reasonable terms.

But above all let us not forget the

NOTICE TO CLERGYMEN.—T. C., Fleet-street, has reserved for clergymen exclusively, *upon condition only that they appear in their surplices*, FOUR FRONT SEATS, at £1 each; four second tier, at 15s. each; four third tier, at 12s. 6d.; four fourth tier, at 10s.; four fifth tier, at 7s. 6d.; and four sixth tier, at 5s. All the other seats are respectively 40s., 30s., 20s., 15s., 10s.

The anxiety of this enterprising tradesman to get up a reverend tableau in his shop-window of four-and-twenty clergymen, all on six rows, is particularly commendable, and appears to us to shed a remarkable grace on the solemnity.

These few specimens are collected at random from scores upon scores of such advertisements, mingled with descriptions of non-existent ranges of view, and with invitations to a few agreeable gentlemen who are wanted to complete a little assembly of kindred souls, who have laid in abundance of "refreshments, wines, spirits, provisions, fruit, plate, glass, china," and other light matters too numerous to mention, and who keep "good fires." On looking over them we are constantly startled by the words in large capitals, "WOULD TO GOD NIGHT OR BLUCHER WERE COME!" which, referring to a work of art, are relieved by a legend setting forth how the lamented hero observed of it, in his characteristic manner, "Very good; very good, indeed." O Art! *You* too trading in Death!

Then, autographs fall into their place in the State Funeral train. The sanctity of a seal, or the confidence of a letter, is a meaningless phrase that has no place in the vocabulary of the Traders in Death. Stop, trumpets, in

the Dead March, and blow to the world how characteristic we autographs are!

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS.—Two consecutive LETTERS of the DUKE'S (1843), highly characteristic and authentic, with the Correspondence, etc., that elicited them, the whole forming quite a literary curiosity, for £15.

WELLINGTON AUTOGRAPHS.—To be DISPOSED OF, TWO AUTOGRAPH LETTERS of the DUKE of WELLINGTON, one dated Walmer Castle, 9th October, 1834, the other London, 17th May, 1843, with their post-marks and seals.

WELLINGTON.—THREE original NOTES averaging  $2\frac{1}{4}$  pages each (not lithographs), seal, and envelopes, to be SOLD. Supposed to be the most characteristic of his Grace yet published. The highest sum above £30 for the two, or £20 for the one, which is distinct, will be accepted.

Miss Lind's autograph would appear to have lingered in the shade until the Funeral Train came by, when it modestly stepped into the procession and took a conspicuous place. We are in doubt which to admire most: the ingenuity of this little stroke of business; or the affecting delicacy that sells "probably the last letter written by the late Duke" before the aged hand that wrote it, under some manly sense of duty, is yet withered in its grave; or the piety of that excellent clergyman—did he appear in his surplice in the front row of T. C.'s shop-window?—who is so anxious to sell "striking testimony to the extent of His Grace's private charities;" or the generosity of that Good Samaritan who poured "six letters with envelopes and seals" into the wounds of the lady in distressed circumstances.

Lastly come the relics—precious remembrances worn next to the bereaved heart, like Hardy's miniature of Nel-

son, and never to be wrested from the advertisers but with ready money.

**MEMENTO of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON.**—To be DISPOSED OF, a LOCK of the late illustrious DUKE'S HAIR. Can be guaranteed. The highest offer will be accepted. Apply by letter prepaid.

**THE DUKE of WELLINGTON.**—A LOCK of HAIR of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON to be DISPOSED OF, now in the possession of a widow lady. Cut off the morning the Queen was crowned. Apply by letter, post-paid.

**VALUABLE RELIC of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON.**—A lady, having in her possession a quantity of the late illustrious DUKE'S HAIR, cut in 1841, is willing to PART WITH a portion of the same for £25. Satisfactory proof will be given of its identity, and of how it came into the owner's possession, on application by letter, prepaid.

**RELIC of the DUKE of WELLINGTON for SALE.**—The son of the late well-known haircutter to His Grace the late Duke of Wellington, at Strathfieldsaye, has a small quantity of HAIR, that his father cut from the Duke's head, which he is willing to DISPOSE OF. Any one desirous of possessing such a relic of England's hero are requested to make their offer for the same, by letter.

**RELICS of the late DUKE of WELLINGTON.**—FOR SALE, a WAIST-COAT, in good preservation, worn by his Grace some years back, which can be well authenticated as such.

Next, a very choice article—quite unique—the value of which may be presumed to be considerably enhanced by the conclusive impossibility of its being doubted in the least degree by the most suspicious mind.

**A MEMENTO of the DUKE of WELLINGTON.**—*La Mort de Napoléon, Ode d'Alexandre Manzoni, avec la Traduction en Français, par Edmond Angelini, de Venise.*—A book, of which the above is the title, was torn up by the Duke and thrown by him from the carriage, in which he was riding, as he was passing through Kent: the pieces of the book were collected and put together by a person

who saw the Duke tear it and throw the same away. Any person desirous of obtaining the above memento will be communicated with.

Finally, a literary production of astonishing brilliancy and spirit; without which, we are authorized to state, no nobleman's or gentleman's library can be considered complete.

DUKE of WELLINGTON and SIR R. PEEL.—A talented, interesting, and valuable work, on Political Economy and Free Trade, was published in 1830, and immediately bought up by the above statesmen, except one copy, which is now for DISPOSAL. Apply by letter only.

Here, for the reader's sake, we terminate our quotations. They might easily have been extended through the whole of the present number of this journal.

We believe that a State Funeral at this time of day—apart from the mischievously confusing effect it has on the general mind, as to the necessary union of funeral expense and pomp with funeral respect, and the consequent injury it may do to the cause of a great reform most necessary for the benefit of all classes of society—is, in itself, so plainly a pretence of being what it is not: is so unreal, such a substitution of the form for the substance: is so cut and dried, and stale: is such a palpably got up theatrical trick: that it puts the dread solemnity of death to flight, and encourages these shameless traders in their dealings on the very coffin-lid of departed greatness. That private letters and other memorials of the great Duke of Wellington would still have been advertised and sold, though he had been laid in his grave amid the silent respect of the whole country with the simple honors of a military commander, we do not doubt; but that, in that case, the traders would have

been discouraged from holding anything like this Public Fair and Great Undertaker's Jubilee over his remains, we doubt as little. It is idle to attempt to connect the frippery of the Lord Chamberlain's Office and the Herald's College, with the awful passing away of that vain shadow in which man walketh and disquieteth himself in vain. There is a great gulf set between the two which is set there by no mortal hands, and cannot by mortal hands be bridged across. Does any one believe that, otherwise, "the Senate" would have been "mourning its hero" (in the likeness of a French Field-Marshal) on Tuesday evening, and that the same Senate would have been in fits of laughter with Mr. Hume on Wednesday afternoon when the same hero was still in question and unburied?

The mechanical exigencies of this journal render it necessary for these remarks to be written on the evening of the State Funeral. We have already indicated in these pages that we consider the State Funeral a mistake, and we hope temperately to leave the question here for temperate consideration. It is easy to imagine how it may have done much harm, and it is hard to imagine how it can have done any good. It is only harder to suppose that it can have afforded a grain of satisfaction to the immediate descendants of the great Duke of Wellington, or that it can reflect the faintest ray of lustre on so bright a name. If it were assumed that such a ceremonial was the general desire of the English people, we would reply that that assumption was founded on a misconception of the popular character, and on a low estimate of the general sense; and that the sooner both were better appreciated in high places, the better it could not fail to be for us all. Taking for granted at this writing, what we hope may be assumed



without any violence to the truth; namely, that the ceremonial was in all respects well conducted, and that the English people sustained throughout the high character they have nobly earned, to the shame of their silly detractors among their own countrymen; we must yet express our hope that State Funerals in this land went down to their tomb, most fitly, in the tasteless and tawdry Car that nodded and shook through the streets of London on the eighteenth of November, eighteen hundred and fifty-two. And sure we are, with large consideration for opposite opinions, that when History shall rescue that very ugly machine—worthy to pass under decorated Temple Bar, as decorated Temple Bar was worthy to receive it—from the merciful shadows of obscurity, she will reflect with amazement—remembering his true, manly, modest, self-contained, and genuine character—that the man who, in making it the last monster of its race, rendered his last enduring service to the country he had loved and served so faithfully, was Arthur, Duke of Wellington. [1852.]

## THAT OTHER PUBLIC.

IN our ninth volume,<sup>1</sup> it fell naturally in our way to make a few inquiries as to the abiding-place of that vague noun of multitude signifying many, The Public. We reminded our readers that it is never forthcoming when it is the subject of a joke at the theatre: which is always perceived to be a hit at some other Public richly deserving it but not present. The circumstances of this time considered, we cannot better commence our eleventh volume than by gently jogging the memory of that other Public: which is often culpably oblivious of its own duties, rights, and interests, and to which it is perfectly clear that neither we nor our readers are in the least degree related. We are the sensible, reflecting, prompt Public, always up to the mark—whereas that other Public persists in supinely lagging behind, and behaving in an inconsiderate manner.

To begin with a small example lately revived by our friend, *The Examiner* newspaper. What can that other Public mean, by allowing itself to be fleeced every night of its life, by responsible persons whom it accepts for its servants? The case stands thus. Bribes and fees to small officials had become quite insupportable at the time when the great Railway Companies sprang into existence. All such abuses they immediately, and very much to their credit, struck out of their system of management; the keepers of hotels were soon generally obliged to follow in

<sup>1</sup> *Household Words*, volume ix., page 156.

this rational direction; the Public (meaning always, that other one, of course) were relieved from a most annoying and exasperating addition to the hurry and worry of travel; and the reform, as is in the nature of every reform that is necessary and sensible, extended in many smaller directions, and was beneficially felt in many smaller ways. The one persistent and unabashed defyer of it, at this moment, is the Theatre—which pursues its old obsolete course of refusing to fulfil its contract with that other Public, unless that other Public, after paying for its box-seats or stalls, will also pay the wages of theatre-servants who buy their places that they may prey upon that other Public. As if we should sell our publisher's post to the highest bidder, leaving him to charge an additional penny or two-pence, or as much as he could get, on every number of the *Household Words* with which he should graciously favor that other Public! Within a week or two of this present writing, we paid five shillings, at nine o'clock in the evening, for our one seat at a pantomime; after our cheerful compliance with which demand, a hungry footpad clapped a rolled-up playbill to our breast, like the muzzle of a pistol, and positively stood before the door of which he was the keeper, to prevent our access (without forfeiture of another shilling for his benefit) to the seat we had purchased. Now, that other Public still submits to the gross imposition, notwithstanding that its most popular entertainer has abandoned all the profit derivable from it, and has plainly pointed out its manifest absurdity and extortion. And although to be sure it is universally known that the Theatre, as an Institution, is in a highly thriving and promising state, and although we have only to see a play, haphazard, to perceive that the great body of ladies and

gentlemen representing it have educated themselves with infinite labor and expense in a variety of accomplishments, and have really qualified for their calling in the true spirit of students of the Fine Arts; yet, we take leave to suggest to that other Public with which our readers and we are wholly unconnected, that these are no reasons for its being so egregiously gulled.

We just now mentioned Railway Companies. That other Public is very jealous of Railway Companies. It is not unreasonable in being so, for it is quite at their mercy; we merely observe that it is not usually slow to complain of them when it has any cause. It has remonstrated, in its time, about rates of Fares, and has adduced instances of their being undoubtedly too high. But has that other Public ever heard of a preliminary system from which the Railway Companies have no escape, and which runs riot in squandering treasure to an incredible amount, before they have excavated one foot of earth or laid a bar of iron on the ground? Why does that other Public never begin at the beginning, and raise its voice against the monstrous charges of soliciting private bills in Parliament, and conducting inquiries before Committees of the House of Commons—allowed on all hands to be the very worst tribunals conceivable by the mind of man? Has that other public any adequate idea of the corruption, profusion, and waste, occasioned by this process of misgovernment? Supposing it were informed that, ten years ago, the average Parliamentary and law expenses of all the then existing Railway Companies amounted to a charge of seven hundred pounds a mile on every mile of railway made in the United Kingdom, would it be startled? But, supposing it were told in the next breath, that this charge was really—not seven,

but SEVENTEEN HUNDRED POUNDS A MILE, what would that other Public (on whom, of course, every farthing of it falls) say then? Yet this is the statement, in so many words and figures, of a document issued by the Board of Trade, and which is now rather scarce—as well it may be, being a perilous curiosity. That other Public may learn from the same pages that on the Law and Parliamentary expenses of a certain Stone and Rugby Line, the Bill for which was lost (and the Line consequently not made after all), there was expended the modest little preliminary total of one hundred and forty-six thousand pounds! That was in the joyful days when counsel learned in Parliamentary Law refused briefs marked with one-hundred-guinea fees, and accepted the same briefs marked with one-thousand-guinea fees; the attorney making the neat addition of a third cipher, on the spot, with a presence of mind suggestive of his own little bill against that other Public (quite dissociated from us as aforesaid), at whom our readers and we are now bitterly smiling. That was also in the blessed times when, there being no Public Health Act, White-chapel paid to the tutelary deities, Law and Parliament, six thousand five hundred pounds, to be graciously allowed to pull down, for the public good, a dozen odious streets inhabited by Vice and Fever.

*Our* Public know all about these things, and *our* Public are not blind to their enormity. It is that other Public, somewhere or other—where can it be?—which is always getting itself humbugged and talked over. It has been in a maze of doubt and confusion, for the last three or four years, on that vexed question, the Liberty of the Press. It has been told by Noble Lords that the said Liberty is vastly inconvenient. No doubt it is. No doubt all Liberty

is—to some people. Light is highly inconvenient to such as have their sufficient reasons for preferring darkness; and soap and water is observed to be a particular inconvenience to those who would rather be dirty than clean. But, that other Public finding the Noble Lords much given to harping between whiles, in a sly dull way, on this string, became uneasy about it, and wanted to know what the harpers would have—wanted to know, for instance, how they would direct and guide this dangerous Press. Well, now they may know. If that other Public will ever learn, their instruction-book, very lately published, is open before them. Chapter one is a High Court of Justice; chapter two is a history of personal adventure, whereof they may hear more, perhaps, one of these days. The Queen's Representative in a most important part of the United Kingdom—a thorough gentleman, and a man of unimpeachable honor beyond all kind of doubt—knows so little of this Press, that he is seen in secret personal communication with tainted and vile instruments which it rejects, buying their praise with the public money, overlooking their dirty work, and setting them their disgraceful tasks. One of the great national departments in Downing Street is exhibited under strong suspicion of like ignorant and disreputable dealing, to purchase remote puffery among the most puff-ridden people ever propagated on the face of this earth. *Our* Public know this very well, and have, of course, taken it thoroughly to heart, in its many suggestive aspects; but, when will that other Public—always lagging behindhand in some out-of-the-way place—become informed about it, and consider it, and act upon it?

It is impossible to overstate the completeness with which *our* Public have got to the marrow of the true question aris-

ing out of the condition of the British Army before Sebastopol. *Our Public* knew perfectly that, making every deduction for haste, obstruction, and natural strength of feeling in the midst of goading experiences, the correspondence of *The Times* has revealed a confused heap of mismanagement, imbecility, and disorder, under which the nation's bravery lies crushed and withered. *Our Public* is profoundly acquainted with the fact that this is not a new kind of disclosure, but that similar defection and incapacity have before prevailed at similar periods until the laboring age has heaved up a man strong enough to wrestle with the Misgovernment of England and throw it on its back. WELLINGTON and NELSON both did this, and the next great General and Admiral—for whom we now impatiently wait, but may wait some time, content (if we can be) to know that it is not the tendency of our service, by sea or land, to help the greatest Merit to rise—must do the same and will assuredly do it, and by that sign ye shall know them. *Our Public*, reflecting deeply on these materials for cogitation, will henceforth hold fast by the truth, that the system of administering their affairs is innately bad; that classes and families and interests have brought them to a very low pass; that the intelligence, steadfastness, foresight, and wonderful power of resource, which in private undertakings distinguish England from all other countries, have no vitality in its public business; that while every merchant and trader has enlarged his grasp and quickened his faculties, the Public Departments have been drearily lying in state, a mere stupid pageant of gorgeous coffins and feebly burning lights; and that the windows must now be opened wide, and the candles put out, and the coffins buried, and the daylight freely admitted, and the furniture made fire-

wood, and the dirt clean swept away. This is the lesson from which *our* Public is nevermore to be distracted by any artifice, we all know. But that other Public. What will *they* do? They are a human, generous, ardent Public; but, will they hold like grim Death to the flower Warning we have plucked from this nettle War? Will they steadily reply to all cajolers, that though every flannel waistcoat in the civilized, and every bearskin and buffalo-skin in the uncivilized, world had been sent out in these days to our ill-clad countrymen (and never reached them), they would not in the least affect the lasting question, or dispense with a single item of the amendment proved to be needful, and, until made, to be severely demanded, in the whole household and system of Britannia? When the war is over, and that other Public, always ready for a demonstration, shall be busy throwing up caps, lighting up houses, beating drums, blowing trumpets, and making hundreds of miles of printed columns of speeches, will they be flattered and wordily pumped dry of the one plain issue left, or will they remember it? Oh, that other Public! If we—you, and I, and all the rest of us—could only make sure of that other Public!

Would it not be a most extraordinary remissness on the part of that other Public, if it were content, in a crisis of uncommon difficulty, to laugh at a Ministry without a Head, and leave it alone? Would it not be a wonderful instance of the shortcomings of that other Public, if it were never seen to stand aghast at the supernatural imbecility of that authority to which, in a dangerous hour, it confided the body and soul of the nation? *We* know what a sight it would be to behold that miserable patient, Mr. Cabinet, specially calling his relations and friends together before



Christmas, tottering on his emaciated legs in the last stage of paralysis, and feebly piping that if such and such powers were not intrusted to him for instant use, he would certainly go raving mad of defeated patriotism, and pluck his poor old wretched eyes out in despair; *we* know with what disdainful emotions we should see him gratified and then shuffle away and go to sleep: to make no use of what he had got, and be heard of no more until one of his nurses, more irritable than the rest, should pull his weazen nose and make him whine—*we* know, what these experiences would be to us, and Bless us! *we* should act upon them in round earnest—but where is that other Public, whose indifference is the life of such scarecrows, and whom it would seem that not even plague, pestilence, and famine, battle, murder, and sudden death, can rouse?

There is one comfort in all this. We English are not the only victims of that other Public. It is to be heard of, elsewhere. It got across the Atlantic, in the train of the Pilgrim Fathers, and has frequently been achieving wonders in America. Ten or eleven years ago, one Chuzzlewit was heard to say that he had found it on that side of the water, doing the strangest things. The assertion made all sorts of Publics angry, and there was quite a cordial combination of Publics to resent it and disprove it. But there is a little book of Memoirs to be heard of at the present time, which looks as if young Chuzzlewit had reason in him too. Does the "smart" Showman, who makes such a Mermaid, and makes such a Washington's Nurse, and makes such a Dwarf, and makes such a Singing Angel upon earth, and makes such a fortune, and, above all, makes such a book—does *he* address the free and enlightened Public of the great United States, the Public of State

Schools, Liberal Tickets, First-chop Intelligence, and Universal Education? No, no! That other Public is the shark's—prey. It is that other Public, down somewhere or other, whose bright particular star and stripe are not yet ascertained, which is so transparently cheated and so hardily outfaced. For that other Public, the hatter of New York outbid Creation at the auction of the first Lind seat. For that other Public, the Lind speeches were made, the tears shed, the serenades given. It is that other Public, always on the boil and ferment about anything or nothing, whom the travelling companion shone down upon from the high Hotel-Balconies. It is that other Public who will read, and even buy, the smart book in which they have so proud a share, and who will fly into raptures about its being circulated from the old Ocean Cliffs of the Old Granite State to the Rocky Mountains. It is indubitably in reference to that other Public that we find the following passage in a book called "American Notes":

"Another prominent feature is the love of 'smart' dealing, which gilds over many a swindle and gross breach of trust, many a defalcation, public and private; and enables many a knave to hold his head up with the best, who well deserves a halter—though it has not been without its retributive operation; for this smartness has done more in a few years to impair the public credit and to cripple the public resources, than dull honesty, however rash, could have effected in a century. The merits of a broken speculation, or a bankruptcy, or of a successful scoundrel, are not gauged by its or his observance of the golden rule, 'Do as you would be done by,' but are considered with reference to their smartness. The following dialogue I have held a hundred times: 'Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance

that such a man as So-and-So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means; and, notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your Citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?'—'Yes, sir.'—'A convicted liar?'—'Yes, sir.'—'He has been kicked and cuffed and caned?'—'Yes, sir.'—'And he is utterly dishonorable, debased, and profligate?'—'Yes, sir.'—'In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?'—'Well, sir, he is a smart man.' "

That other Public of our own bore their full share, and more, of bowing down before the Dwarf aforesaid, in despite of his obviously being too young a child to speak plainly: and *we*, the Public who are never taken in, will not excuse their folly. So, if John on this shore, and Jonathan over there, could each only get at that troublesome other Public of his, and brighten them up a little, it would be very much the better for both brothers.

[1855.]

## OUR COMMISSION.

THE disclosures in reference to the adulteration of Food, Drinks, and Drugs, for which the public are indebted to the vigor and spirit of our contemporary *The Lancet*, lately inspired us with the idea of originating a Commission to inquire into the extensive adulteration of certain other articles which it is of the last importance that the country should possess in a genuine state. Every class of the general public was included in this large Commission; and the whole of the analyses, tests, observations, and experiments, were made by that accomplished practical chemist, MR. BULL.

The first subject of inquiry was that article of universal consumption familiarly known in England as "Government." Mr. Bull produced a sample of this commodity, purchased about the middle of July in the present year, at a wholesale establishment in Downing Street. The first remark to be made on the sample before the Commission, Mr. Bull observed, was its excessive dearness. There was little doubt that the genuine article could be furnished to the public, at a fairer profit to the real producers, for about fifty per cent less than the cost-price of the specimen under consideration. In quality, the specimen was of an exceedingly poor and low description; being deficient in flavor, character, clearness, brightness, and almost every other requisite. It was what would be popularly termed wishy-washy, muddled, and flat. Mr. Bull pointed out to the Commission, floating on the top of this sample, a volatile

ingredient, which he considered had no business there. It might be harmless enough, taken into the system at a debating-society, or after a public dinner, or a comic song; but in its present connection it was dangerous. It had come into use as a ready means of making froth, but froth was exactly what ought not to be found at the top of this article, or indeed in any part of it. The sample before the Commission, was frightfully adulterated with immense infusions of the common weed called Talk. Talk, in such combination, was a rank Poison. He had obtained a precipitate of Corruption from this purchase. He did not mean metallic corruption, as deposits of gold, silver, or copper; but that species of corruption which, on the proper tests being applied, turned white into black, and black into white, and likewise engendered quantities of parasite vermin. He had tested the strength of the sample, and found it not nearly up to the mark. He had detected the presence of a Grey deposit in one large Department, which produced vacillation and weakness; indisposition to action to-day, and action upon compulsion to-morrow. He considered the sample, on the whole, decidedly unfit for use. Mr. Bull went on to say that he had purchased another specimen of the same commodity at an opposition establishment over the way, which bore the sign of the British Lion, and proclaimed itself, with the aid of a Brass Band, as "The only genuine and patriotic shop;" but that he had found it equally deleterious; and that he had not succeeded in discovering any dealer in the commodity under consideration who sold it in a genuine or wholesome state.

