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Considered in Letters - - -

1855

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PUBLIC OPINION.

CONSIDERED IN LETTERS,

BETWEEN

ONE OF HIS FRIENDS,

AND

R. W. BARNES, M.A.,

VICAR OF PROBUS, CORNWALL, AND PREBENDARY OF EXETER.

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Provocation.

“ Semper ego auditor tantum ? nunquam ne reponam ? ”

“ Afflictions sore long time I bore ;
“ Physieians was in vain.”

Pur pose.

“ Pareere subjectis et debellare superbos.”

Matter.

“ Εισιν δε περι του ; Περι Αθηνων, περι Πυλου,
Περι σου, περι εμου, περι απαντων πραγματων.”

“ Οι τοι δε περι του ; Περι Αθηνων, περι φακης,
Περι Λακεδαιμονιων, περι σκομβρων νεων,
Περι των μελρουνιων ταλφιτ' εν αγορα κακως,
Περι σου, περι εμου.”

Moral.

“ καθεσ το γυγχος.”

“ Before that tide of flight and chase,
How shall it keep it's rooted place,
The spearmen's twilight wood ?
“ Down, down, cried Mar, your lances down !
“ Bear back both friend and foe ! ”
Like reeds before the tempest's frown,
That serried grove of lances brown
At once lay levell'd low ;
And closely shoudering, side to side,
The bristling ranks the onset bide.—
“ We'll quell the savage mountaineer,
“ As their Tinchei cows the game.
“ They come as fleet as forest deer,
“ We'll drive them back as tame.”

“ When thou shalt find the little hill,
With thy heart commune, and be still.
If ever, in temptation strong,
Thou left'st the right path for the wrong ;
If every devious step, thus trode,
Still led thee farther from the road ;
Dread thou to speak presumptuous doom,
On noble Marmion's lowly tomb ;
But say, “ He died a gallant knight,
“ With sword in hand, for England's right.”

E R R A T A .

- Page 34, line 24, *for flesh* *read* fish.
„ 41, „ 36, *for straight-laced* *read* strait-laced.
„ 42, „ 17, *for wright* *read* right.
„ 87, „ 32, *for leaving* *read* leading.
„ 103, „ 4, *for practicality* *read* practicability.
„ 111, „ 30, *for impart* *read* impute.
„ 112, „ 5, *for in* *read* an.
„ 120, „ 8, *for helpless* *read* hopeless.
„ 183, „ 13, *for any* *read* an.

PUBLIC OPINION,

&c.

[I.]

October 15, 1855.

Probo salutem.

Your sermon came this morning; * and I have, of course, read it at once. In it, my dear old chum, both the excellencies, and the errors, of a generous disposition are evident. It is just like you. Do let me pour out to you the thoughts and views, which it, almost spontaneously, suggests. As to the commencement of the War, *I*, on independent grounds (indeed public opinion reaches not our retired spot) found great fault with the ministers, *not* for their reluctance to enter on it, but for their pusillanimity, and want of decision, in averting it. Had they had the spirit of the Roman Senate, their quiet, but decisive message to the Autocrat would have been, "*Ne quid tibi cum Saguntinis rei sit.*" This, if anything, would have secured *present* peace. But, instead of this, Aberdeen, an old friend of the Czar's, dallied, temporized, and old womanized, so that the Czar counted on his collusion, and was deceived by him. Where have we seen, in regard to this war, the fine spirit you describe and desire, which "*non civium ardor prava jubentium, &c.?*" Those, who *have* opposed it, have exhibited rather the spirit of Theramenes and the "till": they have involved the nation in war, and shirked responsibility afterwards. *My* view on the war has been this. It is a great, an *awful*, step to take. But I have, for years,

* "A Sermon preached in the Church of Probus, Cornwall, on the day of Thanksgiving for the taking of Sebastopol, Sunday, October 7th, 1855, by R. W. Barnes, M.A., Vicar of Probus, and Prebendary of Exeter. Truro: Printed and Published by James R. Netherton. London: J. & C. Mozley, Paternoster Row."

been convinced, that nothing but a War, on an extensive scale, could arrest the schemes of a power, destructive to everything good and noble. War was a gigantic necessity; the question being, whether we should endure its burdens, or shift them to the shoulders of posterity. I was fully prepared for disasters, mingled with triumphs: we had an ordeal, stern perhaps, but which must be accomplished; accomplished at all risks, all sacrifices, to our last ship, our last man, our last shilling. I entered on it, with my eyes open; and reverses have only increased my intensity of feeling on the subject, and heightened the impression of a paramount necessity. Consequently, my mind has never felt the least disheartened, but the contrary, at the tidings of inevitable reverse.

Now for your eulogiums on the Russian soldiery. My dear fellow, you must of course see, that, while (with your accustomed scorn of meanness) you speak of the “grovelling littleness of disparaging a worthy foe,” this is only exalting ourselves, and our own renown in licking them; *Κορυθίοις οὐ μεμφέται το Ιλιον.*

But, much as I should desire to take this patriotic view of the case; while I admit the stubbornness of their resistance, one cannot but perceive, in that very resistance, the want of the elements of moral greatness, and courage. It is the enthusiasm of the mad, and revelling Bacchanal, or the apathetic endurance of the brute. They in fact, fear the knout and the gallows too much, not to think the chances of the field preferable. They display the greatest callousness to physical suffering: but this has always been shown, in exact proportion to the degree of removal from the condition of the brute animal. Poor fellows! one pities the miserable victims of a relentless tyranny; but one cannot but confess with Homer,

*Ημσν γαρ τ' αρείης αποαινήσαι ευρυοπι Ζευς
Ανερος, εγγ' αν μν καλα δουλιον ημαρ ελησαι:*

and complete his description, with Gibbon's eloquent application, describing the double yoke of religious, added to that of civil, servitude. The Russian soldier is driven into battle, by the fear of the lash, the frenzy of the deluded fanatic, and the coarser stimulant of drunkenness. The *officers* are to be excepted from this description. They are *almost* as far superior, as the common soldiers are inferior, to ours. I forgot to add to the savage qualifications of the latter, that of bayoneting our wounded on the field of battle. Really, it seems to me, that exalting our enemies in this way, may become the

tant and hypocrisy of generosity, as well as ill-masked self-adulation.

You seem to think, that there were no disasters from gross neglect. The excuses you give for them (Page 7) are truly official; never admitting a fault, except in a general way, and as a necessary adjunct to everything human. I do think (a not uncommon error with those, who are determined not to think with the vulgar,) not only from this, but other instances, that from the very scorn of the "*profanum vulgus*," you forget, that it may sometimes, perhaps on false principles, be right in *fact*. It is a fallacy to oppose true conclusions, merely because this, or that, person may have arrived at them, by erroneous premises. This is to deny, that the world is round, because a sailor once endeavoured to prove it, by the fact, that "many people have sailed in at one end of it, and out at the other." In fact, my good friend, your feelings sometimes mislead your sound and impartial judgment.

I must say, that my impression, as to the cause of our disasters, last winter, has been, that it was *gross neglect*, *added* to necessary errors and circumstances. There was an equally despicable hue and cry against the "Times," for telling us the truth, raised by those, who fancied themselves above the vulgar; and "time" proved, that they slandered the "Times."

As to poor, noble-hearted, Lord Raglan, I admire him, as much as you do; and, as you well remark, chiefly for his calm, and Christian, and heroic quietude, under attack. But noble as was his spirit, our military glories were won, by no generalship of his; but by the superhuman valour of the soldiers of Alma and Inkermann.

Would "his great friend" have risked England's fame, on the chances of a surprise at Inkermann? It seems incontrovertible (at least I have never seen a counter statement;) that for the earlier months of the seige, he showed great apparent apathy and neglect. No one ever saw him. But peace and glory to the brave, as he was, and all honour to the morally great; though if regard for the departed induce us to alter *facts*, it is not generosity, but falsehood. Let us always worship Truth alone; apart from fancied honor, sentiment, and so forth: let us be, as the late Dr. Arnold was called, real and sincere "idoloclasts." "*Ἐν δε φαει και ὀλεσσον.*" Never was there a nobler aspiration than this. Few, very few, appreciate Truth, except in connexion with her sensual adjuncts, and selfish relations. Thus, for instance, what was the old Tory cry, but a lamentation over diminished revenues and influence; combining

with these the necessity of England's downfall? Perhaps it may seem not akin to this subject; but I will mention, that the defending of duelling (which you *once* used to do;) which used to puzzle me, and which seems to show that in one instance at least, you adopted popular notions, against clear and undoubted Truth, may perhaps be attributed to your feelings, somehow or other, having mastered your judgment; and led you to adopt the low tone of the herd. Of course you have now risen to a higher tone; as indeed has public opinion.

With regard to the taking of Sebastopol, I cordially agree with you, in ascribing to our brave allies almost the whole work. We seem, partly from palpable mismanagement, partly from the disadvantages of local position; and partly I grieve to say (if accounts are to be credited) to the misconduct of our own troops, to have done little, except occupying a portion of the garrison. For the first time in my life, I have been ashamed of English soldiers: and rejoiced should I be, if the statements, affecting them, be proved erroneous. But I have seen no contradiction. If true, the disgrace is, doubtless, owing to sending boys on such a service. The two assaults on the Redan, on June 18th and September 8th, seem, to my unprofessional judgment, enormous blunders, and a wanton waste of human life. Did our troops, as you say, "do their best," at the final assault of Sebastopol? The result seems to verify Napoleon's saying; "You will not find me going to war in a hurry, with raw recruits."

While somewhat amused at it, I am rather sorry to see, the common term of abuse, "scoundrels," used in the pulpit. Though perhaps *τη ὑποκειμενη σλη πρεπον*, is it quite consistent with dignity? "Pounds, shillings and pence" too, in P. 13, might suggest a similar question. Speaking of the Priest and Levite, the reverse of your picture sometimes also applies. Many (I fear myself among the number) are more ready to give money, than sympathy.

"Iambos criminosos ad umbilicum duxi," and now I will close by.....I suppose you received my letter and Sermon.

Yours affectionately,

[II.]

Probus, Grampound, Cornwall,
October 19th, 1855.

My dear old Friend,

I was very glad to receive your letter. It has given me a most refreshing plunge into the classical stream, to which I have been long a stranger. I received your sermon; but did not write to you about it; as you took a view of the war, in which I could not agree with you. I will try, as briefly as I can, to reply to your present letter, and, so far as I can, in your own order.

In regard to the war, you say, that we had the choice of taking its burden upon ourselves, or of leaving it as a legacy to posterity; and you suggest, I think, that we had no right to adopt the latter alternative. The war then was inevitable. You say, that if our ministers had sent to the Czar "the quiet and decisive message" of the Roman senate to Hannibal, that he was to have nothing to do with Saguntum, they might have secured for us present peace. "Quiet" that message might have been, but how "decisive?" Why Hannibal laughed at it; Saguntum was taken; Italy invaded; whereas we have saved our Turkey, such as it is, (whatever the now worthless bird may be, when it is properly cooked and carved,) England has not been invaded; and we are the invaders of Carthage. Are you not a little unfortunate in your outset? If the war was inevitable, why do you blame Lord Aberdeen for not avoiding it, and by means, which your own illustration shows to have been ineffectual? I am inclined to think, that Lord Aberdeen did his best. Certainly a long political life has gained for him a high character; and the full merit of that I would give him. And I would give him also, the credit of a foresight, longer than our own, as to the difficulties of the impending war.

But he was a "friend of the Czar"—why should he not be? We called ourselves friends to the same individual, and considered

ourselves honoured, when he acknowledged his friendship for us, by visiting us. We then welcomed our highly respected friend; but he subsequently became our enemy; and then we found out, that we had been all along mistaken as to our respected friend: then we found out, that he was no better than he should be. Is not all this grossly discreditable conduct in us?

But the Czar was ambitious. I am not required to defend, or deny, his ambition, but what were our most famed Plantagenets? what William 3rd? what the Czar Peter? what our present ally, the Emperor Napoleon? The Czar Nicholas was, no more than any of these, bound by the obligation of an universal philanthropy. He never pretended to be a cosmopolite. He was ruler of Russia; and for Russia he thought and laboured. I think, that in the Russian annals, and indeed in the history of the world, he has gained for himself an honourable place. But that is merely opinion. That of which I *do* complain, is that a similar course of conduct, proceeding probably from similar motives, should, in his case, be branded as ambition, in their's be dignified with the name of patriotism. The gender of the bird ought not, says the proverb, to make any difference in the sauce.—Now for another application of the same homely proverb. The Czar was invading dominions, not his own: and he had a good deal for which to answer, on the subject of "oppressed nationalities," as the phrase goes. Well, are we not constantly abusing the Austrians, Prussians, and other states, for not joining us in this war? Austria and Prussia, I suppose, have no charge against them on the same score. The house of Hapsburg, and the marquises of Brandenburg, always ruled, I may imagine, over the same extent of territory, as do their present descendants. Our allies are, we may presume, quite clear on this point. The Turks originally possessed the country, which they now occupy; and, in dispossessing Constantine Palaeologus of Constantinople, they were only recovering their own, unjustly lost, possessions. France, to say nothing of older times, has not occupied Algeria or Rome: and we, of course, come into court with clean hands. Is not India alone enough to silence us, when we assume this tone of rigid morality toward other nations? Do let us be just: do not let us make ourselves utterly ridiculous in the eyes of the world. We threw off our old friend the Emperor Nicholas, and we took in his place our present ally, the French Emperor. I am very thankful that we have him as an ally: but what, I ask, does he think of us? what ought he

to think? Do we expect that, like the wise bird of the desert, wo have only to hide our defects from our own eyes, and that other people are, by the same process, to become blind to them? Do not you suppose, that the Emperor Napoleon laughs in his sleeve, when he calls to mind the commotion, which his expected invasion of England excited in the public mind, and the probability of the invasion, based on popular views of his character. "Punch" was as great, in caricaturing him, as he is now, in his pictorial representations of our ministers and generals, our enemies, and those, whom we cannot persuade to be our allies. What the "Times" did then, I forget. The disgrace attached to this absurd, and extreme change from reviling to laudation, rests on our countrymen, not on our country; for that I hold to be represented, not by the major, but the better, part of her sons.

The nation was, so said the best authorities, shamefully defenceless; and what made it so, but the shameful economy, which pared down all our national institutions to the lowest state, compatible with vitality? Like the economical cockney, we were fast getting on to the allowance of a straw a day to our horse; when the war broke out, and saved the poor beast from the fate, which proved the failure of the cockney's experiment. That, my dear old fellow, you seem to forget, when you talk of the gross abuses of this war. We were most disgracefully unprepared for it: we had saved our money; and money can do many things; but it cannot at once, procure disciplined soldiers, and the many *et ceteras*, which they require. I grant mismanagement, as an additional cause of our failures. Let a certain part of that be ascribed to inexperience in the managers; and make the most of the rest. You quote one saying of the first Napoleon; and there I fully agree with him, and you. For the matter before us, let me quote another, in which neither you nor I can agree: but is there not some little truth, lying at the bottom of this hasty, and illconsidered sentence, a condensation, after all, of Burke's flowing periods, "A merchant would sell his country for a shilling"? Did not the mercantile, cotton, or politico-economical, spirit do something, toward bringing our country into its present dangerous, and, as some think, not very creditable position? We are now engaged in the war, and I agree with you; "to the last ship, man, and shilling" let us carry it on, if honour, or a well considered policy, requires us; but if there is, or should be, an honourable and safe way to escape from it, then bear with me, if I

put my feelings into Lord Falkland's words, and entreat for "peace, peace." "Theramenes and the till" are all very well; and people may speak jeeringly of the *argumentum ad crumenam*. The national economy before the war does not warrant any extravagant expectations during, and after, it. Whatever you or I might do, were sacrifices required from us, would our friend, the enlightened public, bear the demands upon him, so complacently? Much he has to bear, poor fellow! much he must bear, for years to come, in consequence of this very war. Think of a discontented nation: think of the elements of discontent, actively working in it, indications of which are already showing themselves. Do not throw your weight (the least of us has some, and you have more than most in the same rank with yourself) into the scale, with the blind opposers of peace. Look a little forward. How long is this drain upon our resources, not money only, but that which can never be replaced, the blood of our best and bravest, to go on? In what state can we expect to be, when the strife is over? For what are we contending? What do we expect to gain? Are we to verify the fable of the stag and the horse, contending in their pasture? May there not be a man, to become master of both?

Another reason for our comparative want of success in this war is, the difference in our government from that of our enemies, and that of our allies. War is not a normal condition; and the great blessings of our free institutions, and divided responsibilities, are unsuited to a state of war. For the proper management of that, a despotism is the best form of government; and, confessedly, the great instrument, by which war is carried on, an army, must be under a despotism; for the best disciplined, and therefore most effective, army is that, which most nearly resembles a machine: and in that, there can be no individual free-action. Fancy an army, criticising its officers, searching into their motives of action, and making them responsible for the same, sympathising, haranguing, holding out for the points of its favorite charters, insisting on the rights of man. That would be a mob, not an army, and, for the purposes of war, worse than useless.

I praise the Russians too much, you say, and "this is only exalting ourselves, and our own renown in licking them." Of course it is, and I intended it as such: for the worthiness of our foes seems to me to give the only claim, on our part, to any renown at all. For that reason I gave them praise, and also because I believed praise

to be their due. I am as alive to national glory, as most men; and I think that the reviling of an enemy, whom we have failed to beat, is a national disgrace. Troy had no reason to complain of the Corinthians; but that cannot be said of the Russians and British, in regard to each other. I try to beat my enemy, if I can; but if he exhibits courage, in his conflict with me, I do not feel myself bound to examine, whether he has “the elements of moral greatness.” He is fighting for his country, and he thinks his cause as good as I think mine, and he fights bravely. For his courage I respect him; and if others speak slightly of him on that point, I do him justice by speaking for him. You say, that the Russian soldier is driven into battle by the “fear of the lash, the frenzy of the deluded fanatic, and the coarser stimulant of drunkenness.” Is not that too much? Surely he is not always drunk: he must have his cooler moments, when frenzy, and the fear of the lash, do not operate upon him: and yet he is always ready to face us in battle. Men who could face, as they have faced, our bayonets, and the formidable opposition of French and English valour, *ought* to be free from the fear of the knout. Did you ever know that fear to operate, as you seem to think, that it operated on them? The Persians, Herodotus tells us, were driven to battle by the actual lash, *ιπτο μαστιγων* are his words: and they behaved, as we might have expected such men to behave. But certainly, you cannot mean to put the Persians of Platœa, Salamis, Marathon, on a level with the Russians of the Alma and Inkermann, the Malakhoff, and the Redan. My dear old friend, you are unjust. The appellation “slaves” is fairly applicable to both: the difference is, that the Persians deserved to be slaves; the Russians have proved, if man can prove it, that they are entitled to a better fate. Let their slavery, and their moral degradation, furnish an excuse, or palliation I should rather say, for their conduct. The bayonetting of the wounded, and the firing on flags of truce, are utterly execrable. The palliation is, that these atrocious deeds were done by ignorant slaves: but let us consider the length, and varieties of this present war, and in it how few such deeds have they perpetrated?

I find, that I cannot follow you in your own order; but I will proceed now to the publication of my sermon, from which this correspondence has arisen; and my thoughts will probably arrange themselves, somehow around it. I published for this reason, that I saw, or fancied that I saw, a spirit abroad, very discreditable to the national character: and I hold that every man in his station, and

according to his powers, is able, and therefore bound, to do something, toward the correction of such a spirit, when it exists. I do not publish in favour of a current feeling: my publications are always protests.

Of public opinion, you seem to think very highly: I think of it very meanly. It is so entirely the result of present circumstances and feelings, and so constantly varies with them, that I must have mistaken you, when I fancied, that you could respect it. Justice, gratitude, consistency, everything else, is disregarded, and our present object, whatever that may be, gives the tone to public opinion. Spare my writing sheets, and look to the public opinion, now and three years since, of the Emperors, Nicholas, and Napoleon. We daub our enemy with Warren's jet, and bedeck our friend with everything ornamental; seemingly for the pleasure, when our mood turns, of white-washing the one, and blackening the other. Such conduct I, and you of course with me, hold in utter contempt.

I protest against public opinion; but public opinion is not the result of each man's private thoughts, combined in the aggregate. The whole mass receives it from without, from the newspapers, and chiefly, at present, from that, which you have mentioned, the "Times": a protest, therefore, against public opinion is not complete, unless it be directed also against the giver, and guide, of it. The enlightened public, as it is called, I despise, as a "*δρακοντα κοκλεμον αιμαλοπωλην*," a pudding-headed, trueulent tyrant.

The former epithet cannot be applied to the "Times," which furnishes it with opinions; but most trueulent is the "Times," most tyrannical. Its great reputation, capital, powers of gaining, and circulating, information, and the great talent of the writers for it, are undeniable: but all these give it the power of a tyrant; and what is to hinder it, from using its power *as* a tyrant? What justice, or *αἰδως*, can you put into the managers of a commercial speculation, who are utterly irresponsible to others, than themselves. Such restraints *do* act on other despots; but the despotism of the "Times" is governed only by the probable influence of its opinions on its circulation. Let any one oppose it, or exhibit toward it a spirit of independence, and the man is doomed to be crushed. The "Times" does crush him, as fatally and relentlessly, as would an express train. No one likes to try the thickness of his skull, by running a tilt against such a train, at full career. People get out of its way. Those, who are in its way, are crushed. Those, whom it has hurt

in passing, are thankful, that the damage is no worse: and both are examples, and warnings, to other people. Our obscurity shelters you and me: but our time may come, and if we suffer every one, higher, and more powerful than ourselves, to be sacrificed, to whom do we mean to look for assistance, when our time of need comes?

This very morning, in the "Evening Mail," which you know is a reprint from the "Times," *minus* the advertisements, I read three, as they seemed to me, capital articles. One was on Railway mismanagement; another on a manifesto, put forth by some rascally refugees, recommending assassination, and full of detestable blasphemies and atrocities; the third, in appearance, equally clever, on Mr. Osborne, the S. G. O., lately well known as a writer in the "Times." Well, later in the day, I looked in another part of the same paper, for that act of Mr. Osborne's, which had drawn upon him the ridicule of the "Times;" and I was utterly astonished. However, I send you the paper, and you shall judge for yourself. It seems, that Mr. Herbert, who is always doing kind things, presided at the opening of a reading-room, or something of the sort, at Wilton, at his own doors: and knowing, how interested every one is in matters, connected with the East, he invited Mr. Osborne to address the meeting, which consisted of several hundred people. Mr. Osborne did so; and, in the course of his lecture, he sent round the room, for inspection, certain articles, that he had picked up at Scutari, and elsewhere. In short, his speech, and what he did, were what you or I might have said, and done, in a meeting of our parishioners. The only possible fault that the "Times" could have found in either, was the omission of any mention of the "Times" fund (great credit the "Times" deserves for that fund, and for many other things,) but such an onslaught! Of course, there was some other matter of debate between them; unless Mr. Osborne, as the guest of Mr. Herbert, was merely included in the attack on the late minister. I have not the paper at this moment by me, and I would not mis-quote; but as I send it to you with this letter, you can read it for yourself. I know that Mr. Herbert is likened to Mr. Barnum the showman; who failing in procuring woolly horses, Feejee Indians, and so on, had managed to secure a Crimean traveller (Mr. Osborne began his speech by saying, that he had not been in the Crimea,) compared afterwards to Ulysses, with his ears stuffed with wool, and tied to the door-posts of his own rectory. Mr. Herbert's face also appears gradually, through a transparency, beaming benevolence on an astonished

and admiring audience. This may be clever, but I cannot detect the cleverness. I should call it coarse buffoonery, whatever it might be in a description of fictitious, and not living, characters. A caricature, to be worth anything, must bear some resemblance to the original: otherwise it is not what it is called, but merely a sketch from fancy: and that is the connection between the Wilton tea-drinking, and the "Times'" article on it.

There is my first case against the "Times." My next is taken from an article in it, a very short time since, on the letter of one of the Worcestershire magistrates, in that very notorious case of committal, for labour on Sunday. The magistrate wrote to the "Times" a most temperate letter, explaining that what his brother magistrate had done, was done from his idea of his duty, and of the law on the case. For this he is put down in the most insolent, and overbearing manner; but I have not the paper, and so I cannot quote. I have my own notions, as to the expediency of enforcing, to the extent that some would do, a public respect for the Sunday, or Sabbath, as some people call it. The question here was—what is the law? and the higher authorities confirmed the decision of the magistrate; though now I hear that the decision is reversed—by a clever expedient, certainly! A man must not work at his *ordinary* avocation on Sunday: but the farm needs not to be at a stand-still for that; the farmer has only to set his carters to work at the plough, and put his ploughmen to cart his stones, and carry his produce to market.—No violent change for the persons concerned, for an agricultural labourer generally understands all these different kinds of work. I am vexed for my country, that there should be such anomalies in her legislation; but I cannot consent, that the unfortunate gentlemen, who have to administer the laws, should be held up to public ridicule, and reviled, as if, instead of giving their laborious and most troublesome services, they were being paid for them, and making fortunes out of their pay. The rabble rout of newspapers might have fallen into this cry through ignorance: but the "Times" knew better, and did, what it did, in pure malice. You and I are beneficed clergymen; and in lower prints than the "Times" (for I would by no means confound it with the Patriot, Nonconformist, Weekly Dispatch, and so on) we are battenning on that, of which the poor have been defrauded. But let us keep to our "Times." Let the ease of "poor, noble-hearted Lord Raglan," as you call him, and I honour you for so calling him, (and I have something to say on that point too) be put

aside for the present; though you write of his having been surprised at Inkermann; and you say, that in this respect he was unlike "the Duke." A similar charge was made against the Duke, at the commencement of Waterloo: and for Lord Raglan, I make the answer, made for the Duke, by an honest Irishman present, "If they surprised the Duke, did not he *astonish* them?" If you gain the victory, you must not set forth, as diminutions of your credit, all the wounds that you received, or the risks that you ran, in gaining it. No war, few games at cards, are without some fault, committed by the winners. "Honourable scars" is a common expression.

Now for ease the third against the "Times." Her Majesty has lately been pleased, with the advice of her counsellors, to make a promotion in the army. Three officers are raised to the rank of Field Marshal. Was any one said to have been unjustly passed by, for the advancement of these three? I have not heard of such. I did not see *that* charge in the "Times"; but I did see an article on the subject; in which these three (and what had *they* done *in* their promotion?) are held up to ridicule, as imbecile dotards, for whom, as in second childhood, the place of the rattle is supplied by the Marshal's baton. What say you to this? Is this the reward, given by a grateful country, to those, who have grown old in its service? and, if the "Times" had its way, would not this *be* their reward? Any one of these noble old soldiers might look with scorn, probably does, on treatment so unworthy of them; but you, and I, and all their countrymen, are bound to do what we can, to protect them from it. What they have to endure, is not their disgrace, but our's. A pretty state of things, when gentlemen, whose age, and wounds, and services, entitle them to the utmost veneration, are to be held up to the ridicule of every ribald clown! However any one of these attained his present rank,

“ $\omega\ \mu\alpha\rho\epsilon$, καὶ παρμιάρε, καὶ μιαρωλάτε
“πως δένρ' ανηλθες, ω μιαρων μιαρωλάτε,”

is a salutation scarcely creditable to the public, which tolerates it.

General Simpson's turn has also come; and the "Times" has certainly not spared him. How he means to explain the failure at the Redan, I am not soldier enough to explain for him. Certainly I was astonished to read in his despatch, that the overcrowded state of *his own trenches* hindered him from sending up his reserves. I should, I must say, like to see an explanation of that. In the

meantime, there is no necessity for me to be unjust, and, because an explanation has not been given, to assume that one cannot be given. There is a possibility, that he might be able to give an explanation, which would clear himself, but would be detrimental to the public service. In that case, he *cannot* give it; but, as a soldier and a gentleman, he must submit to the censure, heaped with no sparing hand upon him. In judging him on our present evidence, let us take into account what we know of his past character. Two circumstances are notorious to the world. One is that, simply on the ground of his reputation for ability, he was selected by Sir Charles Napier (considered by the public a good general) as his second in command, and gave Sir Charles no reason to regret his selection. The other, that on the same ground, he was selected by our government, for the command in chief in the Crimea. We may assume then, that he is a decent general. Had he succeeded at the Redan, he would have been considered a good one: he has failed, and he is not one at all. This is your popular judgment! Marshal Pelissier may meet a reverse some day; and if the French public are like the English, we must praise the prudence of General Canrobert, in declining to risk the reputation, which his past life has gained for him. Great encouragement we are holding out for General Eyre, or General Codrington, or whoever may succeed General Simpson. Our conduct toward him, and his predecessor, affords a cheering prospect to their successor. With the former two, reports, censures, revilings, were common enough: our business hitherto has been, *Nικιαν ταρ-
αλλειν*: and doubtless, on the strength of the same unwholesome fare, there will be many a man, to do the business of the coming general:

“Θυννεια θερμα καλχφαγων, καλ επιπιων ακρατον
οιγει χοα, κασαλβασει τους εν Πυλω σφραληγους.”

Look now to the case of the late ministers. Lord Aberdeen was “a friend of the Czar;” therefore he was to be hit hard; and there is no doubt, that the “Times” fully carried *that* sentence into effect. Look at his colleagues, who were not then accused of backwardness in the war; but were not accusations, of other sorts, freely heaped upon them? And now they come in for *this* also. They can scarcely do anything, without being held up to censure, and ridicule. Mr. Herbert cannot meet his fellow parishioners, but he is compared to Mr. Barnum, the showman; and his face gradually beams with benevolence through a transparency, on a delighted, and astonished,

audience: while he is further gratified, by seeing his guest, in the character of Ulysses, tied to the posts of his rectory, with his ears, stuffed with Dorsetshire wool. Pleasant reward this, for men of high rank, and princely fortunes, who give up their days and nights, in continuos, unintermittend, labour, for their country; when they might have been enjoying themselves, in this country, or elsewhere, as inclination might have led them! Encouragement to others, who might wish to serve, or are serving, their country. For both let us thank the "Times;" for, where that leads, the inferior papers will follow, and the multitude applaud. Ridicule breaks no bones, some may say, but there are many men, who would prefer broken bones, to ridicule, so widely extended, and so *mischievously* clever, as that of the "Times." Take another colleague only (for the Duke of Newcastle's admirable and unwearied diligence has secured for *him* some respect,) I mean *our* member, Mr. Gladstone. I have taken three journeys from the centre of Cornwall, to Oxford, to give him my vote; and I am ready to take as many journeys more, as his interests may require. I am very little of a politician. I know less of polities, than many of my neighbours, who have more time at their disposal; and I do not profess to understand all Mr. Gladstone's views and opinions. I am not, however, so lost to all modesty, as not to feel the great difference, between him and myself, in ability: the still greater difference, in acquired information, and experience, which parliamentary and public life has placed under the guidance of his ability. I believe him to be, a thoroughly honest man, and a man, who thinks for himself, uninfluenced by the bias, in different directions, which draws other honest men aside. There is the man to think for *me*; and I retort upon you your quotation of "*non ardor civium prava jubentium.*" There was a Pericles, who, if we may trust Thucydides, knew how to "sway his fierce democracy." I have, in my sermon, imagined rulers, like to him, in honesty and independence. I take what I can find: I take Mr. Gladstone. Has my respect for him (and I speak of a man whom I have never seen) never excited my indignation against the "Times," which has directed popular censure against him?