The bitter drug called Public Offices formed the next subject of inquiry. Mr. Bull produced an immense number of samples of this drug, obtained from shops in Down-

ing Street, Whitehall, Palace Yard, the Strand, and elsewhere. Analysis had detected in every one of them from seventy-five to ninety-eight per cent of Noodledom. Noodledom was a deadly poison. An overdose of it would destroy a whole nation, and he had known a recent case where it had caused the death of many thousand men. It was sometimes called Routine, sometimes Gentlemanly Business, sometimes The Best Intentions, and sometimes Amiable Incapacity; but, call it what you would, analysis always resolved it into Noodledom. There was nothing in the whole united domains of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, so incompatible with all the functions of life as Noodledom. It was producible with most unfortunate ease. Transplant anything from soil and conditions it was fit for, to soil and conditions it was not fit for, and you immediately had Noodledom. The germs of self-propagation contained within this baleful poison were incalculable: Noodledom uniformly and constantly engendering Noodledom, until every available inch of space was overrun by it. The history of the adulteration of the drug now before the Commission he conceived to be this: Every wholesale dealer in that drug was sure to have on hand, in beginning business, a large stock of Noodledom; which was extremely cheap and lamentably abundant. He immediately mixed the drug with the poison. Now, it was the peculiarity of the Public-Office trade that the wholesale dealers were constantly retiring from business and having successors. A new dealer came into possession of the already adulterated stock, and he, in his turn, infused into it a fresh quantity of Noodledom from his own private store. Then, on his retirement, came another dealer who did the same; then on *his* retirement another dealer who did the same; and so

on. Thus many of the samples before the Commission positively contained nothing but Noodledom—enough, in short, to paralyze the whole country. To the question, whether the useful properties of the drug before the Commission were not of necessity impaired by these malpractices, Mr. Bull replied that all the samples were perniciously weakened, and that half of them were good for nothing. To the question, how he would remedy a state of things so much to be deplored, Mr. Bull replied that he would take the drug out of the hands of mercenary dealers altogether.

Mr. Bull next exhibited three or four samples of Lawn-sleeves, warranted at the various establishments from which they had been procured to be fine and spotless, but evidently soiled and composed of inferior materials ill made up. On one pair, he pointed out extensive stains of printer's ink, of a very foul kind; also a coarse interweaving, which on examination clearly betrayed, without the aid of the microscope, the fibres of the thistle, Old Bailey Attorneyism. A third pair of these sleeves, though sold as white, were really nothing but the ordinary Mammon pattern, chalked over—a fact which Mr. Bull showed to be beyond dispute, by merely holding them up to the light. He represented this branch of industry as over-stocked and in an unhealthy condition.

There were then placed upon the table several samples of British Peasant, to which Mr. Bull expressed himself as particularly solicitous to draw the attention of the Commission, with one plain object: the good of his beloved country. He remarked that with that object before him he would not inquire into the general condition, whether perfectly healthy or otherwise, of any of the samples now produced.

He would not ask, whether this specimen or that specimen might have been stronger, larger, better fitted for wear and tear, and less liable to early decay, if the human creature were reared with a little more of such care, study, and attention as were rightfully bestowed on the vegetable world around it. But the samples before the Commission had been obtained from every county in England, and, though brought from opposite parts of the kingdom, were alike deficient in the ability to defend their country by handling a gun or a sword, or by uniting in any mode of action, as a disciplined body. It was said in a breath that the English were not a military people, and that they made (equally on the testimony of their friends and enemies) the best soldiers in the world. He hoped that in a time of war and common danger he might take the liberty of putting those opposite assertions into the crucible of Common Sense, consuming the Humbug, and producing the Truth—at any rate he would, whether or no. Now, he begged to inform the Commission that, in the samples before them and thousands of others, he had carefully analyzed and tested the British Peasant, and had found him to hold in combination just the same qualities that he always had possessed. Analyzing and testing, however, as a part of the inquiry, certain other matters not fairly to be separated from it, he (Mr. Bull) had found the said Peasant to have been some time ago disarmed by lords and gentlemen who were jealous of their game, and by administrations—hirers of spies and suborners of false witnesses—who were jealous of their power. “So, if you wish to restore to these samples,” said Mr. Bull, “the serviceable quality that I find to be wanting in them, and the absence of which so much surprises you, be a little more patriotic and a little less timorously



selfish; trust your Peasant a little more; instruct him a little better, in a freeman's knowledge—not in a good child's merely; and you will soon have your Saxon Bowmen with percussion rifles, and may save the charges of your Foreign Legion.”

Having withdrawn the samples to which his observations referred—the production whereof, in connection with Mr. Bull's remarks, had powerfully impressed the assembled Commission, some of whom even went so far as to register vows on the spot that they would look into this matter some day—Mr. Bull laid before the Commission a great variety of extremely fine specimens of genuine British Job. He expressed his opinion that these thriving Plants upon the public property were absolutely immortal: so surprisingly did they flourish, and so perseveringly were they cultivated. Job was the only article he had found in England in a perfectly unadulterated state. He congratulated the Commission on there being at least one commodity enjoyed by Great Britain, with which nobody successfully meddled, and of which the Public always had an ample supply, unattended by the smallest prospect of failure in the perennial crop.

On the subsidence of the sensation of pleasure with which this gratifying announcement was received, Mr. Bull informed the Commission that he now approached the most serious and the most discouraging part of his task. He would not shrink from a faithful description of the laborious and painful analysis which formed the crown of his labors, but he would prepare the Commission to be shocked by it. With these introductory words, he laid before them a specimen of Representative Chamber.

When the Commission had examined, obviously with

emotions of the most poignant and painful nature, the miserable sample produced, Mr. Bull proceeded with his description. The specimen of Representative Chamber, to which he invited their anxious attention, was brought from Westminster Market. It had been collected there in the month of July in the present year. No particular counter had been resorted to more than another, but the whole market had been laid under contribution to furnish the sample. Its diseased condition would be apparent, without any scientific aids, to the most short-sighted individual. It was fearfully adulterated with Talk, stained with Job, and diluted with large quantities of coloring matter of a false and deceptive nature. It was thickly overlaid with a varnish which he had resolved into its component parts, and had found to be made of Trash (both maudlin and defiant), boiled up with large quantities of Party Turpitude, and a heap of Cant. Cant, he need not tell the Commission, was the worst of poisons. It was almost inconceivable to him how an article in itself so wholesome as Representative Chamber could have been got into this disgraceful state. It was mere Carrion, wholly unfit for human consumption, and calculated to produce nausea and vomiting.

On being questioned by the Commission, whether, in addition to the deleterious substances already mentioned, he had detected the presence of Humbug in the sample before them, Mr. Bull replied, "Humbug? Rank Humbug, in one form or another, pervades the entire mass." He went on to say that he thought it scarcely in human nature to endure, for any length of time, the close contemplation of this specimen: so revolting was it to all the senses. Mr. Bull was asked, whether he could account, first, for this alarming degeneracy in an article so important to the Pub-

lic; and secondly, for its acceptance by the Public?—the Commission observing that however the stomachs of the people might revolt at it—and justly—still they did endure it, and did look on at the Market in which it was exposed. In answer to these inquiries Mr. Bull offered the following explanation:

In respect of the wretched condition of the article itself (he said), he attributed that result, chiefly, to its being in the hands of those unprincipled wholesale dealers to whom he had already referred. When one of those dealers succeeded to a business—or “came in,” according to the slang of the trade—his first proceeding, after the adulteration of Public Office with Noodledom, was to consider how he could adulterate and lower his Representative Chamber. This he did by a variety of arts, recklessly employing the dirtiest agents. Now, the trade had been so long in the hands of these men, and one of them had so uniformly imitated another (however violent their trade-opposition might be among themselves), in adulterating this commodity, that respectable persons who wished to do business fairly had been prevented from investing their capital, whatever it might be, in this branch of commerce, and had indeed been heard to declare in many instances that they would prefer the calling of an honest scavenger. Again, it was to be observed, that the before-mentioned dealers, being for the most part in a large way, had numbers of retainers, tenants, tradesmen, and workpeople, upon whom they put off their bad Representative Chamber, by compelling them to take it whether they liked it or not. In respect of the acceptance of this dreadful commodity by the Public, Mr. Bull observed that it was not to be denied that the Public had been much too prone to accept the coloring-matter in pref-

erence to the genuine article. Sometimes it was Blood, and sometimes it was Beer; sometimes it was Talk, and sometimes it was Cant; but mere coloring-matter they certainly had too often looked for, when they should have looked for bone and sinew. They suffered heavily for it now, and he believed were penitent; there was no doubt whatever in his mind that they had arrived at the mute stage of indignation, and had thoroughly found this article out.

One further question was put by the Commission: namely, what hope had the witness of seeing this necessary of English life restored to a genuine and wholesome state? Mr. Bull returned that his sole hope was in the Public's resolutely rejecting all coloring-matter whatsoever—in their being equally inexorable with the dealers, whether they threatened or cajoled—and in their steadily insisting on being provided with the commodity in a pure and useful form. The Commission then adjourned, in exceedingly low spirits, *sine die*. [1855.]

## THE WORTHY MAGISTRATE.

UNDER this stereotyped title expressive of deference to the police-bench, we take the earliest opportunity afforded us by our manner of preparing this publication, of calling upon every Englishman who reads these pages to take notice what he is. The circulation of this journal comprising a wide diversity of classes, we use it to disseminate the information that every Englishman is a drunkard. Drunkenness is the national characteristic. Whereas the German people (when uncontaminated by the English), are always sober, the English, setting at nought the bright example of the pure Germans domiciled among them, are always drunk. The authority for this polite and faithful exposition of the English character is a modern Solomon, whose temple rears its head near Drury Lane: the wise Mr. HALL, Chief Police Magistrate, sitting at Bow Street, Covent Garden, in the County of Middlesex, Barrister at Law.

As we hope to keep this household word of Drunkard, affixed to the Englishman by the awful Mr. HALL, from whom there is no appeal, pretty steadily before our readers, we present the very pearl discovered in that magisterial oyster. On Thursday, the ninth of this month of August, the following sublime passage evoked the virtuous laughter of the thieftakers of Bow Street!

Mr. HALL.—Were you sober, sir?

Prosecutor.—Yes, certainly.

Mr. HALL.—You must be a foreigner, then?

Prosecutor.—I am a German.

Mr. HALL.—Ah, that accounts for it. If you had been an Englishman, you would have been drunk, for a certainty.

Prosecutor (smiling).—The Germans get drunk sometimes, I fear.

Mr. HALL.—Yes, after they have resided any time in this country. They acquire our English habits.

In reproducing these noble expressions, equally honorable to the Sage who uttered them, and to the Country that endures them, we will correct half a dozen vulgar errors which, within our observation, have been rather prevalent since the great occasion on which the Oracle at Bow Street spake.

1. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that if a magistrate wilfully deliver himself of a slanderous aspersion, knowing it to be unjust, he is unfit for his post.

2. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that if a magistrate, in a fit of bile brought on by recent disregard of some very absurd evidence of his, so yield to his ill temper as to deliver himself, in a sort of mad exasperation, of such slanderous aspersion as aforesaid, he is unfit for his post.

3. It is altogether a mistake to suppose it to be very questionable whether, even in degraded Naples at this time, a magistrate could from the official bench insult and traduce the whole people without being made to suffer for it.

4. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that it would be becoming in some one individual, out of between six and seven hundred national representatives, to be so far jealous of the honor of his country, as indignantly to protest against its being thus grossly stigmatized.

5. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that the Home Office has any association whatever with the general credit, the general self-respect, the general feeling in behalf of de-

cent utterance, or the general resentment when the same is most discreditably violated. The Home Office is merely an ornamental institution supported out of the general pocket.

6. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that Mr. HALL is anybody's business, or that we, the mere bone and sinew, tag-rag, and bobtail of England, have anything to do with him, but to pay him his salary, accept his justice, and meekly bow our heads to his high and mighty reproof.

[1855.]

## THE SUNDAY SCREW.

THIS little instrument, remarkable for its curious twist, has been at work again. A small portion of the collective wisdom of the nation has affirmed the principle that there must be no collection or delivery of posted letters on a Sunday. The principle was discussed by something less than a fourth of the House of Commons and affirmed by something less than a seventh.

Having no doubt whatever that this brilliant victory is, in effect, the affirmation of the principle that there ought to be No Anything but churches and chapels on a Sunday; or that it is the beginning of a Sabbatarian Crusade, outrageous to the spirit of Christianity, irreconcilable with the health, the rational enjoyments, and the true religious feeling, of the community; and certain to result, if successful, in a violent reaction, threatening contempt and hatred of that seventh day which it is a great religious and social object to maintain in the popular affection; it would ill become us to be deterred from speaking out upon the subject, by any fear of being misunderstood, or by any certainty of being misrepresented.

Confident in the sense of the country, and not unacquainted with the habits and exigencies of the people, we approach the Sunday question, quite undiscomposed by the late storm of mad misstatement and all uncharitableness which cleared the way for Lord Ashley's motion. The preparation may be likened to that which is usually de-



scribed in the case of the Egyptian Sorcerer and the boy who has some dark liquid poured into the palm of his hand, which is presently to become a magic mirror. "Look for Lord Ashley. What do you see?" "Oh, here's some one with a broom!" "Well! what is he doing?" "Oh, he's sweeping away Mr. Rowland Hill! Now, there is a great crowd of people all sweeping Mr. Rowland Hill away; and now, there is a red flag with Intolerance on it; and now, they are pitching a great many Tents called Meetings. Now, the tents are all upset, and Mr. Rowland Hill has swept everybody else away. And oh! *now*, here's Lord Ashley, with a Resolution in his hand!"

One Christian sentence is all-sufficient with us, on the theological part of this subject. "The Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath." No amount of signatures to petitions can ever sign away the meaning of those words; no end of volumes of Hansard's Parliamentary Debates can ever affect them in the least. Move and carry resolutions, bring in bills, have committees, upstairs, downstairs, and in my lady's chamber; read a first time, read a second time, read a third time, read thirty thousand times; the declared authority of the Christian dispensation over the letter of the Jewish Law, particularly in this especial instance, cannot be petitioned, resolved, read, or committee'd away.

It is important in such a case as this affirmation of a principle, to know what amount of practical sense and logic entered into its assertion. We will inquire.

Lord Ashley (who has done much good, and whom we mention with every sentiment of sincere respect, though we believe him to be most mischievously deluded on this question), speaks of the people employed in the Country

Post-Offices on Sunday, as though they were continually at work, all the livelong day. He asks whether they are to be "a Pariah race, excluded from the enjoyments of the rest of the community"? He presents to our mind's eye rows of Post-Office clerks, sitting, with dishevelled hair and dirty linen, behind small shutters, all Sunday long, keeping time with their sighs to the ringing of the church bells, and watering bushels of letters, incessantly passing through their hands, with their tears. Is this exactly the reality? The Upas tree is a figure of speech almost as ancient as our lachrymose friend the Pariah, in whom most of us recognize a respectable old acquaintance. Supposing we were to take it into our heads to declare in these *Household Words*, that every Post-Office clerk employed on Sunday in the country is compelled to sit under his own particular sprig of Upas, planted in a flower-pot beside him for the express purpose of blighting him with its baneful shade, should we be much more beyond the mark than Lord Ashley himself? Did any of our readers ever happen to post letters in the Country on a Sunday? Did they ever see a notice outside a provincial Post-Office, to the effect that the presiding Pariah would be in attendance at such an hour on Sunday, and not before? Did they ever wait for the Pariah, at some inconvenience, until the hour arrived, and observe him come to the office in an extremely spruce condition as to his shirt collar, and do a little sprinkling of business in a very easy off-hand manner? We have such recollections ourselves. We have posted and received letters in most parts of this kingdom on a Sunday and we never yet observed the Pariah to be quite crushed. On the contrary, we have seen him at church, apparently in the best health and spirits (notwithstanding an hour or so of

sorting, earlier in the morning), and we have met him out a-walking with the young lady to whom he is engaged, and we have known him to meet her again with her cousin, after the despatch of the Mails, and really conduct himself as if he were not particularly exhausted or afflicted. Indeed, how *could* he be so, on Lord Ashley's own showing? There is a Saturday before the Sunday. We are a people indisposed, he says, to business on a Sunday. More than a million of people are known, from their petitions, to be too scrupulous to hear of such a thing. Few counting-houses or offices are ever opened on a Sunday. The Merchants and Bankers write by Saturday night's post. The Sunday night's post may be presumed to be chiefly limited to letters of necessity and emergency. Lord Ashley's whole case would break down, if it were probable that the Post-office Pariah had half as much confinement on Sunday as the He-Pariah who opens my Lord's street-door when anybody knocks, or the She-Pariah who nurses my Lady's baby.

If the London Post-Office be not opened on a Sunday, says Lord Ashley, why should the Post-Offices of provincial towns be opened on a Sunday? Precisely because the provincial towns are NOT London, we apprehend. Because London is the great capital, mart, and business-centre of the world; because in London there are hundreds of thousands of people, young and old, away from their families and friends; because the stoppage of the Monday's Post Delivery in London would stop, for many precious hours, the natural flow of the blood from every vein and artery in the world to the heart of the world, and its return from the heart through all those tributary channels. Because the broad difference between London and every other place in

England necessitated the distinction, and has perpetuated it.

But, to say nothing of petitioners elsewhere, it seems that two hundred merchants and bankers in Liverpool "formed themselves into a committee, to forward the object of this motion." In the name of all the Pharisees of Jerusalem, could not the two hundred merchants and bankers form themselves into a committee to write or read no business-letters themselves on a Sunday—and let the Post-Office alone? The Government establishes a monopoly in the Post-Office, and makes it not only difficult and expensive for me to send a letter by any other means, but illegal. What right has any merchant or banker to stop the course of any letter that I may have sore necessity to post, or may choose to post? If any one of the two hundred merchants and bankers lay at the point of death, on Sunday, would he desire his absent child to be written to—the Sunday Post being yet in existence? And how do they take upon themselves to tell us that the Sunday Post is not a "necessity," when they know, every man of them, every Sunday morning, that before the clock strikes next, they and theirs may be visited by any one of incalculable millions of accidents, to make it a dire need? Not a necessity? Is it possible that these merchants and bankers suppose there is any Sunday Post, from any large town, which is not a very agony of necessity to some one? I might as well say, in my pride of strength, that a knowledge of bone-setting in surgeons is not a necessity, because I have not broken my leg.

There is a Sage of this sort in the House of Commons. He is of opinion that the Sunday Police is a necessity, but the Sunday Post is not. That is to say, in a certain house

in London or Westminster, there are certain silver spoons, engraved with the family crest—a Bigot rampant—which would be pretty sure to disappear, on an early Sunday, if there were no Policemen on duty; whereas the Sage sees no present probability of his requiring to write a letter into the country on a Saturday night—and, if it should arise, he can use the Electric Telegraph. Such is the sordid balance some professing Heathens hold of their own pounds against other men's pennies, and their own selfish wants against those of the community at large! Even the Member for Birmingham, of all the towns in England, is afflicted by this selfish blindness, and, because *he* is “tired of reading and answering letters on a Sunday,” cannot conceive the possibility of there being other people not so situated, to whom the Sunday Post may, under many circumstances, be an unspeakable blessing.

The inconsequential nature of Lord Ashley's positions cannot be better shown than by one brief passage from his speech. “When he said the transmission of the Mail, he meant the Mail-bags; he did not propose to interfere with the passengers.” No? Think again, Lord Ashley.

When the Honorable Member for Whitened Sepulchres moves his resolution for the stoppage of Mail Trains—in a word, of all Railway travelling—on Sunday; and when that Honorable Gentleman talks about the Pariah clerks who take the money and give the tickets, the Pariah engine-drivers, the Pariah stokers, the Pariah porters, the Pariah police along the line, and the Pariah flies waiting at the Pariah stations to take the Pariah passengers, to be attended by Pariah servants at the Pariah Arms and other Pariah Hotels; what will Lord Ashley do then? Envy insinuated that Tom Thumb made his giants first, and then

killed them, but you cannot do the like by your Pariahs. You cannot get an exclusive patent for the manufacture and destruction of Pariah dolls. Other Honorable Gentlemen are certain to engage in the trade; and when the Honorable Member for Whitened Sepulchres makes *his* Pariahs of all these people, you cannot refuse to recognize them as being of the genuine sort, Lord Ashley. Railway and all other Sunday Travelling suppressed, by the Honorable Member for Whitened Sepulchres, the same Honorable Gentleman, who will not have been particularly complimented in the course of that achievement by the *Times* Newspaper, will discover that a good deal is done towards the *Times* of Monday, on a Sunday night, and will Pariah the whole of that immense establishment. For this is the great inconvenience of Pariah-making, that when you begin they spring up like mushrooms: insomuch, that it is very doubtful whether we shall have a house in all this land, from the Queen's Palace downward, which will not be found, on inspection, to be swarming with Pariahs. Not touch the Mails, and yet abolish the Mail-bags? Stop all those silent messengers of affection and anxiety, yet let the talking traveller, who is the cause of infinitely more employment, go? Why, this were to suppose all men Fools, and the Honorable Member for Whitened Sepulchres even a greater Noodle than he is!

Lord Ashley supports his motion by reading some perilous bombast, said to be written by a working-man—of whom the intelligent body of working-men have no great reason, to our thinking, to be proud—in which there is much about not being robbed of the boon of the day of rest; but, with all Lord Ashley's indisputably humane and benevolent impulses, we grieve to say we know no rob-

ber whom the working-man, really desirous to preserve his Sunday, has so much to dread, as Lord Ashley himself. He is weakly lending the influence of his good intention to a movement which would make that day no day of rest—rest to those who are overwrought includes recreation, fresh air, change—but a day of mortification and gloom. And this not to one class only, be it understood. This is not a class question. If there be no gentleman of spirit in the House of Commons to remind Lord Ashley that the highflown nonsense he quoted, concerning labor, is but another form of the stupidest socialist dogma, which seeks to represent that there is only one class of laborers on earth, it is well that the truth should be stated somewhere. And it is, indisputably, that three-fourths of us are laborers who work for our living; and that the condition of what we call the working-man has its parallel, at a remove of certain degrees, in almost all professions and pursuits. Running through the middle classes, is a broad deep vein of constant, compulsory, indispensable work. There are innumerable gentleman, and sons and daughters of gentleman, constantly at work, who have no more hope of making fortunes in their vocation than the working-man has in his. There are innumerable families in which the day of rest is the only day out of the seven, where innocent domestic recreations and enjoyments are very feasible. In our mean gentility, which is the cause of so much social mischief, we may try to separate ourselves, as to this question, from the working-man; and may very complacently resolve that there is no occasion for his excursion-trains and tea-gardens, because we don't use them; but we had better not deceive ourselves. It is impossible that we can cramp his means of needful recreation and refreshment,

without cramping our own, or basely cheating him. We cannot leave him to the Christian patronage of the Honorable Member for Whitened Sepulchres, and take ourselves off. We cannot restrain him and leave ourselves free. Our Sunday wants are pretty much the same as his, though his are far more easily satisfied; our inclinations and our feelings are pretty much the same; and it will be no less wise than honest in us, the middle classes, not to be Janus-faced about the matter.