There is my case against the "Times," made up from its very recent and notorious articles. I could have said much more; and I shall probably say more: but I leave to you the decision, whether I have not made out my charge of "truculent tyranny." I have called the "Times" a commercial company: of course it is. It may

profess, (and with the sincerity of the profession, and correspondence of conduct with it, I now say nothing) it may profess, to conduct its business, in a patriotic spirit, and with a view to the public good: but are there not innumerable trading companies, and individuals, who do the same? You sometimes read advertisements, I suppose: well, is not the public good, and zeal for it, the burden of many of them? In every number of my Evening Mail, I see one, which informs me, that Sebastopol has fallen, and as our glorious allies will probably be wanting tea, their best plan is to go to Mr. So-and-So. "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet;" and our business is, to discover the exact value of names. The "Times" then is resolvable into Mr. or Messrs. Somebody, the proprietors; assisted by talented men, of their own selection, the Co., in fact, of which Mr. Mark Tapley was so great an admirer. Well, you have heard of course, you must, whether you wished it or not, have read, of "the British College of Health." That College used to be Mr. Morrison; but that Atlas, of late years, has taken an assistant Hercules, in the person of Mr. Moat. The British College of Health is then an abstraction for the august names of Messrs. Morrison and Moat; but surely that abstraction is no inducement for you, and me, to drug ourselves with a compound of aloes, gamboge, and seammoney, when we might supply our wants better, and much more cheaply, at any respectable chemist's. That many respectable old women, of both sexes, take, in astounding quantities, the pills of the "College," is only to me another instance of the bad taste of the public, against which I am railing. You may have seen a picture put out by the College, in which Mr. Morrison is represented in colloquy with Hygiea.—Our notions of Sir Benjamin Brodie would be exalted, if he were to put forth a representation of his nightly assignations with Æsculapius: we should, at least, put him on a level with the Messrs. Brodum and Bree of the Antijacobin. As we are on the subject of advertisements, let me record my protest against what is worse (though it is that too) than bad taste, the insertion, in nearly all the provincial papers, of the advertisements of a set of rascally, ignorant quacks, so indecent, that many people, to my knowledge, have excluded those papers from their houses. The M.R.C.S. doctors are chiefly, I have heard, gentlemen of the Hebrew persuasion; and as much entitled to the appellation of doctors, as to that of gentlemen. Well, I will not swallow rubbish, offered to me by Messrs. whatever their name may be; and I will not swallow it the

more readily, because tho' said Messrs. call themselves the "Times."

One more case against the "Times" in regard to Lord Raglan. The censures of his apathy and indifference to his men, in regard to the earlier part of the siege, are notorious. The "Times" correspondent said so; the public believed; and Lord Raglan's reputation suffered. Now read an extract from a speech of Lord Ellesmere's at Worsley, October 23rd, and reported in the "Times." "I know that Lord Raglan was in the habit of traversing the camp, in a wide-a-wake, and shooting jacket; and was, perhaps, very often present, when very few had any idea of his proximity." When a man of decent character tells me, "I know," whether that man calls himself Lord Ellesmere, Lord Francis Egerton, or Mr. Anybody else, I take his assertion, in preference to that of an anonymous opponent. If that opponent is not anonymous, I weigh the characters, and the means of information, of the two men: if beside that, I find one uttering his assertion, at his own door almost, amongst his neighbours, and with no apparent motive to deceive; the other, making his assertion, among other highly coloured assertions (and quantities of gossip) made with the express purpose of amusing people, I stick to the Earl, Earl though he be, as the "Times" courteously remarked, the other day, to a gentleman, with the same addition to his name: and whether the "Times," or the British College of Health, take another view of the case, I am equally indifferent.

I hold the "Times" in the greatest respect on some points. It's immense power of gaining information, it's capital, the talent that it commands, are all claims upon my respect; and I am always ready to give it my humble tribute of praise, when it exerts it's vast powers in what I may consider a right direction: for instance, in that article on the manifesto to Her Majesty from citizens Nash and Jones, and that other, on the mismanagement of railway companies. Do read them, and laugh, and admire, with me. When it takes a wrong direction, then it is indeed that, to which I have compared it; and almost every thing, and every body, goes down before it. Well, the car may crush me, (though I hope to escape) but I will *not* fall down and worship. There are great conveniences of every sort, in the speed and regularity, with which the railway carriages traverse every portion, almost, of our country, (we in Ancient Britain are an exception) and I am thankful for those conveniences. Probably I should not be so thankful, if some of the most powerful of those formidable machines were liable to constantly

recurring fits of playful eccentricity, which caused them to go across country, to the utter demolition of every thing, so unfortunate as to find itself in their way. When my horse shows symptoms of similar playfulness, I diminish his allowance of oats, or beans: and so, in this much more serious case, I would withhold the indiscriminate praise, which acts, as steam upon the iron courser. For instance, when the "Times" indulges in any onslaught, such as those which I have mentioned, men of respectability and intelligence should say, that they disapprove, whatever opinion the enlightened public may express. We cannot afford to lose the "Times"; but I would do my little, to keep it in the appointed tracks; out of which, its utility ceases, and its capacity for mischief begins to exhibit itself.

My notice of the "Times" would be incomplete, if I omitted to express my deep thankfulness, for the correction of many abuses, which it has brought to light; for the comforts, and aids, and accommodations, which it has been the *great* means of obtaining, for our gallant, and never enough to be praised, soldiers and sailors. All honour to it, for these acts: and these acts, and the honour which they deserve, I will never forget, in my anger at that, which seems to me to deserve it. The "Times" is above the vast majority of other papers, in very many respects; and ought to be above them, in all. There is a character belonging to it, which it ought to maintain; and I want to see it doing that; for I hate to be obliged to qualify admiration with censure. The life of the great Bacon always makes me uncomfortable—such a mixture of greatness with despicable littleness! The "Times" might be a grand monument, and exponent, of the national character; and it will not take the little trouble, which it needs to take, to make itself so. That annoys me—well, *meliora speremus*.

From the "Times" I come to myself: and I commence with that, which you gently suggest, as the *animus*, from which my sermon proceeded, "the scorn of the *profanum vulgus*," always setting me against the current of public opinion. Between friends, let us call it pride and conceit. Well, you have known me from childhood, and ought to know my faults. As a set off against these, you also know, that a more quiet, inoffensive, person is seldom to be found: and I am conceited enough to think, that through life (and I, like yourself, must make the reluctant confession, that I am one, "*eujus octavum trepidarut atlas Claudere lustrum*") I have never lost a living friend, and am constantly acquiring new friends. I am well

known to be a man, who never speaks against an absent person, and discourages, so far as he can, others, who are doing so. In Looe, where I have been well known for the last ten years, and in its neighbourhood, I bear the character of a general peace maker. The publication of the sermon is, in one respect, coincident with your impression; for it was published, to correct, what I think an error, in public judgment and feeling. Had the general sentiment been such, as I could have wished it to be, I am not a person, to sound my penny trumpet, by way of addition to the universal uproar. You find fault with expressions in the sermon, as too colloquial. Your letter to me is, in a large portion of it, composed of Greek and Latin; and to me you could not have been more intelligible, or have conveyed your meaning in a more condensed form. My case was different. I was a plain man, having fault to find, and addressing myself to persons, equally plain. I gave my hearers credit for good, honest, feeling, which might, or might not, have been misled. My success, with some of them, made me think, that others might be equally honest, and persuadable. I began to write my sermon, on the afternoon of Saturday; and, on Monday evening, it was in the press. For after all, there was nothing in it, clever, or out of the way. Any labouring man, supposing him a good fellow, might, after his day's work was over, have put on his "go to meeting clothes," and delivered the same, at his Ebenezer, or Bethesda. Probably he would have done so, with greater energy, and effect, than myself. Say, that the consciousness of being in the right, together with my other antecedents, made me presumptuous in my tone, if such I have been. My dear, and valued, friend, whom I know, if you know me, tell me what would have been your tone and feeling, if you had been assailed, or what you hold sacred, and as dear as self, assailed, by Dr. Cumming, or Sir Culling Eardley, or Mr. Spurrel, or any of the celebrities, who drivel and blaze at Exeter Hall? I can fancy your *forbearance*. I can see, in imagination, your heavy hand coming down upon them, and the adroit thrusts of the, now commonly depreciated, Oxford logic, causing the buttons to fly in all directions; and my old friend, calm and impassive, unconscious, poor man! of the difference between himself and his victims. Give me allowance for something like your own feelings. You are a far abler man, than I am: and that we *both* know; and have had reason, through life, to know. And what gives me this arrogant tone, in addressing you now? Why, the

consciousness, that I have the better cause, and you the worse. This, and this only, enables me to sing,

“Τηνελλα δῆ, εἰπερ φίλεις, τηνελλα καλλινικος.”

No man values, more than I do, the good opinion of his fellow-men, more especially of the good among them, (more numerous than all of us think,) but there is no need of our setting up a clumsy idol over our heads, and worshipping it, till we make it so formidable, that we must be mute and tame, a “public opinion,” which forbids us *οὐδὲ γρῦ εἰπεῖν*. You may be quite satisfied, that our Δημόσιος sits, comfortably enough, without our volunteering to supply him with cushions, *ἴνα μη τριβῇ την εν Σαλαμῖνι*. Your character and calling, and mine, exempt us from the necessity, of presenting our heads, for the reception of his condescending favours, with our emulative, *εμου μεν ουν, εμου μεν ουν.**^{*}

I think, my dear fellow! that I am no bigot; at least, I hope that I am not: and I trust also, that I can admire, what is admirable, in those, for other parts of whose character, I have the strongest aversion. You know, I fancy, nearly as much of my politics, as I know myself. Let me be a narrow-minded Tory: very well, I do not refuse the name. But I can respect Mr. Cobden, for I believe him to be a thoroughly honest man; and of many others, I can say the same. I am a Churchman (*you* know of what stamp) but I can respect Wesley, and Whitfield, and many of those, whose Exeter Hall exhibitions, and writings, I hold in utter contempt. I can respect the many saintly characters in the Church of Rome; and I can retain my respect, while I sorrow, for those, who have left for it, what I think the safer, and holier, fold of their earlier days. An easy task it is now, to praise Miss Nightingale, and the kindred spirits, her associates in her works of mercy. Well do they deserve all the praise, that they obtain, and not the less, because nations are unanimous in their praise. But there was a similar band, similarly occupied; and *their* portion was misrepresentation, and calumny. I might reckon up many men, whom you or I should have unmercifully plucked, if they had come before us for examina-

* Κλ. απομυξαμένος. ω Δημε, μου προς την κεφαλην αποψω
Αλ. εμου μεν ουν. Κλ. εμου μεν ουν.

tion at Oxford, since that time elevated into "populous preachers," who took the easy opportunity of still further distinguishing themselves, by throwing their clumsy stone at Miss Sellon. Well, the current against her was strong, at the time, when I was asked, by a district committee, to preach for a Church society. I took that opportunity, to say my say of Miss Sellon, and her sisterhood. I published my sermon, and sent her a copy, with a letter, in order that she might have the satisfaction, and encouragement, of knowing, that there was one more in the small number of those, who reverenced her, and her work. What could a poor, obscure, parson do more? No, my dear fellow! I worship Truth, as you would, in your letter, have me to do. When Truth is consonant with the public voice, my voice is silent: when it seems to need my humble aid, that aid is cheerfully rendered. Such conduct may seem in me haughty and self-sufficient. I am sorry for it; for such ought not to be the character of one in my calling. I am spoiling much paper, and inflicting on you a tedious task. But my thoughts have, since mid-day yesterday, been burning within me; and the only way was, to transfer them to paper, that they may cease to pester me, and leave me free for other duties, to which I must attend.

Do not I "worship Truth for its own sake"? Do not I reverence Dr. Arnold; and try to imitate him, by reverencing every thing, which deserves reverence; as well as by being, when occasion demands, an "idoloclast"? for the latter quality, without the former, makes only an envious reviler. A deep reverence for all, that is excellent, is quite necessary, in one, who would depress, what is unworthy. The idolater is the only proper material, for the formation of an idoloclast. Any religion is better, than no religion. The forgetfulness of this, one would think not very abstruse, truth, is one great cause of the failure of enlightened Protestants, in our days, in their attempt to convert Papists, and heathens. They set to work, with a thickness of skull, and a want of taste and breeding, little creditable to the cause, which they fancy themselves promoting, by overthrowing the *really* good feelings, on which they might build their new structure. Either they, and their doctrines, are at once rejected by those, whom they would convert: or if they succeed in inducing their neophytes, to laugh at their images, and despise their priests, they fancy that that they have done great things. They have: for they have effectually destroyed that ill directed reverence, to which they might have given a better

direction, and which would have served as a foundation for a purer faith. So the so-called Protestants turn out, in a very large proportion, secret, or avowed, unbelievers. The number of infidels, of one or other description, in this country, to say nothing of the continent, surpasses the ideas of most people. When a man has gone through several forms of belief, as his reverence for each has been successively destroyed, who can wonder at his ending, as he generally does, in infidelity? For this, one, among other causes, and no slight one, is the pertinacious circulation of waggon loads of low-bred, ignorant rubbish, in the shape of tracts, and books, recommended, and enforced, by teachers of similar character. These people are, as one might well suppose, too well satisfied with their own wisdom, and illumination, to listen to any carnal counsel, of mere human advisers: but they might read for their instruction, a certain sermon delivered on "Mars' Hill"; and they would find the inspired Preacher of it, pursuing a very different course, allowing, and giving credit for, misdirected reverence, and trying to direct it aright.

The opinions of individuals I often highly respect: but collect those same individuals; and my respect commonly ceases. The idol, against which I am running my imaginary tilt, is that public opinion, of which you seem to think more highly, than I consider right; for I think of it most meanly. There is a common distinction, and disgraceful it is, between private, and public, honour; private, and public, justice. The reason is, that the individual is responsible; but, when he is merged in a mass, his responsibility is so divided, that he commonly ceases to feel the least restraint, from his own share of it. Those who do so feel, are the very few; and the majority swamps them. Try the experiment, for yourself. Collect the persons, in your Parish, for whose individual judgment, and character, you have most respect. Form them into a committee, for the execution of some common work; and surpassing work you will have done. Take the old Athenians. Were there ever, in the world, a more ready-witted, and clever, race? Embodiment them; and you have the doating Demus, widening, and contracting, his ears, as his flatterers pour into them their time-serving suggestions.

My letter is necessarily a jumble; and yours, able, and like yourself, my old friend, supplies me, with so many texts, separate, and yet connected, that my sermons on them must run into each other.

About the failure at the Redan, I cannot take it so seriously as you do. Recruits form much too large a portion of our troops, as you remark. Why? because we can get nothing better; and our older men have been killed off. I cannot feel my country disgraced, because these poor lads, accustomed, during the whole of their short experience of war, to trench fighting, that is sharp-shooting, attacked the Redan, after the only fashion, that they understood. They would go on with their rifle practice: but they did that (far the most dangerous thing, that, in their circumstances, they *could* do) as bravely, and coolly, as their better informed officers. They could not be brought to storm, in the face of cannon, shells, bayonets, and what not? of which playthings, some people, (absent, as we may well suppose) talk as familiarly, as "maidens of puppy dogs." You cannot suppose, that I include you in my "some." The poor boys were driven back, two or three times; and I am too happy, that my dear schoolfellow had not the opportunity, of setting them a better example, and re-enacting our old friend, Lamachus,

"ανηρ τελεωται χαρακι, διαπηδων ταφρον,
και το σφυρον παλινωρον εξεμοκκισε,
και της κεφαλης καλεαγε περι λιθω πεσων.—
τοσαντα λεξας, εις υδρορροαν πεσων,
ανισταται τε, και συνυιδα δραπεταις
λησταις, ελαυνων και καλασπερχων δορι."

Let public opinion arrive at it's conclusion, through false premises; and I will accept the former, and endeavour to supply better substitutes, for the latter. I will not agree that the world is not round, because your sailor failed, in proving it to be so. But when conclusions are wrong, I try to make them right, and by legitimate mode and figure. The practical result, for that, I suppose, is the conclusion of public opinion's syllogisms, is to me very unsatisfactory, on most points.

Now for duelling—your mention of which is *not* relevant. If in my younger, and unclerical, days, I expressed the opinion, to which you allude, I was *callidus juventa*; and being not so able, as people in general, to defend myself against a low-minded aggressor, I might have thought too highly of that, which in my hand, as perhaps you may remember, no *such* aggressor would face. Public opinion did not give me my sentiment. If my sentiment has been changed, public opinion has had nothing to do with the change.

Suffice to say, that if Christian principle did not keep you and me, from that most un-Christian resource, nothing else would keep either of us.

Come then, as you have broached the subject, let us have it out. What *has* public opinion done, in the matter of duelling? It has taken away the remedy: has it prevented the greatest of *all* provocations, to which this remedy was, usually, applied? Take the following case, true in the main, though I may mis-state some of the circumstances, for I do not know any one of the individuals. The case is a type of hundreds, substantially like it. A person persuades a married woman to elope, with him, under circumstances of violated hospitality, and ingratitude, which much aggravate the main offence—not the only offence, by two or three, report says, in the life of the perpetrator. The unfortunate lady is left to her inevitable portion of disgrace, and degradation. The kind old man receives, in return for his kindness, the ill-suppressed, or not at all suppressed, ridicule, mixed or unmixed, with pity, of friends and strangers; and a home, henceforth tainted with associations of pain, and shame, and desolation. And the aggressor's portion,—what is that? Why with your guides of public opinion, the newspapers, he is probably, the “gallant gay Lothario.” In *general* public opinion, he is unsheathed. He is received, as if nothing, discreditable to him, had happened; received *sometimes*, as if he bore the Waterloo, or Crimean, medal. With the few, who hold themselves above that $\alpha\lambda\alpha\zeta\omega\nu$, public opinion, he is justly estimated, but much he cares for that! I, for one, would rather gnaw my mutton bone, with a beggar, under a hedge, than drink my champagne, at the same table with *him*. What say you to your public opinion here? But public opinion has caused a change: it has. Put the case that the “gay Lothario,” in the prosecution of one of his earlier “adventures,” had come across a man, with what you know of me, and what you impute to me,—why then the tables would have been turned; the laugh transferred (as our schoolfellow translated the phrase) “*in alteram partem faciei*.” The misery of this family, and of other families, whose turn is yet to come, would have been spared; and a lesson given to thousands of apes and imitators of this Lothario, and his original, which you will find, by the way, not in Rowe, but in Massinger. Take a more parsonic view of the blessed effects of public opinion in this case. The state of morals in my Parish (I wish that the remark were applicable to it only) is very

low: my endeavours to raise it are well seconded by public opinion! How many sermons of mine, expostulations, reproofs, and what not? would you put, as a fair set off, against the *public* treatment of this very ease; and it, as you well know, is the type of thousands? Take now a paragraph, seen by me, this very day, in a provincial paper, that I take in. "Madam Grisi, and Mario, during their visit to Brighton, are staying, with their youthful family, at Mount Edgcumbe House, Marine Parade. Madam Grisi, who is near her confinement, goes to Fulham; whilst Mario proceeds, to fulfil an engagement at Paris.—*Brighton Gazette.*" This paragraph was copied from the Brighton paper, into mine, and probably into other papers. Perhaps the persons, mentioned in it, are married, and there may be nothing unseemly in this public notice. Suppose the reverse (and you may be quite sure, that if this instance is not applicable, it may be replaced with hundreds, which are) and you have another instance of the garbage, perpetually ministered for the nurture of public taste, and public morals. Affiliation cases are another common topic, for the small wit of the provincials. "Fickle swains," "frail fair ones," and so on, is the language which these sober citizens use, in describing wrongs, of which they are probably innocent themselves, and which they would not consider so *facetious*, if they occurred in their own families. Add to all this the disgusting advertisements, with which most of these papers are disgraced: and you have an idea of the assistance, given by "public opinion," toward the suppression of vice. There are persons, to whose addled intellects, what I have written, will appear a defence of duelling.—But I am writing for you, not for them. I do not justify duelling. I complain of this all-powerful public opinion, that it has furnished no substitute for that un-Christian remedy; and left the original disease almost untouched. Well, let public opinion ride over us rough shod. Let us grin, and bear our appointed lot. Husbands, actual, or expectant, fathers, brothers, let us encourage one another in the contemplation of our common doom. Let us drive away dull care,—*κοκκυ πεδιονδε!* Let Shakspeare cheer us, as, thousands of times, he has cheered all, who can understand him. Let us join him, in full chorus,

Think thou no scorn to wear the horn.
It was a crest, ere thou wert born.
Thy father wore it, and his father bore it.
The horn! the horn! the lusty horn! is not a thing
to laugh to scorn.

Pardon this outbreak. You know, that when we were little boys at school together, my eager wish was to be a soldier: and "Quixote," and "Quixotic," were constantly the terms, with which my foolish, and abortive, longings were repressed. A Kinder, and Wiser, Hand has apportioned my lot otherwise: and I look back, in thankful humility, to the stroke of That Hand, which, before that, had rendered my wishes impracticable. Times had changed, since the days, when duelling was a common topic with us. For do you remember, when, one summer's day, we lay on Hampstead Heath; and, as we had then taken our first successful step, on this side the threshold of life, and a bright future seemed opening to our inexperienced eyes, I surprised you, by the lowness of my aspirations, as I told you, that my hopes were limited to a quiet parsonage in the country, with a clear £500 a year? *Meliora dedit, qui,* under the guidance of a Higher Will, has made me what I am. Quixotic, perhaps, I was under both phases, my dear boy! but do you consider what people are saying, when they speak of Quixotism? Out of the Inspired Writings, can you point to anything, nearer the type of a perfect gentleman, than that amiable lunatic, over whose exploits we have been almost ready to die with laughing? Lunacy did not supply him with sentiments: it only directed them into an absurd, and ridiculous, channel.* He thought, and most absurdly, that there were oppressive giants, to be subdued; captive maidens, to be liberated. Most ridiculous!—most ridiculous, that feeble old man, as the redresser of such wrongs! But his convictions, however grounded, once given, how does he *act* upon them? He puts a saucepan upon his head; catches up a pole; mounts his broken-winded screw; and sets forth on his laughable adventures. I also, (and I wish that I were, in many other respects, more like Don Quixote) am provoking foes, far beyond my powers: but there is not the same lunacy, to be pleaded for me. My giants are not the senseless windmills, which acted on his disturbed imaginations; my

* I grant the original vanity: but who, except the inimitable author, could tell us, for how much of that, the lunacy was responsible? Look to an attempt, to delineate a similar character, in Smollett's Sir Launcelot Greaves. What could one expect, in this way, from the author of Roderick Random, and Peregrine Pickle? He has succeeded in giving us "gents": and we have the opportunity of comparing them, with the "gentleman," at full length, of Cervantes.

selected antagonists, not the harmless sheep of his hallucinations; though a bleating, most intolerable, offends my ears. Watch now the old gentleman through his preposterous proceedings; and is he not a *thorough* gentleman? The restoration of dethroned queens, and the pushing off in boats, without oars or rudders, which were to carry him across the line (though Sancho decided that doubt in the negative) to kingdoms, thousands of leagues off, but which carried him no further, than among the wheels of the next milldam, were ordinary occurrences, suited to his ordinary train of thought. The under-current of feeling is that, to which I would draw your attention, the real man, independently of the externals, immediately influencing him. Look to his blundering justice, in the dispute, between the peasant and his employer, and in his dealings with his squire, about the asses, and in the directions for the government of the island; his disinterested generosity (justice here also) about the goatherd's wallet. Look to his reverence for womanhood, without which, man is a mere brute. See his stately courtesies, to the ambiguous damsels of the way-side inn, putting one in mind of Queen Elizabeth, dancing high and disposedly, before the Spanish ambassador. Mark the humility, which restrains him from presenting himself, before his lady; his devotion to her, and every thing connected with her, set forth in, and before, that grand transformation business, near Toboso. Wheat she could not possibly have been handling, but pearls: well, if wheat it really must be, it was wheat of the finest quality. That devotion stands firm, against the evidence of all his senses; for, in this particular instance, they were not against, but on the side of, reason. Asses! they could not possibly be asses, but stately palfreys. Sight, hearing, smell, presented to him ordinary peasants, gross language, fumes of garlic. Devotion overcomes that testimony; and he has before him, modest maidens, with the language, and odours, of courts. In the midst of this folly, let me reverently suggest (most reverently I do so) the two brothers, walking backward, with the cloak, which is to cover their father. Would, or would not, the truth, and the fiction, represent the feelings, prevalent among us, toward our Queen, the mother of her people? See him, lying awake all the night, thinking how he may, with least pain, and offence, to her, communicate to the daughter of the governor of the castle, the prior claims of Dulcinea. See him, at once opposing his single person, to the overwhelming host, who were ready to overpower Pentapolin with the

Naked Arm—and when you speak of Russian “fanaticism,” think of Don Quixote, in this case of the imaginary Christian Pentapolin, and his heathen adversaries. Think of the Crusaders, with a faith, perhaps not much more pure, than that of the Eastern Church, travelling painfully, over sea and land, to fight against those, whom they considered (and a Sunday-school boy could now correct them) worshippers of Mahound and Ternagaunt. See the dear old Don, again, mounting, in simple faith, the wooden horse, sent by Malambruno the giant, whom he intended to slay in single combat; because he had been told, that Malambruno was an honourable giant. Now compare with him, the ill-bred, low-minded, duke and duchess, finding sport for themselves, and their menials, in the infirmities of this noble spirit. Ridiculed, kicked, discomfited, he may be; but nothing daunts him, or makes him waver, in his appointed task. Baffled, and battered, he lies in the enchanted waggon; and, from it, enunciates his project, to save the Christian blood, which must flow, in a contemplated war between Spain and the Moors. They have only to put him, and his horse, ashore in Barbary—and the business is done! Well might he say, “Lions indeed! a pretty time of day, to think of frightening *me* with lions! Unless you want to be pinned with my lance, against the door of your cage, turn out your lions, that the whole world may know, who is Don Quixote de la Mancha.” There was the stuff, to storm Malakhoffs, and Redans: and in that point of his character, our soldiers, officers and privates, have been no mean imitators of him. Then take the purity of his morals, the unfeigned and humble spirit of Christianity within him, his devotion to GOD and his King, his gentleness to all, beneath him, or requiring his assistance, his punctilious honour, his strict veracity, his extraordinary intellect, on all points, but one; and you have, *almost*, a perfect character. We sorrow, with his neighbours and servants, over the death-bed of Alonzo Quesada, the Good; without one atom of our respect diminished, by the freaks of Don Quixote de la Mancha.

The last sentence suggests to me the close of Colonel Newcome’s life. You have read, of course, Mr. Thackeray’s “Newcomes.” Here you have a book, which redeems the public taste, much damaged by its indiscriminate patronage of the torrents of rubbish, with which we are deluged from pulpit, press, and platform. We are not satisfied with our home productions; but we import books, by ship loads, from America. “Uncle Tom” is admirable, but admirable, like Don

Quixote, as a fiction: for that he is a type of any class, I think too meanly of human nature, to suppose. Let me find such men, black or white; and at once I bow to them, in humility, and respect. Don Quixote is a fiction; but what a mind, what a character, must that man have had, who imagined Don Quixote? The old soldier, wounded, and maimed, at Lepanto (rather a more respectable affair, than our Navarino, though, I suppose, that we must forget that now) prisoner in Morocco, spending his after life, in ill-deserved indigence, introducing into his wonderful fiction, a tale of slavery, with the modest intimation, that the chief actor was one Miguel de Saavedria, must have been no mean prototype of the imaginary Don. Well, Spain is low enough now; but a country, which could produce Cervantes, Loyola, and Francis Borgia (the Duke of Gandia I mean) needs not to despair of a revival of the days when its sovereign struck out the "*Ne*," from his "*Plus Ultra*." Take away the madness from Don Quixote; and you have its author, Joan of Arc, Bayard, Lord Capel, Sir Philip Sidney, and kindred spirits. Take away all that the world *considers* madness; and you extinguish every great and noble spirit: and you reduce us all to one dull, flat, level of animal selfishness.