What is it that the Honorable Member for Whitened Sepulchres, for whom Lord Ashley clears the way, wants to do? He sees on a Sunday morning, in the large towns of England, when the bells are ringing for church and chapel, certain unwashed, dim-eyed, dissipated loungers, hanging about the doors of public-houses, and loitering at the street corners, to whom the day of rest appeals in much the same degree as a sunny summer-day does to so many pigs. Does he believe that any weight of handcuffs on the Post-Office, or any amount of restriction imposed on decent people, will bring Sunday home to these? Let him go, any Sunday morning, from the new Town of Edinburgh, where the sound of a piano would be profanation, to the old Town, and see what Sunday is in the Canongate. Or let him get up some statistics of the drunken people in Glasgow, while the churches are full—and work out the amount of Sabbath observance which is carried downward, by rigid shows and sad-colored forms.

But there is another class of people, those who take little jaunts, and mingle in social little assemblages, on a Sunday, concerning whom the whole constituency of Whitened Sepulchres, with their Honorable Member in the chair, find their lank hair standing on end with horror, and pointing,



as if they were all electrified, straight up to the skylights of Exeter Hall. In reference to this class, we would whisper in the ears of the disturbed assemblage three short words, "Let well alone!"

The English people have long been remarkable for their domestic habits, and their household virtues and affections. They are, now, beginning to be universally respected by intelligent foreigners who visit this country, for their unobtrusive politeness, their good humor, and their cheerful recognition of all restraints that really originate in consideration for the general good. They deserve this testimony (which we have often heard, of late, with pride) most honorably. Long maligned and mistrusted, they proved their case from the very first moment of having it in their power to do so; and have never, on any single occasion within our knowledge, abused any public confidence that has been reposed in them. It is an extraordinary thing to know of a people systematically excluded from galleries and museums for years, that their respect for such places, and for themselves as visitors to them, dates, without any period of transition, from the very day when their doors were freely opened. The national vices are surprisingly few. The people in general are not gluttons, nor drunkards, nor gamblers, nor addicted to cruel sports, nor to the pushing of any amusement to furious and wild extremes. They are moderate, and easily pleased, and very sensible to all affectionate influences. Any knot of holiday-makers, without a large proportion of women and children among them, would be a perfect phenomenon. Let us go into any place of Sunday enjoyment where any fair representation of the people resort, and we shall find them decent, orderly, quiet, sociable among their families and neighbors. There

is a general feeling of respect for religion, and for religious observances. The churches and chapels are well filled. Very few people who keep servants or apprentices leave out of consideration their opportunities of attending church or chapel; the general demeanor within those edifices is particularly grave and decorous; and the general recreations without are of a harmless and simple kind. Lord Brougham never did Henry Brougham more justice than in declaring to the House of Lords, after the success of this motion in the House of Commons, that there is no country where the Sabbath is, on the whole, better observed than in England. Let the constituency of Whitened Sepulchres ponder, in a Christian spirit, on these things; take care of their own consciences; leave their Honorable Member to take care of his; and let well alone.

For it is in nations as in families. Too tight a hand in these respects is certain to engender a disposition to break loose, and to run riot. If the private experience of any reader, pausing on this sentence, cannot furnish many unhappy illustrations of its truth, it is a very fortunate experience indeed. Our most notable example of it, in England, is just two hundred years old.

Lord Ashley had better merge his Pariahs into the body politic; and the Honorable Member for Whitened Sepulchres had better accustom his jaundiced eyes to the Sunday sight of dwellers in towns, roaming in green fields, and gazing upon country prospects. If he will look a little beyond them, and lift up the eyes of his mind, perhaps he may observe a mild, majestic figure in the distance, going through a field of corn, attended by some common men who pluck the grain as they pass along, and whom their Divine Master teaches that he is the Lord, even of the Sabbath-Day.

[1850.]

## A FEW CONVENTIONALITIES.

A CHILD inquired of us, the other day, why a gentleman always said his first prayer in church, in the crown of his hat. We were reduced to the ignominious necessity of replying that we didn't know—but it was the custom.

Having dismissed our young friend with a severe countenance (which we always assume under the like circumstances of discomfiture), we began to ask ourself a few questions.

Our first list had a Parliamentary reference.

Why must an honorable gentleman always “come down” to this house? Why can't he sometimes “come up”—like a horse—or “come in” like a man? What does he mean by invariably coming down? Is it indispensable that he should “come down” to get into the House of Commons—say, for instance, from Saint Albans? Or is that house on a lower level than most other houses? Why is he always “free to confess”? It is well known that Britons never, never, never will be slaves; then why can't he say what he has to say, without this superfluous assertion of his freedom? Why must an Irish Member always “taunt” the noble Lord with this, that, or the other? Can't he tell him of it civilly, or accuse him of it plainly? *Must* he so ruthlessly taunt him? Why does the Honorable Member for Groginhole call upon the Secretary of State for the Home Department to “lay his hand upon his heart,” and proclaim to the country such and such a thing? The Home

Secretary is not in the habit of laying his hand upon his heart. When he has anything to proclaim to the country, he generally puts his hands under his coat-tails. Why is he thus personally and solemnly adjured to lay one of them on the left side of his waistcoat for any Honorable Member's gratification? What makes my Honorable friend, the Member for Gammonrife, feel so acutely that he is required to "pin his faith" upon the measures of Her Majesty's Government? Is he always required to attach it in that particular manner only; and are needle and thread, hooks and eyes, buttons, wafers, sealing-wax, paste, bird-lime, gum, and glue, utterly prohibited to him? Who invested the unfortunate Speaker with all the wealth and poverty of the Empire, that he should be told, "Sir, when you look around you, and behold your seas swarming with ships of every variety of tonnage and construction—when you behold your flag waving over the forts of a territory so vast that the Sun never sets upon it—when you consider that your storehouses are teeming with the valuable products of the earth—and when you reflect that millions of your poor are held in the bonds of pauperism and ignorance,—can you, I ask, reconcile it to yourself; can you, I demand, justify it to your conscience; can you, I inquire, Sir, stifle the voice within you, by these selfish, these time-serving, these shallow, hollow mockeries of legislation?" It is really dreadful to have an innocent and worthy gentleman bullied in this manner. Again, why do "I hold in my hand" all sorts of things? Can I never lay them down, or carry them under my arm? There was a Fairy in the Arabian Nights who could hold in her hand a pavilion large enough to shelter the Sultan's army, but she could never have held half the petitions, blue books, bills, re-

ports, returns, volumes of Hansard, and other miscellaneous papers, that a very ordinary Member for a very ordinary place will hold in his hand nowadays. Then, again, how did it come to be necessary to the Constitution that I should be such a very circuitous and prolix peer as to "take leave to remind you, my Lords, of what fell from the noble and learned lord on the opposite side of your Lordship's house, who preceded my noble and learned friend on the cross Benches when he addressed himself with so much ability to the observations of the Right Reverend Prelate near me, in reference to the measure now brought forward by the Noble Baron"—when, all this time, I mean, and only want to say, Lord Brougham? Is it impossible for my honorable friend the Member for Drowsyshire, to wander through his few dreary sentences immediately before the division, without premising that "at this late hour of the night and in this stage of the debate," etc.? Because if it be not impossible, why does he never do it? And why, why, above all, in either house of Parliament must the English language be set to music—bad and conventional beyond any parallel on earth—and delivered, in a manner barely expressible to the eye as follows:

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Is Parliament included in the Common Prayer-book under the denomination of "quires and places where they sing"? And if so wouldn't it be worth a small grant to make a national arrangement for instruction in the art by Mr. Hullah?

Then consider the theatrical and operatic questions that arise likewise admitting of no solution whatever.

No man ever knew yet, no man ever will know, why a stage-nobleman is bound to go to execution with a stride and a stop alternately, and cannot proceed to the scaffold on any other terms. It is not within the range of the loftiest intellect to explain why a stage-letter, before it can be read by the recipient, must be smartly rapped back, after being opened, with the knuckles of one hand. It is utterly unknown why choleric old gentlemen always have a trick of carrying their canes behind them, between the waist-buttons of their coat. Several persons are understood to be in Bedlam at the present time, who went distracted in endeavoring to reconcile the bran-new appearance of Mr. Cooper, in John Bull, bearing a highly polished surgical instrument-case under his arm, with the fact of his having been just fished out of the deep deep sea, in company with the case in question. Inexplicable phenomena continually arise at the Italian Opera, where we have ourself beheld (it was in the time of Robert of Normandy) Nuns buried in garments of that perplexing nature that the very last thing one could possibly suppose they had taken was a veil of any order. Who knows how it came about that the young Swiss maiden in the ballet should, as an established custom, revolve, on her nuptial morning, so airily and often, that at length she stands before us for some seconds like a beautiful white muslin penwiper? Why is her bedcham-

ber always immediately over the cottage-door? Why is she always awakened by three taps of her lover's hands? Why does her mother always spin? Why is her residence invariably near a bridge? In what Swiss canton do the hardy mountaineers pursue the chamois, in silk stockings, pumps, blue breeches, cherry-colored bows, and their shirt-sleeves? When the Tenor Prince is made more tenor by the near approach of death from steel or poison; when the Bass enemy growls gluttoned vengeance, and the Heroine (who was so glad in the beginning of her story to see the villagers that she had an irrepressible impulse to be always shaking hands with them) is rushing to and fro among the living and disturbing the wig of the dead; why do we always murmur our Bra-a-avo! or our Bra-a-ava! as the case may be, in exactly the same tone, at exactly the same places, and execute our little audience conventionalities with the punctuality and mechanism of the stage itself? Why does the Primo Buffo always rub his hands and tap his nose? When did mankind enter into articles of agreement that a most uncompromising and uncomfortable box, with the lid at a certain angle, should be called a mossy bank? Who first established an indissoluble connection between the Demon and the brass instruments? When the sailors become Bacchanalian, how do they do it out of such little mugs, replenished from pitchers that have always been turned upside down? Granted that the Count must go a-hunting, why must he therefore wear fur round the tops of his boots, and never follow the chase with any other weapons than a spear with a large round knob at the blunt end?

Then, at public dinners and meetings, why must Mr. Wilson refer to Mr. Jackson as "my honorable friend, if he will permit me to call him so"? Has Wilson any doubt

about it? Why does Mr. Smithers say that he is sensible he has already detained you too long, and why do *you* say "No; go on!" when you know you are sorry for it directly afterwards? You are not taken by surprise when the Toastmaster cries, in giving the Army and Navy "Upstanding gentlemen, *and* good fires"—then what do you laugh for? No man could ever say why he was greatly refreshed and fortified by forms of words, as "Resolved. That this meeting respectfully but firmly views with sorrow and apprehension, not unmixed with abhorrence and dismay"—but they *do* invigorate the patient in most cases like a cordial. It is a strange thing that the chairman is obliged to refer to "the present occasion";—that there is a horrible fascination in the phrase which he can't elude. Also that there should be an unctuous smack and relish in the enunciation of titles, as "And I may be permitted to inform this company that when I had the honor of waiting on His Royal Highness, to ask His Royal Highness to be pleased to bestow his gracious patronage on our excellent Institution, His Royal Highness did me the honor to reply with that condescension which is ever His Royal Highness' most distinguishing characteristic"—and so forth. As to the singular circumstance that such and such a duty should not have been intrusted to abler hands than mine, everybody is familiar with that phenomenon, but it's very strange that it *must* be so!

Again, in social matters. It is all very well to wonder who invents slang phrases, referential to Mr. Ferguson or any such mythological personage, but the wonder does not stop there. It extends into Belgravia. Saint James' has its slang, and a great deal of it. Nobody knows who first drawled languidly, that so and so, or such and such a thing,



was "good fun," or "capital fun," or "a—the best fun in the world, I'm told"—but some fine gentleman or lady did so, and accordingly a thousand do. They don't know why. We have the same mysterious authority for inquiring, in our faint way, if Cawberry is a nice person—if he is a superior person—for a romance being so charmingly horrible, or a woman so charmingly ugly—for the Hippopotamus being quite charming in his bath, and the little Elephant so charmingly like its mother—for the glass palace being (do you know) so charming to me that I absolutely bore every creature with it—for those horrid sparrows not having built in the dear gutters, which are so charmingly ingenious—for a great deal more, to the same very charming purpose.

When the old stage-coaches ran, and overturns took place in which all the passengers were killed or crippled, why was it invariably understood that no blame whatever was attributable to the coachman? In railway accidents of the present day, why is the coroner always convinced that a searching inquiry must be made, and the Railway authorities are affording every possible facility in aid of the elucidation of this unhappy disaster? When a new building tumbles into a heap of ruin, why are architect, contractor, and materials, always the best that could be got for money, with additional precautions—as if that splendid termination were the triumph of construction, and all buildings that don't tumble down were failures? When a boiler bursts, why was it the very best of boilers; and why, when somebody thinks that if the accident were not the boiler's fault it is likely to have been the engineer's, is the engineer then morally certain to have been the steadiest and skilfullest of men? If a public servant be impeached, how does it hap-

pen that there never was such an excellent public servant as he will be shown to be by Red-Tape-osophy? If an abuse be brought to light, how does it come to pass that it is sure to be, in fact (if rightly viewed) a blessing? How can it be that we have gone on, for so many years, surrounding the grave with ghastly, ruinous, incongruous, and inexplicable mummeries, and curtaining the cradle with a thousand ridiculous and prejudicial customs?

All these things are conventionalities. It would be well for us if there were no more and no worse in common use. But, having run the gauntlet of so many, in a breath, we must yield to the unconventional necessity of taking breath, and stop here.

[1851.]

## LIVELY TURTLE.

I HAVE a comfortable property. What I spend, I spend upon myself; and what I don't spend I save. Those are my principles. I am warmly attached to my principles, and stick to them on all occasions.

I am not, as some people have represented, a mean man. I never denied myself anything that I thought I should like to have. I may have said to myself "SNOADY"—that is my name—"you will get those peaches cheaper if you wait till next week"; or, I may have said to myself, "Snoady, you will get that wine for nothing, if you wait till you are asked out to dine"; but I never deny myself anything. If I can't get what I want without buying it, and paying its price for it, I *do* buy it and pay its price for it. I have an appetite bestowed upon me; and, if I balked it, I should consider that I was flying in the face of Providence.

I have no near relation but a brother. If he wants anything of me, he don't get it. All men are my brothers; and I see no reason why I should make his an exceptional case.

I live at a cathedral town where there is an old corporation. I am not in the Church, but it may be that I hold a little place of some sort. Never mind. It may be profitable. Perhaps yes, perhaps no. It may, or it may not be a sinecure. I don't choose to say. I never enlightened my brother on these subjects, and I consider all men my

brothers. The Negro is a man and a brother—should I hold myself accountable for my position in life, *to him*? Certainly not.

I often run up to London. I like London. The way I look at it is this. London is not a cheap place, but, on the whole, you can get more of the real thing for your money there—I mean the best thing, whatever it is—than you can get in most places. Therefore, I say to the man who has got the money, and wants the thing, “Go to London for it, and treat yourself.”

When I go, I do it in this manner. I go to Mrs. Skim’s Private Hotel and Commercial Lodging House, near Aldersgate Street, City (it is advertised in “Bradshaw’s Railway Guide,” where I first found it), and there I pay, “for bed and breakfast, with meat, two and ninepence per day, including servants.” Now, I have made a calculation, and I am satisfied that Mrs. Skim cannot possibly make much profit out of *me*. In fact, if all her patrons were like me, my opinion is, the woman would be in the Gazette next month.

Why do I go to Mrs. Skim’s when I could go to the Clarendon, you may ask? Let us argue that point. If I went to the Clarendon I could get nothing in bed but sleep; could I? No. Now, sleep at the Clarendon is an expensive article; whereas sleep, at Mrs. Skim’s, is decidedly cheap. I have made a calculation, and I don’t hesitate to say, all things considered, that it’s cheap. Is it an inferior article, as compared with the Clarendon sleep, or is it of the same quality? I am a heavy sleeper, and it is of the same quality. Then why should I go to the Clarendon?

But as to breakfast? you may say.—Very well. As to breakfast. I could get a variety of delicacies for breakfast

at the Clarendon, that are out of the question at Mrs. Skim's. Granted. But I don't want to have them! My opinion is, that we are not entirely animal and sensual. Man has an intellect bestowed upon him. If he clogs that intellect by too good a breakfast, how can he properly exert that intellect in meditation, during the day, upon his dinner? That's the point. We are not to enchain the soul. We are to let it soar. It is expected of us.

At Mrs. Skim's, I get enough for breakfast (there is no limitation to the bread and butter, though there is to the meat), and not too much. I have all my faculties about me, to concentrate upon the object I have mentioned, and can say to myself besides, "Snoady, you have saved six, eight, ten, fifteen, shillings, already to-day. If there is anything you fancy for your dinner, have it. Snoady, you have earned your reward."

My objection to London is, that it is the headquarters of the worst radical sentiments that are broached in England. I consider that it has a great many dangerous people in it. I consider the present publication (if it's *Household Words*) very dangerous, and I write this with the view of neutralizing some of its bad effects. My political creed is, let us be comfortable. We are all very comfortable as we are—I am very comfortable as I am—leave us alone!

All mankind are my brothers, and I don't think it Christian—if you come to that—to tell my brother that he is ignorant, or degraded, or dirty, or anything of the kind. I think it's abusive and low. You meet me with the observation that I am required to love my brother. I reply, "I do." I am sure I am always willing to say to my brother, "My good fellow, I love you very much; go along with you; keep to your own road; leave me to mine; whatever

is, is right; whatever isn't, is wrong; don't make a disturbance!" It seems to me, that this is at once the whole duty of man, and the only temper to go to dinner in.

Going to dinner in this temper in the City of London, one day not long ago, after a bed at Mrs. Skim's, with meat-breakfast and servants included, I was reminded of the observation which, if my memory does not deceive me, was formerly made by somebody on some occasion, that man may learn wisdom from the lower animals. It is a beautiful fact, in my opinion, that great wisdom is to be learned from that noble animal the Turtle.

I had made up my mind, in the course of the day I speak of, to have a Turtle dinner. I mean a dinner mainly composed of Turtle. Just a comfortable tureen of soup, with a pint of punch, and nothing solid to follow, but a tender juicy steak. I like a tender juicy steak. I generally say to myself when I order one, "Snoady, you have done right."

When I make up my mind to have a delicacy, expense is no consideration. The question resolves itself, then, into a question of the very best. I went to a friend of mine who is a Member of the Common Council, and with that friend I held the following conversation.

Said I to him, "Mr. Groggles, the best Turtle is where?"

Says he, "If you want a basin for lunch, my opinion is, you can't do better than drop into Birch's."

Said I, "Mr. Groggles, I thought you had known me better, than to suppose me capable of a basin. My intention is to dine. A tureen."

Says Mr. Groggles, without a moment's consideration, and in a determined voice, "Right opposite the India House, Leadenhall Street."

We parted. My mind was not inactive during the day, and at six in the afternoon I repaired to the house of Mr. Groggles' recommendation. At the end of the passage, leading from the street into the coffee-room, I observed a vast and solid chest, in which I then supposed that a Turtle of unusual size might be deposited. But, the correspondence between its bulk and that of the charge made for my dinner, afterward satisfied me that it must be the till of the establishment.

I stated to the waiter what had brought me there, and I mentioned Mr. Groggles' name. He feelingly repeated after me, "A tureen of Turtle, and a tender juicy steak." His manner, added to the manner of Mr. Groggles in the morning, satisfied me that all was well. The atmosphere of the coffee-room was odoriferous with Turtle and the steams of thousands of gallons, consumed within its walls, hung, in savory grease, upon their surface. I could have inscribed my name with a pen-knife, if I had been so disposed, in the essence of innumerable Turtles. I preferred to fall into a hungry reverie, brought on by the warm breath of the place, and to think of the West Indies and the Island of Ascension.

My dinner came—and went. I will draw a veil over the meal, I will put the cover on the empty tureen, and merely say that it was wonderful—and that I paid for it.

I sat meditating, when all was over, on the imperfect nature of our present existence, in which we can eat only for a limited time, when the waiter roused me with these words.

Said he to me, as he brushed the crumbs off the table, "Would you like to see the Turtle, Sir?"

“To see what Turtle, waiter?” said I (calmly) to him.

“The tanks of Turtle below, Sir,” said he to me.

Tanks of Turtle! Good Gracious! “Yes!”

The waiter lighted a candle, and conducted me downstairs to a range of vaulted apartments, cleanly whitewashed and illuminated with gas, where I saw a sight of the most astonishing and gratifying description; illustrative of the greatness of my native country. “Snoady,” was my first observation to myself, “Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves!”

There were two or three hundred Turtle in the vaulted apartments—all alive. Some in tanks, and some taking the air in long dry walks littered down with straw. They were of all sizes; many of them enormous. Some of the enormous ones had entangled themselves with the smaller ones, and pushed and squeezed themselves into corners, with their fins over water-pipes, and their heads downwards, where they were apoplectically struggling and splashing, apparently in the last extremity. Others were calm at the bottom of the tank; others languidly rising to the surface. The Turtle in the walks littered down with straw were calm and motionless. It was a thrilling sight. I admire such a sight. It rouses my imagination. If you wish to try its effect on yours, make a call right opposite the India House any day you please—dine—pay—and ask to be taken below.

Two athletic young men, without coats, and with the sleeves of their shirts tucked up to the shoulders, were in attendance on these noble animals. One of them, wrestling with the most enormous Turtle in company, and dragging him up to the edge of the tank, for me to look at, presented an idea to me which I never had before. I ought to ob-



serve that I like an idea. I say, when I get a new one, "Snoady, book that!"

My idea on the present occasion was, Mr. Groggles! It was not a Turtle that I saw, but Mr. Groggles. It was the dead image of Mr. Groggles. He was dragged up to confront me, with his waistcoat—if I may be allowed the expression—toward me; and it was identically the waistcoat of Mr. Groggles. It was the same shape, very nearly the same color, only wanted a gold watch-chain and a bunch of seals, to BE the waistcoat of Mr. Groggles. There was what I should call a bursting expression about him in general, which was accurately the expression of Mr. Groggles. I had never closely observed a Turtle's throat before. The folds of his loose cravat I found to be precisely those of Mr. Groggles' cravat. Even the intelligent eye—I mean to say, intelligent enough for a person of correct principles, and not dangerously so—was the eye of Mr. Groggles. When the athletic young man let him go, and, with a roll of his head, he flopped heavily down into the tank, it was exactly the manner of Mr. Groggles as I have seen him ooze away into his seat, after opposing a sanitary motion in the Court of Common Council!

"Snoady," I couldn't help saying to myself, "you have done it. You have got an idea, Snoady, in which a great principle is involved. I congratulate you!" I followed the young man, who dragged up several Turtle to the brinks of the various tanks. I found them all the same—all varieties of Mr. Groggles—all extraordinarily like the gentlemen who usually eat them. "Now, Snoady," was my next remark, "what do you deduce from this?"

"Sir," said I, "what I deduce from this is, confusion to those Radicals and other Revolutionists who talk about

improvement. Sir," said I, "what I deduce from this is, that there isn't this resemblance between the Turtles and the Groggles for nothing. It's meant to show mankind that the proper model for a Groggles is a Turtle; and that the liveliness we want in a Groggles is the liveliness of a Turtle, and no more."

"Snoady," was my reply to this, "you have hit it. You are right!"

I admired the idea very much, because, if I hate anything in the world, it's change. Change has evidently no business in the world, has nothing to do with it and isn't intended. What we want is (as I think I have mentioned) to be comfortable. I look at it that way. Let us be comfortable, and leave us alone. Now, when the young man dragged a Groggles—I mean a Turtle—out of his tank, this was exactly what the noble animal expressed as he floundered back again.

I have several friends besides Mr. Groggles in the Common Council, and it might be a week after this when I said, "Snoady, if I was you, I would go to that court, and hear the debate to-day." I went. A good deal of it was what I call a sound, old English discussion. One eloquent speaker objected to the French as wearing wooden shoes; and a friend of his reminded him of another objection to that foreign people, namely, that they eat frogs. I had feared, for many years, I am sorry to say, that these wholesome principles were gone out. How delightful to find them still remaining among the great men of the City of London, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty! It made me think of the Lively Turtle.

But I soon thought more of the Lively Turtle. Some Radicals and Revolutionists have penetrated even to the

Common Council—which otherwise I regard as one of the last strongholds of our afflicted Constitution; and speeches were made, about removing Smithfield Market—which I consider to be a part of that Constitution—and about appointing a Medical Officer for the City, and about preserving the public health; and other treasonable practices, opposed to Church and State. These proposals Mr. Groggles, as might have been expected of such a man, resisted; so warmly, that, as I afterward understood from Mrs. Groggles, he had rather a sharp attack of blood to the head that night. All the Groggles party resisted them too, and it was a fine constitutional sight to see waistcoat after waistcoat rise up in resistance of them and subside. But what struck me in the sight was this. “Snoady,” said I, “here is your idea carried out, Sir! These Radicals and Revolutionists are the athletic young men in shirt-sleeves, dragging the Lively Turtle to the edges of the tank. The Groggleses are the Turtle, looking out for a moment, and flopping down again. Honor to the Groggleses! Honor to the Court of Lively Turtle! The wisdom of the Turtle is the hope of England!”

There are three heads in the moral of what I had to say. First, Turtle and Groggles are identical; wonderfully alike externally, wonderfully alike mentally. Secondly, Turtle is a good thing every way, and the liveliness of the Turtle is intended as an example for the liveliness of man; you are not to go beyond that. Thirdly, we are all quite comfortable. Leave us alone!

[1850.]

## A DECEMBER VISION.

I SAW a mighty Spirit, traversing the world without any rest or pause. It was omnipresent, it was all-powerful, it had no compunction, no pity, no relenting sense that any appeal from any of the race of men could reach. It was invisible to every creature born upon the earth, save once to each. It turned its shaded face on whatsoever living thing, one time; and straight the end of that thing was come. It passed through the forest, and the vigorous tree it looked on shrunk away; through the garden, and the leaves perished and the flowers withered; through the air, and the eagles flapped upon the wing and dropped; through the "sea," and the monsters of the deep floated, great wrecks, upon the waters. It met the eyes of lions in their lairs, and they were dust; its shadow darkened the faces of young children lying asleep, and they awoke no more.

It had its work appointed it; it inexorably did what was appointed to it to do, and neither sped nor slackened. Called to, it went on unmoved, and did not come. Besought, by some who felt that it was drawing near, to change its course, it turned its shaded face upon them, even while they cried, and they were dumb. It passed into the midst of palace chambers, where there were lights, and music, pictures, diamonds, gold and silver; crossed the wrinkled and the gray, regardless of them, looked into the eyes of a bright bride; and vanished. It revealed itself to the baby on the old crone's knee, and left the old crone wailing by

the fire. But, whether the beholder of its face were, now a King, or now a laborer, now a Queen, or now a seamstress; let the hand be palsied, be it on the sceptre, or the plough, or yet too small and nerveless to grasp anything: the Spirit never paused in its appointed work, and, sooner or later, turned its impartial face on all.

I saw a Minister of State, sitting in his Closet; and, round about him, rising from the country which he governed, up to the Eternal Heavens, was a low, dull howl of Ignorance. It was a wild, inexplicable mutter, confused, but full of threatening, and it made all hearers' hearts to quake within them. But, few heard. In the single city where this Minister of State was seated, I saw Thirty Thousand children, hunted, flogged, imprisoned, but not taught—who might have been nurtured by the wolf or bear, so little of humanity had they, within them or without—all joining in this doleful cry. And, ever among them, as among all ranks and grades of mortals, in all parts of the globe, the Spirit went; and ever by thousands, in their brutish state, with all the gifts of God perverted in their breasts or trampled out, they died.

The Minister of State, whose heart was pierced by even the little he could hear of these terrible voices, day and night rising to Heaven, went among the Priests and Teachers of all denominations, and faintly said:

“Hearken to this dreadful cry! What shall we do to stay it?”

One body of respondents answered, “Teach this!”

Another said, “Teach that!”

Another said, “Teach neither this nor that, but t’other!”

Another quarrelled with all the three; twenty others quarrelled with all the four, and quarrelled no less bitterly

among themselves. The voices, not stayed by this, cried out day and night; and still, among those many thousands, as among all mankind, went the Spirit, who never rested from its labor; and still, in brutish sort, they died.

Then, a whisper murmured to the Minister of State:

“Correct this for thyself. Be bold! Silence these voices, or virtuously lose thy power in the attempt to do it. Thou canst not sow a grain of good seed in vain. Thou knowest it well. Be bold, and do thy duty!”

The Minister shrugged his shoulders, and replied, “It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME.” And so he put it from him.

Then, the whisper went among the Priests and Teachers, saying to each, “In thy soul thou knowest it is a truth, O man, that there are good things to be taught, on which all men may agree. Teach those, and stay this cry.”

To which, each answered in like manner, “It is a great wrong—BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME.” And so *he* put it from him.

I saw a poisoned air, in which Life drooped. I saw Disease, arrayed in all its store of hideous aspects and appalling shapes, triumphant in every alley, by-way, court, back-street, and poor abode, in every place where human beings congregated—in the proudest and most boastful places, most of all. I saw innumerable hosts, foredoomed to darkness, dirt, pestilence, obscenity, misery, and early death. I saw, wheresoever I looked, cunning preparations made for defacing the Creator’s Image, from the moment of its appearance here on earth, and stamping over it the image of the Devil. I saw, from those reeking and pernicious stews, the avenging consequences of such Sin issuing forth, and penetrating to the highest places. I saw the

rich struck down in their strength, their darling children weakened and withered, their marriageable sons and daughters perish in their prime. I saw that not one miserable wretch breathed out his poisoned life in the deepest cellar of the most neglected town, but, from the surrounding atmosphere, some particles of his infection were borne away, charged with heavy retribution on the general guilt.

There were many attentive and alarmed persons looking on, who saw these things too. They were well clothed, and had purses in their pockets; they were educated, full of kindness, and loved mercy. They said to one another, "This is horrible, and shall not be!" and there was a stir among them to set it right. But, opposed to these, came a small multitude of noisy fools and greedy knaves, whose harvest was in such horrors; and they, with impudence and turmoil, and with scurrilous jests at misery and death, repelled the better lookers-on, who soon fell back, and stood aloof.

There, the whisper went among those better lookers-on, saying, "Over the bodies of those fellows, to the remedy!"

But each of them moodily shrugged his shoulders, and replied, "It is a great wrong—**BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!**" And so they put it from them.

I saw a great library of laws and law-proceedings, so complicated, costly, and unintelligible, that, although numbers of lawyers united in a public fiction that these were wonderfully just and equal, there was scarcely an honest man among them but who said to his friend, privately consulting him, "Better put up with a fraud or other injury than grope for redress through the manifold blind turnings and strange chances of this system?"

I saw a portion of the system, called (of all things)

EQUITY, which was ruin to suitors, ruin to property, a shield for wrong-doers having money, a rack for right-doers having none; a by-word for delay, slow agony of mind, despair, impoverishment, trickery, confusion, insupportable injustice. A main part of it, I saw prisoners wasting in jail; mad people babbling in hospitals; suicides chronicled in the yearly records; orphans robbed of their inheritance; infants righted (perhaps) when they were gray.

Certain lawyers and laymen came together, and said to one another, "In only one of these our Courts of Equity, there are years of this dark perspective before us at the present moment. We must change this."

Uprose, immediately, a throng of others, Secretaries, Petty Bags, Hanapers, Chafe-waxes, and what not, singing (in answer), "Rule Britannia," and "God save the Queen," making flourishing speeches, pronouncing hard names, demanding committees, commissions, commissioners, and other scarecrows, and terrifying the little band of innovators out of their five wits.

Then, the whisper went among the latter, as they shrunk back, saying, "If there is any wrong within the universal knowledge, this wrong is. Go on! Set it right!"

Whereon, each of them sorrowfully thrust his hands in his pockets, and replied, "It is indeed a great wrong;— BUT IT WILL LAST MY TIME!" and so *they* put it from them.

The Spirit with its face concealed, summoned all the people who had used this phrase about their Time, into its presence. Then, it said, beginning with the Minister of State:

"Of what duration is *your* Time?"

The Minister of State replied, "My ancient family has



always been long-lived. My father died at eighty-four; my grandfather, at ninety-two. We have the gout, but bear it (like our honors) many years."

"And you," said the Spirit to the Priests and Teachers, "what may *your* Time be?"

Some believed that they were so strong, as that they should number many more years than three score and ten; others were the sons of old incumbents who had long out-lived youthful expectants. Others, for any means they had of calculating, might be long-lived or short-lived—generally (they had a strong persuasion) long. So, among the well-clothed lookers-on. So, among the lawyers and laymen.

"But every man, as I understand you, one and all," said the spirit, "has his Time?"

"Yes!" they exclaimed together.

"Yes," said the Spirit; "and it is—**ETERNITY!** Who-soever is a consenting party to a wrong, comforting himself with the base reflection that it will last his time, shall bear his portion of that wrong throughout **ALL TIME**. And, in that hour when he and I stand face to face, he shall surely know it, as my name is **Death!**"

It departed, turning its shaded face hither and thither as it passed along upon its ceaseless work, and blighting all on whom it looked.

Then went among many trembling hearers the whisper, saying, "See, each of you, before you take your ease, O wicked, selfish men, that what will 'last your time' be Just enough to last forever!"

[1850.]

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

SIR:—In your paper of Saturday you thought it worth while to refer to an article on my “American Notes,” published in the recent number of the *Edinburgh Review*, for the purpose of commenting on a statement of the reviewer’s in reference to the English and American press, with which I have no further concern than that I know it to be a very monstrous likening of unlike things.

I am anxious to give to another misrepresentation made by the same writer, whosoever he may be—which is personal to myself—the most public and positive contradiction in my power; and I shall be really obliged to you if you will allow me to do this through the medium of your columns.

He asserts “that if he be rightly informed, I went to America as a kind of missionary in the cause of international copyright.” I deny it wholly. He is wrongly informed; and reports, without inquiry, a piece of information which I could only characterize by using one of the shortest and strongest words in the language. Upon my honor, the assertion is destitute of any particle, aspect, or coloring of truth.

It occurred to me to speak (as other English travellers connected with literature had done before me) of the existing laws—or rather want of laws—on the subject of international copyright, when I found myself in America, simply because I had never hesitated to denounce their injustice

while at home; because I thought it a duty to English writers, that their case should be fairly represented; and because, inexperienced at that time in the American people, I believed that they would listen to the truth, even from one presumed to have an interest in stating it, and would not long refuse to recognize a principle of common honesty, even though it happened to clash with a miserably short-sighted view of their own profit and advantage.

I am, Sir, your obliged Servant,

CHARLES DICKENS.

1 Devonshire Terrace, Sunday, January 15.

*Devonshire Terrace, York Gate, Regent's Park,  
28th March, 1844.*

GENTLEMEN :

I beg to assure you that it gives me great satisfaction to have the honor of enrolling my name among the Vice-Presidents of your association.

My engagements will not permit, I regret to say, of my attending your meeting at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Monday evening. But, though absent in the body, I am with you in the spirit there and always. I believe that the objects you have in view are not of greater importance to yourselves than to the welfare and happiness of society—in general; to whom the comfort, happiness, and intelligence of that large class of industrious persons whose claims you advocate, is, if rightly understood, a matter of the highest moment and loftiest concern.

I understand the late-hour system to be a means of depriving very many young men of all reasonable opportunities of self-culture and improvement, and of making their labor irksome, weary, and oppressive. I understand the

early-hour system to be a means of lightening their labor without disadvantage to any body or any thing, and of enabling them to improve themselves, as all rational creatures are intended to do, and have a right to do; and therefore I hold that there is no more room for choice or doubt between the two, than there is between good and bad, or right and wrong.

I am, Gentlemen, your faithful Servant,

CHARLES DICKENS.

*The Committee of the  
Metropolitan Drapers' Association.*

## THE FRIEND OF THE LIONS.

WE are in the Studio of a friend of ours, whose knowledge of all kinds of Beasts and Birds has never been surpassed, and to whose profound acquaintance with the whole Animal Kingdom every modern picture-gallery and every print-shop, at home and abroad, bears witness.<sup>1</sup> We have been wanted by our friend as a model for a Rat-catcher. We feel much honored, and are sitting to him in that distinguished capacity, with an awful Bulldog much too near us.

Our friend is, as might be expected, the particular friend of the Lions in the Zoölogical Gardens, Regent's Park, London. On behalf of that Royal Family dear to his heart he offers—standing painting away at his easel, with his own wonderful vigor and ease—a few words of friendly remonstrance to the Zoölogical Society.

You are an admirable society (says our friend, throwing in, now a bit of our head, and now a bit of the Bulldog's), and you have done wonders. You are a society that has established in England a national menagerie of the most beautiful description, and that has placed it freely and in a spirit deserving of the highest commendation within the reach of the great body of the people. You are a society rendering a real service and advantage to the public, and always most sensibly and courteously represented by your excellent MITCHELL.

<sup>1</sup> This is evidently a reference to Sir Edwin Landseer, R. A.

Then why (proceeds our friend) don't you treat your Lions better?

In the earnestness of his inquiry, our friend looks harder than usual at the Bulldog. The Bulldog immediately droops and becomes embarrassed. All dogs feel that our friend knows all their secrets, and that it is utterly hopeless to attempt to take him in. The last base action committed by this Bulldog is on his conscience, the moment our friend fixes him. "What? You did, eh?" says our friend to the Bulldog. The Bulldog licks his lips with the greatest nervousness, winks his red eyes, balances himself afresh on his bandy forelegs, and becomes a spectacle of dejection. He is as little like his vagabond self as that remarkable breed which the French call a *bouledogue*.

Your birds (says our friend, resuming his work, and addressing himself again to the Zoölogical Society) are as happy as the day is—he was about to add, long, but glances at the light and substitutes—short. Their natural habits are perfectly understood, their structure is well-considered, and they have nothing to desire. Pass from your birds to those members of your collection whom Mr. Rogers used to call, "our poor relations." Of course I mean the Monkeys. They have an artificial climate carefully prepared for them. They have the blessing of congenial society carefully secured to them. They are among their own tribes and connections. They have shelves to skip upon, and pigeon-holes to creep into. Graceful ropes dangle from the upper beams of their sitting-rooms, by which they swing for their own enjoyment, the fascination of the fair sex, and the instruction of the inquiring minds of the rising generation. Pass from our poor relations to that beast, the Hippopotamus.—What do you mean?

The last inquiry is addressed, not to the Zoölogical Society, but to the Bulldog, who has deserted his position, and is sneaking away. Passing his brush into the left thumb on which he holds his palette, our friend leisurely walks up to the Bulldog, and slaps his face! Even we, whose faith is great, expect to see him next moment with the Bulldog hanging on to his nose; but the Bulldog is abjectly polite, and would even wag his tail if it had not been bitten off in his infancy.

Pass, I was saying (coolly pursues our friend at his easel again), from our poor relations to that impersonation of sensuality, the Hippopotamus. How do you provide for him? Could he find on the banks of the Nile such a villa as you have built for him on the banks of the Regent's canal? Could he find, in his native Egypt, an appropriately furnished drawing-room, study, bath, wash-house, and spacious pleasure-ground, all *en suite*, and always ready? I think not. Now, I beseech your managing committee and your natural philosophers, to come with me and look at the Lions.

Here our friend seizes a piece of charcoal and instantly produces, on a new canvas standing on another easel near, a noble Lion and Lioness. The Bulldog (who deferentially resumed his position after having his face slapped) looks on in manifest uneasiness, lest this new proceeding should have something to do with him.

There! says our friend, throwing the charcoal away. There they are! The majestic King and Queen of quadrupeds. The British Lion is no longer a fictitious creature in the British coat of arms. You produce your British Lion every year from this royal couple. And how, with all the vast amount of resources, knowledge, and ex-

perience at your command, how do you treat these your great attractions? From day to day, I find the noble creatures patiently wearing out their weary lives in narrow spaces where they have hardly room to turn, and condemned to face in the roughest weather a bitter Nor'west-erly aspect. Look at those wonderfully constructed feet, with their exquisite machinery for alighting from springs and leaps. What do you conceive to be the kind of ground to which those feet are, in the great foresight of nature, least adapted? Bare, smooth, hard boards, perhaps like the deck of a ship? Yes. A strange reason why you should choose that and no other flooring for their dens!

Why, Heaven preserve us! (cries our friend, frightening the Bulldog very much) do any of you keep a cat? Will any of you do me the favor to watch a cat in a field or garden, on a bright sunshiny day—how she crouches in the mold, rolls in the sand, basks in the grass, delights to vary the surface upon which she rests, and change the form of the substance upon which she takes her ease. Compare such surfaces and substances with the one uniform, unyielding, unnatural, unelastic, inappropriate piece of human carpentry upon which these beautiful animals, with their vexed faces, pace and pace, and pass each other two hundred and fifty times an hour.

It is really incomprehensible (our friend proceeds), in you who should be so well acquainted with animals, to call these boards—or that other uncomfortable boarded object like a Mangle with the inside taken out—a Bed, for creatures with these limbs and these habits. That, a Bed for a Lion and Lioness, which does not even give them a chance of being bruised in a new place? Learn of your cat again, and see how *she* goes to bed. Did you ever find her, or



any living creature, go to bed, without rearranging to the whim and sensation of the moment the materials of the bed itself? Don't you, the Zoölogical Society, punch and poke your pillows, and settle into suitable places in your beds? Consider then, what the discomfort of these magnificent brutes must be, to whom you leave no diversity of choice, no power of new arrangement, and as to whose unchanging and unyielding beds you begin with a form and substance that have no parallel in their natural lives. If you doubt the pain they must endure, go to museums and colleges where the bones of lions and other animals of the feline tribe who have lived in captivity under similar circumstances, are preserved; and you will find them thickly encrusted with a granulated substance, the result of long lying upon unnatural and uncomfortable planes.

I will not be so pressing as to the feeding of my Royal Friends (pursues the Master), but even there I think you are wrong. You may rely upon it, that the best-regulated families of Lions and Lionesses don't dine every day punctually at the same hour, in their natural state, and don't always keep the same kind and quantity of meat in the larder. However, I will readily waive that question of board, if you will only abandon the other.

The time of the sitting being out, our friend takes his palette from his thumb, lays it aside with his brush, ceases to address the Zoölogical Society, and releases the Bulldog and myself. Having occasion to look closely at the Bulldog's chest, he turns that model over as if he were made of clay (if I were to touch him with my little finger he would pin me instantly), and examines him without the smallest regard to his personal wishes or convenience. The Bulldog, having humbly submitted, is shown to the door.

“Eleven precisely, to-morrow,” says our friend, “or it will be the worse for you.” The Bulldog respectfully slouches out. Looking out of the window, I presently see him going across the garden, accompanied by a particularly ill-looking proprietor with a black eye—my prototype, I presume—again a ferocious and audacious Bulldog, who will evidently kill some other dog before he gets home.

[1856.]

## THE DEMEANOR OF MURDERERS.

THE recent trial of the greatest villain that ever stood in the Old Bailey dock,<sup>1</sup> has produced the usual descriptions inseparable from such occasions. The public has read from day to day of the murderer's complete self-possession, of his constant coolness, of his profound composure, of his perfect equanimity. Some describers have gone so far as to represent him occasionally rather amused than otherwise by the proceedings; and all the accounts that we have seen concur in more or less suggesting that there is something admirable, and difficult to reconcile with guilt, in the bearing so elaborately set forth.

As whatever tends, however undesignedly, to insinuate this uneasy sense of incongruity into any mind, and to invest so abhorrent a ruffian with the slightest tinge of heroism, must be prejudicial to the general welfare, we revive the detestable subject with the hope of showing that there is nothing at all singular in such a deportment, but that it is always to be looked for and counted on, in the case of a very wicked murderer. The blacker the guilt, the stronger the probability of its being thus carried off.

In passing, we will express an opinion that Nature never writes a bad hand. Her writing, as it may be read in the human countenance, is invariably legible, if we come at all trained to the reading of it. Some little weighing and comparing are necessary. It is not enough in turning our eyes

<sup>1</sup>Palmer, the Rugely Poisoner.

on the demon in the Dock to say he has a fresh color, or a high head, or a bluff manner, or what not, and therefore he does not look like a murderer, and we are surprised and shaken. The physiognomy and conformation of the Poisoner whose trial occasions these remarks were exactly in accordance with his deeds; and every guilty consciousness he had gone on storing up in his mind had its mark upon him.

We proceed, within as short a compass as possible, to illustrate the position we have placed before our readers in the first paragraph of this paper.

The Poisoner's demeanor was considered exceedingly remarkable, because of his composure under trial, and because of the confident expectation of acquittal which he professed to the last, and under the influence of which he, at various times during his incarceration, referred to the plans he had entertained for the future when he should be free again.