I have taken my illustrations chiefly from fiction: and the few, that I have taken from history, are, from the proverbial fickleness of that good muse, so uncertain, that one cannot depend upon them. Some musty manuscript may turn up some day, putting the judge into the place of the supposed culprit; and raising the latter to the vacated seat. To complete my subject, I am compelled, however reluctant to mention unnecessarily holy names or subjects, to go to the only certain repository of facts. I will be brief, if I can; for I do not like the association of all that I have said, and am yet to say. Let us begin with a certain man, "born at Tarsus," but, by blood, exempted from the reproach of the three Ks. Look at the natural temper of that man, softened by education; for at an earlier stage of his life we do not see him. Remark the stern and fiery spirit, then, and long after he had received a more purifying discipline still. When exposed to personal indignity, with his hands, literally, and metaphorically tied, see the pride (who shall say improper?) of the gentleman, corrected, and for our own encouragement we may hope, atoned for, by its instant repression. Look to another part of the same character, meek, gentle, forgiving, courteous, humble, laborious, self-denying,—but I might go on interminably. Are the last

mentioned qualities inconsistent with the original, and yet remaining temper? They are parts of it; and we have them blended in (what, I hope, is no irreverent comparison) the Spanish fiction, of which I have said so much. More reverently still, I would ask, Did not this combination, humanly speaking, qualify him to become the "vessel of election," so blessed to the world? The hardest hitter, that I ever met in life, is just what I should have expected, most amiable, punctilious, almost to an extreme, in his solicitude, to avoid wounding the feelings of other people. When I took the Spanish fiction, as affording the nearest type of "gentleman," I excepted those Writings, in which the Jew of Tarsus is delineated; and he (for of course I cannot with any propriety go higher) is the perfect type. Many such, approaching in different degrees, some perhaps equalling him, may be found in his nation. The nation I do not like; and these I regard, as exceptions, so great and numerous, as almost to redeem the race. Take the first distinctive father of it. See the majestic old man, arming his household, for his kinsman's rescue; and then refusing to diminish his self respect, or dignity, by participation in the spoil. Great gentleness also marks his character, great humility. Of his son we know but little; and need to say only little. Then comes, what I think, the type of the nation, called after him; its type, I mean, in its inferior qualities. The daring, vindictive, yet generous, character of his elder brother forms a strong contrast to him. Look at the mother's favourite, driving a hard bargain with his brother, taking all possible advantage of that brother's necessities. See him again, enduring a miserable domestic tyranny, and yet making his account, by his clever contrivances with his sheep and goats. Redeemed, of course! he was by higher, much higher qualities, which made him worthy of his honoured appellation: but in the acts, and feelings leading to the acts, which I have mentioned, was he not the type of his descendants? Take now two of his sons. The peaceful tenor of their lives is broken by a deed of savage revenge: without the redeeming point, which some such deeds may, fairly, or otherwise claim. They flew upon the spoil; and stained their hands with gain, resulting to them from a sister's dishonour. So, I think, would not have acted their equally savage uncle: so, I am certain, would not have acted their great-grandfather. Take nine of the brothers. They were all filled with the meanest jealousy, against one of the other three. They do not kill him, and so have done with him; but they must sell him!

Compunction to shed a brother's blood, some may say—yes, but they might have given, not sold. Now take the nation, reduced to bondage, through no fault of their own; nor yet by their own exertions, or with their own consent, delivered. Not one wish expressed, can we discover, not one man ready to assist in the deliverance held out to them; but every impediment thrown by them, in the way of that noble old man, who would have delivered them; noble, in his refusal to share in luxuries and grandeur, purchased by the sufferings of his brethren, (sufferings rendered more painful to them, by his single exemption) noble, in his wish to be as they were; in his vengeance on the oppressor of one of them; in his prompt succour to the maidens at the well, assailed by the rude shepherds (days those, when Christianity had not given to woman her proper rank, and estimation) noble, most noble, that grey-headed old man, in the extremity of age, but with natural strength unabated, and eye undimmed (shame to him, of whom the same can be said, as he reads that history,) looking meekly upon the land, gained through him, which he was not to enter; thankful that it was to be theirs, with whom he had meekly striven, and for, and against whom, he had courageously dared.

Look now to the delivered nation. Rescued from intolerable bondage; brought by their divinely commissioned leader; and, as one could think, by what they must then have recognised, by the Hand of One Infinitely Higher, they reach the sea, on the other side of which lies liberty. They are pursued: the sea lies before them, the enemy behind,—they are described as 600,000 men, beside women and children,—a “mixed multitude” doubtless; but I will be contented with one tithe of the able-bodied men: I will consent to halve that. There they are, with their wives and children, inducements, if ever man had them, to do something. “They cried out”—yes, that they were generally ready to do; “they were sore afraid,” “they cried out,” and upbraided their glorious leader. “Fear ye not,” said he, “hold your peace”—the latter command they obeyed; for not one was there, so far as we know, among those 30,000 men to cry to his fellows,

“Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
Defend your freedom, turn again,
Cry ‘anyone’ to the rescue!—Vain!”

Vain indeed. I see them, in imagination, rushing into the road,

miraculously opened for them through the waters; eager, each man, for the preservation of his own worthless life; willing, all of them, to leave behind their wives and children, with the rest of the baggage! Well, they reach the opposite side in safety: and the women exult, as well they might, in that glorious hymn, suited to *them*, for many a mother there would have done her little for her offspring. “In the fifteenth day of the second month, after their departure out of the land of Egypt,” they are short of provisions. In that space of time, they might have got over their fears (excusable, so far as they can be excused) by the bondage, under which they had been living. In that time, they might have learned something, of the difference between slavery and freedom; formed something like a due estimate of each. “Would that we had died in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh-pots, and when we did eat bread to the full; for ye have brought us forth into this wilderness, to kill the whole assembly with hunger.” These are the sentiments of a gallant race! These men would have done good service in the trenches of Sebastopol! would have discovered, long since, the North Pole for us! That want is supplied: then they run short of water—the same manly complaints, and something *nearly* done; for they are “almost ready to stone” their deliverer. Well, they have food, and water, supplied to them. Then comes another cause for complaint—“The children of Israel wept again, and said, Who shall give us flesh to eat? We remember the flesh, which we did eat in Egypt freely, the cucumbers, and the melons, and the leeks, and the onions, and the garlic: but now our soul is dried away: there is nothing at all, beside this mamma before our eyes.” *Soul* dried away! (well, *ψυχη* is an ambiguous word, and I rather think that you have neglected your Hebrew, but I fancy that the word in it is equally so) but what was liberty without “flesh, fish, cucumbers, melons, onions, leeks, and garlic”? Were not the garlic-eating slaves worthy of their Egyptian drudgery? Was not brick-making, under all Pharaoh’s hard conditions, good enough for them? These Jews, and the old Persians, were slaves; and so are the Russians now: which of the three nations deserves, or deserved, to be slaves, is an open question. Can you imagine anything more base?—for all their fears about the reports, as to the stature and strength of the enemies before them; all their insolent outbreaks under plenty and prosperity, and when from under the eye of their leader, are really nothing, after all this—but can you point to a single generous

sentiment, to anything of those feelings, which raise man above the lowest of lower animals? Sorely they must have tried the high spirit, who led them, and the few, who afterwards thought with him. Read what he says of them. Read what One, with Whom there can be no mistake, says of them, then, and down through every stage of their separate existence, as a nation, until He had ceased to speak to, or of, them. See what He says of them, Who came to dwell among them, The Deliverer, in Whose house, the deliverer from Egypt was a servant. Unchanged, unchangeable, is the nation, from the days of him, whose children they are called: for since it has ceased to be a nation, occupying it's own territory, has it at all altered any of the qualities, which distinguished it of old? I grant that among their good qualities (for I am not denying any one of them) they exhibited in many instances, before their expulsion from their country, and particularly at the time, when that was impending, great courage. In the last case we should, in ordinary language, call it patriotism, had it been less stained by the intestine feuds, and horrible butcheries, which mark that terrific period. Dogged obstinacy, and fanaticism, no one has ever denied, or now denies to them. Of the latter quality (truly, or falsely, so called) many are the shades, from pure religious faith, to the brutality of the wretched Mormons of our days. Many such shades we may distinguish in the history of Mohammedanism, from its origin down to our time. The Jews have been most unfortunate, and of the unfortunate one would always wish to speak and think gently: but take the lordly contempt of the haughty Romans, and has it not been renewed in almost every Christian, every European, and Asiatic, nation, which has since grown up.

Unfortunate race! The treatment, which they have received, from almost all Christian nations (most un-Christian in that respect) makes one's blood boil. They have been most unfortunate: but neither compassion, nor any other good feeling, should lead us to disguise truth from others, or shut our own eyes to facts. The selection of the race claims our respectful attention to them; but we are expressly told, that the selection was not the result of their superiority over other nations. Whatever they morally were, before, or independently of, the selection, that they remained, under, and after, it. Might not the inferiority have been one cause of the selection; for we *do* read of Some One taking "things that are not," for His own purposes. Of One, we read, that He underwent two

humiliations, one in becoming Man, another in stooping to the death of the vilest among men. Can we not reverently, on the same principle, supply one reason (among many others) why, in becoming Man, He selected one nation, in preference to another. If we rightly consider the former humiliation, we shall allow that the latter, though an augmentation of it, was almost infinitesimally such. So I can fancy the former, infinitesimally lessened, if the Person, Who underwent it, had become a Roman, instead of a Jew. If I could see no reason for the selection, I should humbly bow to the wisdom, which must have guided it. If I do (and I think that I do) see one reason for it, generally overlooked, that is, so far as it goes, an evidence of the wisdom, and ought to make me bow to *it* more humbly.

One does sometimes hear the passage of the Red Sea, described as a triumph of faith, or answer to prayer. In regard to the leader of the Israelites, it was both; but not in regard to them. The walls of a certain city fell down at the blast of trumpets. Would any one, in his senses, have tried the same experiment at Sebastopol? Were not the two cases utterly distinct; and ought we not to keep a similar distinction in our minds, when we read history, sacred or profane?

From a nation such as this, of material so utterly irredeemable, we are threatened with legislators, and eventually, nobles. There is no knowing what is in store for us, unless with those among us, who are gifted with an Exeter Hall insight into the future. The happy day may not be far off, when our peerage will be graced by Dukes of Houndsditch, and Marquesses of St. Mary Axe: and before that, the politics of money lenders, and old-clothes men, may sway our national councils, and correct our notions of national honour. The French have already an additional motive, to look forward to that day, of which they already speak, when "*le lord maire*" shall lead to victory our armies in the East; and the neighbouring classical regions shall witness a new version, of "the rage of the vulture and love of the turtle," accompanying a revival of the spirit of ancient Israel. A happy prospect is before us, when Jews have a voice in the management of our affairs. We may then expect, to "go ahead" in the repudiation line, "right off, everlastin' slick." Our friends, on the other side of the Atlantic, "flog the Britishers" now; but he must rise early, who would catch a Jew asleep in money matters. Under all the trials of life, they

seldom forget "the main chance." "My ducats and my daughter" says Shakespeare: and one, who was not quite Shakespeare, but no mean judge of men and manners, gives us another bereaved father, drawing down upon himself this gentle reproof, "Good Jew! good beast! good earthworm! an thou dost go on, to put thy filthy lucre, in the balance with thy daughter's life and honour, I will strip thee of every maravedi, thou hast in the world, before three days are over." I do not like the pure Caucasian breed. Ben Sidonia must pardon me, for I have a great respect for him, and his accomplished author. Every man may hold, and express, his opinion, on open subjects. Mine is, that when Jews are added to radicals, and political dissenters, in our legislature, the British Lion, not quite so majestic now, as he has been, will turn out—well, the less we say of the poor animal the better. Cleonymus shedding his feathers, will be nothing to our lion, under the combined operations of moult and mange. Mr. Goldner, the worthy, who supplied our ships and troops, with preserved meat, and who carefully potted away unskinned cats and horses for their use, was, I think, a Jew. Whether he was, or not, I do not care: but my private letters from the Crimea tell me, that Jews are there, selling goods at extortionate prices, to our suffering soldiers, reenacting the hard ancestral bargain of the pottage. Here, however, it is all fair, only fair traffic at the expense of the Gentiles, a mere spoiling of the Egyptians. We are free from them as yet; but why do we not rescue our troops from the clutches of the Jews? There is no want of respectable Christian tradesmen among ourselves. Why do we not, instead of indulging in cheap declamations on patriotism, and talking about our sympathy for our noble defenders, enable some of these, to send over goods, and sell them to our troops, at properly remunerative prices. If any such scheme shall be adopted, I am ready to give a tenth part of one year's professional income toward its accomplishment.

Such a race! but they are wealthy. Wealth, if anything, will, with us, "furbish new the name of John of Gaunt," but wealthy also are the keepers of many gin palaces, and houses, less respectable still. Ought we, for the sake of a few wealthy, most respectable, most highly estimable individuals, swamp ourselves with the whole race, to which these are the rare exceptions? Exceptions they have always had, most numerous, (as numbers simply go, but comparatively most few) most splendid; and how, without such to redeem it, could such a nation have dragged its existence, through one tenth

part of its duration? One out of the many, to whom Christians, and Jews, alike, look with veneration, I will mention, one only, one, standing out from the rest, with a lustre peculiarly his own.

Take the whole of his career, from the time, when the princely shepherd boy, in fearless, but no overweening, confidence, went out to meet the gigantic defier of the armies of Israel, and the giant bit the dust beneath the stripling's sling, to that time, when, having given his last counsel to his son and successor, he descended, in peace, to his honoured grave. Eventful and chequered history between! but look at its most prominent outlines. See the tender affection toward friend and benefactor. Witness the father's heart, staining the warrior's cheek, over the lost, and rebellious, son. Mark the justice, the clemency, the daring courage, the high honour, that devotion to GOD and king, of which we hear so much, but alas! now see so little. Of the latter quality one single instance. Not only did he prevent his follower from taking the life of his oppressive, and ungrateful, sovereign; but when he had himself cut off the skirt of that sovereign's robe, his tender heart, and chivalrous honour, reproved him, for having "stretched his hand against the LORD'S anointed." No need is there to recapitulate his actions. Let his thoughts speak for them, as in every changing dispensation of life, every fluctuating vicissitude, of joy or sorrow, gratitude or self-abasement, he confides them to his much-loved harp. That precious legacy remains, to impart to all, who value it rightly, the same kindled feelings, from which it proceeded. Amid all the changes of time, place, condition, we have here a resort. That truest of poetry brings its inspiration to our aid; and draws us near, in thankfulness, and admiration, to that royal warrior, the sweet Psalmist of Israel, that type of the perfect gentleman. Our own Liturgy has this morning brought one verse to me, expressive of his character, instructive to us, under our present circumstances, "Thou hast given victory unto kings: and hast delivered David Thy servant, from the peril of the sword." Thanks to those, who have given to our magnificent, and all-applicable Book of Common Prayer, this, perhaps, its most magnificent, most widely applicable, portion. Sins, most grievous, hinder our unduly worshipping the nearest to perfection, of the children of mortality and frailty: but from that warmth of heart, and vividness of feeling, which made his character so admirable, as it was, those sins, most sinfully, proceeded. But they have been forgiven; and we must not condemn. They give us this

additional lesson, that *no* created being ought to receive the worship, or can claim the perfection, belonging to One only. We must shun, with abhorrence, the sins; and acknowledge in the sinner a fellow mortal, but whom we may well take in other respects, as one, whom we might wisely, and yet most humbly, strive to imitate.

In my rhapsody about Don Quixote, and elsewhere, I have used the word “gentleman :” and some, for whom I have claimed that appellation, were persons of rank. Instead of defending myself against a charge, which might possibly be brought against me, I will tell you a story. It is about a person with very few advantages; and labouring under disadvantages of almost every kind, which birth, education, associations, and mode of life, can lay upon a man. You will grant, of course, that if a man, under such circumstances, maintains an estimable and respectable course of life, his merit is far greater than that of one, who has had advantages of every kind, to assist him in maintaining a similar course. The very *best gentleman*, that I have ever met in life, was a man, who could neither write nor read. When I had the honour of making his acquaintance, and gaining his friendship, he broke stones on the road. He died a pauper, in the receipt of union pay. As Hamlet to his friend, I might have said to him,

“ Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man
As e'er my conversation coped withal.”

Most just he was, most exemplary in all the relations of life; and beside that, deeply religious, calmly and cheerfully religious, without any of that offensive cant, which habitually appeals to Holy Names, and holy things, a style of conversation, to me more offensive than plain unvarnished blasphemy. He was constant at Church, *all* the services at Church, when, if ever man had an apology for going elsewhere or nowhere, he had it. That attendance, with the help of a quick ear, and retentive memory, made him familiar with the Bible, and the Church Service: so that if you read to him, out of either Book, he would go with you, or before you. Well, he had, from an early period of life, been a subscriber to Friendly Clubs, that he might live, and die, without being a burden on others. These clubs were, successively broken up; and, when he was past seventy years of age, he was compelled to think, of asking for Parish relief. In addition to other troubles, he had a wife, not exactly of the same character with himself, for how could any reason-

able person expect to find two phœnixes in one nest? One of her humours was, not to let the old man out of her sight, if she could prevent him. So his whole time, when he was in his house, was spent, in waiting upon her. She used, at times, to beat him, for she was almost insane, and frequently otherwise unwell; and he had the spirit of Don Quixote toward her sex. Sometimes he carried with him marks of this treatment: but he never spoke of it, and whenever he could do so, with anything like truth, he would ascribe them to accidental, or other, causes. In her insanity, for it was nearly that, she used to store up everything, on which she could lay hands. A perfect curiosity shop was her large trunk. Before his application to the union, the old man searched this trunk, to see, if he could find anything, by which to stave off the evil day. He found two sovereigns: and, on those two sovereigns, he lived for ten weeks; and then made his application. Perhaps in those days, I had less money at my command, than at any other part of my life. Of course I gave to him, not as to a man, on whom one would thrust a sixpence, and a tract on contentment, but in sums, to him large: and I was obliged to invent, or extemporise, excuses, for giving at all. I had to attend him, during his last illness: and Addison's saying to his step-son became reality to me; for I *did* then see, how a Christian could die. As I sat by that man's bedside, I felt, that he was immeasurably my better, not as Christian only, but (small addition! you will say) as gentleman. When I had given him my blessing, as his priest, I knelt down, and received his. His last requests were confided to me, and both obeyed; requests, not dictated by vanity, but by the unfeigned desire, though sleeping, to do good. I preached to my Parishioners, much as I am writing to you; and after I had buried him in the graveyard of a neighbouring Church, for mine had none, I placed over his remains a small head-stone, inscribed, at his own desire, with the following lines, added to my own epitaph for him,

“ Children and friends, I bid, farewell!
I thank you for your love.
God grant, that we may meet again,
And join the Church above ! ”

Rude lines, but, in my judgment, worth a larger quantity of more admired poetry. The man's name was John Dennis, and he rests in the Churchyard of St. Martin's by Looe.

Let us end. The sum of this long letter is briefly this.—If we must have war, we must have it; and let us carry it on, as becomes us. If we can honourably gain peace, let us thankfully, and gladly, secure it. Let not public opinion regulate our conduct, as to either of these alternatives. Let us try to raise it; that it may be, what it is not, a fair arbiter, as to both.

Ah! that would never do. I have, so far, confined myself to a modest defence; and now my turn for the other thing has come: for I hold always to the expediency, of making one's war offensive, rather than defensive. If there must be war, let the enemy have the comforts of it; and let our villages remain as they are. One escapes a good deal of trouble, and inconvenience, by this plan. You little thought, my good friend Robert, what a cataract of words you were letting loose upon yourself, when you wrote your friendly criticism on my sermon. You are one of those lovers of carnal comfort, who object to “sit six hours on a wet hill-side,” listening to an extemporaneous outpouring. You shall know the meaning, in plain English, of a “cow routing in a fremd loaning”; for you shall have a “screed of doctrine,” that may be heard any number of miles down the wind. I am well warm in harness, and now I shall discourse subtilely, διαλεπιλογησω (ταις δοκοις? I can scarcely with truth, or civility, say that) *omnibus de rebus, et quibusdam aliis.* Public opinion, is it? Down with that most Verdant Dragon! We will assail him judiciously, in language, quaintly curious, and curiously quaint.

“εσται δ' ιππολεσφων τε λογων κορυθαιολα νεικη,
σχινδαλαμων τε παραξονα, σμιλευματα Γεργων.”

I must vary the style a little; for I cannot stand the prosy, even in the account of an interesting mission to Abbeokouta. Besides, I like the advice of “that sly rogue Horace,” to mix *utile dulci*: and I shall call in “old Homer,” to my aid. That is the language for speaking one's mind civilly; and I am a great stickler for decorum. If I ever thought, that you were really opposed to me, on any important topic; my *και τοι' εξηγομενην*” has come long ago. Even on those minor points, on which we may differ, make allowance for me. “I am not straight-laced: I do not mind a little lying; but it hurts my feelings to be found out.” So long as I can “enjoy liberty,” and be “mighty borne forward,” you must not quarrel with me on trifles.

"Brutality, drunkenness, fanaticism,"—quite enough!

"*επιστήμες εν ταῖς ασπισιν, λαβην λαρ ευδεδωκας.*"

Of "drunkenness," as not exclusively a Russian vice, I need to speak but little. Every judge has done, and is constantly doing, that; and our towns and villages afford fair proof of the necessity of what they have said, or may say. Lord Albemarle lately spoke on the subject; and the Times admirably enforced his lesson. One of the heads of Cerberus disposed of!

"Brutality"—is that exclusively Russian. Take one slight case, which seems presumptive evidence of the contrary: take the case of Marshal Haynau, the gallant onslaught of the brewers' men, on one unarmed, defenceless old man, a foreigner, and the subject of an ally. But it was reported, that he had ordered women to be flogged. The order was denied, on authority, at least as good, as that which affirmed it. But it was reported,—that was enough. Humanity has been outraged! Draymen to the rescue! Cool judges, these, of wright and wrong! The surgeons may have a different opinion, who have to practice their skill, on the many accidents, to which these water-drinking philanthropists are liable. Very grand this act! but could not their ardent humanity have found matter nearer home? Is wife-beating so uncommon a practice, in Protestant England, that the zeal of these reformers must be painfully repressed, till it was compelled to burst forth at once, on this, certainly at the time, harmless visitor. Glory to our country! *We* have no instances of women, maltreated, starved, beaten, thrown out of garret windows, not in the exigencies of war, but in the course of the habitual amusement of their own husbands. But this is a land of liberty; and "every man wallops his own niggers." Did public opinion condemn this assault on Marshal Haynau? You and I, of course, and those like us, regarded, as we ought, this gross and brutal outrage. Were houses open to this unfortunate foreigner? Did, or did not, the magistrate do his duty? Were no penny subscriptions got up, for the heroic assailants? Did, in short, public opinion denounce, in one unanimous voice, this fearful disgrace to our country? No Austrian general attended the funeral of the Duke of Wellington; and we had the assurance, to be indignant at the Emperor's littleness of mind, because he would not expose his uniform, to a repetition of the brutal insult, which it had received among us. Brutality is *not* confined to the Russians. Be fair.

Civilization is progressive. We must, in justice, give the Russians some law in this case. A few centuries we must grant. In the days of our fathers, or grandfathers, were not people commonly hanged, for offences, for which now, a short imprisonment properly suffices? You know, what, I suppose, must be the playful (bad subject for jest after all!) invitation of the Newgate authorities? "We hang at eight, breakfast at half-past." They did hang, and with liberal hand. Juries (though now, of course, under amended public opinion, a man, in an unpopular cause, or of an unpopular party, is *sure* to meet with justice, from those, who have been sworn* to give it,—and of that I have some edifying instances, which I could relate) juries, in those jolly, hanging days, were pardonably somewhat loose, in their decisions. A man was sometimes convicted, to demonstration, of having stolen ten guineas; but the more merciful jury would, frequently, fix the value of the property stolen, at thirty-nine shillings. *Hæc inter alia:* only be merciful to Russia.—Now remains "fanaticism," a subject for a very long chapter.

This chapter on "fanaticism" I shall begin gravely. I will take first the hue and cry, which have been going on against Tractarians or Puseyites, and their system. I know, that the course of many persons, so called, has been decided for them. We have made them, *nolentes volentes*, Papists. I am not habitually a newspaper reader; but the war has made me infringe my habit; and I take in the Evening Mail, with other papers. My impression, however, on this matter is, that the "Times" was above it's "contemporaries," as the phrase goes. It was too respectable, I believe and hope, to dabble in this *σκόλος καὶ βορβόρος*. What was beneath the "Times," was congenial occupation for the Record. That paper I have not seen for years; and it may have changed its character. I hope that it has. At the time, when I did occasionally see it, my conclusion was (a very bold one, all things considered) that a more contemptible paper I had never seen. It's advertisements, the demure wagery of it's inferences, and insinuations, it's omnivorous powers of swallowing, and digesting, the most astounding "figments," to use one of it's favourite expressions, were something, almost, beyond belief. I used to laugh over it; as I have laughed over Don Quixote,

* "Swear! oh I will swear anything. All is fair, when it comes to an oath ad litem."—*Scott's Redgauntlet*.

and the writings of Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray. The Record, and other newspapers of it's own character, Exeter Hall, with it's omnifarious offshoots, and auxiliaries, Evangelical Alliances, Protestant Defences, pulpits, presses, and platforms, were all at work, on these unfortunate Tractarians; and hard work they had:

“Fervet opus; redolentque thymo fragrantia mella.”

Not unsuccessful, in all respects, was their work; for they *did* manage to vilify, and impede the action of, the Church. They *did* succeed, in driving into adverse communions, several of it's zealous, though I must call them, weaker hearted, children. We may be sorry for that result; but we cannot be altogether astonished. If Protestantism be, what these professed promoters of it represent it to be, the sooner that we can all escape from it, the better. The spirit, thus inculcated, caught like tinder, all over the country; it was a perfect phrensy. You could not go to your reading room, or make a morning call, but you found the table, covered with little tracts, and pamphlets (conversation to match) filled with speculations as to the “Man of sin,” the “Number of the beast,” the “Millennium,” the “end of the world,” and other subjects, usually considered very difficult; so that you found, in comparison, Butler's “Analogy” to be really light reading. The one moral, to be drawn from all these publications, and from the conversation, supplied, or suggested, by them, was, the necessity of driving out Puseyism, Tractarianism, and all their abettors, without the smallest delay, or distinction.

I believe, that Dr. Cumming is an able, and a good, and respectable man; but I have some remembrance of a tract of his, written (at least I saw it) in the earlier part of 1854; in which I learned several things. The war, and consequently our present alliance, were then recent facts. One false prophet in the Book of the Revelations, was Tractarianism, or it might be, one of the frogs, which came out of his mouth. Frogs were somehow suggestive of the French nation. They eat frogs, I knew, and I then learned (and I blush not to avow my previous ignorance) that the heraldic bearing of the French was formerly a frog, or frogs. Of lilies, bees, and eagles, I had heard: of frogs never. The East India Company was, I think, connected, in some way, with the Kings of the East: and the putting out to sea of some ship, or steamer, furnished the completion of a prophecy. If to this had been subjoined, a round robin from the

passengers, eulogistic of the Captain's amiable, and seaman-like, qualities, and testifying to the excellence of the table, kept on board, the fulfilment of prophecy might, to some minds, have come with an accumulated evidence, furnished by the circumstantial details. If Dr. Cumming could write in this way, what *could* you expect from the smaller fry?

The consequence of the agitation, thus caused, was a damp thrown upon many attempted, and commenced, plans, for the improvement, of the Church, and the people. A clergyman could not scrape the paint, or whitewash, from a pillar, or carved wood work; or try to supply his Church with furniture, somewhat better, than that of his kitchen; or endeavour to rescue the poor, from the corners, which they were expected to occupy, under galleries, and out of sight and hearing, but that man was a Puseyite, or Tractarian. The poor, from the scandalous accommodation offered to them, and those, who were unsettled in their minds, went off to meeting houses. His well-meaning Parishioners, who were, or would soon have been, attached to their Church, and to him, became timid, about showing their regard for either. Nothing could be done by him; scarcely a sermon could be preached by him, which did not furnish some handle of reproach against him. The comprehension, allusions, tendencies, designs, were all child's play to those self-taught, or supernaturally-taught, theologians. Immediately, the Parish would be in arms. The old women would take up their pattens, and umbrellas; and carry, from their own houses, to the houses of their neighbours, alarming reports of the inroads of Popery, awful machinations, to overthrow, or undermine, the pure Protestantism of the land, "insidious aggressions;" the kinder, and gentler, of them, carrying bundles of the Record, or of tracts, equally sagacious, for the special conversion of their clergyman. The gentler sex were not the only alarmists: old women, wearing, inappropriately, the *propria quæ maribus*, furnished their full quota, toward this intolerable gabble.

Let me be fair. I always wish to be so. Many *absolutely*,—comparatively few, very few, of the clergy, gave a handle to these accusations, by their own unbearable folly; even where they were (as in some, though still fewer cases they were not) faithful to their Church. That topic has been well touched by Mr. Gresley, I think: and I have no greater sympathy than he has, with those, who date their notes to their tailors on the Festival of the Assumption of St.

Etheldreda, or the Vigil of the Translation of the bones of St. Symphorianus, or who commit any other such acts of absurdity. We do not become Solomons, by taking Holy Orders. Weak minds, and unsettled judgments, will remain with those, who have them, in whatever position they may occupy. Of these, and others *really* inclined to Romanism, it is easy to say, "Let them go to Rome."—Their going at once would relieve those, who are faithful, from much reproach, scandal, and suspicion: but *we* cannot lightly say so, who hold, that schism is a most grievous sin.

Well, I never willingly, or unnecessarily, offend people's prejudices; and I hope that I never put aside, or disguise my principles, to conciliate them. I think that the cheapest plan is to take the bull by the horns. So, when I was once asked by a parishioner, in a place, where I had not been long settled, which party in the Church I claimed as my own, I answered, "Have you not found out yet, that I am a Puseyite, Tractarian, Papist, and Jesuit in disguise?" My Parishioner was a man of sense, and laughed. Had he not been a sensible man, I should have shown myself like him, in thus addressing him. From good taste, if I can claim no higher motive, I associate myself with, if not the weaker, the more maligned party. But my Church is not emptied. Something is being done in the Parish; and more, probably, will be done: but nearly all the credit of that belongs to my curates,* not to me. The party (hateful, but sometimes necessary, word!) with which I associate myself, is not, I think, the weaker. But it has been comparatively passive, receiving hard blows from all directions, but containing, perhaps, harder hitters, than any of those, who have assailed them.

Mr. Newland has set us a good example. *He* took the bull by the horns; and, disagreeable as the task must have been, to a man of his tastes and feelings, he did it *well*. *He* accepted the name of Tractarian, thrust upon him; and gave public lectures on Tracta-

* A favourite hobby of mine, which I have been riding for the last eighteen years, is the allotment, or cottage-garden system; and I am ready to give lessons to any one, who feels inclined to mount it. Also we set up, nearly three years ago, and are successfully carrying on, a Dotheboys Hall, not exactly in, and yet close to, the delightful village of Dotheboys. Here youth are expeditiously finished off, in all the desirable ographies, and ologies, at a moderate figure: washing and parental treatment in. I like to do business, as I go along, like a Matinian bee; and this is a good opportunity to put in an advertisement, which you will see at the end.

rianism, at Brighton. I cannot do that, for I am no speaker. When I feel myself compelled (and I always escape, if I can) I get through the few sentences, which contain what I wish to express as my meaning; and thankfully subside into my original insignificance. I wish that those who can, would imitate Mr. Newland. They would have my thanks, and not mine only. Mr. Newland seems to think differently: but I call his Brighton Lectures, "the best job that he ever turned out of hand." I wish him equal success in his conflict in his new Parish; and speedy deliverance from the namesake (great difference between the namesakes) of the honoured member for my own University. That gentleman seems, if I may judge from the papers) to be meditating "heavy blows and great discouragement," by means of his "unedifying" hand, to Mr. Newland, and his Church; but I fancy that he has met his match, or something more.