Can any one, reflecting on the matter for five minutes, suppose it possible—we do not say probable, but possible—that in the breast of this Poisoner there were surviving, in the days of his trial, any lingering traces of sensibility, or any wrecked fragment of the quality which we call sentiment? Can the profoundest or the simplest man alive believe that in such a heart there could have been left, by that time, any touch of Pity? An objection to die, and a special objection to be killed, no doubt he had; and with that objection very strong within him for divers very weighty reasons, he was—*not* quite composed. Distinctly *not* quite composed, but, on the contrary, very restless. At one time, he was incessantly pulling on and pulling off his glove; at another time, his hand was constantly passing over and

over his face; and the thing most instanced in proof of his composure, the perpetual writing and scattering about of little notes, which, as the verdict drew nearer and nearer, thickened from a sprinkling to a heavy shower, is in itself a proof of miserable restlessness. Beyond this emotion, which any lower animal would have, with an apprehension on it of a similar fate, what was to be expected from such a creature, but insensibility? I poison my friend in his drink, and I poison my friend in his bed, and I poison my wife, and I poison her memory, and do you look to ME, at the end of such a career as mine, for sensibility? I have not the power of it even in my own behalf, I have lost the manner of it, I don't know what it means, I stand contemptuously wondering at you people here when I see you moved by this affair. In the Devil's name, man, have you heard the evidence of that chambermaid whose tea I should like to have the sweetening of? Did you hear her describe the agonies in which my friend expired? Do you know that it was my trade to be learned in poisons, and that I foresaw all that, and considered all that, and knew, when I stood at his bedside looking down upon his face turned to me for help on its road to the grave through the frightful gate then swinging on its hinges, that in so many hours or minutes all those horrors would infallibly ensue? Have you heard that, after my poisonings, I have had to face the circumstances out, with friends and enemies, doctors, undertakers, all sorts of men, and have uniformly done it; and do you wonder that I face it out with you? Why not? What right or reason can you have to expect anything else of me? Wonder! You might wonder, indeed, if you saw me moved, here now before you. If I had any natural human feeling for my face to express, do you imagine that those

medicines of my prescribing and administering would ever have been taken from my hand? Why, man, my demeanor at this bar is the natural companion of my crimes, and, if it were a little different from what it is, you might even begin reasonably to doubt whether I had ever committed them!

The Poisoner had a confident expectation of acquittal. We doubt as little that he really had some considerable hope of it, as we do that he made a pretence of having more than he really had. Let us consider, first, if it be wonderful that he should have been rather sanguine. He had poisoned his victims according to his carefully laid plans; he had got them buried out of his way; he had murdered, and forged, and yet kept his place as a good fellow, and a sporting character; he had made a capital friend of the coroner, and a serviceable traitor of the postmaster; he was a great public character, with a special Act of Parliament for his trial; the choice spirits of the Stock Exchange were offering long odds in his favor, and, to wind up all, here was a tip-top Counsellor bursting into tears for him, saying to the jury, three times over, "You dare not, you dare not, you dare not!" and bolting clean out of the course to declare his belief that he was innocent. With all this to encourage him, with his own Derby-day division of mankind into knaves and fools, and with his own secret knowledge of the difficulties and mysteries with which the proof of Poison had been, in the manner of the Poisoning, surrounded, it would have been strange indeed if he were not borne up by some idea of escape. But, why should he have professed himself to have more hope of escape than he really entertained? The answer is because it belongs to that extremity that the villain in it should not only de-

clare a strong expectation of acquittal himself, but should try to infect all the people about him with it. Besides having an artful fancy, not wholly without foundation, he disseminates by that means an impression that he is innocent; to surround himself in his narrowed world with this fiction is, for the time being, to fill the jail with a faintly rose-colored atmosphere, and to remove the gallows to a more agreeable distance. Hence, plans are laid for the future, communicated with an engaging candor to turn-keys, and discussed in a reliant spirit. Even sick men and women, over whom natural death is impending, constantly talk with those about them on precisely the same principle.

It may be objected that there is some slight ingenuity in our endeavors to resolve the demeanor of this Poisoner into the same features as the demeanor of every other very wicked and very hardened criminal in the same strait, but that a parallel would be better than argument. We have no difficulty in finding a parallel; we have no difficulty in finding scores, beyond the almost insuperable difficulty of finding, in the criminal records, as deeply dyed a murderer. To embarrass these remarks, however, with references to cases that have passed out of the general memory, or have never been widely known, would be to render the discussion very irksome. We will confine ourselves to a famous instance. We will not even ask if it be so long ago since RUSH was tried, that *his* demeanor is forgotten. We will call THURTELL into court, as one of the murderers best remembered in England.

With the difference that the circumstances of Thurtell's guilt are not comparable in atrocity with those of the Poisoner's, there are points of strong resemblance between the

two men. Each was born in a fair station, and educated in conformity with it; each murdered a man with whom he had been on terms of intimate association, and for whom he professed a friendship at the time of the murder; both were members of that vermin-race of outer bettors and blacklegs, of whom some worthy samples were presented on both trials, and of whom, as a community, mankind would be blessedly rid, if they could all be, once and for ever, knocked on the head at a blow. Thurtell's demeanor was exactly that of the Poisoner's. We have referred to the newspapers of his time in aid of our previous knowledge of the case; and they present a complete confirmation of the simple fact for which we contend. From day to day, during his imprisonment before his trial, he is described as "collected and resolute in his demeanor," as "rather mild and conciliatory in his address," as being visited by "friends whom he receives with cheerfulness," as "remaining firm and unmoved," as "increasing in confidence as the day which is to decide his fate draws nigh," as "speaking of the favorable result of the trial with his usual confidence." On his trial, he looks "particularly well and healthy." His attention and composure are considered as wonderful as the Poisoner's; he writes notes as the Poisoner did; he watches the case with the same cool eye; he "retains that firmness for which, from the moment of his apprehension, he has been distinguished"; he "carefully assort[s] his papers on a desk near him"; he is (in this being singular) his own orator, and makes a speech in the manner of Edmund Kean, on the whole not very unlike that of the leading counsel for the Poisoner, concluding, as to his own innocence, with a *So help me God!* Before his trial, the Poisoner says he will be at the coming race for the Derby.



Before his trial, Thurtell says "that after his acquittal he will visit his father, and will propose to him to advance the portion which he intended for him, upon which he will reside abroad." (So Mr. Manning observed, under similar circumstances, that when all the nonsense was over, and the thing wound up, he had an idea of establishing himself in the West Indies). When the Poisoner's trial is yet to last another day or so, he enjoys his half-pound of steak and his tea, wishes his best friends may sleep as he does, and fears the grave "no more than his bed." (See the Evening Hymn for a Young Child.) When Thurtell's trial is yet to last another day or so, he takes his cold meat, tea, and coffee, and "enjoys himself with great comfort"; also, on the morning of his execution, he wakes from as innocent a slumber as the Poisoner's, declaring that he has had an excellent night, and that he hasn't dreamed "about this business." Whether the parallel will hold to the last, as to "feeling very well and very comfortable," as to "the firm step and perfect calmness," as to "the manliness and correctness of his general conduct," as to "the countenance unchanged by the awfulness of the situation"—not to say as to bowing to a friend from the scaffold "in a friendly but dignified manner"—our readers will know for themselves when we know too.

It is surely time that people who are not in the habit of dissecting such appearances, but who are in the habit of reading about them, should be helped to the knowledge that in the worst examples they are the most to be expected and the least to be wondered at. That there is no inconsistency in them and no fortitude in them. That there is nothing in them but cruelty and insensibility.

That they are seen because the man is of a piece with his misdeeds; and that it is not likely that he ever could have committed the crimes for which he is to suffer, if he had not this demeanor to present, in standing publicly to answer for them.

[1856.]

## CURIOUS MISPRINT IN THE EDINBURGH REVIEW.

THE *Edinburgh Review* in an article in its last number, on "The License of Modern Novelists," is angry with MR. DICKENS and other modern novelists, for not confining themselves to the mere amusement of their readers, and for testifying in their works that they seriously feel the interest of true Englishmen in the welfare and honor of their country. To them should be left the making of easy occasional books for idle young gentlemen and ladies to take up and lay down on sofas, drawing-room tables, and window-seats; to the *Edinburgh Review* should be reserved the settlement of all social and political questions and the strangulation of all complainers. MR. THACKERAY may write upon Snobs, but there must be none in the superior government departments. There is no positive objection to MR. READE having to do, in a Platonic way, with a Scottish fishwoman or so; but he must by no means connect himself with Prison Discipline. That is the inalienable property of official personages; and, until Mr. Reade can show that he has so much a-year, paid quarterly, for understanding (or not understanding) the subject, it is none of his, and it is impossible that he can be allowed to deal with it.

The name of Mr. Dickens is at the head of this page, and the hand of Mr. Dickens writes this paper. He will shelter himself under no affectation of being any one else, in

having a few words of earnest but temperate remonstrance with the *Edinburgh Review*, before pointing out its curious misprint. Temperate, for the honor of Literature; temperate, because of the great services which the *Edinburgh Review* rendered in its time to good literature, and good government; temperate in remembrance of the loving affection of JEFFREY, the friendship of SYDNEY SMITH, and the faithful sympathy of both.

The license of Modern Novelists is a taking title. But it suggests another, the License of Modern Reviewers. Mr. Dickens' libel on the wonderfully exact and vigorous English government, which is always ready for any emergency, and which, as everybody knows, has never shown itself to be at all feeble at a pinch within in the memory of men, is License in a novelist. Will the *Edinburgh Review* forgive Mr. Dickens for taking the liberty to point out what is License in a Reviewer?

"Even the catastrophe in 'Little Dorrit' is evidently borrowed from the recent fall of houses in Tottenham Court Road, which happens to have appeared in the newspapers at a convenient period."

Thus, the Reviewer. The Novelist begs to ask him whether there is no license in his writing those words and stating that assumption as a truth, when any man accustomed to the critical examination of a book cannot fail, attentively turning over the pages of "Little Dorrit," to observe that the catastrophe is carefully prepared for them from the very first presentation of the old house in the story; that when Rigaud, the man who is crushed by the fall of the house, first enters it (hundreds of pages before the end), he is beset by a mysterious fear and shuddering; that the rotten and crazy state of the house is laboriously

kept before the reader, whenever the house is shown; that the way to the demolition of the man and the house together is paved all through the book with a painful minuteness and reiterated care of preparation, the necessity of which (in order that the thread may be kept in the reader's mind through nearly two years) is one of the adverse incidents of that serial form of publication? It may be nothing to the question that Mr. Dickens now publicly declares, on his word and honor, that that catastrophe was written, was engraven on steel, was printed, had passed through the hands of compositors, readers for the press, and pressmen, and was in type and in proof in the Printing House of MESSRS. BRADBURY AND EVANS, before the accident in Tottenham Court Road occurred. But it is much to the question that an honorable reviewer might have easily traced this out in the internal evidence of the book itself before he stated, for a fact, what is utterly and entirely, in every particular and respect, untrue. More; if the Editor of the *Edinburgh Review* (unbending from the severe official duties of a blameless branch of the Circumlocution Office) had happened to condescend to cast his eye on the passage and had referred even its mechanical probabilities and improbabilities to his publishers, those experienced gentlemen must have warned him that he was getting into danger; must have told him that on a comparison of dates, and with a reference to the number printed of "Little Dorrit," with that very incident illustrated, and to the date of the publication of the completed book in a volume, they hardly perceived how Mr. Dickens *could* have waited, with such a desperate Micawberism, for a fall of houses in Tottenham Court Road to get him out of his difficulties, and yet could have come up to time with the

needful punctuality. Does the *Edinburgh Review* make no charges at random? Does it live in a blue and yellow glass house, and yet throw such big stones over the roof? Will the licensed Reviewer apologize to the Licensed Novelist, for *his* little Circumlocution Office? Will he "examine the justice" of his own "general charges," as well as Mr. Dickens'? Will he apply his own words to himself, and come to the conclusion that it really is "a little curious to consider what qualifications a man ought to possess, before he could with any kind of propriety hold this language"?

The Novelist now proceeds to the Reviewer's curious misprint. The Reviewer, in his laudation of the great official departments, and in his indignant denial of there being any trace of a Circumlocution Office to be detected among them all, begs to know, "What does Mr. Dickens think of the whole organization of the Post Office and of the system of cheap Postage?" Taking St. Martins-le-grand in tow, the wrathful Circumlocution steamer, puffing at Mr. Dickens to crush him with all the weight of that first-rate vessel, demands, "To take a single and well-known example, how does he account for the career of Mr. ROWLAND HILL? A gentleman in a private and not very conspicuous position writes a pamphlet recommending what amounted to a revolution in a most important department of the Government. Did the Circumlocution Office neglect him, traduce him, break his heart, and ruin his fortune? They adopted his scheme, and gave him the leading share in carrying it out, and yet this is the government which Mr. Dickens declares to be a sworn foe to talent, and a systematic enemy to ingenuity."

The curious misprint, here, is the name of Mr. Rowland Hill. Some other and perfectly different name must have been sent to the printer. Mr. Rowland Hill! Why, if Mr.

Rowland Hill were not, in toughness, a man of a hundred thousand; if he had not had in the struggles of his career a steadfastness of purpose overriding all sensitiveness, and steadily staring grim despair out of countenance, the Circumlocution Office would have made a dead man of him long and long ago. Mr. Dickens, among his other darings, dares to state, that the Circumlocution Office most heartily hated Mr. Rowland Hill; that the Circumlocution Office most characteristically opposed him as long as opposition was in any way possible; that the Circumlocution Office would have been most devoutly glad if it could have harried Mr. Rowland Hill's soul out of his body, and consigned him and his troublesome penny project to the grave together.

Mr. Rowland Hill!! Now, see the impossibility of Mr. Rowland Hill being the name which the *Edinburgh Review* sent to the printer. It may have relied on the forbearance of Mr. Dickens toward living gentlemen, for his being mute on a mighty job that was jobbed in that very Post-Office when Mr. Rowland Hill was *taboo* there, and it shall not rely upon his courtesy in vain, though there be breezes on the southern side of mid-Strand, London, in which the scent of it is yet strong on quarter-days. But, the *Edinburgh Review* never can have put up Mr. Rowland Hill for the putting down of Mr. Dickens' idle fiction of a Circumlocution Office. The "license" would have been too great, the absurdity would have been too transparent, the Circumlocution Office dictation and partisanship would have been much too manifest.

"The Circumlocution Office adopted his scheme, and gave him the leading share in carrying it out." The words are clearly not applicable to Mr. Rowland Hill. Does the Re-

viewer remember the history of Mr. Rowland Hill's scheme? The Novelist does, and will state it here, exactly; in spite of its being one of the eternal decrees that the Reviewer, in virtue of his license, shall know everything, and that the Novelist, in virtue of *his* license, shall know nothing.

Mr. Rowland Hill published his pamphlet on the establishment of one uniform penny postage, in the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and thirty-seven. Mr. Wallace, member for Greenock, who had long been opposed to the then existing Post-Office system, moved for a Committee on the subject. Its appointment was opposed by the Government—or, let us say, the Circumlocution Office—but was afterward conceded. Before that Committee, the Circumlocution Office and Mr. Rowland Hill were perpetually in conflict on questions of fact; and it invariably turned out that Mr. Rowland Hill was always right in his facts, and that the Circumlocution Office was always wrong. Even on so plain a point as the average number of letters at that very time passing through the Post Office, Mr. Rowland Hill was right, and the Circumlocution Office was wrong.

Says the *Edinburgh Review*, in what it calls a "general" way, "The Circumlocution Office adopted his scheme." Did it? Not just then, certainly; for, nothing whatever was done, arising out of the inquiries of that Committee. But it happened that the Whig Government afterward came to be beaten on the Jamaica question, by reason of the Radicals voting against them. Sir Robert Peel was commanded to form a Government, but failed, in consequence of the difficulties that arose (our readers will remember them) about the Ladies of the Bedchamber. The Ladies of the Bedchamber brought the Whigs in again, and then the Radicals (being always for the destruction of everything)



made it one of the conditions of their rendering their support to the new Whig Government that the penny postage should be adopted. This was two years after the appointment of the Committee; that is to say, in eighteen hundred and thirty-nine. The Circumlocution Office had, to that time, done nothing toward the penny postage, but oppose, delay, contradict, and show itself uniformly wrong.

“They adopted his scheme, and gave him the leading share in carrying it out.” Of course they gave him the leading share in carrying it out, then, at the time when they adopted it, and took the credit and popularity of it? Not so. In eighteen hundred and thirty-nine, Mr. Rowland Hill was appointed—not to the Post Office, but to the Treasury. Was he appointed to the Treasury to carry out his own scheme? No. He was appointed “to advise.” In other words, to instruct the ignorant Circumlocution Office how to do without him, if it by any means could. On the tenth of January, eighteen hundred and forty, the penny-postage system was adopted. Then, of course, the Circumlocution Office gave Mr. Rowland Hill “the leading share in carrying it out”? Not exactly, but it gave him the leading share in carrying himself out: for in eighteen hundred and forty-two it summarily dismissed Mr. Rowland Hill altogether!

When the Circumlocution Office had come to that pass on its patriotic course so much admired by the *Edinburgh Review*, of protecting and patronizing Mr. Rowland Hill, whom any child who is not a Novelist can perceive to have been its peculiar *protégé*; the public mind (always perverse) became much excited on the subject. Sir Thomas Wilde moved for another Committee. Circumlocution Office interposed. Nothing was done. The public subscribed and presented

to Mr. Rowland Hill, Sixteen Thousand Pounds. Circumlocution Office remained true to itself and its functions. Did nothing; would do nothing. It was not until eighteen hundred and forty-six, four years afterward, that Mr. Rowland Hill was appointed to a place in the Post-Office. Was he appointed, even then, to the "leading share in carrying out" his scheme? He was permitted to creep into the Post-Office up the back stairs, through having a place created for him. This post of dignity and honor, this Circumlocution Office crown, was called "Secretary to the Postmaster General"; there being already a Secretary to the Post-Office, of whom the Circumlocution Office had declared, as its reason for dismissing Mr. Rowland Hill, that his functions and Mr. Rowland Hill's could not be made to harmonize.

They did not harmonize. They were in perpetual discord. Penny postage is but one reform of a number of Post-Office reforms effected by Mr. Rowland Hill; and these, for eight years longer, were thwarted and opposed by the Circumlocution Office, tooth and nail. It was not until eighteen hundred and fifty-four, fourteen years after the appointment of Mr. Wallace's Committee, that Mr. Rowland Hill (having, as was openly stated at the time, threatened to resign and to give his reasons for doing so), was at last made sole Secretary at the Post-Office, and the inharmonious secretary (of whom no more shall be said) was otherwise disposed of. It is only since that date of eighteen hundred and fifty-four, that such reforms as the amalgamation of the general and district posts, the division of London into ten towns, the earlier delivery of letters all over the country, the book and parcels post, the increase of letter-receiving houses everywhere, and the management of

the Post-Office with a greatly increased efficiency, have been brought about by Mr. Rowland Hill for the public benefit and the public convenience.

If the *Edinburgh Review* could seriously want to know "how Mr. Dickens accounts for the career of Mr. Rowland Hill," Mr. Dickens would account for it by his being a Birmingham man of such imperturbable steadiness and strength of purpose, that the Circumlocution Office, by its utmost endeavors, very feebly tried, could not weaken his determination, sharpen his razor, or break his heart. By his being a man in whose behalf the public gallantry was roused, and the public spirit awakened. By his having a project, in its nature so plainly and directly tending to the immediate benefit of every man, woman, and child in the State that the Circumlocution Office could not blind them, though it could for a time cripple it. By his having thus, from the first to the last, made his way in spite of the Circumlocution Office, and dead against it as his natural enemy.

But, the name is evidently a curious misprint and an unfortunate mistake. The Novelist will await the Reviewer's correction of the press, and substitution of the right name.

Will the *Edinburgh Review* also take its next opportunity of manfully expressing its regret that in too distempered a zeal for the Circumlocution Office it has been betrayed, as to that Tottenham Court Road assertion, into a hasty substitution of untruth for truth; the discredit of which it might have saved itself if it had been sufficiently cool and considerate to be simply just? It will, too, possibly have much to do by that time in championing its Circumlocution Office in new triumphs on the voyage out to India (God knows that the Novelist has his private as well as his public reasons for writing the foreboding with no triumphant

heart!); but even party occupation, the reviewer's license, or the editorial plural, does not absolve a gentleman from a gentleman's duty, a gentleman's restraint, and a gentleman's generosity.

Mr. Dickens will willingly do his best to "account for" any new case of Circumlocution Office protection that the *Review* may make a gauntlet of. He may be trusted to do so, he hopes, with a just respect for the *Review*, for himself, and for his calling; beyond the sound, healthy, legitimate uses and influences of which, he has no purpose to serve, and no ambition in life to gratify. [1857.]

## PERSONAL.

THREE-AND-TWENTY years have passed since I entered on my present relations with the Public. They began when I was so young that I find them to have existed for nearly a quarter of a century.

Through all that time I have tried to be as faithful to the public as they have been to me. It was my duty never to trifle with them, or deceive them, or presume upon their favor, or do anything with it but work hard to justify it. I have always endeavored to discharge that duty.

My conspicuous position has often made me the subject of fabulous stories and unaccountable statements. Occasionally, such things have chafed me, or even wounded me; but I have always accepted them as the shadows inseparable from the light of my notoriety and success. I have never obtruded any such personal uneasiness of mine upon the generous aggregate of my audience.

For the first time in my life, and I believe for the last, I now deviate from the principle I have so long observed, by presenting myself in my own Journal in my own private character, and entreating all my brethren (as they deem that they have reason to think well of me, and to know that I am a man who has ever been unaffectedly true to our common calling) to lend their aid to the dissemination of my present words.

Some domestic trouble of mine, of long-standing, on which I will make no further remark than that it claims to be respected, as being of a sacredly private nature, has lately been brought to an arrangement, which involves no

anger or ill-will of any kind, and the whole origin, progress, and surrounding circumstances of which have been throughout within the knowledge of my children. It is amicably composed, and its details have now but to be forgotten by those concerned in it.

By some means, arising out of wickedness, or out of folly, or out of inconceivable wild chance, or out of all three, this trouble has been made the occasion of misrepresentations, most grossly false, most monstrous, and most cruel—involving not only me, but innocent persons dear to my heart, and innocent persons of whom I have no knowledge, if, indeed, they have any existence—and so widely spread that I doubt if one reader in a thousand will peruse these lines by whom some touch of the breath of these slanders will not have passed, like an unwholesome air.

Those who know me and my nature, need no assurance under my hand that such calumnies are as irreconcilable with me as they are, in their frantic incoherence, with one another. But there is a great multitude who know me through my writings, and who do not know me otherwise, and I cannot bear that one of them should be left in doubt, or hazard of doubt, through my poorly shrinking from taking the unusual means to which I now resort, of circulating the Truth.

I most solemnly declare, then—and this I do both in my own name and in my wife's name—that all the lately whispered rumors touching the trouble at which I have glanced are abominably false. And that whosoever repeats one of them after this denial will lie as wilfully and as foully as it is possible for any false witness to lie, before Heaven and earth.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[1858.]

## “ALL THE YEAR ROUND.”

AFTER the appearance of the present concluding Number of *Household Words*, this publication will merge into the new weekly publication, *All the Year Round*, and the title, *Household Words*, will form a part of the title-page of *All the Year Round*.