We can all do something; and our little doings may encourage others, to exertion, who can do more. In all classes, among all men, whatever their civil, or religious, designation, there are honest, naturally right thinking, people: and they would be encouraged, and increased, if the truth were, on all subjects, fully, and fairly, laid before them. That is the proper way to correct public opinion. Public opinion, thus corrected, and strengthened, becomes respectable, and formidable. When it has become so, then I will take it as my guide; when my own judgment, with such aids as I have, shall prove insufficient.

Now, my dear Robert, for a few particular instances in support of my general theory on English "fanaticism." You may require them, for you are a logician; and being such, know that logic means plain common sense, using rational arguments; and that a man may argue most logically, who has never learned a single rule of logic. So one can fancy a person, speaking his own language, with the greatest purity, who had never learned its grammar. Still, I think the grammar a great help; as I do the science of logic; and I may say the same of the multiplication table. My instances shall be three only, rather prominent, among those, which I might have taken; and I fancy, that you will consider them, sufficient to establish my induction.

My first instance shall be that of the gentleman, whose name has been perverted into a badge for the persons, of whom I have been writing. I cannot, on that account, well avoid reference to him, in writing of that, which has been styled his party. He is

unknown to me, even by sight; as are the other two persons, who are to make up my three instances. I am reluctant to mention him; for of him I deem as reverently, as man may of his fellow-worm. His claims are not to be canvassed by an enlightened public; and with a Higher Judge, may he find acceptance, and mercy! One part of his character we can all appreciate; and, if we choose, may admire and imitate. I mean the forbearance of that high intellect, for years assailed, as their common butt, by ignorance and presumption; yet always gentle, meek, forgiving, and conciliatory. Intellect his assailants seem to allow him; if we may judge from the fact, that they resort to his writings; when they wish to defend themselves against enemies, too powerful and learned, for themselves to meet. In writing of him, I would rather not use my own words; and I ask his pardon for having written about him at all. I will quote, for him, the words of a poet, admired in his day, whom I must always admire. The present generation of poets is beyond me. I like common sense, made plainer, because more brilliant, by being set forth in the language of imagination. I cannot hunt, half way through a page, for a meaning; and, after all, be ill rewarded for my trouble. I hold to Cowper, and others, whom I can understand, with less trouble, than I must spend over a modern exposition of prophecy. My selection may appear strange: but perhaps, after all, there was not that difference, that some people may imagine, between Whitfield, and the gentleman, about whom I am writing:—

“ Leueonomus (beneath well sounding Greek
I slur a name “ respect ” forbids to speak)
Stood pilloried on “ calumny’s ” high stage,
And bore the scorn “ and mocking ” of the age,
The very butt of slander, and the blot
For every dart that malice ever shot.
The man, that mentioned him, at once dismiss’d
All mercy from his lips, and sneer’d, and hiss’d.
His aim was mischief, and his zeal pretence,
His speech, rebellion against common sense.
A knave, when tried on honesty’s plain rule,
And when by that of reason, a mere fool.
Now, Truth, perform thine office, wast aside,
The curtain drawn by prejudice and pride.
Reveal (the man “ yet lives ”) to wondering eyes
This more than monster, in his proper guise.

He loved the world, that hated him ; the tear
 That dropped upon his Bible, was sincere.
 Assail'd by scandal, and the tongue of strife,
 His only answer was a blameless life :
 And he that forged, and he that threw, the dart,
 Had each a brother's interest in his heart.
 Paul's love of Christ, and steadiness unbribed,
 Were copied close in him, and well transcribed.
 He followed Paul ; his zeal a kindred flame,
 His apostolic charity the same.
 Like him he labour'd, and like him content
 To bear it, suffered shame, where'er he went.

Blush Calumny ! write on his "future" tomb,
 If honest eulogy can spare thee room,
 Thy deep repentance of thy thousand lies,
 Which aim'd at him, have pierced the offended skies ;
 And say, Blot out my sins, confess'd, deplored,
 Against Thine image in Thy saint, O Lord!"

Cowper's Hope.

My second instance of fanaticism in us, is the case of Miss Sellon. She was doing precisely (and with some addition) what Miss Nightingale is now doing, with deserved praise. She chose to do it, in her own way, wisely or unwisely ; for with that distinction, I have nothing to do. I am not her judge. She was doing, however, what all approve, instructing the ignorant, labouring in hospitals, and in the streets, for those, for whom no man cared. But she was a Puseyite, or a Papist : and we, who would not have retrenched the smallest article of our personal comfort, to do a like work, pleaded *her manner* of doing it, as an excuse for not helping her to do it. The tide has now turned ; and, most contemptible ! we have turned with it. Oh for the windmills, and the Pentapolin of that doer, if not in deeds, in intention. We, the intelligent public, did something, however. We managed to frighten her friends. We impeded her work of mercy, to many ; who can tell, how many irretrievably ? but we had Mr. Spurrel, and a host of other reverend gentlemen, to aid us, if aid were needed, in our heartless, spiritless, selfishness. Thank GOD for her ! as many a soul, otherwise, in all probability lost, does, and will thank her. The fiery furnace, through which that excellent woman has passed, should make most of us humble ourselves to the dust, when we think of our own comparative worthlessness. We have tried our best, to drive her out from among us ; and that we have not succeeded, is no subject of boast

to us, whatever it may be to her. If entreaties from any one could influence a person, contemplating such a step, I would entreat her not to leave us; and bring upon us the disgrace, of being totally insensible to self-denying zeal, and of considering it neutralised, by the occasional acts of imprudence, which, as we may think, accompanied it. If she goes, and may she never! I will never forget what she has done, and suffered; and thankfulness for these shall remain in me, as warm, as it is now.

Now we come to the third case of "fanaticism," Mr. Bennett; and the particulars of that case (and there it differs from the former two) are most amusing, but not the less disgraceful to our national character. He had laid out his time, means, and labour, in rescuing that happy Goshen about Pimlico, from what he needlessly, I suppose, considered its degradation. Churches, schools, and so forth, were built; and he, benighted Tractarian! in his own blundering way, was trying to elevate, by every method, that suggested itself to him, the people, among whom he was placed. The purity of our better faith was assailed. So much had been done for that favoured locality by others, that the fruit of their labours called upon us, for its preservation. The alarm was given: and an onslaught, literal, as well as metaphorical, was made upon his Church. Miscellaneous was the assemblage; creditable to the national character. Peers and pot-boys, butlers and baronets, met in strange, and heterogeneous, fellowship: for "minor distinctions" were merged; and the hallowing influence of a pure faith consolidated the band of brothers. Mr. Bennett was effectually driven from the home, of his own selection, the vineyard, of his own planting, and cultivation. He was obliged to go, leaving to his successor the legacy of, if not more literary, at least, bibliopolic, contests. He went abroad; and still Protestant zeal pursued him, and his friend. Whether he went to Church, or not, we all knew. The particular Church, to which he might go, was as well known. Every thing, that he did, was common property. His footsteps were dogged: and, as in Rome, we should do, as Romans do, so his Continental experiences were consistent with our notions of Continental espionage. We kept a very sharp eye upon him. His many-headed majesty was fully on the alert, in regard to Mr. Bennett, and his brother Tractarians. There was no eluding his discrimination. *He* could penetrate, as far as most folks, into the interior of a mill-stone. In this case there was no need for the exercise of his full vigilance: for

the conspirators would display a sort of uniform, and I *do* wish that they had left that, and certain other things, alone. But they would in many cases turn out, in collarless linen, and straight-cut coats, where the M.B.* was as legible to the meanest capacity, as the unremoved label on the newly-purchased shawl of the unconscious lady, who walked about Regent Street, with "very chaste at two guineas," ticketed on her shoulders. Our master, any how, was pleased to issue very severe orders, in regard to these traitors, and Mr. Bennett in particular. These orders, we submissively obeyed. We did our best, to drive him in that direction, in which we knew, that his own feelings led him. The self-willed man would persist, in obstinately maintaining, that he knew his own feelings, better than we did. He would *not* become a Papist. He would *not* leave the Church of England. At this moment, double-dealing Jesuit! he is actually carrying on his old trade, in the service of his old Church, and in his old way.

He did not, however, make good his "insidious" lodgement at Frome, without opposition. That Redan was not taken in a hurry, nor at the first assault. The spirit of our pure patriotism, guided by far-seeing, and wide-ruling, public opinion, "*μηλελα και ευρυοπα Ζευς*," roused into full action there, a band of patriots, indigenous to the soil, aided by precursors, and defenders, from afar.

"Trojans, Lycians, and allies,

ανεπεις εστε φιλοι, μυησασθε τε θουριδος αλκης."

Then rose an inextinguishable shout of articulate men, different-tongued, different-minded, all raising the same cry. Tell me, Muse! who first advancing

* "Mark of the Beast"—a phrase, some say, used by certain tailors, to indicate the garments of a particular class of customers. Consult the original Hebrew M.S.S. in Aldgate Street, the Minories, or elsewhere.

A certain "hireling" will see the wisdom of the Scotch proverb, which tells us to keep a thing seven years; it's use will come. His "shawl," of which he told me, at about that interval of time, comes out, ticket and all, as good as new, to illustrate the merits of another garment. Thanks to that excellent son of John Bull, an improvement on the old gentleman, *ταυρειων* still. Let me covertly convey my regards to his *ιδης*, and my hope, that he may have many a safe jaunt in the car of glory. Careful driving is always necessary; in these times especially, when public opinion is so exacting. Indeed, a man ought to be as good as gold, and something in addition.

from the foremost fighters, hurled his spear, casting a long shadow? So much Fame hath not handed down to us: for we, at this day, faintly catch her echoes. Forth flew the spear, armed with brass, cunningly fabricated by the forger's art. Dire was the whiz! Earth, our common mother, was hushed; and pale-green* fear seized the cheeks of the Tractarians, who looked on. But the blameless hero bent aside, and avoided black death. Close by his ribs passed the brass-armed spear; but grazed not even his M.B. coat.

To no single hand had Jupiter destined the honour of his fall. Brothers, a formidable band, sons of Κοκλεμος, white-gorgeted, readers of the Record, towering by head and shoulders above ordinary mortals, upheaved an enormous rock, meet burden for the combined strength of the horses and men, eating grains, and largely draining the dark-flowing, foam-crested, nectar, around the place, where fell, inglorious, the flogger of women. Nor yet did this *shameless stone* avail.

The Coalition, formed for the purpose of influencing authorities, lay, and ecclesiastical; and the petitions, urging that purpose, to drive out from Frome the monster in human shape, whom Pimlico had cast out, and whom Rome had not received, failed.

It lies, an enormous mass, a monument for future generations; who shall contemplate it, and say, lamenting the degeneracy of their times, "In those days lived our fathers; and such were their deeds."

* "Χλωρον δεος, I mean,
A nasty pale-green.
Though for want of some word, that may better avail,
I presume, our translators have rendered it "pale."
For consider the cheeks
Of these "well-booted Greeks,"
Their Egyptian descent was a question of weeks;
Their complexion of course, like a half-decayed leek's.
And you'll see, in an instant, the thing, that I mean in it:
A Greek face, in a funk, had a good deal of green in it."

But pitying Jupiter saved the hero, assailed by overwhelming numbers. He excited fear in the generous breasts of the Trojans; and they retired to their homes. Some archers, selected for the service, Cretans, Cappadocians, and Cilicians (the Paphlagonians had retired with the main body) well skilled in bows, covered the retreat; and remained behind, galling the horse-taming stranger, and, when opportunity occurs, still galling him. Unmoved he remained, not ignorant of the ashen spear, with legs well-planted apart, pleasantly smiling.

The result of the whole was, that Frome Church was not pulled down, a danger, which the Church in Pimlico had narrowly escaped. The bones of that old Puseyite, and rebel against public opinion in his days, Bishop Ken, were not grubbed up. The stone, if stone there be, which covers his remains, has not been conveyed to Exeter Hall, much valued trophy! to incite by the glorious memories of the past, and to encourage to exertions of the same nature in future, the Evangelical Alliances, Protestant Defences, and other associations, numerous and tuneful, as bees in “the month of May,” gathering and dispensing honey, in, and for, that much loved hive :

Or, like grasshoppers, inflamed into vociferous phrenzy by the brain-drying heat, chattering unmercifully, they sit, counselling men and counselling women, all night long, and all the day; while the slow-footed hours take away, and again bring back great Olympus, unwearied, prating incessantly with melodious twang; whereas deep sleep would long since have sealed the eyes of ordinary mortals. Whether an “insidious aggression,” or the “Tractarian heresy,” or the conversion of the Pope by Sir Culling Eardley, or a mare’s nest discovered by Dr. Cumming, be balanced in their well-pondering minds; for she, daughter of generous steeds, had bestowed, high up in some leafy tree, in a quaking morass, hazardous for mortal tread, vocal with tuneful frogs, careful mother! her callow nestlings, eight in number, herself the ninth; but the blameless seer, knowing things before, present, and to come, had in his hand

seized her tender brood; herself escaped, and neighing shrilly, she wings her flight to Jove's high thresh-old, Dædalean frame! and there cropping the white clover, she is oblivious of her little ones; and they, far off in that resounding hall, miss their mother; and their feeble cries are lost, in the clapping of hands, and the shouts of applauding men, and women shriller-toned, partaking the triumph of the counsell-ing, honey-dropping, seer:

Or, whether an “episcopal free church”—like silver-eddying Alpheus, cleanser of Austrian-defiled brewhouses,* keeping himself unmixed with Neptune's salt waves, till he clasps the purity of pain-fully-sought Arethusa, so, free from all taint of con-nection with Church or Bishop—city built on the clouds by light-minded birds, occupies their sagacious, deep-revolving minds, they sit, eternally chattering. Such power of endurance hath Jupiter given, not without the love of voice, sweet sister of the lyre.

Meanwhile the stone rests in it's quiet obscurity, in Frome Church-yard, destined, perhaps, some day, to have another stone, or a mound at least of earth, near it. Still there is hope. The Trojans may yet see the dawn of a brighter day. The time may come, when delivered from the alien and the stranger, the patriots, who shall have survived this conflict, shall visit, in triumphal procession, the spot, which marks the fall of their foe.

“*Kai τοιε τις ειπη, Τρωων ὑπερηνορεούσιων,
Τυμβῷ επιθρωσκων Μενελαού κυδαλιμοῖο,*”

whatever the inspiriting occasion shall suggest to each.

* Hercules was said to have cleansed the Augæan stables, by turning through them the river Alpheus, whether before, or after, his wanderings in search of Arethusa, I cannot say. For “brew-house” I grieve, that I can find no direct classical authority. Did not Virgil *allude* to it, when he wrote,

“*Loca fæta furentibus Austris.*” 1st Æneid.

Places foul with furious Austrians?

Mr. Belsham's (?) Improved Translation.

Did he not, *vates* in both senses of the word, mean the establishment of Messrs. B. and P.?

They may now, under the galling feeling of down-trodden purity of faith, be obliged to wail forth the doleful ditty,

ιαλαίαξ των καυν! ιαλαί!

Let them look forward to the coming time, when, full liberty shall be given to each man, quaffing largely good old English draughts, supplied from the place, where good old English feeling achieved its gallant, and patriotic, triumph over the Austrian woman flogger,

“ησθεντι, μπαιωνισαι, και βαχκεβαχκον ασαι.”

In the meantime, let fancy supply its substitute, to fill the place in Exeter Hall, where neither tomb-stone is as yet. Let kindred genius add its accessories. Let us join in imagination to these two stones, that which, fable tells us, adorned the association, to which the immortal Pickwick has given his name, bearing the legend

BIL STUMPS HIS MARK,

and that, for which, a brighter imagination still, supplied the inscription,

AGRICOLA DICAVIT LIBENS LUBENS.

Let no unseasonable doubts as to the “Prætorian,” or the authenticity of a rival inscription, interfere with our satisfaction in the legacy, bequeathed to us by the hand, among whose seldom rivalled pictures, we must never forget Mr. Oldbuck of Monk barns.

I think, that I have said enough on your three Russian points, “brutality, drunkenness, and fanaticism.” I am quite sure, that you will agree with me, that they are not *exclusively* Russian. Till we can do something, to diminish them among ourselves, we need not be too exacting in our requirement of “the elements of moral greatness” in others. We are free and enlightened, (and a host of other charming adjectives and participles) both of which I shall try to tone down, before I have done; and the Russians are slaves, and dread the knout. I grant the slavery; and I wish, that the fear of the knout, in a milder form, exercised a little more influence among us. I need not quote to you the distinction of Horace,

Nec scuticâ dignum horribili sectere flagello ;
Nam ut ferulâ cœdas &c.

At present, our characters and feelings are so much at the mercy of any one, who chooses to assail them, with a view of gaining popularity and profit (the common objects with newspapers) or for

the mere gratification of insolence, in the abuse of betters, that we are paying a certain price for our free institutions. I do not ask for a censorship of the press. I do not think, that we need it; as with a little trouble, we have the remedy in our own hands. If we count heads, the respectable part *may* be the smaller part of the country (I do not say that it *is*) but, if we take into account, intellect, influence, and power, it has the greater weight. If respectable people would unanimously, or if that is asking too much, if they would generally, give the benefit of their combined weight, to whatever of the respectable, the newspapers may assail, for the amusement of the herd, to institutions, or individuals, maligned or ridiculed, they would be doing most effectual good. Now they content themselves, with expressing indignation among themselves, and occasionally publishing their separate protests; and they are separately well snubbed for their pains. I claim no credit for talent, or for any preeminently high or honourable feeling. I would not pick a pocket, or pocket the spoons on a friend's table, if I thought that there was any great risk of being found out. I claim nothing more than an average amount of common sense, strengthened, it may be, by my limited acquaintance with books and men. Therefore I always try to find a practical remedy for an evil. Nothing seems to me easier, than the discovery of one for this. Let us join together; and set up a rival "Times," We want a name for it. Protestant Defence has been made ridiculous; and liberty, under all its *aliases* of freedom, patriotism, and so on, equally so. We want an untainted name. Let our paper be, "CHURCH AND QUEEN"—names these, most sacred; most sacred every thing, and every body, connected with them. Capital? Nothing more easy. Talent? Out of our ten thousand, or more villages, you may easily select parsons, to say nothing of equally intelligent laymen; whose combined talent would outweigh the "Times," over and over again. Information? Capital and talent would soon provide, whatever was wanted of that. What is the first step? Listen. If a railway, through a most unpromising part of the country, is wanted, or fancied to be wanted, hundreds of thousands, or millions, are forthcoming. If a testimonial, in the shape of an absurd statue, is contemplated, down come the fifties, and hundreds, for its manufacture. Whatever the design, however inappropriate to the object, there is the money. I wonder, for instance, what was the cost of that Achilles, or son of Leda, as the learned in those matters say, near Apsley House. I cannot

help laughing at the French version of this story, a laugh not of unmixed pleasure, for I never know which way to look, and always feel inclined to bite off my nails, while I laugh. The ladies of England wished to testify their respect for their glorious defender; and their gratitude was turned into a most ridiculous channel, by their long-eared advisers, kinsmen, and eulogists of the blundering Bull, by whose name we call ourselves. So our dapper little hero, intellectually and morally great, but small in stature, “μικρος εων δεμυχης, αλλα μαχητης,” we may safely say also, λινοθωρηξ, for he did usually wear a clean shirt, is posted up in bronze at his own door, in the guise of an undraped giant. I can fancy the poor dear old gentleman, unable to put his head out of his window, for a mouthful of fresh air from the Park, without being stared out of countenance by his likeness, set up for him, by what the French consider, the good taste of his fair countrywomen. If the enlightened public, instead of breaking the Duke's windows, and putting him to the expense of iron blinds, had demolished him personally, in his preposterous likeness, they would have done good service.—I call that statue no mean compensation to the French for the loss of Waterloo. I should like to know what it cost; and also what was paid to build that other testimonial, and to lug it up afterwards to the top of the arch, near the classical likeness of the Duke. But for our paper. Among our “men of acres,” with, or without, handles to their names, are there not to be found one hundred, or hundreds, (ought there not to be thousands?) who would put down their names, for £1000 each? You and I, and thousands such as we, would give, each, his £100; and many pennies, would swell to an overwhelming amount of pounds.

They are constructing a railroad through Cornwall; though little difficulties (as we might have anticipated) make us look to the completion of it, as distant from us by some years. It passes through my village; and as I shall have the advantages of it, people thought, fairly enough, that I ought to bear some portion of the cost, and take shares. I pleaded poverty, and that I can safely do; but for the paper, I would manage to pinch and screw, in order to pay my *quota* toward it, though I should have to take my occasional journeys to Exeter, or Oxford, in a wheelbarrow. Writers would be abundant. You and I would write; though many abler men would render our services, in that line, unnecessary. We would have no blackguard advertisements, no blackguard sentiments, no “figments,”

no twaddle. As a security against the last two, our correspondents should give their names, "*necessarily* for insertion." What say you to that?—The money would not be forthcoming? Then the gentry of England deserve their fate, and to refer again to Robin Hood's words, if these good earthworms go on to put their filthy lucre, in the balance against their own, and their family, reputation, they are worthy to groan under the tyranny of the thirty or forty, or whatever may be the number of people, who, under the name of the "Times" patronize or depress them, as they think fit. As I must do something, I will take to writing beautiful sermons against Popery; though, from the state of the market in regard to that article, I shall be as usefully employed, as if I were carrying coals to Newcastle.

My plan is chiefly against the "Times;" for I always take the chief aggressor, and the understrappers fall with him. It may take a warning: if so, good: and we keep our money in our pockets, and save ourselves a good deal of bore. So long as I see any good about a person, or he gives me a reasonable hope of his amendment, I bear with him. If after all my forbearance, he turns out a slippery subject, on whom there can be no dependence, I cut him as relentlessly, as I would an old pen.

I have said a good deal of the "Times," in unfeigned praise and thankfulness, a good deal in condemnation. There must be guides for public opinion; for it is absurd to think, that each of us can be a jack of all trades. In polities, and many other things, I want a guide. Others may want one, more than I do; and generally speaking, a man's newspaper is his guide. He has the selection of it; and his selection marks the general bent of his mind. Then his selected guide furnishes him with opinions, on *all* subjects. As his newspaper thinks, *he* thinks. It is all very well for the "Times" to say, "our columns are always open to opinions of all sorts, and defences, where we have given provocation." What chance has the poor fellow, who takes advantage of this permission? His letter is inserted, and smashed in the same paper by a leader, furnished at once by some one, out of that ready and accomplished band. If that is not enough; day after day, week after week, brings fresh arguments, or ridicule, against him; and he would be glad, if he had remained satisfied with his first setting down. Take the case of the Worcestershire magistrate, which I have already given you. Take the letter of Mr. Osborne, complaining of his hardship, in

regard to the Wilton tea drinking. Take another case, which I will give you in my appendix: for I may some day be wishing to turn an honest penny, by writing for the "Times." I believe that it is usual in such cases, for the candidate to send an article for approval. So I furnish one, written for insertion in the "Times:" but, as far as I know, offered neither to it, nor to any other paper.

We want the "Times" as an honoured adviser, not as a master. Bigoted Tory though I may be, I am servile, only to those, whom I consider to have lawful authority over me: and I kick stoutly against other masters. I quite enter into Andrew Fairservice's sentiment, when he complained, "Ower mony maisters! ower mony maisters! as the paddock said to the harrow, when every tooth gae her a tig."

Of the present *animus*, and tendency, of the "Times" there can be no doubt, and I have already furnished you with materials for a fair induction. Take one other instance, pointing in the same direction. The treatment of the committal for Sunday labour you have already had. Just rummage over the "Times," for the remarks, made by it and its correspondents, on the mention of Sunday in the Thanksgiving prayer, lately used. Is there a better *public* evidence of religious feeling, than a due observance of Sunday? Among other subjects, why should the mention of Sunday be selected from the prayer, as the object of so much abuse? What is there so particularly Sabbatarian in it? Why then did the "Times" encourage, if it did not invent (and who shall prove that it did not) these letters from heavy fathers of families, observers, people who had looked (doubtless with their wonted sagacity) into such things, and the others, who, after all, may represent the same person? Must I again talk of the British College of Health? Who shall tell me that our recent acquaintance, Dr. de Jongh, is not our older friend, Professor Holloway? or that Dr. Plantagenet, or Dr. any one else, with a sounding name, who advertises pills, is not identical with Ikey Solomons, or Lazarus Ben Levi?

I do not know what, or if any, is the connection between the "Times" and "Punch." Certain it is, that the latter is now a sort of cracker, attached to the tail of that soaring balloon; a jackall, cleanly picking the bones of the victims, demolished by the Leo Tonans. I remember the time, when "Punch" was something very superior, really witty, and like all wit, that is worth anything, never unnecessarily offensive. I suppose that the respectable contributors have since that time, left it. I bought a "Punch" yesterday.

October 20th is it's date. I herewith send it to you. You must not stand out on anachronisms, for writing to you, and copying for the press, are evidently not simultaneous. Note well the quantity of its contents. Deduct from them, everything against the Austrians, Prussians, and other states, who will not join in our league; every thing abusive of the Russians; (Prince Gortschakoff's splendid generalship should, from mere shame, have exempted him from any portion) every thing devoted to slaying again those, whom the "Times" had slain, or done it's best to slay; every thing directed against the aristocracy, *as* the aristocracy; and how small will you find the remainder? "The columns of the 'Times' are open"—well, one of the magistrates in the Sunday case, wrote a letter, which was inserted in the "Times"; and with that letter came to us the leader, to which I have already alluded. The magistrates, in a way, which does them credit, maintained their decision; but in deference to the opinion, expressed by a person in authority, they repaid to the offender the sum, which they had exacted from him. Now look to "Punch's" doggrel lines on the subject—no wit, no cleverness, nothing but coarse vulgarity. Thank you Mr. Pearson. As "justice," and "reverend divine," you have showed your fitness for your offices, by your indifference to public opinion. I take your hand in imagination, and beg you to accept the assurance of my respect and esteem. Again, the "Times" had a railing article, on the subject of the generals, whom Her Majesty has been pleased to raise to a higher rank. Look to "Punch." You will have no trouble in finding the place, for it is the large engraving in the centre. The "Times" had told us, that these marshals were dotards, for whom a child's rattle would be more appropriate, than the baton of their new rank. "Punch" improves on that, for he gives us an old woman, with an earl's coronet on her bonnet, another on the baton, which serves as handle to her umbrella. She asks if old women are wanted for the business of the Crimea, and is willing to be made Field Marshal, if it brings "a good salary"—"glory not so much an object." Another insult, another insinuation, against these gentlemen: another mark of their grateful country's remembrance of services, rendered in those days, when not their knightly swords, but instruments better suited to their assailants, would have prevented, or effectually punished the assault. Perhaps next week may furnish us with Mr. Barnum the showman, beaming benevolence; or Ulysses, tied to his own door-posts. There, I have disposed of

the articles in that copy of the “Times,” which I discussed and sent to you. The revilings against our enemies, and those, whom we cannot persuade to be our allies, are trite. The drunkenness, imputed to the King of Prussia, and the sausage league, of which he is to be the head, may be wit, in public houses of a lower order, or in servant’s halls. Higher I fancy that they cannot go, under *that* name. Then we have a prose, and a verse article, each of considerable length, for that small periodical. Some silly house-maid, I suppose, had given out, that a blue ribband was used, to distinguish between the twin infants of a nobleman. That is the basis of the prose article; and very prosy it is, and very abusive of the aristocracy. Not so innocent a cause inspired the poetry. A foolish young man, and young men will sometimes be foolish, did what would be passed over, with no great punishment, in a stock-jobber’s son, or a young gentleman, who assisted in the repository, replete with stupendous novelties, of Messrs. Anybody and Co. This offender was taken before the magistrate; and punished, we may suppose, as the law directs: for the insufficiency of the punishment, on legal grounds, is not even asserted. “Punch” takes care to furnish something of an excuse for his very unwarrantable conduct, “He’s but a brat of nineteen”; but he has “Lord” before his name; therefore, as a person, in the same rank of life, was some years since sent to the house of correction, for a similar, though greater, offence,—why not this offender? I am sure that I cannot tell: but where was the need of telling us about his insane uncle? His uncle and father did something, I suppose what they could, for their country. Of course they had their faults: and as we are now indulging ourselves in reviling living ministers and generals, why should the dead escape? That question also I do not answer. Then comes the moral of the poetry, the system;—the system,

That made us all flunkies
To such titled monkeys
Ah! when will *that* finish it’s reign?

The emphasis on “*that*” is Mr. Punch’s. Now here is a good deal made out of a street row, or a row in the dressing-room of a theatre. But for flunkeyism, is not that reeking in every line of this production? The offender, we are told, is a “Snob;” is the writer of this article, on his shewing, anything else! Judging from that article, I should say that he is a person, who would not let his friends be ignor-

ant of his having once spoken to a lord, would give a conspicuous place on his mantel piece to a lord's card, if he happen to have one, or, in short, who would rather be kicked, by a nobleman, than shake hands with one of his own rank. Mr. Punch has, in his last number, (November 3rd) given us an other caricature on the marshals. Subjects must be running short, as he is obliged to repeat his stale wit, and can find nothing better to face that engraving, than the very *mild* notion of the Russian bear *nearly* trapped. When we *have* trapped him, Mr. Punch may boast: and Mr. Punch's betters will perhaps not think it quite respectable to do that. With this engraving comes an article, clever in itself; but taken in conjunction with the spirit, from which it proceeds, and the necessity of coining objects for the exercise of its wit, not quite that. There are three Marshals, all equally imbecile. Lord Hardinge has been Commander-in-Chief for some time; and the duties of his office could not be decently performed by one of Mr. Punch's marshals, and they have been decently performed by Lord Hardinge. No man in this country can hold a public office, at all like Lord Hardinge's, without being tolerably competent, though he is not necessarily the best man, that could have been selected: but Mr. Punch required three dotards,—therefore Lord Hardinge is represented as a dotard. Lord Combermere is notoriously the reverse of an imbecile dotard, as he is well known to retain, in a high degree, his powers both of mind and body; but "Punch" required three imbecile dotards; and so two out of them (for I have no knowledge of the third) have characters assigned to them, the very reverse of their own. I cannot think much of that wit, which has to *invent* its matter. Another noble old general has been mentioned, as a probable addition to his victimised brother officers. Most notoriously *he* has not yet come to a "perambulator"; for he is well known to have a tolerably good seat on his Rosinante. He has managed a sword in his time: and as he probably carries a whip, when he is mounted, there is every reason to believe, that he could use it, with satisfactory adroitness and vigour, on ignobler animals, than his horse. If he *should* want assistance, there are good men and true in abundance, ready to come to his help, with their "St. Benet and set on!" There is a difference, but we will not dispute about trifles.

Sir Colin Campbell has also come in, for his share of abuse, from the "Times:" but an admirable letter, from Colonel Sterling, has made our Thunderer draw in his horns. Well done! Colonel Sterling.

You have done good service; and why will not people follow your example, when they see the power of a good cause and plain speaking? The paragraph in the "Times," on which the Colonel comments, is too good to escape. Here it is:—

"A single year of warfare has disposed of the whole of those veterans, with the exception of *Sir Colin Campbell, who has been laid up in lavender all the winter with his Highlanders*; and whose military talents, if we may judge of them by his *exploits in the Punjaub*, do not entitle him to aspire to a great command. We have seen the result of sending a young army into the field, almost entirely led by old chiefs, who owed their rank to *seniority and brevet promotion*; the best of them have either fallen in battle, or died of disease, and those who remain, are *mere obstructions* to the strength of the army."

Colonel Sterling, like every man of honour, making a statement, and wishing it to be believed, gives his name, and "pledges his honour to the truth of his statements." At the end of his letter comes this:—

"The "Times" remarks:—'In giving publicity to the letter from Colonel Sterling, we feel bound to admit, that the paragraph, to which he has taken exception, does not do justice to the good service, and well won claims, of one of the most distinguished and deserving officers in Her Majesty's army.'

The "Times" "feels bound to admit"—what does it admit after all?—"the good services and well won claims" of Sir Colin Campbell. Who ever doubted them, or the similar services and claims, of the three Marshals? We know all about these, in all the four cases, without the "Times" to prompt our recollections. The *specific imputations* in Sir Colin's case, were that snobbish one of "lying in lavender during the single year of warfare;" of having "owed his rank to seniority and brevet promotion;" and of being personally "a mere obstruction to the strength of the army." About one half of Colonel Sterling's letter is devoted to proving the utter falsehood of all *those imputations*; and in answer to him, as to them, the "Times" says not one word. It has condescended to allow, that part of its charge was unfounded. The "exploits in the Punjaub" and the Peninsula, which are notorious to all the world, are graciously conceded. Perhaps Colonel Sterling is satisfied. So should not I be. If a man brings a charge against me, I make him, if I can, retract the *whole* of it. I make him swallow the whole leek, though as his predecessor, Pistol, "he eats, and eke he swears." The "Times" has not absolute fools, to deal with. I do not want to open my budget still further: but I have a large store in reserve;

which, on provocation, I will produce. I think, that I know something about the origin of the attack on Lord Raglan: I think, that I know more than that. I am ready to produce all that I think myself to know: and I care no more for the "Times," than I care for the most senseless noodle, that ever swaggered and blustered, before an "astonished and admiring audience."

The Colonel "pledges his honour, to the truth of his statements"; and he adds testimony of various kinds. His statements are, that instead of "lying in lavender," Sir C. Campbell has been most laboriously and incessantly employed before Sebastopol; that he does *not* "owe his rank to seniority and brevet promotion"; that, instead of being a "mere obstruction to the strength of the army," there are not "many men, in the British army, who" (in the Colonel's opinion) "could outrun him even now, and not one who could outride him, or endure more fatigue: and with all this great experience and practice in war," there is joined "a wonderful physical vigour, an untiring energy and will, a care and providence for his soldiers, not to be surpassed." All this portion of the Colonel's letters the "Times" leaves totally untouched. Past services are admitted; nothing more.

The "Times" has not been quite successful in this case. Perhaps it's "flunkey" "Punch," may come to it's aid. Here is a good subject for another illustration, another imbecile dotard to be coupled with lords Hardinge and Combermere. Sir Colin Campbell is one of the best runners and riders in the British army, the more appropriate subject for "Punch:" for I suppose that the tailor's board is the best charger that he ever mounted; the tailor's goose, the most fiery animal, that he ever guided; a race from a bailiff, the only race that he ever won. I wish that master and man could have the monkey's allowance that I would allot to them. I wish that some plan could be adopted, for teaching them the distinction between snob and gentleman; for impressing on them the conviction, that any *one* of these old officers is very much the better of them, *their* firms and Cos. collectively.

The Marshals undergo an examination, and "Mr. Punch is present." "Flunkeys" are generally present, when men of that rank, and with their imputed infirmities, are assembled. As Mr. Punch seems to be running short in inventive faculties, I will give him the outline of another illustration, on his threadbare marshal subject. Lord Raglan and Lord Hardinge had notoriously lost, each, an arm.

Let Mr. Punch give us the two old marshals, executing a fraternal embrace, by means of iron hooks from their shoulders. Hogarth, in his most amusing picture of an election, will supply the shape of the instrument. True, both limbs were lost in the service of our country : that only makes the jest keener. True, Lord Raglan is dead,—but so is Lord Castlereagh,—the fitter game for a low-bred, unfeeling, buffoon ! If a young man, having “Lord” before his name, or connected with lords, ought to be sent to the house of correction, for breaches of law committed in hot blood, what amount of pillory and treadmill, ought to be awarded to those, who systematically, and for gain, indulge their rascally insolence, in reviling law, and everything, which law and decency ought to protect ? This is a problem, by the solution of which, Mr. Punch may amuse, if not edify, his readers and admirers.

You may say, that I am lavishing unnecessary argument on a most unworthy object. “Punch” is indeed unworthy, if vulgar brutality can make it so. In a late letter you grant, that “Punch” “is abominable,” a sentiment, in which every gentleman will join you. I am, as you know, keenly sensitive of the ridiculous ; and I can take it, with many adjuncts (as in the case of the ancients, I am obliged to do) though I could wish them away : but vulgarity of this description, without any wit to relieve it, is simply disgusting. This is no answer to your imaginary objection. “Punch” to me is nothing more, in itself, than one of the coarse corrupters of public taste, of which I have said enough. In connection, whether real, or only fancied, with the “Times,” it becomes formidable ; as every adjunct of that powerful paper must be. I want the “Times” to fulfil its grand office, to accomplish, as the modern phrase is, or used to be, till it became too ridiculous, “accomplish its mission.” Let it shake off, or disown, if it cannot influence for the better, this, its humble parasite. See how the mischief spreads. Probably in countless provincial papers, the articles in prose and poetry, which I have been discussing, have been copied, and circulated through our towns and villages. Probably, the intense vulgarity, the utter want of wit, the low and debasing tendencies, have been overlooked : and the articles figure, in the accomplished management of Latin and French, of which these journals furnish more than sufficient proof, as “*jeu d'esprits.*” I want to elevate public opinion, and I want you, and every one else, to assist me, by discouraging these efforts to degrade it still lower than it is.

If the “Times” will not separate itself from its discreditable

associations, it must share the treatment, which we give to them. I cannot help it. I am a parson; and, whether inherited, or self-formed, there is a something in me, a dogged humour, which drives me into phrenzy, when I hear of anything base or oppressive. The curb of conventional cant and humbug makes me foam and bleed, but it cannot restrain me. I feel, that I am exhibiting myself in a character, injurious to my professional reputation; in my person perhaps, injurious to the Church. I do not think the latter: of it I say, with every feeling of my heart, *μη γενοίτο!* As to the censures of that solemn prig, the public, my answer to him is,—“*εξ οὐφαλην σοι.*” The insolent rascality, the brutal cowardice, exhibited toward these old generals now, formerly toward Miss Sellon, Mr. Bennett, and others, one or more of whom I may know, and regard, with every feeling of love and veneration, of a nature not cold, drive me beyond myself. Let the newspapers, and other guides of public opinion, reprove public faults, and public men, as rigidly as they think fit. Private persons, (and except in their public acts, all may claim the benefit of that designation) private feelings, ought to be treated gently. Whoever treats them otherwise, is bound to publish his own name. He has no right, to single out an individual, wound him in every possible way, and while so doing, sneak out of the reach of retaliation, by skulking under the cover of some sounding abstraction. Whether he shelter himself under the name of the British College of Health, the “Times,” “Punch,” or what else, I call that man a coward and a liar: and those words make up my definition of a blackguard. I think that the specific for persons entitled to the last appellation, is personal chastisement of the severest character. The law ought to administer that: for age, sex, profession, disarm some of us, leave us totally defenceless, totally at the mercy of any association of low-bred fellows, who may think fit to trample us down, under their great coarse hoofs. Say that a man, bound by professional ties, is goaded into madness; and rashly and irreligiously takes the law into his own hand: that is a ruined man, ruined perhaps in purse, blasted in reputation, thoroughly disgraced, and obliged to creep through life, when formerly he walked with head erect. And the chastised aggressor, what of him? why

“ Earless on high stands unabashed De Foe.”

A grievous defect in our law, is the difficulty, often impossibility,

of obtaining protection, in cases such as this. If a man has had his pocket picked, or a loaf stolen out of his shop, the poor starving wretch, who, committed the offence, is promptly punished. Seldom is redress to be obtained from our law, unless the sufferer can prove that his pocket has been affected. So, if a man has had his wife or daughter seduced, he must prove pecuniary loss: and then if he succeeds, he has the opportunity of soothing his wounded feelings, by pocketing a pecuniary compensation, "sweet remuneration," as Shakspeare calls it. I have no wife, or daughter, myself; therefore I am as free as a newspaper writer, and can enjoy my rights, as a free-born Briton, by jeering at, and rubbing the sore places of those who have. Really, it seems to me, that if I had a wife or daughter, who had met with an "accident," the opportunity of turning her out of my house, would be a pecuniary *gain* to me: for, supposing me to be a little above the condition of an agricultural day labourer, she could not be worth much to me in a money point of view; and might be supposed to cost me something considerable, in gowns and trinkets, in the course of the year. I should be very simple, however, to take this view of the case. I should go off at once to my lawyers, and settle with them, what sum my dishonour ought to bring me in. Then we would retain Serjeant Buzfuz, to get that sum for me, by heart-rending appeals to desolate hearths, blighted oases of domestic affections, and by arguments, taking in all topics, from chops and tomato sauce, to warming pans, pattens, and extra-sized cotton umbrellas.

We want protection of another description. In the case of the generals, who are furnishing amusement for the public, I would suggest, that the public would be equally amused, and more creditably for the national character; if instead of these old officers being conveyed in perambulators to the pillory of ridicule, their aggressors, including, if all were so, the whole firms and Cos. of the "Times" and "Punch," were condemned to do duty in the actual treadmill. As bodily activity is so much prized by them, this confined stage might too much cramp their energies in that way. Well, I would have them induced, by the application of a proper stimulus, to "come aloft." I should like to see these gentlemen, exhibiting their "lofty tricks" (we have improved on Ben Jonson, and now call it "cutting capers") at a cart's tail, and I would answer for an astonished, and intensely delighted body of spectators. I would have the *μαστιγοφόροι*, studiously attentive to the personal comfort of their

patients; and willing to strike, high or low, as might be most agreeable. This discriminating politeness might produce the conviction, of some distinction, between children's rattles, and marshals' batons.

Now, my dear Robert, what say you to my *κορυθαιολαχ νεικη?* Now that I have poured them out, my *σμιλευμαλαχ εργων* will have more room to arrange themselves, and come forth decorously. If I have any very ambitious views, I do not think that my prospects of a deanry or Bishopric have been much brightened by what I have written. Perhaps my possession of my parsonage has been somewhat endangered, for perhaps I have written, or shall yet write, something actionable. Well, my lawyers are Messrs. Smith and Roberts, of Truro; and I shall plead my own cause, without troubling any gentleman of the long robe. I am no speaker; but "*facit indignatio versum,*" and I fancy that it will supply me with the necessary material for my own defencē, I have done good services I think; for I have been writing too rapidly, not to be aware that I have been writing tolerably well. Professional character! all nonsense. We have all heard of the officer, who was ordered by his general to a post, and informed by that general, in a whisper, that he was going to certain death. The officer made his bow, went, and was killed. What is one man's life or character worth, when general good is to be obtained? That is too high a strain for me, for nothing have I to do with the "plumed troop or the big wars;" and certainly I have had no order, or encouragement of any kind: and I do not know that in a matter, so purely personal, I should listen to them, if I had. A humbler comparison will suit me better. Suppose me then a servant, and suppose also a chimney sweep coming to attack my master and his family in their own house. Ought I to hesitate to eject the intruder, through the fear of soiling the purity of my variegated "uniform"? If I did so hesitate, ought not my selfish gentility procure for me my immediate dismissal? Whether I had received orders or not, I fancy I should be obliged to "resign the service."

Now I feel quite cool again. My following remarks, and I may say the same of much that I have already written, are not intended for the "Times" (in some parts they are totally inapplicable) but for newspapers in general. One does not know where to begin, for the ridiculous and detestable are so mixed, that discrimination is often impossible. So, I will put my hand into the bag, and draw out the

first thread that offers itself, and the rest will come in their own order.

You saw of course, some time ago, the picture of a Nineveh bull trampling down his assailants. I think that the dogs had the better of the conflict, and if they had been the artists, I fancy that we should have had a different picture. I like the Nineveh researches of the gentleman, to whom I have alluded, very much; and I wish, for his own sake, that he had built his entire reputation upon them. When I make a speech, charging another gentleman with having unfairly favoured John Doe, and he writes me a letter, explaining that he has not done so, I think that I should be too much ashamed of my mistake, to take the matter coolly, and retort upon him, that, if it was not John Doe, it was Richard Roe. I could scarcely expect another explanation about Richard Roe; seeing that my mistake about John Doe, and my cool way of taking the explanation, rather damaged my statements about other people. I always distrust pretensions to peculiar patriotism; as I do those shops, which proclaim their superiority over the others in their neighbourhood, and exhibit ticketed goods in their windows. Such shops I studiously avoid. I prefer dealing with tradesmen, who give me a fair article, at a fair price. If they think my custom worth keeping, they will deal fairly by me: and I am very suspicious of stupendous novelties, and alarming sacrifices. If I have been living too well, I can starve myself on Mr. Abernethy's plan; who advised the alderman to live on sixpence a day, and first earn it, by hard labour in the garden, or at road mending. I think that a cheaper plan, than the purchase, at a most extravagant price, of the Revalenta Arabia Food, seeing that that curious designation indicates only a common pulse, or lens, or whatever may be its botanical name. They give it to horses in India, under the name of "gram;" and it makes very good dolbhaut, if you know that Indian dish. I was for nine weeks an inmate of Dr. Ellis's Hydropathic establishment at Sudbrooke Park, near Richmond, about eleven miles from London; it might be from over-eating; and I think that he found me a tolerably tractable patient. He will be grieved to hear, that though I have never at any time in my life been a victim, internally or externally, to hydrophobia, I indulge myself in liberties, at which he would be aghast. I do not object to light claret, the *vin ordinaire* of Bordeaux. Perhaps you prefer crusty old port—but you must be clever to find much of that now, unless your purse is much

heavier than mine. I must here say a word to another friend. My good friend John, (not you Robert) do not throw away that damaged Burgundy of your's. It *is* sour, but it is grape-juice : so keep it for me, for I like it better than the brandy, which you drink under the name of sherry. Good brandy is not to be despised, but I think that it is better, when you buy it under its own name. I totally differ from Dr. Johnson, when he says, or is made to say, "Claret for boys, port for men, brandy for heroes ;" and though I do not absolutely adopt Mr. Cyrus Redding's counter aphorism (a very good book which I have, and have studied) I think that there is good philosophy in it :—"Port for porters, brandy for savages, claret and Burgundy for gentlemen." Pray do you deal with the Messrs. Wintle, whose "father was formerly rector of Matson in Gloucestershire." You have an advantage in dealing with them, that if, in defiance of Lord Cardigan, you put black bottles on your table, you will have them all of a size. "Clergy Lists," and penny postage, procure us hosts of correspondents, though that is scarcely the word, as few people answer them. To speak more professionally, have you bought any of the lithographed sermons, stated in the advertisements to look like manuscript. I hope that I am betraying no confidence, as this chance of a good thing has been communicated to me, more than once, in private and confidential circulars. You and I have no galleries; so, as we should not be overlooked, we might dispense with the precaution. The "Penny Pulpit" cuts off many resources from us; and I may be driven to Blair. I know a curious instance of a man, who gained great fame, as an extemporaneous preacher, but unfortunately was found out to have learned by heart, and to have gone regularly through, "Blunt's Lectures." I do not mean J. but H.; both excellent men, and, by death, lost to the Church. I have a great idea of Hydropathy, and I think that I have experienced its good effects, seen some, and heard of more, which I believe; though I do not, like some of its (I think injudicious) advocates, consider it a cure for all diseases, or applicable to all. I cannot say, that I understand Homœopathy; though I have read a small library about it. The strong point, I think, is the analogy of inoculation under its various forms, and what, I suppose, we may call one of them, the communication of hydrophobia, (the disease so called, I mean) by the bite of a mad dog. I do not understand the operation, nor have I ever seen the effects, of the medicines. I hold with Pindar's *αριστον μεν νοσωρ*; but I do not

object to the light claret. That, and coffee, made as the French make it, in most village public houses, are good beverages. Fish and rice, after the Indian fashion; and brown bread and butter, as the English make them, are not to be despised. I do not refuse turtle soup, when it comes in my way, which is not often: but mock turtle is too good for me.

Perhaps you are proud of the curl and glossiness of your hair. Do you think that these embellishments of nature are made more attainable, by the growth, in Madagascar, or in the neighbourhood of the falls of Niagara, of the plants, said to be used in the composition of your favourite "preparations?" I know very little of Professor Holloway, and do not desire to know more. The enlightened public hold opinions different from mine; and I like to put in, edgeways, whatever I can, in attestation of the difference between us, on nearly all points.

Now the taking of Sebastopol is, I think, better celebrated by our giving money to the sufferers from the war, or to other persons in need, than by eating good dinners ourselves, or lighting candles and lamps, and putting up flags, with inscriptions very dull, and many of them old friends of ours. One is wearied, with seeing column, after column, in the newspapers, filled with minute details of these feats of patriotism, ending usually in smoke and indigestion, and eulogiums on their patriotic performers. One curious celebration I remember to have seen, in which a certain "number of gentlemen," somewhere or other, "partook" of an enormous pie, composed of all sorts of curious ingredients. We, ancient Britons, are much given to pics, or what we commonly call here pasties, cleverly compounded from apples, leeks, bacon, saffron, pilchards, and other good things. A fortunate thing for us is, that we know where to go for Dr. de Jongh's light brown cod liver oil, highly recommended by Berzelius; though I had fancied, that the eminent Swedish chemist had died, a few years before the public had made the acquaintance of Dr. de Jongh; unless he is, as some say that he is, our older acquaintance, Professor Holloway, under a new name. If either doubt appears weighty to any one, that person has the opportunity of providing himself with any number of mammoth bottles, of "old Dr. Jacob Townsend's Sarsaparilla." I do not like the tastes of a great portion of the public, if those are separable from their opinions.

This last week's papers give us a few more instances, as in what week, are they not given? A man is had up for robbing a Roman

Catholie chapel, Mr. Oakley's, and is acquitted : and the decision of the magistrate is received with cheers. Miss Anastasia Huggard, the young lady of many names, who is figuring at Wolverhampton, brings a charge of immorality against a clergyman. She, or her attorney, is cheered ; the cheerers being forgetful, that the proof of her charge cuts both ways, and slightly damages her character, and so her credibility : though one would think that *their* business had been done, by what had been proved, in other cases, against her. Where a parson, or a papist, is concerned, justice is properly a "minor consideration." Dr. Newman's law case is another instance. Dr. Newman, by the way, is rather severe against his old friends. His new friends may think the better of him on that account : so do not his old friends, though they will never disguise their sense of his talents, and of what they think the better, and more effectual, way, in which he formerly exerted those talents. Another case occurred, in newspaper phrase not a hundred miles from this, nor a hundred years ago. A parishioner had badgered his clergyman most unmercifully ; waylaid him, as he was coming out of cottages ; followed him about, with accusations ; would not let him escape ; and at last told him, in the plainest English, that he was a "liar." This clergyman, who in becoming one, had not ceased to be a man (and I tell him, what he well knows, that he acted most improperly) quite lost himself ; and inflicted a most unmerciful chastisement on his persecutor. In an ordinary case, the damages would have been £5. This was special, so, in the teeth of the judge's summing up, the damages were returned at £300 ! The profession of the offender made the offence worse in him, but how did it aggravate the injury to the sufferer ? Why, it was a mitigation of that, for no foolish ideas of honour could misinterpret his submission to the chastisement inflicted. There was another *very* strong instance, in the same county, of a case of libel, decided with true Protestant feeling, by a Protestant jury. I like to show my learning, and this is a good opportunity for me, to explain, that the word "jury" is derived from the Latin verb "*jurare*," or perhaps, more immediately through the French verb, "*jurer*," meaning, like its Latin ancestor, "to swear." So the members of a "jury" are separately "sworn" to do justice on the merits of the case, without partiality. If the defendant exhibits himself in the dress of a day labourer, a dress indicating a more honourable employment certainly than his own, he gives an immense assistance toward the development of Protestant

jnstice. O most green Dragon! I could go on venting my spleen on you, till I ruined myself in printing. A generous public?—yes, generous *and* enlightened.

When I get upon Protestantism, in the modern acceptation of the word, I generally go off at a tangent: and you must allow me to have a little fling here. If a clergyman's tastes lead him in that direction, we generally hear some severe remarks, upon his card playing, going to balls or theatres, shooting, fishing, hunting, and so on. I think, that I speak within bounds, when I express an opinion, that, in a certain Book, the sinfulness of any one of these amusements is not expressly stated. But in regard to some of them, it may be inferred? Well, I have not the time, perhaps not the inclination, to dispute that. We must, however, remember, that in our zeal for maintaining inferences, we avoid *as* carefully, at least, sins expressly prohibited. What now about bearing false witness, lying, looking out for motes or beams in other people's eyes? What about tattlers, busy bodies (*πολυπραγμοσύνη* is a large word, extending from vestry patriots to patriots in Parliament, and above, and below, both) evil speakers against dignities, railers, gossips, people entering into houses, for the purpose of leading captive silly women? Would not persons, with any of these qualifications, be better employed, in correcting their own faults, than in hunting up their unhappy parsons? Some indulge in this last amusement, against whom graver charges might be laid (though in my catalogue lying stands very nearly at the top) *ex. gr.* habitual drunkenness, dishonesty, profligacy. In the Rabbinical theology, and, as some say, in that of the Papists, Horace's precept is supported, for he advises to weigh virtues and vices against each other, and then strike the balance as to a man's character. These persons so far act on that rule; for they seem to think, that blacking applied to the parsons, operates as whitewash on their own little peccadilloes. I think that they are wrong. I think that they ought to stop short in their declamations against Purgatory; and first settle the domestic question. Prudence, I am sure, recommends the setting of one's own house in order, as a preliminary to interference in that of our neighbour.

The tone of public censure has varied in late years. We do not, at the present day, hear much against fox-hunting parsons. I am not quite sure, whether a jolly three-bottle fox-hunter is not rather an exemplary character: for he serves as a protest against the present offenders, who want to restore to decency their Churches,

and the services in them; who live abstemiously; and go muddling about in their schools, and among their poor; like that foolish man, who frittered away a fine property, in paying his debts. The public is like that unreasonable soldier, who was to be flogged, and would not be satisfied; though his friend, the drummer, was willing to hit high or low, or in any way, that he would point out, as likely to accommodate him. The rosy hues, and expansive waistcoats, of former parsons, used to furnish amusement to the public. Now it is equally amused, by representations of emaciated Puseyites.

For changes in several respects, we ought to be thankful. One very unseemly topic for general conversation has been, in great measure, expelled. The "Record," I think, and hope, has somewhat mitigated its vehement, and overflowing eloquence, against a certain "heresy." The "Gorham case" has done something for us there. It has proved, that the so-called "heresy" has always been the belief of the universal Church. It has certainly adjudicated, that a person may deny it, and yet hold prefcerment. Well, I am satisfied to take the two results together. I can submit to the anomaly, or whatever it ought to be called; and yet be thankful, for having been delivered from the tea-tattle blasphemy, which I had to endure. I am sorry to have mentioned Mr. Gorham, for I believe him to be an honourable and accomplished gentleman. I never sneer at a man's belief. If I think him honest in his professions; and if he maintains his opinions without abusing other people, I do not interfere with him. I was once fellow traveller, for a few hours, with Mr. Gorham; and I recall the occasion with pleasure. I wish, that we could escape from gossip, on another, not less serious, and kindred subject. But if a clergyman who is suspected of being a black sheep, alludes to it, or is supposed to allude to it, in a sermon, he has the hard-handed, soft-skulled mechanics, or his softer-handed but not clearer-brained respectables, down upon him at once. An amusing specimen of this theological discernment is now being exhibited at Watford. One clergyman preached a sermon, and immediately the congregation detected its insidious *meaning*. Another read Prayers, and at once they detected his *intentions*. He was reading—but he *intended* at some future day to intone. Both intention and meaning were disowned by the clergymen themselves, the best qualified judges, one would fancy, in this case; but both clergymen have been obliged to leave the parish; and the congregation keep up their protest for purity of faith, by going out of Church

at a particular prayer, and so disturbing the service, and making their protest conspicuous. It is too ridiculous, and it is something worse. In the same paper I think, I saw an account of some proceedings at Bedminster. Something papistical, or superstitious, was detected in some carving, given to the Church. It was so far out of sight, that the Bishop was obliged to get some people to examine it for him. Whether they used a ladder, or not, I cannot say. The consecration, and so use, of the Church, which I may suppose to have been needed, as otherwise it would not have been built, was delayed; and the Bishop felt himself obliged to write a letter, excusing from attendance at the consecration, those, whose consciences might be grieved by attendance.

This is certainly the age for tender conscience. If people go to a Church to worship, they have neither the time nor the inclination, to be spying out all the ornaments, which people as good as themselves, and as liberal in money and opinions as they are, have purchased for its decoration. What credit people gain for their cleverness in making discoveries, they lose for their professions of reverence, and desire to worship. I do not stand up for the introduction of things, really objectionable: but I would leave to authorised and competent persons, to settle, what are so. The public are no judges of such matters. Every man should stick to his own trade. On matters of taste, I like one thing, and dislike another. My neighbour holds an opinion, the reverse of mine, as to both. Is that any reason, why we should not kneel, side by side? If every thing superstitious is to come down, we should not be content with smashing all the old glass in our Cathedrals, and Parish Churches, so covering ourselves, with the glory of cheaply destroying, what, with skill and generosity far greater than ours, others have put up. We ought, in consistency, not to stop short at superstition, and let idolatry escape. Windows, rood lofts, and other things, may have been *perverted* to uses of superstition: but the Apollo Belvidere, the Venus de Medicis, and I suppose much of the Assyrian and Egyptian importations, were *made* for the purpose of idolatry. Let us smash them all. Oh, but surely you allow the distinction, between the same things, in Churches and in museums. A fair objection in others, my good friend, but not in you; for you carry your theory into my house; and, by it, make me responsible to you for my conduct, opinions, and attitudes. You have no mercy on me; you make no allowance, for me; give me not the least liberty of action or opinion. You can read in your Prayer

Book the oaths which I have taken: and these ought to be a security for my Protestantism, unless you know anything about me, which renders my oath unworthy of credit. When I differ from you in opinion, these oaths of mine ought to procure from you a lenient construction for my opinions. Your conduct is the very reverse of all this: for I cannot have an opinion, as to anything, inside or outside of a church, an ornament, or garment, but you immediately charge me with superstition, leaning to Popery, and what in my case is a necessary consequence, meditated treachery, and contempt of oath. There *is* a difference between a church and a museum. To the one we go, to examine, criticise, find fault, or admire. To the other we go, to worship. "A nice man is a man of nasty ideas," says some one: and a man, who goes to church, to pry about for indications of Popery, when he ought to be saying his prayers, gives me a poor idea of the sincerity of his Protestant faith. Going to church, with the express purpose of coming out, and disturbing the congregation, when a certain prayer is being read, is no more mark of your good breeding, my Watford friends, than it is of your religious sincerity.

I remember, years ago, being in Notre Dame, and seeing, in the middle of the service, two individuals in black, with white neck-cloths, walk up to the choir rails, talking loudly (I think with hats on) and lionising the whole proceedings. As a gallant Captain, a few years since, observed to me, there is sometimes a difficulty in distinguishing between butlers and clergymen. I think, that these were clerical gentlemen, and I fancy of my own denomination. However, a verger was sent to them; and if they had been put into the stocks, I, for one, should not have raised my voice, for the undoubted privileges of free born Britons. I have made a sad confession. Let me atone for it. Before I had Rev^d. engraved on my cards, I was a good deal in Scotland, and I constantly attended the Kirk of the Parish, in which I was. If you condemn my conduct, in one instance, you must condemn it in both: or perhaps, I may gain acquittal for one, as well as for the other. I fancy, that if we were at war with a nation, the desertion of a soldier to the enemy, would meet with the same punishment, whether he had gone to the autocrat of all the Russias, or had ranged himself under the star-spangled banner of the free, and united, states of America. I was, in neither case, meditating desertion; and my conduct must be referred to any thing, that you like, curiosity, Gallio-like indifference,

or any thing, that might admit of “improvement,” in an Exeter Hall oration.

I have my own notions: and I do not say what I do: but if I choose to adopt certain attitudes, or bow at certain Names, I shall certainly not ask permission for the indulgence. If the enlightened public will persist in thrusting his clumsy offensive paws into my dish, his worship must not be too scandalised, if I rap him over the knuckles, to the best of my humble powers.