The Prospectus of the latter Journal described it in these words :

### “ADDRESS.

“Nine years of *Household Words*, are the best practical assurance that can be offered to the public, of the spirit and objects of *All the Year Round*.

“In transferring myself, and my strongest energies, from the publication that is about to be discontinued, to the publication that is about to be begun, I have the happiness of taking with me the staff of writers with whom I have labored, and all the literary and business co-operation that can make my work a pleasure. In some important respects, I am now free greatly to advance on past arrangements. Those I leave to testify for themselves in due course.

“That fusion of the graces of the imagination with the realities of life, which is vital to the welfare of any community, and for which I have striven from week to week as honestly as I could during the last nine years, will continue to be striven for ‘all the year round.’ The old weekly cares and duties become things of the Past, merely

to be assumed, with an increased love for them and brighter hopes springing out of them, in the Present and the Future.

"I look, and plan, for a very much wider circle of readers, and yet again for a steadily expanding circle of readers, in the projects I hope to carry through 'all the year round.' And I feel confident that this expectation will be realized if it deserve realization.

"The task of my new Journal is set, and it will steadily try to work the task out. Its pages shall show to what good purpose their motto is remembered in them, and with how much of fidelity and earnestness they tell

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR,

"CHARLES DICKENS."

Since this was issued, the Journal itself has come into existence, and has spoken for itself five weeks. Its fifth Number is published to-day, and its circulation, moderately stated, trebles that now relinquished in *Household Words*.

In referring our readers, henceforth, to *All the Year Round*, we can but assure them afresh of our unwearying and faithful service, in what is at once the work and the chief pleasure of our life. Through all that we are doing, and through all that we design to do, our aim is to do our best in sincerity of purpose, and true devotion of spirit.

We do not for a moment suppose that we may lean on the character of these pages, and rest contented at the point where they stop. We see in that point but a starting-place for our new journey; and on that journey, with new prospects opening out before us everywhere, we joyfully proceed, entreating our readers—without any of the pain of leave-taking incidental to most journeys—to bear us company All the Year Round. [1859.]



## A LAST HOUSEHOLD WORD.

THE first page of the first of these Nineteen Volumes was devoted to a Preliminary Word from the writer by whom they were projected, under whose constant supervision they have been produced, and whose name has been (as his pen and himself have been) inseparable from the Publication ever since.

The last page of the last of these Nineteen Volumes is closed by the same hand.

He knew perfectly well, knowing his own rights, and his means of attaining them, that it *could not be* but that this Work must stop, if he chose to stop it. He therefore announced, many weeks ago, that it would be discontinued the day on which this final Number bears date. The Public have read a great deal to the contrary, and will observe that it has not in the least affected the result.

[1859.]

## OCCASIONAL REGISTER.

### WANTED.

**V**ERY PARTICULARLY; the chief engineer of the steamship Bagota, who ordered a man to be roasted to death at a furnace. Which order was obeyed, under circumstances of brutality, both active and passive, so abominable, that the earth can hardly be expected to produce grains and fruits after their several kinds while the said engineer remains unhanged upon it.

If this should meet the eye of the magistrate who permitted that murderer to go at large on bail, he is informed that he is not likely to hear of anything to his advantage.

**T**HE REASON WHY London aldermanic justice, in the current month of April, sentenced a ruffian, for a series of perfectly unprovoked assaults of a most violent description, beginning with a respectable young woman and ending with the police in general, to one month's imprisonment only. The attention of Mr. Alderman Mechi is invited.

**T**HE PHILANTHROPISTS who are so benevolent as to open the public-houses, free of expense, at election time. Also, the good Samaritans who pay arrears of rent for people, at about the same period.

**I**N ACTION, an original English play of any description within the limits of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

A FEW IDEAS for the walls of the Royal Academy. One hundred cart-loads of fancy dresses, dolls, and old furniture, may be taken in exchange.

SOME NEWER TUB for the whale-taking trade, than a cry of Revolution to catch a pension. Address, Buckinghamshire.

BY THE REVEREND GENTLEMAN who took upon himself to write to *The Times*, proclaiming (quite erroneously) a certain living person to be the author of a certain anonymous work of genius, any Excuse, be it ever so small, for that impertinence.

A LOUDLY EXPRESSED public opinion, to clear away the Metropolitan Board of Works with its whole crew of jobbers and idlers. If the above opinion is not produced, the London ratepayers will be sold, and will have to pay heavy charges.

FOUND.

ALWAYS. An immense flock of gulls to believe in preposterous advertisements.

A GREAT DEAL OF MONEY belonging to nobody, on its way to boroughs and counties to do nothing.

THE DIGNITY of the Lord Mayor of London. This jewel, after being mislaid for many years and supposed lost, has been discovered, in the brightest condition, in a setting of Golden Wire. The article may be seen, any morning, at the Mansion House. It is not permitted to be handled, but must be contemplated through the microscope.

**I**N THE PUBLISHING and Book Trade, lately, several Tracts and Pamphlets, in the titles of which the most sacred names and subjects are treated with a horrible familiarity, and are indecently set forth as if in play-bills. It is earnestly hoped that they will NOT BE SOLD to pay the expenses.

## MISSING.

**O**N ALL OCCASIONS, the man who is responsible for anything done ill in the public service. He will particularly oblige by coming forward.

**T**HE SERMON ON THE MOUNT, from the Bible of a Right Reverend Prelate. The loss was discovered on or about the 30th of March and 4th of April, when reference to the Divine Homily was much needed, in a correspondence with a dissenting father, relative to the burial of his little child in his own family grave. As the possession of these leaves of the New Testament, by their bereaved owner, is of importance to society, restoration is earnestly solicited. Please to communicate with Samuel, at the Soap Warehouse, St. James' Court.

[1859.]

## FIVE NEW POINTS OF CRIMINAL LAW.

THE existing Criminal Law has been found in trials for Murder to be so exceedingly hasty, unfair, and oppressive—in a word, to be so very objectionable to the amiable persons accused of that thoughtless act—that it is, we understand, the intention of the Government to bring in a Bill for its amendment. We have been favored with an outline of its probable provisions.

It will be grounded on the profound principle that the real offender is the Murdered Person; but for whose obstinate persistency in being murdered, the interesting fellow-creature to be tried could not have got into trouble.

Its leading enactments may be expected to resolve themselves under the following heads:

1. There shall be no Judge. Strong representations have been made by highly popular culprits that the presence of this obtrusive character is prejudicial to their best interests. The Court will be composed of a political gentleman, sitting in a secluded room commanding a view of St. James' Park, who has already more to do than any human creature can, by any stretch of the human imagination, be supposed capable of doing.

2. The Jury to consist of Five Thousand Five Hundred and Fifty-five Volunteers.

3. The Jury to be strictly prohibited from seeing either the accused or the witnesses. They are not to be sworn.

They are on no account to hear the evidence. They are to receive it, or such representations of it, as may happen to fall in their way; and they will constantly write letters about it to all the Papers.

4. Supposing the trial to be a trial for Murder by poisoning, and supposing the hypothetical case, or the evidence, for the prosecution to charge the administration of two poisons, say Arsenic and Antimony; and supposing the taint of Arsenic in the body to be possible but not probable, and the presence of Antimony in the body to be an absolute certainty; it will then become the duty of the Jury to confine their attention solely to the Arsenic, and entirely to dismiss the Antimony from their minds.

5. The symptoms preceding the death of the real offender (or Murdered Person) being described in evidence by medical practitioners who saw them, other medical practitioners who never saw them shall be required to state whether they are inconsistent with certain known diseases—*but, they shall never be asked whether they are not exactly consistent with the administration of Poison.* To illustrate this enactment in the proposed Bill by a case:—A raging mad dog is seen to run into the house where Z lives alone, foaming at the mouth. Z and the mad dog are for some time left together in that house under proved circumstances, irresistibly leading to the conclusion that Z has been bitten by the dog. Z is afterwards found lying on his bed in a state of hydrophobia, and with the marks of the dog's teeth. Now, the symptoms of that disease being identical with those of another disease called Tetanus, which might supervene on Z's running a rusty nail into a certain part of his foot, medical practitioners who never saw Z shall bear testimony to that abstract fact, and it

shall then be incumbent on the Registrar-General to certify that Z died of a rusty nail.

It is hoped that these alterations in the present mode of procedure will not only be quite satisfactory to the accused person (which is the first great consideration), but will also tend, in a tolerable degree, to the welfare and safety of Society. For it is not sought in this moderate and prudent measure to be wholly denied that it is an inconvenience to Society to be poisoned overmuch. [1859.]

## “THE TATTLESNIVEL BLEATER.”

THE pen is taken in hand on the present occasion, by a private individual (not wholly unaccustomed to literary composition), for the exposure of a conspiracy of a most frightful nature; a conspiracy which, like the deadly Upas-tree of Java, on which the individual produced a poem in his earlier youth (not wholly devoid of length), which was so flatteringly received (in circles not wholly unaccustomed to form critical opinions), that he was recommended to publish it, and would certainly have carried out the suggestion, but for private considerations (not wholly unconnected with expense).

The individual who undertakes the exposure of the gigantic conspiracy now to be laid bare in all its hideous deformity, is an inhabitant of the town of Tattlesnivel—a lowly inhabitant, it may be, but one who, as an Englishman and a man, will ne'er abase his eye before the gaudy and the mocking throng.

Tattlesnivel stoops to demand no championship from her sons. On an occasion in History, our bluff British monarch, our Eighth Royal Harry, almost went there. And long ere the periodical in which this exposure will appear had sprung into being, Tattlesnivel had unfurled that standard which yet waves upon her battlements. The standard alluded to is *The Tattlesnivel Bleater*, containing the latest intelligence, and state of markets, down to the hour of going to press, and presenting a favorable local medium for



advertisers, on a graduated scale of charges, considerably diminishing in proportion to the guaranteed number of insertions.

It were bootless to expatiate on the host of talent engaged in formidable phalanx to do fealty to the *Bleater*. Suffice it to select, for present purposes, one of the most gifted and (but for the wide and deep ramifications of an un-English conspiracy) most rising, of the men who are bold Albion's pride. It were needless, after this preamble, to point the finger more directly at the LONDON CORRESPONDENT OF *The Tattlesnivel Bleater*.

On the weekly letters of that Correspondent, on the flexibility of their English, on the boldness of their grammar, on the originality of their quotations (never to be found as they are printed, in any book existing), on the priority of their information, on their intimate acquaintance with the secret thoughts and unexecuted intentions of men, it would ill become the humble Tattlesnivellian who traces these words, to dwell. They are graven in the memory; they are on the *Bleater's* file. Let them be referred to.

But, from the infamous, the dark, the subtle conspiracy which spreads its baleful roots throughout the land, and of which the *Bleater's* London Correspondent is the one sole subject, it is the purpose of the lowly Tattlesnivellian who undertakes this revelation, to tear the veil. Nor will he shrink from his self-imposed labor, Herculean though it be.

The conspiracy begins in the very Palace of the Sovereign Lady of our Ocean Isle. Leal and loyal as it is the proud vaunt of the *Bleater's* readers, one and all, to be, the inhabitant who pens this exposure does not personally impeach, either her Majesty the Queen, or the illustrious

Prince Consort. But, some silken-clad smoothers, some purple parasites, some fawners in frippery, some greedy and begartered ones in gorgeous garments, he does impeach—ay, and wrathfully! Is it asked on what grounds? They shall be stated.

The *Bleater's* London Correspondent, in the prosecution of his important inquiries, goes down to Windsor, sends in his card, has a confidential interview with her Majesty and the illustrious Prince Consort. For a time, the restraints of Royalty are thrown aside in the cheerful conversation of the *Bleater's* London Correspondent, in his fund of information, in his flow of anecdote, in the atmosphere of his genius; her Majesty brightens, the illustrious Prince Consort thaws, the cares of State and the conflicts of Party are forgotten, lunch is proposed. Over that unassuming and domestic table, her Majesty communicates to the *Bleater's* London Correspondent that it is her intention to send his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales to inspect the top of the Great Pyramid—thinking it likely to improve his acquaintance with the views of the people. Her Majesty further communicates that she has made up her royal mind (and that the Prince Consort has made up his illustrious mind) to the bestowal of the vacant Garter, let us say on Mr. Roebuck. The younger Royal children having been introduced at the request of the *Bleater's* London Correspondent, and having been by him closely observed to present the usual external indications of good health, the happy knot is severed, with a sigh the Royal bow is once more strung to its full tension, the *Bleater's* London Correspondent returns to London, writes his letter, and tells *The Tattlesnival Bleater* what he knows. All Tattlesnival reads it and knows that he knows it. But, *does* his Royal

Highness the Prince of Wales ultimately go to the top of the Great Pyramid? Does Mr. Roebuck ultimately get the Garter? No. Are the younger Royal children even ultimately found to be well? On the contrary, they have—and on that very day had—the measles. Why is this? *Because the Conspirators against the Bleater’s London Correspondent have stepped in with their dark machinations.* Because her Majesty and the Prince Consort are artfully induced to change their minds, from north to south, from east to west, immediately after it is known to the conspirators that they have put themselves in communication with the *Bleater’s* London Correspondent. It is now indignantly demanded, by whom are they so tampered with? It is now indignantly demanded, who took the responsibility of concealing the indisposition of those Royal children from their Royal and Illustrious parents, and of bringing them down from their beds, disguised, expressly to confound the London Correspondent of *The Tattlesnivel Bleater*? Who are those persons, it is again asked? Let not rank and favor protect them. Let the traitors be exhibited in the face of day!

Lord John Russell is in this conspiracy. Tell us not that his Lordship is a man of too much spirit and honor. Denunciation is hurled against him. The proof? The proof is here.

The Time is panting for an answer to the question, Will Lord John Russell consent to take office under Lord Palmerston? Good. The London Correspondent of *The Tattlesnivel Bleater* is in the act of writing his weekly letter, finds himself rather at a loss to settle this question finally, leaves off, puts his hat on, goes down to the lobby of the House of Commons, sends in for Lord John Russell, and

has him out. He draws his arm through his Lordship's, takes him aside, and says, "John, will you ever accept office under Palmerston?" His Lordship replies, "I will not." The *Bleater's* London Correspondent retorts, with the caution such a man is bound to use, "John, think again; say nothing to me rashly; is there any temper here?" His Lordship replies calmly, "None whatever." After giving him time for reflection, the *Bleater's* London Correspondent says, "Once more, John, let me put a question to you. Will you ever accept office under Palmerston?" His Lordship answers (note the exact expressions), "Nothing shall induce me ever to accept a seat in a Cabinet of which Palmerston is the Chief." They part, the London Correspondent of *The Tattlesnivel Bleater* finishes his letter, and—always being withheld by motives of delicacy, from plainly divulging his means of getting accurate information on every subject, at first hand—puts in it this passage: "Lord John Russell is spoken of, by blunderers, for Foreign Affairs; but I have the best reasons for assuring your readers, that" (giving prominence to the exact expressions, it will be observed) "NOTHING WILL EVER INDUCE HIM TO ACCEPT A SEAT IN A CABINET OF WHICH PALMERSTON IS THE CHIEF.' On this you may implicitly rely." What happens? On the very day of the publication of that number of the *Bleater*—the malignity of the conspirators being even manifested in the selection of the day—Lord John Russell takes the Foreign Office! Comment were superfluous.

The people of Tattlesnivel will be told, have been told, that Lord John Russell is a man of his word. He may be, on some occasions; but, when overshadowed by this dark and enormous growth of conspiracy, Tattlesnivel knows

him to be otherwise. “I happen to be certain, deriving my information from a source which cannot be doubted to be authentic,” wrote the London Correspondent of the *Bleater*, within the last year, “that Lord John Russell bitterly regrets having made that explicit speech of last Monday.” These are not roundabout phrases; these are plain words. What does Lord John Russell (apparently by accident), within eight-and-forty hours after their diffusion over the civilized globe? Rises in his place in Parliament, and unblushingly declares that if the occasion could arise five hundred times, for his making that very speech, he would make it five hundred times! Is there no conspiracy here? And is this combination against one who would be always right if he were not proved always wrong, to be endured in a country that boasts of its freedom and its fairness?

But the Tattlesnivellian who now raises his voice against intolerable oppression may be told that, after all, this is a political conspiracy. He may be told, forsooth, that MR. DISRAELI’S being in it, that LORD DERBY’S being in it, that MR. BRIGHT’S being in it, that every Home, Foreign, and Colonial Secretary’s being in it, that every ministry’s and every opposition’s being in it, are but proofs that men will do in politics what they would do in nothing else. Is this the plea? If so, the rejoinder is, that the mighty conspiracy includes the whole circle of Artists of all kinds, and comprehends all degrees of men, down to the worst criminal and the hangman who ends his career. For all these are intimately known to the London Correspondent of *The Tattlesnivell Bleater*, and all these deceive him.

Sir, put it to the proof. There is the *Bleater* on the file—documentary evidence. Weeks, months, before the Ex-

hibition of the Royal Academy, the *Bleater's* London Correspondent knows the subjects of all the leading pictures, knows what the painters first meant to do, knows what they afterward substituted for what they first meant to do, knows what they ought to do and won't do, knows what they ought not to do and will do, knows to a letter from whom they have commissions, knows to a shilling how much they are to be paid. Now, no sooner is each studio clear of the remarkable man to whom each studio-occupant has revealed himself as he does not reveal himself to his nearest and dearest bosom friend, than conspiracy and fraud begin. Alfred the Great becomes the Fairy Queen; Moses viewing the Promised Land, turns out to be Moses going to the Fair; Portrait of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, is transformed, as if by irreverent enchantment of the dissenting interest, into A Favorite Terrier, or Cattle Grazing; and the most extraordinary work of art in the list described by the *Bleater* is coolly sponged out altogether, and asserted never to have had existence at all, even in the most shadowy thoughts of its executant! This is vile enough, but this is not all. Picture-buyers then come forth from their secret positions, and creep into their places in the assassin-multitude of conspirators. MR. BARING, after expressly telling the *Bleater's* London Correspondent that he had bought No. 39 for one thousand guineas, gives it up to somebody unknown for a couple of hundred pounds; THE MARQUIS OF LANSDOWNE pretends to have no knowledge whatever of the commissions to which the London Correspondent of the *Bleater* swore him, but allows a Railway Contractor to cut him out for half the money. Similar examples might be multiplied. Shame, shame, on these men! Is this England?

Sir, look again at Literature. The *Bleater's* London Correspondent is not merely acquainted with all the eminent writers, but is in possession of the secrets of their souls. He is versed in their hidden meanings and references, sees their manuscripts before publication, and knows the subjects and titles of their books when they are not begun. How dare those writers turn upon the eminent man and depart from every intention they have confided to him? How do they justify themselves in entirely altering their manuscripts, changing their titles, and abandoning their subjects? Will they deny, in the face of Tattlesnivel, that they do so? If they have such hardihood, let the file of the *Bleater* strike them dumb. By their fruits they shall be known. Let their works be compared with the anticipatory letters of the *Bleater's* London Correspondent, and their falsehood and deceit will become manifest as the sun; it will be seen that they do nothing which they stand pledged to the *Bleater's* London Correspondent to do; it will be seen that they are among the blackest parties in this black and base conspiracy. This will become apparent, sir, not only as to their public proceedings but as to their private affairs. The outraged Tattlesnivellian who now drags this infamous combination into the face of day, charges those literary persons with making away with their property, imposing on the Income Tax Commissioners, keeping false books, and entering into sham contracts. He accuses them on the unimpeachable faith of the London Correspondent of *The Tattlesnivel Bleater*. With whose evidence they will find it impossible to reconcile their own account of any transaction of their lives.

The national character is degenerating under the influence of the ramifications of this tremendous conspiracy.

Forgery is committed, constantly. A person of note—any sort of person of note—dies. The *Bleater's* London Correspondent knows what his circumstances are, what his savings are (if any), who his creditors are, all about his children and relations, and (in general, before his body is cold) describes his will. Is that will ever proved? Never! Some other will is substituted; the real instrument, destroyed. And this (as has been before observed) is England!

Who are the workmen and artificers, enrolled upon the book of this treacherous league? From what funds are they paid, and with what ceremonies are they sworn to secrecy? Are there none such? Observe what follows. A little time ago the *Bleater's* London Correspondent had this passage: "Boddleboy is pianoforte-playing at St. Januarius' Gallery, with pretty tolerable success! He clears three hundred pounds per night. Not bad this!!" The builder of St. Januarius' Gallery (plunged to the throat in the conspiracy) met with this piece of news, and observed, with characteristic coarseness, "that the *Bleater's* London Correspondent was a Blind Ass." Being pressed by a man of spirit to give his reasons for this extraordinary statement, he declared that the Gallery, crammed to suffocation, would not hold two hundred pounds, and that its expenses were, probably, at least half what it did hold. The man of spirit (himself a Tattlesnivellian) had the Gallery measured within a week from that hour, and it would *not* hold two hundred pounds! Now, can the poorest capacity doubt that it had been altered in the mean time?

And so the conspiracy extends, through every grade of society, down to the condemned criminal in prison, the hangman, and the Ordinary. Every famous murderer with-



in the last ten years has desecrated his last moments by falsifying his confidences imparted specially to the London Correspondent of *The Tattlesnivel Bleater*; on every such occasion, Mr. Calcraft has followed the degrading example; and the reverend Ordinary, forgetful of his cloth, and mindful only (it would seem, alas!) of the conspiracy, has committed himself to some account or other of the criminal's demeanor and conversation, which has been diametrically opposed to the exclusive information of the London Correspondent of the *Bleater*. And this (as has been before observed) is Merry England!

A man of true genius, however, is not easily defeated. The *Bleater's* London Correspondent, probably beginning to suspect the existence of a plot against him, has recently fallen on a new style, which, as being very difficult to countermine, may necessitate the organization of a new conspiracy. One of his masterly letters, lately, disclosed the adoption of this style—which was remarked with profound sensation throughout Tattlesnivel—in the following passage: “Mentioning literary small-talk, I may tell you that some new and extraordinary rumors are afloat concerning the conversations I have previously mentioned, alleged to have taken place in the first floor front (situated over the street-door), of Mr. X. Ameter (the poet so well known to your readers), in which X. Ameter's great uncle, his second son, his butcher, and a corpulent gentleman with one eye universally respected at Kensington, are said not to have been on the most friendly footing; I forbear, however, to pursue the subject further, this week, my informant not being able to supply me with exact particulars.”

But enough, sir. The inhabitant of Tattlesnivel who has taken pen in hand to expose this odious association of

unprincipled men against a shining (local) character, turns from it with disgust and contempt. Let him in few words strip the remaining flimsy covering from the nude object of the conspirators, and his loathsome task is ended.

Sir, that object, he contends, is evidently twofold. First, to exhibit the London Correspondent of *The Tattlesnivél Bleater* in the light of a mischievous Blockhead who, by hiring himself out to tell what he cannot possibly know, is as great a public nuisance as a Blockhead in a corner can be. Second, to suggest to the men of Tattlesnivél that it does not improve their town to have so much Dry Rubbish shot there.

Now, sir, on both these points Tattlesnivél demands in accents of Thunder, Where is the Attorney-General? Why doesn't *The Times* take it up? (Is the latter in the conspiracy? It never adopts his views, or quotes him, and incessantly contradicts him.) Tattlesnivél, sir, remembering that our forefathers contended with the Norman at Hastings, and bled at a variety of other places that will readily occur to you, demands that its birthright shall not be bartered away for a mess of pottage. Have a care, sir, have a care! Or Tattlesnivél (its idle Rifles piled in its scouted streets) may be seen ere long, advancing with its *Bleater* to the foot of the Throne, and demanding redress for this conspiracy, from the orbéd and sceptred hands of Majesty itself!

[1859.]

## THE ELECTION FOR FINSBURY.

*To the Editor of The Daily News.*

SIR:—Being here for a day or two, I have observed in your paper of yesterday (which fell in my way this morning) an account of a meeting of Finsbury electors, in which it was discussed whether I should be invited to become a candidate for that borough. I may save some trouble if you will kindly allow me to confirm the sensible gentleman who doubted at that meeting whether I was “quite the sort of man for Finsbury.” I am not at all the sort of man, for I believe nothing would induce me to offer myself as a parliamentary representative of that place, or any other under the sun.—I am, etc.,

CHARLES DICKENS.

NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, November 21st, 1861.

## THE YOUNG MAN FROM THE COUNTRY.

A SONG of the hour, now in course of being sung and whistled in every street, the other day reminded the writer of these words—as he chanced to pass a fag-end of the song for the twentieth time in a short London walk—that twenty years ago a little book on the United States, entitled “American Notes,” was published by “A Young Man from the Country,” who had just seen and left it.

This Young Man from the Country fell into a deal of trouble, by reason of having taken the liberty to believe that he perceived in America downward popular tendencies for which his young enthusiasm had been anything but prepared. It was in vain for the Young Man to offer in extenuation of his belief that no stranger could have set foot on those shores with a feeling of livelier interest in the country, and stronger faith in it, than he. Those were the days when the Tories had made their Ashburton treaty, and when Whigs and Radicals must have no theory disturbed. All three parties waylaid and mauled the Young Man from the Country, and showed that he knew nothing about the country.

As the Young Man from the Country had observed in the Preface to his little book, that he “would bide his time,” he took all this in silent part for eight years. Publishing then a cheap edition of his book, he made no stronger protest than the following:

“My readers have opportunities of judging for them-

selves whether the influences and tendencies which I distrusted in America have any existence but in my imagination. They can examine for themselves whether there has been anything in the public career of that country during these past eight years, or whether there is anything in its present position, at home or abroad, which suggests that those influences and tendencies really do exist. As they find the fact, they will judge me. If they discern any evidences of wrong-going in any direction that I have indicated, they will acknowledge that I had reason in what I wrote. If they discern no such thing, they will consider me altogether mistaken. I have nothing to defend, or to explain away. The truth is the truth; and neither childish absurdities, nor unscrupulous contradictions, can make it otherwise. The earth would still move round the sun, though the whole Catholic Church said No."

Twelve more years having since passed away, it may, now at last, be simply just toward the Young Man from the Country, to compare what he originally wrote with recent events and their plain motive powers. Treating of the House of Representatives at Washington, he wrote thus:

"Did I recognize, in this assembly, a body of men, who, applying themselves in a new world to correct some of the falsehoods and vices of the old, purified the avenues to Public Life, paved the dirty ways to Place and Power, debated and made laws for the Common Good, and had no party but their Country?

"I saw, in them, the wheels that move the meanest perversion of virtuous Political machinery that the worst tools ever wrought. Despicable trickery at elections; underhanded tamperings with public officers; cowardly attacks upon opponents, with scurrilous newspapers for shields,

and hired pens for daggers; shameful trucklings to mercenary knaves, whose claim to be considered is, that every day and week they sow new crops of ruin with their venal types, which are the dragon's teeth of yore, in everything but sharpness; aidings and abettings of every bad inclination in the popular mind, and artful suppressions of all its good influences; such things as these, and in a word Dishonest Faction in its most depraved and most unblushing form, stared out from every corner of the crowded hall.

“Did I see among them the intelligence and refinement, the true, honest, patriotic heart of America? Here and there were drops of its blood and life, but they scarcely colored the stream of desperate adventurers which sets that way for profit and for pay. It is the game of these men, and of their profligate organs, to make the strife of politics so fierce and brutal, and so destructive of all self-respect in worthy men, that sensitive and delicate-minded persons shall be kept aloof, and they, and such as they, be left to battle out their selfish views unchecked. And thus this lowest of all scrambling fights goes on, and they who in other countries would, from their intelligence and station, most aspire to make the laws, do here recoil the farthest from that degradation.

“That there are, among the representatives of the people in both Houses, and among all parties, some men of high character and great abilities, I need not say. The foremost among those politicians who are known in Europe have been already described, and I see no reason to depart from the rule I have laid down for my guidance, of abstaining from all mention of individuals. It will be sufficient to add, that to the most favorable accounts that have been

written of them, I fully and most heartily subscribe; and that personal intercourse and free communication have bred within me, not the result predicted in the very doubtful proverb, but increased admiration and respect."

Toward the end of his book, the Young Man from the Country thus expressed himself concerning its people:

"They are, by nature, frank, brave, cordial, hospitable, and affectionate. Cultivation and refinement seem but to enhance their warmth of heart and ardent enthusiasm; and it is the possession of these latter qualities in a most remarkable degree which renders an educated American one of the most endearing and most generous of friends. I never was so won upon as by this class; never yielded up my full confidence and esteem so readily and pleasurably, as to them; never can make again, in half a year, so many friends for whom I seem to entertain the regard of half a life.

"These qualities are natural, I implicitly believe, to the whole people. That they are, however, sadly sapped and blighted in their growth among the mass, and that there are influences at work which endanger them still more, and give but little present promise of their healthy restoration, is a truth that ought to be told.

"It is an essential part of every national character to pique itself mightily upon its faults, and to deduce tokens of its virtue or its wisdom from their very exaggeration. One great blemish in the popular mind of America, and the prolific parent of an innumerable brood of evils, is Universal Distrust. Yet the American citizen plumes himself upon this spirit, even when he is sufficiently dispassionate to perceive the ruin it works; and will often adduce it, in spite of his own reason, as an instance of the great sagacity

and acuteness of the people, and their superior shrewdness and independence.

“‘You carry,’ says the stranger, ‘this jealousy and distrust into every transaction of public life. By repelling worthy men from your legislative assemblies, it has bred up a class of candidates for the suffrage, who, in their every act, disgrace your Institutions and your people’s choice. It has rendered you so fickle, and so given to change, that your inconstancy has passed into a proverb; for you no sooner set up an idol firmly, than you are sure to pull it down and dash it into fragments: and this, because directly you reward a benefactor, or a public servant, you distrust him, merely because he *is* rewarded; and immediately apply yourselves to find out, either that you have been too bountiful in your acknowledgments, or he remiss in his deserts. Any man who attains a high place among you, from the President downward, may date his downfall from that moment; for any printed lie that any notorious villain pens, although it militate directly against the character and conduct of a life, appeals at once to your distrust, and is believed. You will strain at a gnat in the way of trustfulness and confidence, however fairly won and well deserved, but you will swallow a whole caravan of camels, if they be laden with unworthy doubts and mean suspicions. Is this well, think you, or likely to elevate the character of the governors or the governed among you?’

“The answer is invariably the same: ‘There’s freedom of opinion here, you know. Every man thinks for himself, and we are not to be easily overreached. That’s how our people come to be suspicious.’

“Another prominent feature is the love of ‘smart’ dealing: which gilds over many a swindle and gross breach of



trust; many a defalcation, public and private; and enables many a knave to hold his head up with the best, who well deserves a halter: though it has not been without its retributive operation, for his smartness has done more in a few years to impair the public credit, and to cripple the public resources, than dull honesty, however rash, could have effected in a century. The merits of a broken speculation or a bankruptcy or of a successful scoundrel are not gauged by its or his observance of the golden rule, 'Do as you would be done by,' but are considered with reference to their smartness. I recollect, on both occasions of our passing that ill-fated Cairo on the Mississippi, remarking on the bad effects such gross deceits must have been when they exploded, in generating a want of confidence abroad, and discouraging foreign investment; but I was given to understand that this was a very smart scheme by which a deal of money had been made: and that its smartest feature was, that they forgot these things abroad, in a very short time, and speculated again, as freely as ever. The following dialogue I have held a hundred times: 'Is it not a very disgraceful circumstance that such a man as So-and-So should be acquiring a large property by the most infamous and odious means, and, notwithstanding all the crimes of which he has been guilty, should be tolerated and abetted by your citizens? He is a public nuisance, is he not?' 'Yes, sir.' 'A convicted liar?' 'Yes, sir.' 'He has been kicked, and cuffed, and caned?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And he is utterly dishonorable, debased, and profligate?' 'Yes, sir.' 'In the name of wonder, then, what is his merit?' 'Well, sir, he is a smart man.'

"But the foul growth of America has a more tangled root than this; and it strikes its fibres deep in its licentious Press.

“Schools may be erected, East, West, North, and South; pupils be taught, and masters reared, by scores upon scores of thousands; colleges may thrive, churches may be crammed, temperance may be diffused, and advancing knowledge in all other forms walk through the land with giant strides; but while the newspaper press of America is in, or near, its present abject state, high moral improvement in that country is hopeless. Year by year, it must and will go back; year by year, the tone of public opinion must sink lower down; year by year, the Congress and the Senate must become of less account before all decent men; and year by year, the memory of the Great Fathers of the Revolution must be outraged more and more, in the bad life of their degenerate child.

“Among the herd of journals which are published in the States, there are some, the reader scarcely need be told, of character and credit. From personal intercourse with accomplished gentlemen connected with publications of this class, I have derived both pleasure and profit. But the name of these is Few, and of the others Legion; and the influence of the good is powerless to counteract the mortal poison of the bad.

“Among the gentry of America; among the well-informed and moderate; in the learned professions; at the bar and on the bench; there is, as there can be, but one opinion, in reference to the vicious character of these infamous journals.

It is sometimes contended—I will not say strangely, for it is natural to seek excuses for such a disgrace—that their influence is not so great as a visitor would suppose. I must be pardoned for saying that there is no warrant for this plea, and that every fact and circumstance tends directly to the opposite conclusion.

“When any man, of any grade of desert in intellect or character, can climb to any public distinction, no matter what, in America, without first grovelling down upon the earth, and bending the knee before this monster of depravity; when any private excellence is safe from its attacks; when any social confidence is left unbroken by it, or any tie of social decency and honor is held in the least regard; when any man in that Free Country has freedom of opinion, and presumes to think for himself, and speak for himself, without humble reference to a censorship which, for its rampant ignorance and base dishonesty, he utterly loathes and despises in his heart; when those who most acutely feel its infamy and the reproach it casts upon the nation, and who most denounce it to each other, dare to set their heels upon, and crush it openly, in the sight of all men; then, I will believe that its influence is lessening, and men are returning to their manly senses. But while that Press has its evil eye in every house, and its black hand in every appointment in the State, from a president to a postman; while, with ribald slander for its only stock in trade, it is the standard literature of an enormous class, who must find their reading in a newspaper, or they will not read at all; so long must its odium be upon the country’s head, and so long must the evil it works be plainly visible in the Republic.”

The foregoing was written in the year eighteen hundred and forty-two. It rests with the reader to decide whether it has received any confirmation, or assumed any color of truth, in or about the year eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

[1862.]

## AN ENLIGHTENED CLERGYMAN.<sup>1</sup>

AT various places in Suffolk (as elsewhere) penny readings take place "for the instruction and amusement of the lower classes." There is a little town in Suffolk called Eye, where the subject of one of these readings was a tale (by Mr. WILKIE COLLINS) from the last Christmas number of this journal, entitled "Picking up Waifs at Sea." It appears that the Eye gentility was shocked by the introduction of this rude piece among the taste and musical classes of that important town, on which the eyes of Europe are always notoriously fixed. In particular, the feelings of the vicar's family were outraged; and a Local Organ (say, *The Tattlesnivel Bleater*) consequently doomed the said piece to everlasting oblivion, as being of an "injurious tendency"!

When this fearful fact came to the knowledge of the unhappy writer of the doomed tale in question, he covered his face with his robe, previous to dying decently under the sharp steel of the ecclesiastical gentility of the terrible town of Eye. But the discovery that he was not alone in his gloomy glory revived him, and he still lives.

For, at Stowmarket, in the aforesaid county of Suffolk, at another of these penny readings, it was announced that a certain juvenile sketch, culled from a volume of sketches (by Boz) and entitled "THE BLOOMSBURY CHRISTENING,"

<sup>1</sup> The Christmas number here referred to is "Tom Tiddler's Ground" (1861), where is described the incident of two births on board ship.

would be read. Hereupon the clergyman of that place took heart and pen, and addressed the following terrific epistle to a gentleman bearing the very appropriate name of Gud-geon :

“STOWMARKET VICARAGE, February 25, 1861.

“SIR:—My attention has been directed to a piece called ‘The Bloomsbury Christening,’ which you propose to read this evening. Without presuming to claim any interference in the arrangement of the readings, I would suggest to you whether you have on this occasion sufficiently considered the character of the composition you have selected. I quite appreciate the laudable motive of the promoters of the readings to raise the moral tone amongst the working class of the town, and to direct this taste in a familiar and pleasant manner. ‘The Bloomsbury Christening’ cannot possibly do this. It trifles with a sacred ordinance, and the language and style, instead of improving the taste, has a direct tendency to lower it.

“I appeal to your right feeling whether it is desirable to give publicity to that which must shock several of your audience and create a smile amongst others, to be indulged in only by violating the conscientious scruples of their neighbors.

“The ordinance which is here exposed to ridicule is one which is much misunderstood and neglected amongst many families belonging to the Church of England, and the mode in which it is treated in this chapter cannot fail to appear as giving a sanction to, or at least excusing, such neglect.

“Although you are pledged to the public to give this subject, yet I cannot but believe that they would fully justify your substitution of it for another did they know the circumstances. An abridgment would only lessen the evil in

a degree, as it is not only the style of the writing but the subject itself which is objectionable.

“Excuse me for troubling you, but I felt that, in common with yourself, I have a grave responsibility in the matter, and I am most truly yours,

T. S. COLES.

“TO MR. J. GUDGEON.”

It is really necessary to explain that this is not a bad joke. It is simply a bad fact.

[1862.]

## RATHER A STRONG DOSE.<sup>1</sup>

“DOCTOR JOHN CAMPBELL, the minister of the Tabernacle Chapel, Finsbury, and editor of *The British Banner*, etc., with that massive vigor which distinguishes his style,” did, we are informed by Mr. HOWITT, “deliver a verdict in the *Banner*, for November, 1852, of great importance and favor to the table-rapping cause. We are not informed whether the Public, sitting in judgment on the question, reserved any point in this great verdict for subsequent consideration; but the verdict would seem to have been regarded by a perverse generation as yet not quite final, inasmuch as Mr. Howitt finds it necessary to reopen the case, a round ten years afterward, in nine hundred and sixty-two stiff octavo pages, published by Messrs. Longman and Company.

Mr. Howitt is in such a bristling temper on the Supernatural subject, that we will not take the great liberty of arguing any point with him. But—with the view of assisting him to make converts—we will inform our readers, on his conclusive authority, what they are required to believe, premising what may rather astonish them in connection with their views of a certain historical trifle, called the

<sup>1</sup> The work upon which this article is based is entitled “The History of the Supernatural in all Ages and Nations, and in all Churches, Christian and Pagan, demonstrating a Universal Faith,” by William Hewitt, 1863. This book is again referred to in the next paper, “The Martyr Medium.”

Reformation, that their present state of unbelief is all the fault of Protestantism, and that "it is high time, therefore, to protest against Protestantism."

They will please to believe, by way of an easy beginning, all the stories of good and evil demons, ghosts, prophecies, communication with spirits, and practice of magic, that ever obtained, or are said to have ever obtained, in the North, in the South, in the East, in the West, from the earliest and darkest ages as to which we have any hazy intelligence, real or supposititious, down to the yet unfinished displacement of the Red Men in North America. They will please to believe that nothing in this wise was changed by the fulfilment of our Saviour's mission upon earth; and further, that what SAINT Paul did can be done again, and has been done again. As this is not much to begin with, they will throw in at this point rejection of FARADAY and BREWSTER, and "poor PALEY," and implicit acceptance of those shining lights, the Reverend CHARLES BEECHER, and the Reverend HENRY WARD BEECHER ("one of the most vigorous and eloquent preachers of America"), and the Reverend ADIN BALLOU.

Having thus cleared the way for a healthy exercise of faith, our advancing readers will next proceed especially to believe in the old story of the Drummer of Tedworth, in the inspiration of George Fox, in "the spiritualism, prophecies, and prevision" of Huntington the coal porter (him who prayed for the leather breeches which miraculously fitted him), and even in the Cock-lane Ghost. They will please wind up, before fetching their breath, with believing that there is a close analogy between rejection of any such plain and proved facts as those contained in the whole foregoing catalogue, and the opposition encountered by the inventors



of railways, lighting by gas, microscopes and telescopes, and vaccination. This stinging consideration they will always carry rankling in their remorseful hearts as they advance.

As touching the Cock-lane Ghost, our conscience-stricken readers will please particularly to reproach themselves for ever having supposed that important spiritual manifestation to have been a gross imposture which was thoroughly detected. They will please to believe that Dr. JOHNSON believed in it, and that, in Mr. Howitt's words, he "appears to have had excellent reasons for his belief." With a view to this end, the faithful will be so good as to obliterate from their BOSWELLS the following passage: "Many of my readers, I am convinced, are to this hour under an impression that Johnson was thus foolishly deceived. It will therefore surprise them a good deal when they are informed upon undoubted authority that Johnson was one of those by whom the imposture was detected. The story had become so popular, that he thought it should be investigated, and in this research he was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Douglas, now Bishop of Salisbury, the great detector of impostures"—and therefore tremendously obnoxious to Mr. Howitt—"who informs me that after the gentlemen who went and examined into the evidence were satisfied of its falsity, Johnson wrote in their presence an account of it, which was published in the newspapers and *Gentleman's Magazine*, and undeceived the world." But as there will still remain another highly inconvenient passage in the Boswells of the true believers, they must likewise be at the trouble of cancelling the following also, referring to a later time: "He (Johnson) expressed great indignation at the imposture of the Cock-lane Ghost, and related with much

satisfaction how he had assisted in detecting the cheat, and had published an account of it in the newspapers."

They will next believe (if they be, in the words of Captain Bobadie, "so generously minded") in the transatlantic trance-speakers "who professed to speak from direct inspiration," MRS. CORA HATCH, MRS. HENDERSON, and MISS EMMA HARDINGE; and they will believe in those eminent ladies having "spoken on Sundays to five hundred thousand hearers"—small audiences, by the way, compared with the intelligent concourse recently assembled in the city of New York, to do honor to the Nuptials of General the Honorable T. BARNUM THUMB. At about this stage of their spiritual education, they may take the opportunity of believing in "letters from a distinguished gentleman of New York, in which the frequent appearance of the gentleman's deceased wife and of Dr. Franklin, to him and other well-known friends, are unquestionably unequalled in the annals of the marvellous." Why these modest appearances should seem at all out of the common way to Mr. Howitt (who would be in a state of flaming indignation if we thought them so), we could not imagine, until we found on reading further, "it is solemnly stated that the witnesses have not only seen but touched these spirits, and handled the clothes and hair of Franklin." Without presuming to go Mr. Howitt's length of considering this by any means a marvellous experience, we yet venture to confess that it has awakened in our mind many interesting speculations touching the present whereabouts in space of the spirits of Mr. Howitt's own separated boots and hats.