Let all decent people join in a common crusade against cant and hypocrisy. I have done something in my humble way. Brother parsons, do the like. I can now go into the cottages of my Parish, without causing the ordinary business of life to be exchanged, for upturned eyes, and a sanctimonious drawl, sighs and groans at the sinfulness of the times, and meek acknowledgments for the mercies vouchsafed, in now receiving from the union two and sixpence weekly, instead of the former two shillings. Even with the peripatetic mendicants, who honour me with calls, in their tours, I have done something. Speeches, replete with piety, have been brought to a sudden stop: and my friends, startled into nature, have gone away, admiring at the testy and snappish rejoinders, with which their gifted eloquence has been rewarded. I have laughed immoderately at my resemblance to that “arbitrary gent in number 4,” of whom you may see a picture (in Mr. Thackeray’s Newcomes) throttling the waiter. The excreting cant of the day makes one long at times to turn “misanthrope,” and “keep a pike.” It is enough to send one to his English, as the Scotch say, when a man is angry. You remember, of course, the sham boatswain, in St. Ronan’s Well, assailing the Parsee merchant, with a volley of oaths, fit to blow the Bethel Union out of water, and then catching a tartar, and sheering off, totally discomfited, muttering to himself, “Who would have expected such a torrent of slang from a woollen night cap?” When my works come out, with my portrait at the beginning, I think that I will have on a night cap, and that will make me look like Cowper, or Henry IV. There is a good frontispiece engraving to the life of a man, called Carvozzo, a great gun, in these parts I should judge from the name. He is represented in an expostulating attitude, with hands uplifted, and tears, as large as walnuts, trickling down his cheeks, and saying, what I do not choose to repeat; for I do not like unnecessary blasphemy. If you have kept the Quarterly, look out an article (it is in 1821) on William

Huntington, S.S., or Sinner Saved. If you have never read it, you will be in danger of dying with laughing. Mause Headrigg's quotations and applications are not exaggerations on the theology: and Molierc's Tartuffe is mild to the autobiography. The life and work, are in twenty octavo volumes! Neither Molierc, Swift, nor any greater master of the ridiculous, could have written a more telling book against the S.S.: but, he flourished, had wealth and followers, and has this expensive posthumous honour paid to his memory. The gullibility of the public is *inconceivable*. Joanna Southcote is another case in point.

I shall now give a little advice to ministers of my own persuasion; for with the other denominations I do not meddle. I attack no one for his opinions: but if a man will support them, by offensively thrusting them and himself upon me, why, he must look out for squalls. I detest dissent; and if I have struck a fair average of the dissenters, whom I have known, and of whom I have heard, and that average represents the generality of the others, I neither like nor admire them. That tender flower, conscience, is not fitted for exposure to "battle and blast." Those, who value it rightly, keep it in its own little flower pot, on some safe shelf; under lock and key too, if necessary. Like crusty old port, it will not stand shaking.

To ministers then of my own denomination, I address myself. Among other pieces of advice, I would say, do not try to unsettle the faith of some poor fellow, or servant girl, by a pithy tract on the mass; and, by the way, do learn the meaning of the word "mass;" for it is not necessarily connected with a subject, which *some* Christians, weaker brethren doubtless, dread to hear in common conversation. Do not fancy, that you have achieved a Protestant triumph, when you have cleverly contrived to induce some superstitious person, to "partake" of a leg of mutton in Lent. Remember again, that there is one person, intimately connected with Another, Whose Name certainly ought to be sacred: and that He may not be pleased, with your facetious remarks upon His relative. Let Him secure your respect for every body, and every thing, connected with Him, His lowest servants even. So do not go into the Parish of a Tractarian brother; and try to set the clerk, and sexton, and the rest (the oldest inhabitant included) against their poor benighted bell-wether. There is a connection among all these things, I assure you. In one thing I think that you did wrong, and that was the surplice agitation. You ought to have been aware, and ought to

have made your Parishioners aware, that they did not gain so much glory, as they may suppose, by this feat of Protestantism. The surplice in the pulpit is no convincing proof of Romanism, seeing that the Romanists never use it there. O that ridiculous business! those zealous birds, laying down the law to their wives and daughters, on what they had done, and what they meant to do, for the pure Protestantism of England! One's sides ache, to think of it, but we are thankful, nevertheless, that that tempest in a tea cup has subsided. Only think of the elaborate charges of the Churchwardens, and the pure zeal of the "lovers of our Church." The turnips upon their shoulders were most effectually turned: but it was a serious business, at the time.

To one clergyman, in particular, I will give a little advice, leaving still a crow to be picked between us. When your superior publicly appeals to you, for your confirmation of his account of an examination, at which he and you were present, if you have given your confirmation, unreservedly and impressively, do not, in the same town, within a few days or weeks, as publicly, describe the examination as a farce, and call that a child's trick, which you had called a grievous crime. Again, if you are so unfortunate, as to have in your town, or towns, a Tractarian, who is charged with having taken auricular confessions in his Church, do not kneel down on the platform before a promiscuous assemblage to show how confessions are, or may be, made. Let your enjoyment of the amusement, which you were creating, be qualified by Shakspeare's speech addressed by one of his kings to the wittiest of his characters, "Away old man, grey hairs become not a fool or a jester."

Some very good ideas I picked up in a book, which I read some eight years ago, parts of which have stuck by me. It is called "Steepleton, or Low Church," and was written, I believe, to counteract the effects of "Hawkstone, or High Church." The latter book is quite overdone; and, by its absurd exaggeration, recoils, like most overloaded guns, on the person using it. Steepleton is very different; but uncommonly good. A pious young man, zealous for the ministry, robs his father's till, to promote his views. Faithful (Frank is it? that makes the name better) is the appropriate designation of this interesting youth. He plays his part most appropriately; bursts into tears, on all occasions, after the fashion of Sterne, over the dead donkey; is burdened in conscience, because he is not allowed to introduce his favourite tracts into the reading room of his

club; argues, *omnibus de rebus*, with a sagacity and good taste, which would qualify him for a S. T. P. at Exeter Hall; and, I think, leaves us in the attempt to convert the clerk, or sexton, of a neighbouring parson, whose blunders, and shortcomings, he confidentially reveals to the subordinate Church officer. One specimen of the argumentative power, I remember. In a certain service, occurs the phrase, "seeing that." This the author tells us, means "provided that," it being equivalent to the French, "*pourvu que*." His researches into French literature had not brought him to the, by no means uncommon, expression "*ru que*." Let me, therefore, explain, that "provided that," and "*pourvu que*," mean "if"; "seeing that," and "*ru que*," mean "as."

I do not think that "Steepleton" is a specimen of that discreditable mode of argument, by which people write ridiculous works, and ascribe them to their adversaries. Some such works have been written by opposers of dissent. Let dissenters know, that there *are* Churchmen, who utterly abominate such a proceeding, holding, as their Church teaches them, that honesty is an essential part of religion. We do not approve of such: we do not approve of sham bulls of the Pope. I think, however, that Steepleton is a *bona fide* book. If so, it is admirable. A similar attempt to Frank Faithful's on the sexton, was made, a few years ago, on the churchwardens of England (the maiden aunts, and grandmothers, of England we may expect to see handled some day by a gifted authoress) but the churchwardens' modesty was solicited by a well-organised association. Peace to the dead! but Mr. Colquhoun, I hope and believe, is still alive. I know that some years ago his name was mentioned among the probable candidates for the representation of Oxford University, Colquhoun *versus* Gladstone! I think that his name was on the circular, which my Churchwarden gravely brought to me, good fellow! for so doing; and I, as gravely, read over with him the items of the charge, which he might, could, would or should, bring against me. I recommended him to include his charge in his annual presentment to the Archdeacon, rather than send it to the committee of the Defence, or United grand junction, or whatever it might be, Society. So the threatening storm was dispelled by a joke,—*risu solvuntur tabulae*.

I do not call myself a Tractarian. As the name is given to me, I accept it, to save trouble. I do not think, that those who have left us, for the Roman communion, and have since been most pro-

minent in their enmity to us, have been much bettered by the exchange. I do not see any improvement on Dr. Newman; and I am grieved for the writer of the "Arians of the 4th Century." The same I may say in regard to Father Ignatius, if I may judge of him, by his plan to convert England to "the unity of the Catholic faith," by introducing into our houses, disguised Jesuits, well skilled in theology, in the form of Protestant house maids, furnished with certificates of their being "members of churches," and proofs of "vital Christianity." The work of conversion is to commence in the kitchen; and the holy flame is to spread to the upstair apartments, on true scientific principles; for Aristotle tells us, as an axiom, that fire goes upward, a stone downward. I wonder what the Mr. Spencer of former days, or any other English gentleman, would have thought, if such a contrivance had been imputed to him? We must allow for a little extra zeal in a convert; even when people choose to call him a renegade. I always like to give rope enough; and so I would not interfere with the "Redemptionist fathers," in their Bible-burnings. Redemptionist fathers! well, people are always forgetting, that there is but one step between the sublime and the ridiculous. It is curious to see the old tactics, from the Nag's Head downwards, and the artful dodges, by which Jesuit missionaries tried to create dissensions in the heretical camp, by enacting the parts of ultra-Protestants. I remember to have read of one of these gentry, bringing his neck into the rope, to which I have alluded; and of there being found, in his boot, a license from his superior, or it might have been a "bull," sanctioning the holy deception. I remember also to have heard of a miracle, of more modern times, exhibited, not in a boot, but in another article of clothing. It was the case of a notorious swearer, who fell down dead, while indulging in his favourite habit, and "Swear not at all," was found written on the tail of his shirt. Is there not something deteriorating in "the true Catholic faith," on those not born to the manner. Greyhounds cannot stand exportation to India; for in a year or two they become very shady greyhounds. The transformation was curiously exemplified in one, who has died, since I began to write—forgiveness and peace be his portion! But he did give us the case of a quiet Quaker, coming out a most pugnacious whelp of the "Lion of the fold of Judah," who kennels at St. Jarlath's. Tullus Aufidius is a tame Volscian, compared with the ex-patriot

Coriolanus, who never flutters the dovecotes of Corioli, so violently, as when he is adopted into them.

"An Essay on Catholic Home Missions, by the Rev. F. Faber, Priest of the Oratory," was yesterday put into my hands; and I must put my notice of it in this place; though my printing is considerably ahead of it. In order to make a clear field for argument, I must do my best, to dispel a few little ambiguities, before I enter on argument. Firstly; Mr. Faber makes excuses (page 22) for "the spiritual bill of fare, put forth" by the Bishop of Oxford, being "a trifle cold," by saying, "He had no mission; he had no sacraments; the Spirit would not speak by him: what *could* he do?" This apology I recommend Mr. Faber to apply, as I apply it, to himself, and his fellow-schismatics. He has left the ancient Church of England, for a community, whose Orders are very uncertain, and whether valid or not in themselves, incapable, by the law of the Universal Church, of being exercised in this country. When I speak of the uncertainty of Orders, I speak, in reference, not to the branches of the Catholic Church in other countries, but to the fracture from the branch in England. Next, in drawing his comparison between the Church of England, and his "Catholic Church," Mr. Faber is profuse, and very unnecessarily so, on respectability, gentility, or propriety, or whatever he may be pleased to call it; perhaps worse than *unnecessarily*, for he knows, that, whatever the conduct of her ministers, the Church of England places a higher value on the salvation of a single soul, than on all those considerations, which he has imputed to her. In the comparison on the working of each, the Church of England is described as working genteelly; the "Catholic Church" as working among and *with* the poor. The Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster enlarged on the latter idea, a year or two since, in a style of flowery declamation, worthy of Exeter Hall. Mr. Faber draws from the comparison of this working, an inference in favor of the Catholic Church. What, that Church exclusively? What then becomes of the dissenters, from both Churches, working in the same field, as that claimed for the "Catholic Church," the "City Mission," and many dissenting bodies now, and those excellent men, Wesley, and Whitfield, formerly? If I were to grant, what I do *not* grant, that my Church is negligent of the poor, or less attentive to them, than to imaginary propriety, how can Mr. Faber claim the exclusive credit of the opposite conduct for his "Catholic Church"? He must make common cause here (as, in

general opposition to our Church, his party does) with the other dissenters. Much good may they mutually derive from the alliance! This part of Mr. Faber's subject pervades his book; but the following sentences at page 41 may give an idea of his meaning. "Protestantism would fain educate the masses, give a tone to society, moralize multitudes, or veil their immoralities. It is not with sin, as sin, that it deals: whereas this is just the work of the Church." "Protestant" is a convenient undistributed middle, much used by writers of his party. So also in Mr. Faber's pamphlet is "Confession." The Church of England holds one form of confession to be absolutely necessary: and Mr. Faber's own experience, while he was of us, makes him know, that she does not *discourage* the other. If beside undistributed middle, *ignoratio elenchi*, and *petitio principii*, were studiously avoided, the writings of Mr. Faber's party would be sensibly diminished in bulk, and in effect. These terms are Hebrew to our other assailants: but Mr. Faber ought to understand them. The connection between the theology of his party, and that of their dissenting brethren, is very striking. St. Alphonso di Liguori gives the theological rules for a "good duplicity," by which a man may be robbed by his wife, children, and servants: and Frank Faithful in Steepleton acts, in unconscious obedience to them, in robbing his father.

I should like to ask a few questions of Mr. Faber's party. If the intrusion by the state of a Bishop on a reluctant, and protesting, Church, is very damaging to the Church's claims, what is to be said of that large proportion of French Bishops, cashiered, and their dioceses remodelled by the state, with the *forced assent* of the "Head of the Church?" Another question, which I should like to have answered without "good duplicity," is this, Has the Pope power to give away kingdoms? or, to narrow the field of inquiry, Has he power to depose an heretical Sovereign? and are the subjects of that Sovereign absolved from their allegiance, and bound to reject the authority of their Sovereign? These questions *obiter*. Now we will go on with the pamphlet. Mr. Faber has no right to complain of my language, as an ungenerous return for the courtesy of his language toward individual Churchmen. After he has said what he *can* against them, the Bishop of Oxford for instance, he excuses their acts and language, by imputing them to the spirit of their communion. *We* are little obliged to him, I suppose, for *that* courtesy. I say on the contrary, that there is a supercilious tone in

his language, which does him no credit, and which seems to rest on very slender foundation. Whatever he might have been in former days, he does not retain much of the old shop. The Cherwell water-lily has not been much improved by the wild-mustard or wild-garlic pungency, which its transference to the Tiber, the Liffey, or the Itchen has given to it. Καρδαμον βλεπειν is no compensating addition to bad logic, and bad taste. Mr. Faber, on the authority of a "Mr. M'Farlane," finds fault with Mr. Gladstone's book on Naples, as written without due investigation of proper sources of information. Let us suppose me to grant, though I cannot imagine that I am *quite* compelled to do so, that Mr. M'Farlane, whoever he may be, is to be believed against Mr. Gladstone: then let me go on with Mr. Faber, at p. 27. "We are told in the "Times" of Sept. 10, that Dr. Wilberforce, the protestant bishop of Oxford, who is touring in Switzerland" (Dr. Wiseman never tours) "is about to" do whatever it may be. Then with an, "If the 'Times' does not belie him," comes in Mr. Faber's exemplification of the weight, due to hearsay statements, ending with, "So much for protestant love of truth! Dr. Wilberforce is welcome to the laurels, which he will doubtless gain." All this depending on so small a peg, as—"We are told in the "Times"! Now this sentence I call worthy of the "Tablet," or any other low newspaper. There is another sentence (page 35) relating to a young clergyman, in a locality, prudently unspecified (because in the reverse case, we might make inquiries about the "fox-hunting rectors" there) preaching to railway-labourers, and being left by his Bishop, to "the odious task of bearding in their parochial rights, sundry fox-hunting rectors, whose zeal kept humble pace with their discretion, and would by no means have approved of the apostolic Cantab.'s *al fresco* sermons in the muddy cutting, or the tunnel shaft." That sentence would probably pass with the "Tablet" as clever, and in good taste. In another sense of the words, I like "clean cutting:" and Mr. Faber does not manage his tool with sufficient dexterity: and hence the "muddy" business which he makes. After all this, I have not the slightest wish to see the work at Norwood, or Birmingham. Again, for I cannot afford to let off Mr. Faber. Page 47, "The Protestant principle is, "No faith with Papists;" and a lie is not a lie, when it is told against the Catholic Church; because there is such an overwhelming *a priori* probability in the Anglican mind, that all bad things *must* be true of Rome."

What is the character of that sentence? Does the word, "Protestant," at the commencement of it take in the Church of England? Does the word, "Anglican," coming in later, added to "Protestant," designate, or take in, the Church of England? Does the Church of England, or more particularly that called, by way of distinction, the "Anglican" portion of it, hold the principle, "No faith with Papists; and a lie is not a lie, when told against the Catholic Church"? Is there not here a little "good duplicity"? Mr. Faber must not be offended at my question, for he has ascribed at page 4 "good duplicity," and at page 44 "a sort of exaggeration," to One, to Whom I humbly think, that neither can be ascribed without blasphemy: and sure I am, that both *are* ascribed without the smallest reason. The "good duplicity" is found in the answer to the question, put as to the woman "taken in adultery." The case is nearly the same, as that of the disputed tribute money. The purpose in both cases was, to involve the Person in a dilemma. If He thought differently from what Moses had laid down in the law, His credit with the people was to be ruined: if He confirmed their decision on the point, He was to be accused to the Romans, of interfering with their laws, and of inciting the people to rebellion. The answer in both cases was supernaturally "good": of "duplicity" I cannot see a trace. I do not allow the existence of such a thing as "good duplicity." I hate and repudiate, and my Church with me, all "duplicity," every "sort of exaggeration." Mr. Faber endorses both: and there can be no doubt, that the practice of his "Church" supports him in so doing. Exaggeration and duplicity are legibly written in the history of that "Church." Therefore as we, poor heretics, must be guided by the rules of common sense, and common honesty, seeing that we have no dispensing, or enlightening power, to assist us, he must not be angry, if we hesitate to admit his statements, and those of his party, as to their working and progress, their converts, their missionaries, the holy and disinterested feelings of their members. We have had so many cock and bull stories of miracles, sister Nativité, and thousands of others; so many astounding solutions of morals, authoritative opinions on the disembodied state (I will not go so far as to say, canonization) of scoundrels, regicides, and scum of all descriptions, that we are pardonably rather shy of the advances of our venerable mother. Poor little Red Riding-Hood is prudent in keeping on the outside of

the door. We have had Joanna Southcotes, and Sinners Saved, of our own, and we cannot stand the theory, which should invest the sayings and doings of these impostors, with the authority, which we gladly yield to the miracles of the New Testament; and would yield to other miracles, properly substantiated. Mr. Faber's list of names of missionaries, and their doings, goes with me for nothing. That "good duplicity" is my answer to them all.

I can admire, perhaps almost as reverently as he does, Xavier Borromeo (St. Charles, if he prefers to call him so) Vincent de Paule, and hundreds of other veritable saints: but his dancing dervishes, Morcains, and mountebanks, I will not have at any price. I shall never think of "*C'est l'amour*," or of our version of it, "Money makes the mare to go," without thinking also of M. Morcain. A M. Morcain goes to hold a mission at a village where, the inhabitants, diabolically inspired against his purpose, go to assail him, singing this parody of "*C'est l'amour*,"

C'est le Morcain, le Morcain, le Morcain,
Qui damne le monde à la ronde.

He disarms them by jumping out of his vehicle, entering into the spirit of the thing, joining their dance and song, and (page 73) "Away he goes, dancing and singing, and his *sans-culottes* with him, till they reach the door of the Church, into which he also dances, irreverent fellow! and the crowd after him. But there he is on his own ground, and straightway he mounts the pulpit, and preaches a most tremendous fire-and-brimstone sermon." A great deal more there is, in this wretched style, ending in what I call a very close shave on blasphemy, if a shave at all. Simply on this account, I do not go on with the narration. To "Catholic minds" there may be no approach to blasphemy; and therefore I exempt Mr. Faber from all blame on that score. There would be a grand prospect of the "conversion" of England, if Mr. Faber and his friends could persuade the "Cardinal Archbishop," to dance, in full attire, down Parliament Street, and over Westminster Bridge, with a similar following. Can this be the Mr. Faber of Oxford? Has his conversion to the "Catholic faith" brought him to this pass, that he fancies himself to be doing good service to that faith, by the publication of this extraordinary pamphlet. I hope that he and his friends will publish many more of the same sort. This

lucky pamphlet has opened to me a new line of study. I will procure some more of their writings, for my country obscurity has left me sadly ignorant of the extent, and the manner, of the proceedings for our "conversion." "Development" I read carefully, when it came out; and I will read it again. In it the deterioration of a mighty intellect was most visible. A hand which could strike indeed with power, not it's own, for the ancestral altar, becomes withered, when raised, in defence of a strange fire, against the messengers from that Church, in regard to which, it has committed desertion, and rebellion; a hand which, to the extent of it's power, has "caused Israel to sin."

O that the owner of that hand, and others, would think of what they are doing; how they are giving force to that fearful public opinion, which is trampling down every thing sacred! how they are investing with ludicrous associations, things and persons which should be guarded with the care, with which we guard the apple of our own eye. Take one person—the Blessed, Ever-Virgin, Mother of GOD! From my inmost soul, I give her all these titles; and much do I pity those, who have the Scriptures, the history and acts of the Church, and yet cannot see how all these titles are her's! I see many means taken to render ridiculous what I intensely revere. I see a Litany to her; and I have heard an innocent child, repeat that Litany; and while my own sense of honour kept me mute, I listened to the frightful blasphemy of a host of appellations, among which I should not have been greatly surprised to find "sweetmeat of consolation." I, and all, who know and value the Church, of which I am a servant, are trying to keep back the rabid bull, who is eager to trample under his unclean hoofs every thing sacred; and I see an unauthorised set of defenders, who if they must act, ought to act for us, and not against us, waving their red rags in the eyes of the infuriated animal, irritating him to phrensy, and paralysing us. Retaining, and leaving others to entertain, so far as I can, the utmost allowable reverence to the Mother, for the sake of the SON, I would humbly, with uncovered head and ungloved hand, assist her from that awful seat, into which she, the "meek and lowly," has been thrust; where "the lowliness of" her SON'S "hand-maiden" suffers the agony of the keenest sword, that was to "pierce through her own soul." HE, and for His sake, she, are too awful subjects for buffoonery. I must go for language to another; and whatever the difference between me and any of my possible readers, that differ-

ence is small, when brought into contact with genius so mighty :—

“ As surely as my soul intends to live
With that Dread KING, That took our state upon HIM,
To free us from His FATHER’S awful curse,
I do believe ”

every syllable that I have written. If you have no feeling yourselves, spare us in our timid shrinkings from that, which we really dread. Spare us both SON and Mother. At the end of Mr. Faber’s pamphlet, on the cover, is a list of his publications. The first is on these Holy Persons together. Then, “The Medal of the Oratory Confraternity of the Precious Blood;” then, “A Letter to the members of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood;” then, “The Picture of the Confraternity of the Precious Blood.” At the beginning of the book, and on its cover also, is a seal, if an old one, fit enough for legal documents, but most unfit for a tract, written for general circulation; if a new one, another instance of the wretched taste, which marks the efforts for the “conversion” of England. England is not to be converted in this way. Every nation has its peculiarities: and, without finding any fault with the plans, adopted for other nations, I say, that this plan is not suited to us. The whole plan is wrong. We hate “good duplicity,” and *every* “sort of exaggeration.” All want of veracity, and of courage, we abominate: and I have already given my definition of the man, in whom the two wants are combined. The truth is, that Mr. Faber and his friends have made a great fault, or what is still worse, as Prince Talleyrand says, a great blunder. The power of buffoonery, and unpremeditated outbreaks, has been proved by the dissenters, who have in different ways assailed our Church: but then they must be *supposed* to be unpremeditated. Once let people know (as Mr. Faber and his friends are doing) that all these are under the guidance of far seeing managers; and the knowledge of the strings takes away all confidence in the puppets, which they move. Mr. Faber speaks of Paraguay. Let him add to it Japan; and find a moral for me. The “Catholic mind” has always been clever: but there is a point of cleverness, which it has never reached. “*Ars est celare artem,*” is a pregnant theme for cogitation.

I impute no personal fault to Mr. Faber. I use his own method, and retort it upon him. I refer his pamphlet, and the Protestant house maid plan, and the other acts of recent converts, to the system,

to which they have become converts. Of Mr. Faber, till I read his pamphlet, and of many other converts, I thought, as I still think, of one among them, who, I believe, retains yet his well earned appellation of "Beloved." For old members of the same faith, I have much respect, many feelings for and with them. The motives, which have led them to retain, what they consider the true faith, as held by their fathers, I can appreciate; and I would defend them from the grievous oppression, which singles them out as its victims. I would, now that the Stuart claimants are extinct, give them full liberty, "civil and religious," to the same extent, that I would give to other dissenters: and of all dissenters I like them best: and whenever I contemplate desertion from my own banner, it shall be to them. I would not hurt their feelings, whatever I might do for over zealous converts. I would not retort "rose water baptisms," (page 45) "mettlesome suffragans," "excommunicated primates" (page 46) and other "strong points" with Mr. Faber (page 45). I might, with proper reservations and conditions, echo his prayers, that "the proud hearts of our dear countrymen may fall, like the walls of the beleaguered Jericho, before the trumpets of the Word of GOD, whilst those various orders (Redemptorist among others, which from want of knowledge I have before written Redemptionist) have been *taught from on high* to sound so boldly and so *prudently*:" I must enter a very strong *if* on the emphasised words, "*taught from on high*," and "*prudently*." I think that Mr. Faber has acted very imprudently, in bringing forward one "Prince of the Church," the "Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster." Because he is Bishop, Cardinal, and so Prince of the Church, I would pay him due respect, notwithstanding his visionary archiepiscopal province. Princes are servilely followed in this country, witness his highness Prince Pückler Muskau, and more recently, Prince Leo of Armenia. Madame Tussaud gives the Cardinal's likeness at full length: and I have heard a most amusing description of a Lambeth ceremony, where the original of that figure supported, with fully sufficient dignity, the pomp of his Ecclesiastical Princedom.

I have not said a word in defence. I never do, while I can make an attack. The strong point in all books written on that side, is the prolonged existence of their "Catholic Church." Let them account for the same thing in regard to the Jews, the Gipseys, and the Mohammedans; and (when they have finished all these) of that

nearer to them, the Eastern Church. If it has made a less prominent figure in the world, that to "Catholic minds" should be no obstacle: and we must all remember, that as we live in the West, it would probably come less prominently before us, than matters nearer home. When they have done all this, I am at their service for a defence of my own Church. I have let off Mr. Faber cheaply. He somewhat underrates his opponents: but that they are not quite blind to the spirit of his pamphlet, let this be a proof, that I recommend to his especial study, this assertion, "good duplicity" I will not call it, in his 22nd page, in reference to the "cold spiritual bill of fare, put forth" by the Bishop of Oxford (at whose feet the Very Revd. F. Faber might learn humility, if he could learn nothing else, and he requires to learn a good deal else too) "He witnessed, without thinking of it, to the goodness and the power of Catholic missions; and *we thank him, in no unkindly spirit*, for his testimony." The italics are mine. Mr. Faber would have done wisely, if he had confined himself to Cherwell water lilies; for he has been playing with edged tools, and not with the requisite caution.

Once more, I say to Mr. Faber, that I do not mean to offend him: to others who think with Mr. Faber, I offer my apology, if I have wounded their feelings. They will shew their prudence, by restraining him and others, if they can, from trying to wound the feelings of men, who are not to be treated exactly as Exeter Hall disputants. I have said that my printing was in advance of this, and as a further proof of my hatred to "good duplicity," I have already instructed my publisher, who has just left me, to mark the passage up to which he had printed. Mr. Faber's pamphlet I have not had twenty-four hours in my hands: and as it was only lent to me, for the chance! of making a convert to Church of England revivals, or "missions," as Mr. Faber calls them in his own schism, I must now restore it to the person, through whom it came to me. I hope that no more books, pamphlets, or newspapers, will come in my way, for I shall never have done. I am wearied beyond measure already: for I am a very indolent man, and very fond of my ease. I have attacked so many people already, that I can enter into the feelings of Marius, smoking his pipe amid the ruins of Carthage.

I have within a few days heard, and I have been deeply grieved by the intelligence, that a friend, and former neighbour of mine, has left us for the Roman Communion. He had been wonderfully badgered poor fellow! for years, in what I thoroughly believe were his most

conscientious efforts in our cause: and though I have been mistaken about him, my surprise is not so great, as it would have been, if I had not known what he had to endure. Now that he is lost to us, I will say, what indeed I always thought, and said of him, that a better man is rarely to be found. If he is right in his secession, may he be supported in it; if wrong, may he be reclaimed. I have a very strong opinion of my own on the matter; but I am thankful, that I am not commanded to be his judge. I stick to my old ship. I think her A 1, the best sea-going boat, that I ever sailed, and I think also, from what I know of the crews of other ships, decently officered and manned. Her officers would be the better (no invidious reflection on them, for the same is commonly said of the officers of H. M.'s forces) for a more strictly professional education. Those last officers have, or have had, Sandhurst, the Excellent, and other assistants to knowledge: and we are trying institutions for the supply of *our* deficiencies. There is one at Wells, another at Cuddesden, and so on. We want more of them: but we cannot have them; for the more deeply learned of our profession, who of course need no such helps, have determined, that we, poor ignorant fellows, are better kept so; for if we gain knowledge, we shall become Papists. *Pro hac vice*, I should not mind being a Papist. The French have a proverb, "*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coute.*" If Dionysius the Areopagite walked one step, after his decollation, the three miles afford no additional difficulty. In spite of that, I would rather take one Pope, with his infallibility, and all its consequences, than I would thousands of smaller popes, equally dogmatic, equally infallible. I dare say, that I think too highly of logic, and too highly of myself, for the few scraps, that I may have picked up of it. But to me, the similarity of the Papal, and the ultra-Protestant, system, is so glaring, that I cannot account for its having been overlooked by my betters. I have another idea (possibly wrong too) that the shepherd is appointed for the sake of the sheep; not the sheep brought into being, for the purpose of finding employment for the shepherd. So I think that the sheep should be thankful, that a great portion of their provender has been appointed for them; and by that portion, they can judge of the quality of what else they receive. On all sides we should be glad, that the Prayers are settled for us, and them; and, in consistency, we should make the sermons, after the same stamp, as the Prayers. Fancy extempore prayers, as well as extempore sermons! all sail, and no rudder, or

ballast. Fancy a Frank Faithful in one Parish, and a Dr. High-and-dry in the next; I cannot think of the Steepleton name—Dionysius Dominant is it? I cannot say. Pretty unity we should have! a creditable specimen of a Church, formidable to opponents, and calculated to receive into her maternal bosom, the doubting children of other mothers! Of course, it would be a Church; for what matter minor differences, so long as we are all agreed on a few of, what are usually considered, the more important points? Unfortunately for me, these more important points seem to me to include the minor points, in the train of necessary consequences. I cannot, moreover, forget that some one, describing Christian unity, maintains the necessity of speaking the same things, as well as thinking the same things: one mind and one mouth, he recommends.