The next articles of belief are Belief in the moderate figures of "thirty thousand media in the United States in 1853"; and in two million five hundred thousand spiritual-

ists in the same country of composed minds, in 1855, "professing to have arrived at their conviction of spiritual communication from personal experience"; and in "an average rate of increase of three hundred thousand per annum," still in the same country of calm philosophers. Belief in spiritual knockings, in all manner of American places, and, among others, in the house of "a Doctor Phelps at Stratford, Connecticut, a man of the highest character for intelligence," says Mr. Howitt, and to whom we willingly concede the possession of far higher intelligence than was displayed by his spiritual knocker, "in frequently cutting to pieces the clothes of one of his boys," and in breaking "seventy-one panes of glass"—unless, indeed, the knocker, when in the body, was connected with the tailoring and glazing interests. Belief in immaterial performers playing (in the dark, though; they are obstinate about its being in the dark) on material instruments of wood, catgut, brass, tin, and parchment. Your belief is further requested in "The Kentucky Jerks." The spiritual achievements thus euphoniously denominated "appear," says Mr. Howitt, "to have been of a very disorderly kind." It appears that a certain Mr. Doke, a Presbyterian clergyman, "was first seized by the jerks," and the jerks laid hold of Mr. Doke in that unclerical way and with that scant respect for his cloth, that they "twitched him about in a most extraordinary manner, often when in the pulpit, and caused him to shout aloud, and run out of the pulpit into the woods, screaming like a madman. When the fit was over, he returned calmly to his pulpit and finished the service"—the congregation having waited, we presume, and edified themselves with the distant bellowings of Doke in the woods, until he came back again, a little warm and

hoarse, but otherwise in fine condition. "People were often seized at hotels, and at table would, on lifting a glass to drink, jerk the liquor to the ceiling; ladies would at the breakfast-table suddenly be compelled to throw aloft their coffee, and frequently break the cup and saucer." A certain venturesome clergyman vowed that he would preach down the Jerks, "but he was seized in the midst of his attempt, and made so ridiculous that he withdrew himself from further notice"—an example much to be commended. That same favored land of America has been particularly favored in the development of "innumerable mediums," and Mr. Howitt orders you to believe in DANIEL DOUGLAS HOME, ANDREW DAVIS JACKSON, and THOMAS L. HARRIS, as "the three most remarkable, or most familiar, on this side of the Atlantic." Concerning Mr. Home, the articles of belief (besides removal of furniture) are, That through him raps have been given and communications made from deceased friends. That "his hand has been seized by spirit influence, and rapid communications written out, of a surprising character to those to whom they were addressed." That at his bidding "spirit hands have appeared which have been seen, felt, and recognized frequently, by persons present, as those of deceased friends." That he has been frequently lifted up and carried, floating "as it were" through a room, near the ceiling. That in America, "all these phenomena have displayed themselves in greater force than here"—which we have not the slightest doubt of. That he is "the planter of spiritualism all over Europe." That "by circumstances that no man could have devised, he became the guest of the Emperor of the French, of the King of Holland, of the Czar of Russia, and of many lesser princes." That he returned from "this unpremeditated

missionary tour," "endowed with competence"; but not before, "at the Tuileries, on one occasion when the Emperor, Empress, a distinguished lady, and himself only were sitting at table, a hand appeared, took up a pen, and wrote, in a strong and well-known character, the word NAPOLEON. The hand was then successively presented to the several personages of the party to kiss." The stout believer, having disposed of Mr. Home, and rested a little, will then proceed to believe in ANDREW DAVIS JACKSON, or ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS (Mr. Howitt, having no Medium at hand to settle this difference and reveal the right name of the seer, calls him by both names), who merely "beheld all the essential natures of things, saw the interior of men and animals, as perfectly as their exterior; and described them in language so correct, that the most able technologists could not surpass him. He pointed out the proper remedies for all the complaints, and the shops where they were to be obtained";—in the latter respect appearing to hail from an advertising circle, as we conceive. It was also in this gentleman's limited department to "see the metals in the earth," and to have "the most distant regions and their various productions present before him." Having despatched this tough case, the believer will pass on to Thomas L. Harris, and will swallow *him* easily, together with "whole epics" of his composition; a certain work "of scarcely less than Miltonic grandeur," called the "Lyric of the Golden Age"—a lyric pretty nigh as long as one of Mr. Howitt's volumes—dictated by Mr. (not Mrs.) Harris to the publisher in ninety-four hours; and several extempore sermons, possessing the remarkably lucid property of being "full, unforced, out-gushing, unstinted, and absorbing." The candidate for examination in pure belief will then pass

in to the spirit-photography department; this, again, will be found in so-favored America, under the superintendence of Medium MUMLER, a photographer of Boston: who was "astonished" (though, on Mr. Howitt's showing, he surely ought not to have been) "on taking a photograph of himself, to find also by his side the figure of a young girl, which he immediately recognized as that of a deceased relative." The circumstance made a great excitement. Numbers of persons rushed to his rooms, and many have found deceased friends photographed with themselves. (Perhaps Mr. Mumler, too, may become "endowed with competence" in time. Who knows?) Finally, the true believers in the Gospel according to Howitt, have, besides, but to pin their faith on "ladies who see spirits habitually," "on ladies who know they have a tendency to soar in the air on sufficient provocation," and in a few other gnats to be taken after their camels, and they shall be pronounced by Mr. Howitt not of "the stereotyped class of minds," and not partakers of "the astonishing ignorance of the press," and shall receive a first-class certificate of merit. But before they pass through this portal into the temple of Serene Wisdom, we, halting blind and helpless on the steps, beg to suggest to them what they must at once and forever disbelieve. They must disbelieve that in the dark times, when very few were versed in what are now the mere recreations of Science, and when those few formed a priesthood class apart, any marvels were wrought by the aid of concave mirrors and a knowledge of the properties of certain odors and gases, although the self-same marvels could be reproduced before their eyes at the Polytechnic Institution, Regent Street, London, any day in the year. They must by no means believe that Conjuring and Ventriloquism are

old trades. They must disbelieve all Philosophical Transactions containing the records of painful and careful inquiry into now familiar disorders of the senses of seeing and hearing, and into the wonders of somnambulism, epilepsy, hysteria, miasmatic influence, vegetable poisons derived by whole communities from corrupted air, diseased imitation, and moral infection. They must disbelieve all such awkward leading cases as the case of the Woodstock Commissioners and their man, and the case of the identity of the Stockwell Ghost with the maid-servant. They must disbelieve the vanishing of champion haunted houses (except, indeed, out of Mr. Howitt's book), represented to have been closed and ruined for years, before one day's inquiry by four gentlemen associated with this Journal, and one hour's reference to the local Rate-books. They must disbelieve all possibility of a human creature on the last verge of the dark bridge from Life to Death, being mysteriously able, in occasional cases, so to influence the mind of one very near and dear, as vividly to impress that mind with some disturbed sense of the solemn change impending. They must disbelieve the possibility of the lawful existence of a class of intellects which, humbly conscious of the illimitable power of God and of their own weakness and ignorance, never deny that He can cause the souls of the dead to revisit the earth, or that He can cause any awful or wondrous thing to be; but do deny the likelihood of apparitions or spirits coming here upon the stupidest of bootless errands, and producing credentials tantamount to a solicitation of our vote and interest and next proxy, to get them into the Asylum for Idiots. They must disbelieve the right of Christian people who do *not* protest against Protestantism, but who hold it to be a barrier against the

darkest superstitions that can enslave the soul, to guard with jealousy all approaches tending down to Cock-lane Ghosts and such-like infamous swindles, widely degrading when widely believed in; and they must disbelieve that such people have the right to know, and that it is their duty to know, wonder-workers by their fruits, and to test miracle-mongers by the tests of probability, analogy, and common sense. They must disbelieve all rational explanations of thoroughly proved experiences (only) which appear supernatural, derived from the average experience and study of the visible world. They must disbelieve the specialty of the Master and the Disciples, and that it is a monstrosity to test the wonders of show-folk by the same touchstone. Lastly, they must disbelieve that one of the best accredited chapters in the history of mankind is the chapter that records the astonishing deceits continually practised, with no object or purpose but the distorted pleasure of deceiving.

We have summed up a few—not nearly all—of the articles of belief and disbelief to which Mr. Howitt most arrogantly demands an implicit adherence. To uphold these, he uses a book as a Clown in a Pantomime does, and knocks everybody on the head with it who comes in his way. Moreover, he is an angrier personage than the Clown, and does not experimentally try the effect of his red-hot poker on your shins, but straightway runs you through the body and soul with it. He is always raging to tell you that if you are not Howitt you are Atheist and Anti-Christ. He is the *sans-culotte* of the Spiritual Revolution, and will not hear of your accepting this point and rejecting that; down your throat with them all, one and indivisible, at the point of the pike. No Liberty, Totality, Fraternity, or Death!



Without presuming to question that "it is high time to protest against Protestantism" on such very substantial grounds as Mr. Howitt sets forth, we do presume to think that it is high time to protest against Mr. Howitt's spiritualism, as being a little in excess of the peculiar merit of Thomas L. Harris' sermons, and somewhat *too* "full, outgushing, unstinted, and absorbing." [1863.]

## THE MARTYR MEDIUM.

“AFTER the valets, the master!” is MR. FECHTER’S rallying cry in the picturesque, romantic drama which attracts all London to the Lyceum Theatre. After the worshippers and puffers of MR. DANIEL DOUGLAS HOME, the spirit medium, comes Mr. Daniel Douglas Home himself, in one volume. And we must, for the honor of Literature, plainly express our great surprise and regret that he comes arm in arm with such good company as MESSRS. LONGMAN AND COMPANY.

We have already summed up Mr. Home’s demand on the public capacity of swallowing, as sounded through the war-denouncing trumpet of MR. HOWITT, and it is not our intention to revive the strain as performed by Mr. Home, on his own melodious instrument. We notice, by the way, that in that part of the Fantasia where the hand of the First Napoleon is supposed to be reproduced, recognized, and kissed, at the Tuileries, Mr. Home subdues the florid effects one might have expected after Mr. Howitt’s execution, and brays in an extremely gentle manner. And yet we observe Mr. Home to be in other things very reliant on Mr. Howitt, of whom he entertains as gratifying an opinion as Mr. Howitt entertains of him: dwelling on his “deep researches into this subject,” and of his “great work now ready for the press,” and of his “eloquent and forcible” advocacy, and else of his “elaborate and almost exhaustive

work," which Mr. Home trusts will be "extensively read." But, indeed, it would seem to be the most reliable characteristic of the Dear Spirits, though very capricious in other particulars, that they always form their circles into what may be described, in worldly terms, as A Mutual Admiration and Complimentation Company (Limited).

Mr. Home's book is entitled, "Incidents in My Life." We will extract a dozen sample passages from it, as variations on, and phrases of harmony in, the general strain for the Trumpet, which we have promised not to repeat.

### 1. MR. HOME IS SUPERNATURALLY NURSED.

"I cannot remember when first I became subject to the curious phenomena which have now for so long attended me, but my aunt and others have told me that when I was a baby my cradle was frequently rocked, as if some kind guardian spirit was attending me in my slumbers."

### 2. DISRESPECTFUL CONDUCT OF MR. HOME'S AUNT NEVERTHELESS.

"In her uncontrollable anger she seized a chair and threw it at me."

### 3. PUNISHMENT OF MR. HOME'S AUNT.

"Upon one occasion as the table was being thus moved about of itself, my aunt brought the family Bible, and placing it on the table, said, 'There, that will soon drive the devils away'; but to her astonishment the table only moved in a more lively manner, as if pleased to bear such a burden." (We believe this is constantly observed in pulpits and church reading-desks, which are invariably lively.)

“Seeing this she was greatly incensed, and, determined to stop it, she angrily placed her whole weight on the table, and was actually lifted up with it bodily from the floor.”

#### 4. TRIUMPHANT EFFECT OF THIS DISCIPLINE ON MR. HOME'S AUNT.

“And she felt it a duty that I should leave her house, and which I did.”

#### 5. MR. HOME'S MISSION.

It was communicated to him by the spirit of his mother, in the following terms: “Daniel, fear not; my child, God is with you, and who shall be against you? Seek to do good: be truthful and truth-loving, and you will prosper, my child. Yours is a glorious mission—you will convince the infidel, cure the sick, and console the weeping.” It is a coincidence that another eminent man, with several missions, heard a voice from the Heavens blessing him, when he also was a youth, and saying, “You will be rewarded, my son, in time.” This Medium was the celebrated BARON MUNCHAUSEN, who relates the experience in the opening of the second chapter of the incidents in *his* life.

#### 6. MODEST SUCCESS OF MR. HOME'S MISSION.

“Certainly these phenomena, whether from God or from the devil, have in ten years caused more converts to the great truths of immortality and angel communion, with all that flows from these great facts, than all the sects in Christendom have made during the same period.”

7. WHAT THE FIRST COMPOSERS SAY OF THE SPIRIT MUSIC,  
TO MR. HOME.

“As to the music, it has been my good fortune to be on intimate terms with some of the first composers of the day, and more than one of them have said of such as they have heard, that it is such music as only angels could make, and no man could write it.”

These “first composers” are not more particularly named. We shall therefore be happy to receive and file at the office of this journal, the testimonials in the foregoing terms of DR. STERNDALE BENNETT, MR. BALFE, MR. MACFARREN, MR. BENEDICT, MR. VINCENT WALLACE, SIGNOR COSTA, M. AUBER, M. GOUNOD, SIGNOR ROSSINI, and SIGNOR VERDI. We shall feel obliged to MR. ALFRED MELLON, who is no doubt constantly studying this wonderful music, under the Medium’s auspices, if he will note on paper, from memory, say, a single sheet of the same. SIGNOR GIULIO REGONDI will then perform it, as correctly as a mere mortal can, on the Accordeon, at the next ensuing concert of the Philharmonic Society; on which occasion the before-mentioned testimonials will be conspicuously displayed in the front of the orchestra.

8. MR. HOME’S MIRACULOUS INFANT.

“On the 26th April, old style, or 8th May, according to our style, at seven in the evening and as the snow was fast falling, our little boy was born at the town house, situated on the Gagarinesquay, in St. Petersburg, where we were still staying. A few hours after his birth, his mother, the

nurse, and I heard for several hours the warbling of a bird as if singing over him. Also that night, and for two or three nights afterward, a bright starlike light, which was clearly visible from the partial darkness of the room, in which there was only a night-lamp burning, appeared several times directly over its head, where it remained for some moments, and then slowly moved in the direction of the door, where it disappeared. This was also seen by each of us at the same time. The light was more condensed than those which have been so often seen in my presence upon previous and subsequent occasions. It was brighter and more distinctly globular. I do not believe that it came through my mediumship, but rather through that of the child, who has manifested on several occasions the presence of the gift. I do not like to allude to such a matter, but as there are more strange things in Heaven and earth than are dreamt of, even in my philosophy, I do not feel myself at liberty to omit stating that, during the latter part of my wife's pregnancy, we thought it better that she should not join in Séances, because it was found that whenever the rappings occurred in the room, a simultaneous movement of the child was distinctly felt, perfectly in unison with the sounds. When there were three sounds, three movements were felt, and so on, and when five sounds were heard, which is generally the call for the alphabet, she felt the five internal movements, and she would frequently, when we were mistaken in the latter, correct us from what the child indicated."

We should ask pardon of our readers for sullyng our paper with this nauseous matter, if without it they could adequately understand what Mr. Home's book is.

## 9. CAGLIOSTRO'S SPIRIT CALLS ON MR. HOME.

Prudently avoiding the disagreeable question of his giving himself, both in this state of existence and in his spiritual circle, a name to which he never had any pretensions whatever, and likewise prudently suppressing any reference to his amiable weaknesses as a swindler and an infamous trafficker in his own wife, the guileless MR. BALSAMO delivered, in a "distinct voice," this distinct celestial utterance—unquestionably punctuated in a supernatural manner: "My power was that of a mesmerist, but, all misunderstood by those about me, my biographers have even done me injustice, but I care not for the untruths of earth."

## 10. ORACULAR STATE OF MR. HOME.

"After various manifestations, Mr. Home went into the trance, and, addressing the person present, said: 'You ask what good are such trivial manifestations, such as rapping, table moving, etc.? God is a better judge than we are what is fitted for humanity, immense results may spring from trivial things. The steam from a kettle is a small thing, but look at the locomotive! The electric spark from the back of a cat is a small thing, but see the wonders of electricity! The raps are small things, but their results will lead you to the Spirit World, and to eternity! Why should great results spring from such small causes? Christ was born in a manger, He was not born a king. When you tell me why He was born in a manger, I will tell you why these manifestations, so trivial, so undignified as they appear to you, have been appointed to convince the world of the truth of spiritualism!'"

Wonderful! Clearly direct Inspiration!—And yet, per-

haps, hardly worth the trouble of going "into the trance" for, either. Amazing as the revelation is, we seem to have heard something like it from more than one personage who was wide awake. A quack doctor, in an open barouche (attended by a barrel organ and two footmen in brass helmets), delivered just such another address within our hearing, outside a gate of Paris, not two months ago.

#### 11. THE TESTIMONY OF MR. HOME'S BOOTS.

"The lady of the house turned to me and said abruptly, 'Why, you are sitting in the air'; and on looking we found that the chair remained in its place, but that I was elevated two or three inches above it, and my feet not touching the floor. This may show how utterly unconscious I am at times to the sensation of levitation. As is usual when I had not got above the level of the heads of those about me, and when they change their position much—as they frequently do in looking wistfully at such a phenomenon—I came down again, but not till I had remained so raised about half a minute from the time of its being first seen. I was now impressed to leave the table, and was soon carried to the lofty ceiling. The Count de B—— left his place at the table, and coming under where I was, said, 'Now, young Home, come and let me touch your feet.' I told him I had no volition in the matter, but perhaps the spirits would kindly allow me to come down to him. They did so, by floating me down to him, and my feet were soon in his outstretched hands. He seized my boots, and now I was again elevated, he holding tightly, and pulling at my feet, till the boots I wore, which had elastic sides, came off and remained in his hands."



## 12. THE UNCOMBATIVE NATURE OF MR. HOME.

As there is a maudlin complaint in this book, about men of Science being hard upon "the 'Orphan' Home," and as the "gentle and uncombative nature" of this Medium in a martyred point of view is pathetically commented on by the anonymous literary fiend who supplies him with an Introduction and appendix—rather at odds with Mr. Howitt, who is so mightily triumphant about the same Martyr's reception by crowned heads, and about the competence he has become endowed with—we cull from Mr. Home's book one or two illustrative flowers. SIR DAVID BREWSTER (a pestilent unbeliever) "has come before the public in few matters which have brought more shame upon him than his conduct and assertions upon this occasion, in which he manifested not only a disregard for truth, but also a disloyalty to scientific observation, and to the use of his own eyesight and natural faculties." The same unhappy Sir David Brewster's "character may be the better known, not only for his untruthful dealing with this subject, but also in his own domain of science, in which the same unfaithfulness to truth will be seen to be the characteristic of his mind." Again, he "is really not a man over whom victory is any honor." Again, "not only he, but PROFESSOR FARADAY have had time and ample leisure to regret that they should have so foolishly pledged themselves," etc. A FARADAY a fool in the sight of a HOME! That unjust judge and whited wall, LORD BROUGHAM, has his share of this Martyr Medium's uncombativeness. In order that he might not be compelled to deny Sir David's statements, he found it necessary that he should be silent, and "I have

some reason to complain that his Lordship preferred sacrificing me to his desire not to immolate his friend." MR. ARAGO also came off with very doubtful honors from a wrestle with the uncombative Martyr; who is perfectly clear (and so are we, let us add) that scientific men are not the men for his purpose. Of course, he is the butt of "utter and acknowledged ignorance," and of "the most gross and foolish statements," and of "the unjust and dishonest" and of "the press-gang," and of crowds of other alien and combative adjectives, participles, and substantives.

Nothing is without its use, and even this odious book may do some service. Not because it coolly claims for the writer and his disciples such powers as were wielded by the Saviour and the Apostles; but because it sees no difference between twelve table-rappers in these days, and "twelve fishermen" in those; not because it appeals for precedents to statements extracted from the most ignorant and wretched of mankind, by cruel torture, and constantly withdrawn when the torture was withdrawn; but because it sets forth such a strange confusion of ideas as is presented by one of the faithful when, writing of a certain sprig of geranium handed by an invisible hand, he adds in ecstasies, "*which we have planted and it is growing, so that it is no delusion, no fairy money turned into dross or leaves*"—as if it followed that the conjurer's half-crowns really did become invisible and in that state fly, because he afterward cuts them out of a real orange; or as if the conjurer's pigeon, being, after the discharge of his gun, a real live pigeon fluttering on the target, must therefore conclusively be a pigeon, fired, whole, living, and unshattered, out of the gun!—not because of the exposure of any of these weak-

nesses, or a thousand such, are these moving incidents in the life of the Martyr Medium, and similar productions, likely to prove useful, but because of their uniform abuse of those who go to test the reality of these alleged phenomena, and who come away incredulous. There is an old homely proverb concerning pitch and its adhesive character, which we hope this significant circumstance may impress on many minds. The writer of these lines has lately heard overmuch touching young men of promise in the imaginative arts, "towards whom Martyr Mediums, assisting at evening parties, feel themselves "drawn." It may be a hint to such young men to stick to their own drawing, as being of a much better kind, and to leave Martyr Mediums alone in their glory.

As there is a good deal in these books about "lying spirits," we will conclude by putting a hypothetical case. Supposing that a Medium (Martyr or otherwise) were established for a time in the house of an English gentleman abroad; say, somewhere in Italy. Supposing that the more marvellous the Medium became, the more suspicious of him the lady of the house became. Supposing that the lady, her distrust once aroused, were particularly struck by the medium's exhibiting a persistent desire to commit her, somehow or other, to the disclosure of the manner of the death, to him unknown, of a certain person. Supposing that she at length resolved to test the Medium on this head, and, therefore, on a certain evening mentioned a wholly supposititious manner of death (which was not the real manner of death, nor anything at all like it) within the range of his listening ears. And supposing that a spirit presently afterwards rapped out its presence, claiming to be the spirit of that deceased person, and claiming to have

departed this life in that supposititious way. Would *that* be a lying spirit? Or would it be a something else, tainting all that Medium's statements and suppressions, even if they were not in themselves of a manifestly outrageous character?

[1863.]

## EXPLANATORY INTRODUCTION.

THE REV. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND.

MR. CHAUNCY HARE TOWNSHEND died in London, on the 25th of February, 1868. His will contained the following passage:

“I appoint my friend Charles Dickens, of Gads’ Hill Place, in the County of Kent, Esquire, my literary executor; and beg of him to publish without alteration as much of my notes and reflections as may make known my opinions on religious matters, they being such as I verily believe would be conducive to the happiness of mankind.”


In pursuance of the foregoing injunction, the Literary Executor so appointed (not previously aware that the publication of any Religious Opinions would be enjoined upon him), applied himself to the examination of the numerous papers left by his deceased friend. Some of these were in Lausanne, and some were in London. Considerable delay occurred before they could be got together, arising out of certain claims preferred, and formalities insisted on, by the authorities of the Canton de Vaud.

When at length the whole of his late friend’s papers passed into the Literary Executor’s hands, it was found that “Religious Opinions” were scattered up and down through a variety of memoranda and note-books, the gradual accumulation of years upon years. Many of the following papers were carefully transcribed, numbered, corrected,

and prepared for the press; but many more were dispersed fragments, originally written in pencil, afterward inked over, the intended sequence of which, in the writer's mind, it was extremely difficult to follow. These again were intermixed with journals of travel, fragments of poems, critical essays, voluminous correspondence, and old school exercises and college themes, having no kind of connection with them. To publish such materials "without alteration," was simply impossible. But finding everywhere internal evidence that Mr. Townshend's Religious Opinions had been constantly meditated and reconsidered with great pains and sincerity throughout his life, the Literary Executor carefully compiled them (always in the writer's exact words), and endeavored in piecing them together to avoid needless repetition. He does not doubt that Mr. Townshend held the clew to a precise plan, which would have greatly simplified the presentation of these views; and he has devoted the first section of this volume to Mr. Townshend's own notes of his comprehensive intentions. Proofs of the devout spirit in which they were conceived, and of the sense of responsibility with which he worked at them, abound through the whole mass of papers.

Mr. Townshend's varied attainments, delicate tastes, and amiable and gentle nature, caused him to be beloved through life by the variously distinguished men who were his compeers at Cambridge long ago. To his Literary Executor, he was always a warmly attached and sympathetic friend. To the public, he has been a most generous benefactor, both in his munificent bequest of his collection of precious stones to the South Kensington Museum, and in the devotion of the bulk of his property to the education of poor children.

[1869.]

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## Biography

### Moltke's Letters to His Wife

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Beginning in 1841, the year before his marriage, these letters extend to within a short time of his death. Travels on the Continent, three visits to England and one to Russia, military manoeuvres, and three campaigns are covered by this period, during which Captain Von Moltke, known only as the author of the "Letters from the East," grew into the greatest director of war since Napoleon. These most interesting volumes contain the record of a life singularly pure and noble, unspoiled by dazzling successes.—The Times (London).

This book will be chiefly valued on account of the insight it affords into the real disposition of Moltke. Indeed, it will surprise many, for it shows that the eminent soldier was very different from what he was ordinarily conceived to be. He is supposed to have been dry and stern, reticent, almost devoid of human sympathies, and little better than a strategical machine. As a matter of fact, such an estimate is somewhat of a caricature. To the public and strangers Moltke was cold and silent, but to his family and friends he was affectionate, open, and full of kindly forethought. . . . As he was a keen and minute observer, his opinion of the people, countries, and sights which in the course of his life he saw, is of interest and value.—The Athenaeum (London),

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Reviewed as "The Book of the Month" in Mr. Stead's Review of Reviews. The notice occupies ten pages of the Review, and is entitled "Mr. Maitland's Life of Anna Kingsford, Apostle and Avenger." Mr. Stead concludes as follows: "Here I must conclude my notice of one of the weirdest and most bewildering books that I have read for many a long day."

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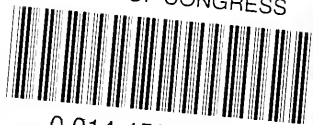
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