Perhaps, promotion is in store for me; and, one of these days I may be made an examining chaplain. Well, like Malvolio, I will prepare for my coming honours. "Taking my state," or "lolling on a day-bed," I will excogitate some conundrums, to test the orthodoxy and fitness of the examinees. I would make it morally impossible for them to read the "Record" from choice: but I would not part with that valuable paper. I would keep it, as a suitable punishment, for any ecclesiastical offence, that might happen. I would condemn the offender to a month's, or year's, or more (according to his fault) study of the "Record," or Ryle's tracts, which I have not seen; but they are so popular, that they must be good. In my younger days, I remember that a certain dean of a College used, not unfrequently, to say to an offender, "Sir, you will bring me such a paper in the Spectator, done into Ionic Greek." A young man, well up in the manners of the ancients, might find a satisfactory Greek dress for "Will Honeycomb tapping his snuff-box with a jaunty air." So, by hard study keeping myself a little ahead of my victims, I would examine them, at the end of their term of punishment. We would have no serious subjects. The poor Pope is quite a threadbare topic. We would have something new, and where we could not cut our fingers. Some harmless "figment" from the court of Timbuctoo, to be supported with classical "Record" style and argument, would do very well. Or we might have an open thesis, to be argued by a couple of delinquents, some "insidious aggression"—say Colonel Steptoe's plan for invading the domestic economy of the Mormons, to be disputed *pro* and *con* on broad principles of general morality, done into "Reecord" Eng-

lish. When human nature could bear no more, I would let off the offenders, and allow them to return to their usual occupations, and the ordinary language of life, with a warning, that if they offended again, a "*repetatur haustus*" would be their sentence. Graver offences I would punish more severely. I would condemn the offender to spend the whole "month of May," day and night alike, at Exeter Hall. He should sleep on the benches, like Philocleon. His prison diet should be sandwiches and toast and water. A physician should visit him at proper intervals, and liberate him, just before he had reached the verge of insanity from the constant droppings on his skull. I would be merciful, and not inflict a fate harder even than that of the dignitary, who was to be "preached to death by wild curates." I think that I could do much good in this way: but unfortunately for the public, the power of being a reformer is at present withheld from me. Do, my good friends, let the Lichfield, or whatever it is, training or theological college, alone. If you must make yourselves ridiculous, do so, less mischievously, at your own parochial tea drinkings. Let your faces beam gradually with benevolence there; for there you may calculate on an astonished and admiring audience.

Connected with my own neighbourhood (and here I do not wish to be facetious, after my poor fashion of being so) there is a matter, on which I will speak gravely. If, good reader, you have managed to plod through all that I have so far written, and still think me a flippant buffoon, I cannot help it. I am now really trying to write gravely, of that, of which my neighbours and friends will tell you, that I speak gravely; and of which, I can only give you my own assertion, that I think gravely. With dissent, dissent I mean as unconnected with political dissenters, I have endeavoured to avoid meddling. I have already said, that I hate dissent, and that I do not like the generality of the dissenters, whom I have seen. Once more, all that I have written, of a theological nature, is intended for those of my own denomination. As a disclaimer on my part, I must mention, that I do not adopt the word "denomination" of my own choice. I only use it, as a current word. To the word, as applied to me and mine, I totally object: for I derive denomination from *de nomine*, and, on a certain Authority, I will have nothing to do with *nominis*. Whether it is Paul, Apollos, Cephas, or others without the claims of those venerated names, I protest against them all: as the "zealous botcher" in the Alchemist protested against all

traditions. I object to "the language of Canaan—truly." Well then,

In my neighbourhood a certain manner of teaching has been adopted, by some of my brethren; and a very considerable excitement has been caused, is still going on, and increasing, as it goes. All sincerity, earnestness, faithfulness, I grant to, and believe to be in, those, who have adopted it. One of them I know: and he will testify, I think, that I am not outrageously hypocritical in my last sentence. I have always avoided conversation on the subject: for a Jewish teacher, not a Christian then (whatever he might have been afterwards) gives advice, not to condemn opinions, which we do not understand; as we may, by so doing, find ourselves in opposition to an Antagonist, greater than those, whom we think that we are combating. I cannot say, that I know much of this system: but I have read some of the writings of its advocates. I may hereafter be better informed; but what I have read, taken with what I have heard reported, for I have witnessed nothing, has brought me to the reluctant confession, that I do not like the system.

Let me argue with one of its advocates. Your assertion on matters, within your own knowledge, I do not doubt: but you ask me to receive your assertion, on matters, not of knowledge, but of your judgment, and your feeling: and you give me, at the same time, an opportunity of testing the accuracy of your judgment on other, and kindred subjects. Now a tract, written by a highly esteemed leader among you, and approved by you and other leaders and followers of your system, fell into my hands. Leaving out the *one* point (or if you like, more points than one) distinctive of your system, which the arguments in the rest of the tract, were to establish—the rest of the tract, I say, or (for I always wish to speak within due bounds) the greater part of the tract, I could have crushed, as Mr. Cobden was said to have talked about the crushing of Russia. I read the tract; I made pencil marks through it; and "why," you may ask, "did you not do, what you thought that you could do?" My answer is short: the warning of Gamaliel prevented me. Your intentions are good; you are doing good; good on that point, where we all feel the need of something being done. Your lives are exemplary, in a very high degree. In short, I highly respect you: but, with the good, I fancy that I see much present evil, and more, a great deal, to come. Argue as you may, and I am quite sure that you argue as you think, the different parts of your system are not reconcil-

able : they are mutually destructive. If your distinctive points prevail, in the conflict with the points, which you hold in common with me, you must be *logically* dissenters; your followers will *actually* be so. I respect your opinions and prejudices. Respect mine. I am a bigoted Churchman. "Churchman" you will take as a name, common to you and me : then the bigotry, which I claim as my difference, makes me think, that the Church is *the* Divinely appointed means, for serving GOD, and for securing our own salvation. Everything, which tends to destroy, or supersede, the Church, or to reduce it from a reality, to a nominal abstraction, must be opposed to the will of GOD. I take my stand *with* the Church, and *against* you.

I might say a good deal about excitement, being a necessary, or even presumptive, argument for the reality of religious feeling. I might refer you to the conduct of the converted in the New Testament. I might ask for arguments, favouring excitement, in the Inspired writers of the New Testament. The necessity of conversion is an essential part of my creed: but you and I speak of different things, under the same name; and while we do so, argument must be impossible. The necessity of conversion being sudden, or even conscious, I think incapable of proof. You cannot *prove* that the thief on the cross was an exception. Everything proves that St. Paul's was *not*. In every change, there must of necessity be an instant, when it is completed, how gradual soever the progression toward that instant. There is an instant, if we could point to it, when boyhood really ends, and manhood begins. Our law, I believe, fixes it at the first stroke of the clock, which announces the arrival of the twenty-first natal day. You would not therefore say that the change from infancy to manhood was instantaneous. The person here is, confessedly, unconscious of the internal change: and you can easily imagine a person under sentence of death, being reprieved, and being kept for years unconscious of his reprieve. He would not be more safe, after his discovery of it, than he had been before. St. Paul's case was the reverse of instantaneous. He was, on conviction, an enemy of Christianity: one point, on which his conviction was founded, was miraculously solved for him: and the current of his ideas was naturally changed. Let me give you an illustration. Imagine an enthusiastic partisan of James II, or William III, a partisan, I mean, on the conviction that he was maintaining the cause of his lawful sovereign, and (for he would

not be a worse patriot or subject, for being a Churchman) on the conviction, that he was maintaining the cause of the LORD'S anointed. Suppose that man, suddenly to come on a document, irresistibly proving, that the claimant to the throne, whom he was opposing, was the true claimant. Would not that man at once become a subject, where he had been an enemy? There, I humbly think, you have St. Paul's case.

The analogy of nature, by which I mean the similarity between the different works of GOD; and that similarity between His word, and His works, which stamp them as proceeding from the same Author and Disposer, would confirm me in my judgment on conversion. Every thing in animal and vegetable life, the seasons, the working of men's minds, their acquisition of knowledge and ideas, the changes in these last, every thing that I can see or read of GOD'S dealings with us—the sole exception now at issue between us, put aside—every thing convinces me, that order and regularity are the rule, by which GOD works. Is conversion then an exception? It may be; it is possible, but improbable, to a degree which I cannot estimate. At all events, you must prove it to be an exception. Pardon me for suggesting here, that the doubt is not to be solved by feeling: argument only can solve it. Feelings, how necessary or desirable soever, are so, only as concomitants or consequents. Take in good part what I have written. Think about it; and take other means, which you know, as well as I do, to be necessary for the formation of a correct judgment; and on *that* judgment, act. If you could prove against me the cases of St. Paul and the penitent thief, you would have done very little: for you would have brought two exceptions to that, which (except for them) would be an universal rule. On these two exceptions, you are building a theory, I will not say for universal, I will not even say for general, but certainly for common, ordinary, adoption.

Again, you may object to my judgment, as to the tendency of your system. I judge of tendency in two ways. I look first, to the *a priori* arguments, the logical consequences of it. That investigation with me is unfavourable to your system. I look next to the exhibition of it's working, already offered, if such there be: and there again I decide unfavourably of it. Excitement, no one in his senses could call more than a presumptive evidence, for, or against, the reality of religious feelings. I think it presumptive evidence against, not for. I see people made discontented with their own

clergymen, and running after other teachers: that with me is unfavourable. I see impediments thrown in the way of the clergymen, among whose Parishioners you have introduced your system, some of them, to my personal knowledge, pardon my plainness, equal (if nothing more) to the best among you. I cannot see, how the Church is strengthened: and if not the Church, that also, which, to a man with my sentiments, must be included. I like instancing; for one apposite instance is, with most minds, more powerful, than the closest reasoning. Well, I will give you an instance. I cannot mention names, but you will know, to whom I refer: and if my argument has no force with other people, it will have its due weight with you. To make his identity clearer to you, I will mention that in two accidentals (time perhaps furnishes a third) he and I are coupled. I wish that my resemblance to him went much further. I do not think, for instance, that this pamphlet, if published anonymously, would be likely to be attributed to him; though every one knows, that he could have written one much better. His general knowledge, and his management of it, are very superior to mine; and in professional knowledge, he is, comparatively to me, a master; I to him, a smatterer. I am of coarser nature than he is; and though I do not profess to *like* sharp language, I can on occasion *use* it. He neither likes, nor can use. In short, I am speaking of a man of great power, and still greater kindness and gentleness. That man is being made miserable by you. You have interrupted his work in his parish: wounded his sense of responsibility; and are in course of reducing him to comparative insignificance. From being a highly valued pastor, he is already to a certain extent (and if you could carry out your system, he would be generally) regarded, as an unconverted person; and what right, or ability, has such a person to convert others? Conversion is the thing most of all needed in this county. The language of religion is familiar to nearly all here: and you know by experience (if reason had not taught you) how self-deceptive that is. When leaves are too plentiful, fruit is often very scanty. Are uprightness, honesty, straightforwardness, dislike to meanness, distinguishing characteristics of those, among whom you have lived here? Of my own Parishioners, I am not speaking, so I cannot offend them by my questions. Drunkenness and immorality (I use the latter word in its limited sense, just as people use the word virtue, to which it is here the contrary) are certainly not *unknown* among your people. These, and other defects, you propose to

cure by your plan of conversions ; let us call it, as perhaps you do, a system of revivals. Have other revivals so far succeeded, that I ought to trust yours ? I have heard of many : and of all of which I have heard, I believe the evil consequences to be greater and more numerous, than the good. I have read a good deal on the subject generally : and my horror of revivals is intense. See the commencement of the Agapemone's monstrous absurdities. Look to a milder case, but yet a case. Look to Wesley, and compare with him many so-called Wesleyans of our days. Of some only I am speaking: by no means of all. When I see you beginning in the same way, must I not expect the same consequences ? I will give you an instance. There was a revival in this neighbourhood, before my time, but well remembered by those, who have been longer here: and it produced a great excitement. What other consequences it might have had I pass by: one was a great increase in the number of illegitimate children in the union of the district. A similar evil I believe to be attendant on revivals generally. The account of one in Mrs. Trollope's America, is perfectly terrific : and it has been confirmed to me by a friend, who went to see what was described to him as a camp, and it turned out to be a "camp meeting," or re-revival. Against this acknowledged evil, I am to put the questionable good of your conversions. You have not had time yet to form a judgment, as to the stability of your converts: but what proportion do you expect them, or from analogy should you expect them, to bear to the backsliders, not into their original condition, but one which you know must be far worse ? What balance of good and evil will you strike ? Will that be in favor of, or against, religion and the Church ? One word to yourselves. Few can stand sudden elevation. You are being elevated above your brethren in the ministry. Take heed to yourselves; for *all* of you will not be able to resist the intoxicating influences, to which you are subjecting yourselves.

In one case, and it is that which, as pressing on the confines of my own Parish, has led me to write at so great length on the subject, the effect has been, to make a clergyman leave his own Parish, for the purpose of carrying on his desultory work elsewhere. He says, in his defence, that he is qualified to lay the foundation, but not to build up. He lays a foundation, and leaves to others to build upon it. On such a foundation, as he lays, how can people, like us, build ? How would the people like our building ? The

former operation is much more palatable to them, than the latter. We may say to them, We offer you the manna and water, Divinely appointed for you: but will they not long for the "flesh, fish, melons, cucumbers, leeks, onions, and garlic," the more exciting fare, on which they have been reared? They do long for it, and we are accused of trying to keep them in the waste wilderness, in which their soul is dried up. Vainly we tell them, With that stimulating fare, is quite compatible, quite consistent, the brickmaking drudgery of slavery to your own evil inclinations: here is liberty from self.

Do, my good friend, for you whom in imagination I am addressing, will know that I am addressing you, think of others, as well as yourself. Do not reproach us for not helping you, when we know, and as I should think, you ought to know, that we should be ruining our own powers of usefulness, and injuring the common work, over which we are all appointed. Your stores have failed to supply excitement to your Parishioners. Our case would be the same, in course of time; and our people would go elsewhere, in search of the requisite stimulant. Our parts would be, to assail each other's Parishes, for we should be perfectly ineffective in our own. One clergyman, with indefatigable powers of body and mind, for whom, though I have never seen him, I have the greatest respect, and so I will say in regard to you, if not in kind, in degree, is able to go on working in his own Parish. Ordinary people, such as we are, must sink under the task, as you have done. This is all meant in kindness: for I know the effect of persecution on a small scale. Persecution, like Morrison's pills, in order not to fail in its effect, must be unrelentingly applied. Every persecution, of which I have ever read, so applied (that against the early Christians excepted, for that was not under ordinary conditions) has been effectual. The suppression of the reformation in Spain, Italy, and in France under Louis XIV, are instances; and many more you will find. Mr. Macaulay gives many instances; and his treatment of them, and his estimate of public opinion, I very much admire; and I am glad that works, like his, are read, amidst the vile trash so prevalent now. Inaccuracies I fancy that I frequently discover in him: but his brilliant writing and his usual spirit, are much to be admired. The value of conversions, made by persecution, is another matter altogether. Where the feelings of common humanity have interfered, to check the diabolical process, persecution has generally promoted that, which it was intended to destroy. So, my dear friend, I can-

not afford to persecute you. You speak gravely about your "work." As gravely I say, I wish that you would leave it alone. We are really trying to do the same work, though in a different way. We are trying to produce conversion, in every sermon, that we preach; in every conversation, that we hold by a sick bed. When we exhort people to look into their past lives, and to labour for repentance, we are preaching conversion. If we can produce humiliation and the appearance of genuine sorrow, we think them favourable symptoms. Exultation we are sorry to see. We are grieved to hear people, using the language of St. Paul at the close of his unparalleled career, and looking forward to the crown of glory, with the same assurance as he then did; for at an earlier period, he counted not himself to "have attained, or to be already perfect." Beyond that point I never hope to go; and with you I must be contented to be an unconverted man. I hope that when my time comes, I may have a priest standing at my bed side; and after I have received his absolution and blessing, and what else he may think fit to give me, I would wish to depart with the words, "I have sinned against Thee, and am not worthy to be called Thy son." If a sentence of forgiveness and acceptance should be my blessed portion, I may not be deemed more unworthy, for not having anticipated it for myself, and usurped the place of The Judge Whose office it is to pronounce it. The best death beds that I have seen, were equally deficient, in what you consider almost essential. Perhaps we ought to use the *word* "conversion" more. That fault is easily remedied, though we have been inculcating the thing. The word is yet untainted, and we can use it. Against the common use of the word "Protestantism" we have an objection, which has perhaps too much weighed with us. The "Protestant faith" is a mere negation of certain points, held by the Church of Rome, and takes in every shade of heresy. The faith of the reformed Church of England is something definite; and in maintaining that, we are maintaining the only "Protestantism," which we, as members of the Church of England, can conscientiously maintain. Therefore do not talk of your "work," as different from our's: your manner of doing it only is different, and, I think, very inferior. Do study to be quiet, and teach your people to be so; to mind their own business; and whatever they do, to do it in the spirit, inculcated in the Words of truth and soberness, which we all take as our guide. You have spared my Parish so far. If you bring your "work" into it,

I shall oppose you: and, as I have already said, whenever I can, I make my war offensive, rather than defensive.

After a long digression, my dear Robert, though I believe not beyond the boundaries of public opinion, I now gladly fall in with you again. I am going to treat you to some vague ideas of mine on polities, of which I know as little, as most village parsons. Still I am publishing at my own expense; and that is a less intrusive form of proclaiming my opinions, than if I were to use my undoubted right, of sending them to newspapers, with the signature, of *Cornubiensis, judex, vindex, investigator*, or any other word, by which I could show my acquaintance with polite literature. The great advantage of chatting in this manner with you, is that I have so many opportunities of exhibiting the *nθos*, in what may appear to me a desirable point of view. The "Spectator" says, that if a person takes the trouble of reading what you have written, he likes to know what sort of looking man you are; and I must confess, that I take a pleasure in mystifying my readers as to my habits. Whether I go to bed at 10 o'clock after a modest glass of hot elder wine, and a slice of dry toast; or whether I sit up far into the small hours, exhilarating myself with jorums of brandy and water, is so far, I trust, an open question with my readers. When I take the field in bands and cassock, I must regulate my language accordingly. In conversation with you I can gossip, till both are weary. Allusions to yourself, when you are addressing the public, are always out of taste. To the extent, to which I have made them, they would be perfectly nauseating, yet without them, how could you parade your *nθos*, Pericles' great point? So Thucydides evidently thought, for you see it strongly in all the speeches, which he has kindly put into the mouth of the great King of Athens; for what else was he? When he was gone, the only man able to keep under the mushroom growth of demagogues, Cleon, and the imaginary antagonist of our old friend, then came the pure democracy. A very poor, idealess, homily in the mouth of a good man, and thought to be good (and it is the writer's business to trick himself out as winningly as possible) much outweighs the laboured orations of persons, whose characters are doubted. Did you ever read Whitfield's Sermons? Try to read one, and I wish you well through your work. Popular sermons, and lectures, are tough stuff, with which to grapple; but Whitfield! he outherods them all; but how effective he was! because so good. I notice that there is in my writing a sort of

professional bias, always leading me to put my subject in a theological point of view, and I am sure that in this treatise on "Public Opinion," I have not varied from my habit. Sidney Smith had the same tendency. Do you remember the publisher asking him to write a novel in three volumes? He jocosely made some conditions, which the publisher gravely accepted. The hero was to be an Archdeacon, and to fall in love with the pew-opener's daughter; a clandestine correspondence was to be carried on, and the letters concealed in the hassocks;—then there was to come a tyrannical interference on the part of the Churchwardens; and the whole matter was to be settled by the decision of the Parishioners in vestry assembled. I have been forgetting the polities, now for them.

We must have a beginning. Well, I have mentioned Mr. Cobden, as one from whom I differ. Let us take another, of whom death has lately deprived us, Sir William Molesworth. I should place him among the persons, entitled to my respect. *Vidi tantum, et semel audivi,* and that was at a flower-show: but from all that I have heard, I should say that he was an honest and independent man. Higher praise can seldom be given to any public man, whom one does not know in private life. Higher I do not think that I have given to Mr. Gladstone. I suppose that in most of Sir William's political opinions, I was opposed to him: but what has that to do with respect for character? As in theological matters I am, with some, a bigoted Tractarian; with others, a latitudinarian; so I fancy, that in politics, I may be considered as a sort of bat, at one time a bird, at another a beast. They are the polities of one, who claims credit only for common honesty, and common sense, very little knowledge, and no connection with party. Perhaps to a philosophic mind, such a person's opinions are not altogether undeserving of consideration. Be that as it may. I attach much more importance to character, than to opinions. Opinions may be corrected; character remains the same. I would rather be governed by honest radicals, than by time-serving conservatives. If I had simply to select a ruler, without reference to other considerations, I should greatly prefer Cromwell to Charles II. Still I do not like radicalism, and I greatly dislike radicals as a class. I need to feel no scruple in mentioning the names of public men. They became so by their own choice, and they cannot claim the benefits of privaey, which they have, of themselves, given up. They are entitled to the same justice and

courtesy as private persons, but they cannot expect to be public and private at the same time. I like the plan, when you can do it safely, of putting a radical into power. If he is an honest man, he gets his theories corrected, and learns something about the practicality of things, as well as their desirability. I suppose, that all of us, almost, have been republicans, at some stage, or under some phase of our feelings; but a blockhead goes on blundering; a man of sense corrects his judgment, without losing any portion of his really good feelings. If your radical is not honest, why you stop his mouth, by giving him office; and you get rid cheaply of his noisy patriotism. Just so with the founder of "congregational independency," Mr. Brown, who had assailed the Church so disinterestedly and publicly, in his plan for the restoration of the "primitive platform:" it was a splendid plan to give him a good living. Of the giver and receiver of the living, I say nothing: but the Church was certainly a gainer by the operation.

I remember a good setting down, which Sir William Molesworth gave some years ago, at a Southwark election, to one nearer to his own notions on polities than I am, Mr. Miall, the Editor, I believe, of the "Nonconformist." I have not the honour of Mr. Miall's acquaintance: and from what I have heard of him, I do not think that I should be desirous of the honour. Whatever he may be, I may suppose, that his literary offspring reflects the paternal features. Sir William, it seems, gave great offence, by calling the rival candidate, the "Revd. Mr. Miall." The latter gentleman has been, at some time of his life, a "pastor of a church;" but he had then entered on a new line, leaving his sheep to take care of themselves. There could not have been, I should imagine, any intentional offence in the appellation simply; though, as applied to a candidate on the hustings, it had its weight. Sir William's own uncle, the father of the present baronet, was a clergyman: and he was (as thousands of others, bearing the same prefix are) very much the better of Mr. Miall. Fancy now our kingdom under the management of Mr. Miall, Mr. W. J. Fox, Mr. Apsley Pellatt, and others of the class, which I mean; for those, whom I have named, may be very respectable men. It makes one groan to think of it. Doubtless they are "*all* honourable men," honourable gentlemen I should say, and members of Parliament. In the case of conscientious dissenters and radicals, I think that I have showed, that I am no blind bigot. For political dissenters, whoever may be

the persons properly coming under that designation, I do not disguise my contempt. Once more, fancy the country ruled by political dissenters. I have never seen the "Nonconformist:" but I did, years ago, see one copy of the "British Banner." If it is in existence, do get a copy. If it is not, any other paper of the same class will do. Begin with the advertisements. Christian house maids, and kitchen maids, with the proviso that they are "members of Christian churches," are in constant request. The paper itself you will find quite in harmony with the advertisements. These thick-skulled schismatics are evidently under the impression, that, their own "churches" excepted, the whole of so-called Christendom is entirely heathen. Of course, there is no arguing with them. They say, that the skull of a negro is so gifted by bountiful Nature, that, when he is brought to the tug of war, he instinctively charges you, in a butting attitude, ram-fashion. If you are a man, who understands his business, you will have an opportunity of touching him up on his shins: for there your negro is singularly sensitive. Did you ever see those prints of "dignity balls," which in our younger days used to be exhibited in the windows of a shop in Fleet Street? Well, you will observe, that the negro's heel retrogrades as far behind his ankle, as the foot projects, (like Titus Oates' mouth, in relation to the whole of his interesting countenance) the ankle, in fact, being about central between toe and heel.

Have you any Temperance Society in your neighbourhood? Be careful how you encourage it. The professed object is, of course, admirable, to get rid of that brutal vice of drunkenness, which disgraces us at home and abroad. I think the Church is the best Temperance Society: and I have nothing to do with her self-appointed auxiliaries or substitutes. If, however, you think differently, or not so strongly as I do, I would advise you to take care what you are about; or you will find some sleek gentleman taking your Parish out of your hands. Their "bands of hope," their hymns, the bare reading of which (for I never heard them) is enough to set your teeth on edge, their banners, and tea drinkings, and the rest of their rubbish, are in my opinion, all parts of an "insidious aggression" against your Church and you. I like a man who can look me in the face; but when people come to talking about conscience, and looking demure, I instinctively button up the pocket, which I feel to be in danger.

A friend has sent me the "St. James's Chronicle," of November

15th, from which I extracted the parts of Colonel Sterling's letter, on which I have commented. It contains also a very good article, on a St. Martin's Hall Meeting, on the subject of the refugees expelled from Jersey. It draws the proper distinction, between England and the island of Jersey, which is under the British crown; and then, putting the case of English refugees in France acting towards our Queen and government, as these miscreants have acted towards the ruler and government of France, it asks, as to our feeling, "Would it not be a feeling of contempt and hatred?" Most assuredly it would; universal almost would be the "yes" from this country. At this meeting, Mr. Miall figures, in conjunction with Mr. Washington Wilks, and Mr. Ernest Jones—Washington Wilks, and Ernest Jones! Well, Mr. Miall has got into good company, more congenial, doubtless, than Sir William Molesworth, and persons of his class. I have expressed a favourable opinion of Mr. Cobden. I am sorry, that he obliges me to qualify it, by his wretched letter to these patriots. What *have* "struggles for liberty," "sympathy with liberalism abroad," and "retrograding to the dark political doings of Sidmouth's evil days," to do with the turning out of the country a nest of prating assassins! If the laws of Jersey allowed the inhabitants, to turn these fellows out, well and good. If the laws of England would not allow us, to make a similar riddance, the laws should be amended, so as to allow us. Not one word does Mr. Cobden write, to express (what of course he must feel) his utter abhorrence of these despicable scoundrels. On the contrary, his letter would lead those, who knew nothing of him, to infer, that he sees nothing reprehensible in the conduct of these "brethren in exile." He is not contented to express his regret, at not being able to take part in Messrs. Miall, Washington Wilks, and Ernest Jones's "demonstration against the arbitrary treatment of M. Victor Hugo and his brethren in exile;" but he goes on to say, that he "sympathises very cordially with the promoters of the meeting." I wish them joy of his sympathy and association. At Mr. Miall I am not surprised: for Mr. Cobden I am sorry.

Let us now take a few public questions of those, now agitating us. The Church-rate question is still unsettled: and you may feel confident, that tithes will be the next step in the "aggression." As to the latter, let us put a case in anticipation. Let us suppose the keeper of a gin-palace; and as the law allows his trade, it is

bound to protect him in the gains resulting from it. Well, the man dies; and he leaves his estate, great or small, as his trade may have been, to his son; with a charge upon it to his nephew, or cousin, or friend, or meeting house, or hospital. Put down the annual value of the estate at £1,000 a year, or supposing him less prosperous in his business, at £100. Out of this estate, left to his son, he bequeaths £10 yearly to the other legatee. The son sells the estate, at its actual value of £90 a year. The buyer leaves it to his descendants, one of whom again sells it, still at its annual value of £90. At some future day, can the owner of the estate refuse to pay the annual £10, with which it is chargeable? But he, or the person from whom he inherits it, paid only the price for an estate of £90 a year. Clearly then *he* has no right to that other £10. What claim has the public? it is no business of theirs. What claim has the government, or the nation? as little claim as the public. It did not give, or grant, the estate, in the first instance. The present owner had it as his own, and the laws of the country permitted him to acquire, and dispose of, it. Would not a refusal, from any quarter, to pay the annual £10 to the original legatee, or his representatives, be a gross robbery? Is not this the tithe question? The lands, subject to tithe, were not given by the public, or by the Crown, as the Crown; for whatever sovereigns may have done in that way, they did as individuals, and out of their private resources. But by whomsoever, or in what way soever given, a gift passes away from the giver, and can never be reclaimed by him. The tenant of the land can, of course, have no right to complain; for he pays to the landlord, a rent, diminished by the amount of the tithe, which he has to pay. He pays a rent, in short, unequally divided among two persons or more, instead of the whole sum to one person. Grievous hardship! The antiquity of the tithe, and the additional sanctions of law and custom, are rather favourable to us, in the comparison between us and the representatives of the defunct gin-palace keeper.

I take now, what with us is the earlier subject, Church rates. The tithe question is the earth work, which the rules of fortification (rules equally applicable to other matters) instruct me to make strong, before my redan is attacked. I need scarcely explain to you, that a redan is an angle, at a little distance, in front of my earth work (formed by two walls) with its open base toward me, and its point toward my enemy. Professors of different denominations, and students of Hackney and Homerton, spare me the emendation of

“apex.” In your laborious journey across the *pons asinorum*, do not boast too loudly, till you have some proof, beyond your own feelings, that you have reached the further side. Assurance is in *all* subjects a most unsafe foundation. If the enemy does manage to enter at that point, the guns all along my earth work, work away at him, in his angle, and we give him a practical illustration of a converging fire. I think that we were a little too hard on our troops, about the redan, which they entered, and could not hold; for you must remember, that not only were they swept down by the guns on the earth work; but that earth work could only be entered by means of sally ports, or narrow underground passages; and swords and bayonets are scarcely fitting implements, to force these passages, or the front of the earth work itself. I do not see what veterans could have done, in such a case, more than our raw recruits did. “Mortal men” are both descriptions of soldiers, and equally good “food for powder;” but I think, that a sound philosophy would have suggested to both alike, the wisdom of a speedy “*αλαλαν απερχομαι.*”

Having made strong my earth work, I will do the same for my redan, to keep, if I can, all meddlesome intruders off my premises: and I feel certain, that if the redan in this case is entered, the earth-work will not long be tenable. I wish that our defenders would understand the value of a converging fire. At present, individuals come forth from among us; and like the heroes of ancient times, make speeches, and perform their isolated feats. Modern tactics are different, and that our assailants understand. “Union is strength” is a maxim, familiar to them in practice: we only talk about it. The weight of a consolidated “tail,” or “brigade,” of forty men in a house of Commons of between 500 and 600, should convince us, that our chivalrous practice is obsolete. I wonder, by the way, what the spirited critics on military matters in our newspapers would have done; if they had had the luck to find themselves in the actual redan, of which so much has been said. I fancy that with them, as with others, the cry would have been “*sauve qui peut,*” carried out in the spirit of an “*occupet extremum, &c.*”

Now for our redan, the question of Church rates. There are the buildings, the vastly greater part of them erected, hundreds of years since, by individuals, unassisted by public money: and by the law of the land, confirmed by immemorial usage, the maintenance and repairs of each such building, and the expense necessary for the services performed in it, are a burden upon the Parish, in which

it stands. To bring the resemblance still closer to tithes, we must remember, that the tenant pays to his landlord a rent, diminished to the extent of the Church rate, which he is expected to pay ; and the landlord, or his predecessors, paid for their estate, so much less by the Church rate to which they are liable. I will here anticipate a possible objection. Some may say that Church rate is a personal tax. That makes no difference : for every one, who is about to make himself liable to it, calculates what it will probably be ; and pays so much less, in the purchase, or rent, of his holding. As we say in this county, he calculates the “outs.” If any one still disputes the point with me, I will concede it for argument’s sake, for I feel that I can afford to do so. As to the law of the land, making the rate compulsory on the Parish, I believe that *all* the Judges are agreed. But the means for enforcing the rate have of late years been questioned, and an opinion has gone abroad (very strongly disputed however) that the means formerly effectual, are now no longer so ; and that the law has not provided any other means, more effectual or practicable. What then is the plain duty of the legislature ? Is it not to supply some means, which *shall* be effectual, to enforce that, which it *allows* to be law ? Common sense and common justice are outraged, by having such a question proposed to them, as matter of *doubt*. Put a case. I, or my forefathers, have built, for the public use, a bridge, on land, which you have inherited or bought. It was built, under the engagement, or on the understanding, that your fathers, or you, should keep the bridge in repair, and do other things, which the bridge, to fulfil all its purposes, may require. After having enjoyed the bridge for years in common with your neighbours, can you turn round on me and say, “Your bridge leads in an unsafe direction, or, I have built another bridge in a better position, and *therefore* I shall apply to my bridge, or put into my pocket, the annual sum, which your bridge requires.” Would you be a swindler, or would you not ? Would you be *less* a swindler, if the law gave you a loop hole of escape, or you suffered one to be given to you, by encouraging or permitting your tenant to refuse me payment, from that land or tenement, from which the payment was customarily made. Put that case before any casuist, Paley or Alphonso di Liguori, or any one casuist, or the whole body of casuists ; and in a matter, in which their own interests were not concerned, what decision would they unanimously give ? Now put yourself out of the position of an individual ; and suppose yourself ruler

of this country, with power to make and unmake law, and to supply remedies and corrections, to the law existing. Suppose that you were, in your single person, Queen, Lords, and Commons; would you be more, or less, a swindler in your public, than you had been in your private, capacity; if having the power to make compulsory on your tenant the payment, disputed by him, or to appoint some other source, from which payment shall be made, you refused, or neglected, to do either? You would take the sensible and honest course, probably, and why? Because I am supposing you sole ruler, solely responsible; whereas, in the actual case, the responsibility is divided among so many, that each man's burden of it is lightly felt. I have tried to put the case fairly; and I think that I have done so. In the circumstantial, I think that I am correct: in the substance I feel confident that I am.

And now, visionary ruler, for not the weakest part of my argument. My bridge has no toll; and was built, at great cost, and from the purest benevolence toward all living within its neighbourhood, above all, toward the poor. Every argument, which can give right to any one, gives to these the right of using that bridge, as their fore-fathers have used it, and as they, and their children, may use it, free, and without payment of any kind. Many poor and rich have borne to use the bridge, and have built, with considerable cost and pains, bridges of their own; and the river is overarched by structures of all materials, wood, stone, iron, not exactly unremunerative, many of them, to their owners, for they have bye laws of their own, and always exact toll from the passengers. On this account, the keeping up of the new bridges is a matter of weight with the owners; and the bridge keeper is generally one, who feels the importance, given to him by his new office; which has raised him from what is commonly considered a meaner employment. Still there is the river; there are numerous bridges, ornamental some may think, to the landscape; and doubtless objects of respect and fear to the great Pontifex, in professed hostility to whom, most of them have been built. But many of these bridges are, from time to time, falling or becoming impassable; for they are built on private speculation; and the state, which has a very influential voice in the management of the old bridge, is scarcely felt, and less recognised, in the management of the others. They have their bye laws, and fix their own tolls. The poor (for of these I now speak particularly) may wish to return, and from time to time do return to the use of the old

bridge ; disappointed at having had to pay toll, and at having gained so little advantage by the payment. If *they* should not wish to return, their children may : for who is to answer for the stability of the other erections, not constructed by first-rate architects, not under first-rate, or even responsible, management ? With what justice can the old bridge be suffered to fall (or an additional cost for its maintenance be thrown on those, who are willing to use it, and who have a right to use it on the present terms) and themselves, if they should ever wish it, certainly their innocent children, be deprived of the bridge, specially built for them, and secured to them by every sanction, that law and custom can give ? Now ruler, do thine office, and let common sense, and common justice, guide thee in thy decision.

In plain unfigurative prose, the poor of the land have a free right to the use of their Parish Churches, free, for not one farthing can be, or is, demanded from them. They may prefer to go elsewhere. With that liberty, no one wishes to interfere : but they may wish to return ; and in going away, they have not lost the right to return—a poor look out for all of us, if that were the case ! Their children however, and future generations, have certainly done nothing to forfeit their rights, part and parcel of their birthright as Englishmen, and confirmed to them by the law of the land, and the prescription of centuries. “But,” it may be said, “they are going now to meeting-houses of their own selection”—therefore others, who feel no such wish, are to be deprived of the Church, at which they are content to worship. But, “people who go elsewhere, ought not to pay toward the maintenance and services of the Church, of which they make so little use”—yet while they refuse to pay, they claim, and exert, a voice in the management of that Church’s affairs ; for the decisions of repudiating vestries are notoriously the work of men, who never enter the Church to worship. They save their pockets, and the poor are robbed, happy equivalent ! Quakers, and the peace society, pay taxes toward the carrying on of the war. People, who have no friends in lunatic asylums, or poor-law unions, and who keep no carriages or horses, pay their quota to the county rates, by which bridges, roads, and public buildings, are made, and kept in repair. This folly and dishonesty may pass away ; and these poor deluded people, when their Church is down, may have the full enjoyment of their reflections on what they have done for themselves and their children, and on the thankful return, which they have made to

their forefathers and benefactors. They will then, if not before, want to return. See what it was in the great rebellion. The nation had what one party called liberty: but the cant, and hypocrisy, and tyranny, running riot under that name, soon became unbearable; and the nation almost unanimously voted the whole thing a bore, and returned to their banished King and down-trodden Church. What prospect of stability is there in the rival so-called "churches?" Look to the case of Lady Hewley's charity. I cannot tell just now the exact number of meeting houses built by presbyterians, which have since become Arian, or anythingarian; but I know that the number is something extraordinary.

The present race of dissenting teachers are a queer lot; and I have a very mean opinion of the education, which is to supply the future teachers. Accounts, given of both, by writers of their own persuasions, are uncommonly amusing. These teachers are certainly busy and bustling enough, about elections, and other public matters: but let a clergyman, show himself on the hustings, and they are ready at once with their protestant outcry. They see, clearly enough, the distinction between the clergy and themselves, as does the public, as does also the state: for "pastors of churches" sit, undisturbed, and comfortable, in the House of Commons; while the clergy are properly excluded, by that decision in Horne Tooke's case. How could it be otherwise? The state, in dealing with the clergy, has a recognised and responsible body before it: but how could it, if so inclined, examine into the "letters of orders" of every "pastor of a church;" which, if not conferred upon him by himself, were probably the gift of some provincial synod of enlightened mechanics. The Revd. sits very easily on them: and they put it on, or lay it aside, as suits their inclinations. When these gentry talk, as they commonly do, against the clergy; and impart their zeal for their cause, to a more lively zeal for the "loaves and fishes," they should consider, whether similar motives may not be assigned for their own conduct. Is it nothing for a mechanic, or small tradesman, to be elevated to a ministry, which sets him above his former equals, as an object of admiration and respect? Is he generally a loser by his elevation? Is the meeting-house generally a losing speculation? In this county it is one of the best investments for money. An affair, not exactly after Mr. Pugin's idea, is run up by a company, formed for the purpose, of farmers and others; and if the good seed find favourable soil, a very very handsome interest on

the capital is the result. Some little cultivation of the seed sown comes in, as a matter of course; and with that cultivation, a good opportunity for carrying out the boasted principle of "civil and religious liberty." The clergyman is vilified in every possible way; but that is an ordinary affair, and in indirect means. The direct means (and I can *prove* that in more than one case it has been adopted, and I *believe* that it is by no means uncommonly adopted) is, that the farmer speculator compels his labourers to take seats in his meeting-house. He lets him a cottage; and with the rent of that cottage the man is compelled to pay so much yearly, for a seat in the Siloam, and the privilege of "sitting under" some tailor, elevated into a reverend, or some fellow of his own in farm labour, or it may be, some gifted disciple of Crispin, who cobbles his boots for him. There *is* a difference, let us be thankful, between ourselves and our "brethren in the ministry." Our brethren are well aware of it; and no small jealousy, and emulation, are caused by it in their disinterested bosoms. The people are also well aware of it; but the principles of "civil and religious liberty," under which their hard fate has placed them, leaves *them* little liberty of action. Tyranny is always bad enough; but defend us from the tyranny of low people! I have a splendid budget of anecdotes, which I hope to give you some day, days I should say, for they would take some time in retailing. Have you read Mr. Gathercole's book, "Letters of L. S. E., to a Minister of the Congregational Independents"? Do read it. Groombridge is the publisher. I read it seventeen years ago, and much of it sticks by me. There is one story, I think of a "minister" "a man of prayer," not very clear as you may guess, at the "derangement of his epitaphs;" as on one occasion he prayed fervently for "the gift of concupiscence,"—scandal said, very unnecessarily. I have not so good a story as that, but several, not bad, and illustrative of the same moral. A promising plant would be public opinion, cultivated by these professors in the art of teaching the young idea how to shoot.

Evil to some extent is a general concomitant of every thing good; and I am afraid, that the great increase of Churches (most desirable and necessary) and other causes, are introducing among us a class of men, who will insensibly lessen the difference between the clergy and the "pastors of churches." At present, whatever a man's original position may be; before his admission among us, he undergoes a certain training; and after his admission, he accommodates

himself to our ways, and becomes, in all points, like us. If without a proper previous training, such a man, and together with him many others, like him, are admitted among us, they hold together, and are so far independent of us, that we have comparatively little power of forming them. Or, what is not unlikely, we, on our part, hold together; and there results a sadly apparent interval, in that body, which should be, and seem, one. The Church in Wales, on which there was a good article, a year or two ago, in the "Edinburgh Review," illustrates my meaning. Every man, if he has had experience, can confirm what I say. For nine years, out of between eighteen and nineteen, during which I have been a clergyman, I was curate with a sole charge of 240 people, or perpetual curate with a sole charge of 1,500; in both with a gross stipend of £60. Of late years, I have had curates of my own. During the whole of my clerical life, I have seen the distinction between the gentleman clergyman, and other men, equally good and zealous with himself: and I have always seen, that the people have been equally sensible of the difference. Sometimes their perception of the difference has been painful to me: but it is only a confirmation of my maxim, that religion requires all the aids, that you can give it; and the social position of the clergyman has more weight, than most of us fancy, in the reception of his teaching by his people. I may speak without reserve; for my story of John Dennis is my answer to all criticisms, on this point. Low men are excessively unmanageable, apt to take offence, inclined to envy, galled by the social distinctions, to which they are subjected, the meaning and vast advantages of which, they cannot understand. "Working clergy" is a common phrase, and as it is commonly used, most unjust; for the higher clergy are often much harder workers, and workers in ways, where these others could not work at all. I see an evil, existing, and increasing, and I take this opportunity of protesting against it. The Army gives us an argument from analogy, in support of my own from experience. Drive out the gentry, or swamp them by persons of a different grade, and you must soon find another phrase for "officer and gentleman." To vary *seria ludo*, did I ever tell you of one officer, saying to another, "Why, So and so, is it true that your father was,"—whatever it might be? "Yes," was the answer, "but I have cut him long ago." Put all this into your long head: and strengthen the conviction, which you, I know, hold as firmly as I do.

There is one theological question, which, as it takes in tithe and Church-rate alike, may as well be considered here. Some dissenters would allow, that what has once been given to the Church, cannot be reclaimed from it: but they say, that the Church of England has not the exclusive right to it. To go through the whole question would, here at least, be altogether impossible: but I fancy that it may be put into a succinct form. At the time, when the gifts in question were made to the Church, and for centuries afterwards, there was no doubt as to the Church, to which they were given; for one body only claimed that designation. The only question, as I think, is this,—could that body make changes in its internal arrangements, without the sanction of the Pope? If it made such, without his sanction, would it retain its character as a Church, and its rights; or would they pass to dissentients from it, who remained submissive to the Pope? The Papists hold the latter opinion; and so claim the name, and rights, of the old Church of England. The dissenters give, in *this* debate, their vote on the side of the body, now calling itself the Church of England; for they deny the necessity of the Pope's sanction to any act of a religious body. They, at the same time, deny the exclusive right of our Church to its distinctive name; claiming themselves to form other churches, or at all events, parts of the Church in England. I take their concession in our favour: and against their claims, I bring the universal consent of Christians for 1500 years, and of (themselves excepted) the universal consent of Christians ever since. I say, that they have put themselves out of the Church; and so out of all participation in the Church's privileges. There is nothing particularly uncharitable in so saying; for it concerns only a matter of fact. I say nothing, as to their condition here, or hereafter. I only say, that they are not members of the Church, whatever they may be pleased to call themselves. I believe, that the Church does not include all people called Christians; however far its benefits may extend. They are, in my opinion, violating certain conditions, on which Church membership depends; just as members of the Church may violate certain conditions, necessary for their obtaining the full benefits of their membership; the habitual indulgence, for instance, of drunkenness, dishonesty, immorality of various kinds. Neither as to these last named persons, nor as to dissenters, do I say anything, as to their future state. As to their present state, I say that they are violating GOD'S law, and the conditions, on which He offers His favour. I

believe that those conditions are binding on us, not on GOD. I try to observe them : but to those, who do not observe them, He may be gracious in another way : I hope that He will. I have no difficulty in reading the burial service, in any case, where I have ever read it. I give thanks, that the departed has been delivered from his prison house, "this miserable and naughty world"—*that* simply is a blessing, and a matter of thankfulness. I know no more, and desire to know no more. Whether that deliverance be a preliminary to execution, or to freedom, is unknown to me. I express a hope, that the latter may be the case, with the person whom I am burying ; and I pray, for myself and others, that we may endeavour to make it our case. I have a "sure and certain hope of the resurrection to eternal life" offered to all, whether dead, or still able to secure it for themselves. In no one case can I say of a person, whom I have buried, that such a hope has been totally lost, in the absolute *certainty* that he has been condemned. There is a wonderful amount of clap-trap, current now against us. We say that a man is not a member of the Church : therefore we are accused of denying to that man, the hope of salvation through the Church, or through other means.

On the question of Church-rates, a great outcry is made about "conscientious scruples"—all cant and hypocrisy ! If you or I had, on our land, a meeting-house, or a synagogue, or a Turkish mosque, the maintenance, and services, of which were made by law, confirmed by immemorial usage, a burden on those lands (and I suppose, that you and I have as much conscience, as those who more loudly proclaim their possession of one) should we, for one moment, think of pleading religious scruples ? We should, of course, go to our own Church ; and pay toward it's maintenance, and services, whatever might be incumbent on us : but we should know, that that Church teaches us, that honesty is an essential part of religion and conscience ; that religion and conscience without honesty, are a mere pretence. The legislature, and all sensible men, laugh at the idea of conscientious scruples, on the Church-rate question. Why then does not the legislature it's plain and obvious duty ? Because, firstly, that wretched public opinion, against which I am protesting, has introduced into one branch of it, a heterogeneous assemblage, which, by the operation of the same bugbear, public opinion, on the better portion of it, hinders it from doing it's duty ; and because, in the next place, the whole legislature is too generally influenced by the same

public opinion. In this case, it is a mere phantom of their own creation, that they fear; for public opinion has not declared against Church-rates, or the present mode of enforcing the payment of them. The vast majority of the Parishes in the Kingdom, a majority so vast, that the exceptions are a very small per-centage on the whole, are contented with the present system. The phantom, however, will soon become reality; unless it is speedily, and promptly, blown into thin air; and we shall have another proof of the wisdom of giving way to public opinion. In your University sermon, which you sent yesterday, and which I read and returned the same day, you mention the efficacy of the outcry in one village, "Arm, for the next village is in arms!" The few villages (not many of *them* I hope for their own credit, and believe) or rather the few *towns*, that have given occasion to the outcry, will soon find imitators. Here is no question of arming; for that might require some courage in those, who would follow the example. We are only exhorted, to save our pockets, to repudiate our just debts. No great exertion of manhood is here needed; no great sacrifice asked from us. The loathsome cant of conscience will soon become universal: for what proportion of us, think you, would not plead conscience, if by so doing, we could save our pockets? There is no necessity for us to offer a *bonus* on schism. Oh, but the opposers of Church-rates do not wish to save. They would voluntarily give, what they refuse to pay? Would they? In the first place, it is not every man, that I so far honour, as to accept a gift at his hands: still less would I permit a debtor, to gratify his own presumption, by letting him suppose, or suffering others to suppose, that he was making me a present, while he was paying me a debt. In the next place, what security have I in the promises of men in general; and men in this case, who have given me additional ground of confidence, by cheating me of my dues, men too, who talk about conscience? "My father," says one of Scott's characters, "was a horse couper, (on this side the Tweed, we say "jockey,") "an honest man too, and he was never taken in but once, and that was by a west country whig, who said grace over a gill of whiskey." I will give you now an instance (I dare say, familiar to you) of the conduct, in a similar case, of a really honest and good man, not a Papist either, or even a Tractarian, but a Protestant of the true Geneva stamp. Felix Neff, that most admirable pastor of the High Alps, found, that in his neighbourhood, the Roman Catholic Priesthood had a legal claim to

a payment, which had for a hundred years, or more, been discontinued, and, as I think, was no longer demanded. What did this really honest and conscientious man? Instead of winking at the evasion of payment, or canting about spoiling the Egyptians, he persuaded his people, to pay what was due: thinking, with English Churchmen, that honesty is a most indispensable part of religion. A case this, for English Protestants to study.

Well! the remedy, you will say, for our case? This: leave to those Parishes, the immense majority, who are exercising their privileges properly, full power to go on doing so. From the others take away the privilege, which they have abused, and of which they have proved themselves unworthy. Let them be taxed, not by themselves any longer, but by others, the bench of magistrates at Quarter Sessions for instance; and to fix the proper sum, let the magistrates appoint to assist them, or let government appoint, a surveyor, builder, or other officer; whose business it should be, to make himself acquainted with the requirements of the building, and its services; and let all defaulters be punished, in purse, or person, or both. There would be no trouble. A little firmness would settle the whole business. You might have an outcry, as when have you not? but when our good friends found that they must submit, they would submit, and poor conscience would go to the wall. Public opinion, now on the right side, would maintain the decision of the legislature: but if we go on shallying, and manœuvring, public opinion will go over to the other side; and the danger will be formidable. That is always the way with us. We lose the whole, because we are too timid, to resist, and crush at once, the first aggression on a part. You will see Church rates go now, tithes next: and then the land-owners will have to look out for themselves; and will look, perhaps, for help to the clergy. The clergy, grateful for past benefits, will doubtless stand up for those, who have so gallantly defended them. What is the security of any gentleman, or other person, in his property worth, when the rights of the Church, by centuries antecedent to any rights, possessed by any individuals, or families, now, are given up, as a sop, to allay the yelping of a mob, *κυνα Κερβερον ανδραποδισθην?* Let these good folks look out in time. A dangerous business is that of the "ridder" of a mortal fray; very hazardous, the experiment of sitting on two stools. Let them make their choice between the two parties, and declare it. If they adopt, in their prudence, the clever plan of

conciliating one dog, by giving him bones, taken from the other; when they come to the end of their liberality at other people's expense, they will have to carry it on, at their own; and they may find the first discomfited quadruped, unable, and perhaps not sufficiently grateful, to make common cause with them, against their overgrown adversary. Let them weigh the matter well now; for much depends on their doing that, in time, and with judgment. I will not mince the matter. Let them take me, an unknown village parson, undistinguished among 15,000, or 17,000 of my order; which contains men, to whom I am not fit to hold a candle. Let them take me, as an average specimen of the class, to which I belong. Then let them choose between those, whom I represent, and the Mials, "British Banners," Mechanics' Institutes, and the rest, men, newspapers, and what not? who are assailing me and mine. I fancied that my Rosinante was past work: but I have had him brought to the door. Having reluctantly, and painfully, "clombe to selle," I find myself tolerably at home there. Two or three canters will set my old friend all right; take the rheumatism out of his joints; and as he warms to his work, I shall feel myself more free from the fear of his coming down with me. At odd times, I shall scrub up my armour; purvey me a better lance: and some lucky chance may enable me, to exchange the saucepan on my head, for Mambrino's helmet, or some barber's basin, which will serve my turn equally well. My Dulcinea del Toboso has long since been selected, not by me, but for me: and added years have added to my thankfulness to those, who provided me with such a Patroness. She is an abstraction; but, to my mind as real, as if she were corporeal—CHURCH and QUEEN. Her claims are not generally acknowledged. Rivals, not fit to tie her shoe strings, are thrust into her chair. The greater reason then, for her faithful servant, to raise aloft her wavering banner; to utter aloud his universal challenge, "Let the whole universe cease to move, if the whole universe refuses to confess, that there is not in the whole universe a more beautiful damscl, than the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, the high and mighty Empress of La Mancha." If adventures should be scarce, fancy will supply the want, to my heated imagination. When I am calm, in appearance, to others, I shall be indulging in pictures, gratifying to self love. In the blank before me, I shall see some one coming into the presence of Her whom I serve, falling upon his knees, and saying in humble and submissive tone, "Incom-

parable Princess, I am the giant Careuliambro, Lord of the Island Malindrania; who being vanquished, in single combat, by the invincible Knight of the Rueful Countenance, am commanded by him, to present myself before your Beauty, that I may be disposed of, according to the pleasure of your Highness." Or, in less excited moments, I shall be doing my best, to get at the kernels of such nuts, as these, "The reason of the unreasonable usage my reason has met with, so unreasons my reason, that I have reason to complain of your beauty," or, "The high heaven of your divinity, which with stars divinely fortifies your beauty, and renders you meritorious of that merit, which by your Highness is merited."

Dismount we now, and descend to a pedestrian strain. Men of property and intelligence ought to weigh well the present, and the future; and not to despise the lessons, which the past holds out. In the great rebellion, the clergy did their duty, as history teaches, and as Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy" tolerably confirms. They are equally ready to do their duty now: but they do expect some assistance and countenance, from those, whose battles they are fighting, in common with their own. I suppose, Robert, that from our profession, you and I must have seen a good deal of different classes of society; and I imagine, that we should know how to "behave ourselves distinctly," in the houses of peers and peasants. I think, that you would bear out my opinion, that the preeminent morality of the so-called middle classes is all a delusion. I believe, that the morality of the "gentry," as distinguished from the middle, and (a phrase which I never use) the lower class, is quite as high, as that of the other two. In regard to the servants of the first, I cannot speak so favourably. Perhaps, I ought not to speak at all: for of all classes, they are the least understood by us: as Mr. Maurice (was it not?) stated the other day. For Mr. Maurice, though I have once only met him, I have the highest respect. I think that the King's College authorities were right, in the controversy about *αιωνιος*. Dr. Jelf's logic was the better of the two: but Mr. Maurice has so many claims to respect, that he can well concede to others a superiority on some points. Mr. Kingsley, whom I have not seen, I also greatly respect; though I should like to have toned down some of the passages in his books, which the public chiefly admire. The efforts of these gentlemen, and I will say the same of the City Mission, the Ragged Schools, and other individuals and associations, for the poorer classes, are entitled to our warmest admir-

ation. The poor do want much to be done for them. Let your experience and mine, bring before us in one view, the excellent points, which are constantly coming under our notice; the patient endurance of all the hardships, which poverty brings in its train; the magnanimity, and something higher, which gives a grandeur to the submission; the ready and cheerful help given to their fellows, under sufferings not greater than their own. Then think of the helpless condition of the agricultural labourers. What can they save out of their small earnings, and their frequently large families? Yet they do save, in the honest and manly yearning after independence. You must have seen frequently the blight of years, of painful self denial; and then comes that dreaded "union." I am not given to unnecessary weepings; but I have felt my heart stirred in no common degree, when I have witnessed the gradual failure of the manly struggle, against the pauper's fate; the sinking of heart, with which defeat is at last confessed, and the union dole solicited. The best lessons of my life have been given to me in cottages; and if it were not boasting, I could almost say, that I feel more at home in them than elsewhere. I would earnestly and respectfully ask the gentry, to assist us, with their presence and countenance, in this most hopeful, and yet most hazarded field. The middle classes are, to a certain extent, lost to us; but the poor are still ours. The oppressive gratitude, which absurdly repays our little efforts for them, shows the fund of generous feeling, on which we may draw. I have been always a croaker. One of my fancies, all through life, has been, that we are progressing toward a revolution. The practical question, arising from that fancy, is, shall we have our millions of poor for us, or against us, in that struggle, if it is to come? Give me the rude material, unsophisticated with cheap newspapers, or the politics and theology of a mechanics' institute. Give me the daring poacher or smuggler; and I doubt not to make head against the vestry patriot and the h-dropping preacher. At all events, Robert, here is our appointed work, and a grand work it is. There is one practical defect in the working of the poor law, which must be evident to us all. It is, that industry and good character are not encouraged by it, in contradistinction to their opposites. If a poor man tries to keep himself independent by his labour, and by his savings to secure independence in old age, that man is left to struggle unaided; and when his struggles have failed, he receives exactly the same amount of relief, which others have been for years

indolently receiving. What encouragement are we giving to the formation of good character in the poor? So long as he can help himself, we will not help him, such is our miserable economy! If we did help him, we should be greatly gainers in money, to say nothing of other things. Help to a small extent, given in aid of a man's own exertions, would save the necessity of our giving help to a much larger amount afterwards. We are swelling our poor rates, in our penny wise efforts to keep them low: and heavy rates are not our only prospect, but with them a demoralised and pauperised peasantry; and is not that another name for heavy rates? We are getting on in our promising course: for the feeling of independence is fast decaying among our peasantry, and maintenance by the union becoming less dreaded. With our usual wise policy, we are now wantonly throwing away much of the good, and some day, we shall wake up with sudden zeal to bustle and agitate about preserving what little may be left. Tarquin's conduct with the Sibylline books is a standing type of our usual conduct. I do not like the composition of the boards of guardians in general. I have been a guardian; and I would have a large mixture of gentry in every board. There is a man now in my parish who has belonged for years to a Friendly Club here: and his weekly pay from it has been 2s. 6d. The club has been broken up; though, as it's treasurer, I made good fight for it, wrote to Mr. Tidd Pratt, and so on. I am the poor man's banker; and when he has spent what came to him from the common funds, he may expect from the union something like his old pay. "Virtue is its own reward," and he had the feeling of independence as *his* reward: but ought we not to have given some encouragement to a man doing his duty? If he had received a shilling or so from the union, not as a pauper, for that would have wounded his feeling of independence, but as one of a distinct and honoured class of recipients, should we not have interested all the members in the preservation of the club? He will be just as well off as he was before: and what encouragement have others to imitate him, in his self-denying habits, when, without them, they are as well off as he is? The man is 75 years old, not quite equal to John Dennis, but one of the best men in this Parish, notwithstanding. He is one of many others, whom I could name, sufferers by this suicidal policy of ours. The remedy for all this is the easiest thing in the world: but nothing is easy to those, who listen to prating patriots.

I must speak of what I know. Of the poor I do know some-

thing: of farmers something also; but of the trading part of the community, I know comparatively little; for I have never held a curacy, or living, in a large town. Of the gentry I have also had some knowledge: and very favourable has that knowledge been. Command me to the squire of long descent and large acres. That is the man, whom I would select, for my ruler or legislator. That man represents a class, far the most powerful, though numerically the smallest, in this country. We may talk as democratically as we think fit; we may be called by our neighbours "a shop-keeping nation"; but in our feelings we are essentially aristocratic. There is in us all an instinctive feeling, which leads us to prefer that class of men, whose position is so settled, that they understand it, and their own relation to other classes; to whom self respect is a natural feeling, producing, as it's necessary accompaniment, all proper respect and courtesy for others. Of wealth we think highly; of talent also; so of honours, however acquired; but combine them all, and you have not *necessarily* the "good old English gentleman" of the song. That class is our sheet anchor; and if we are to weather the revolutionary tempest, which I am so silly as to fancy that I foresee, like a pig seeing the wind, for I am no Murphy, to that class I look, as the probable instrument of our safety.

In regard to all struggles, political or otherwise, my doctrine is, to reform abuses, wherever they exist; and not to wait, to have them pointed out to you, and then often, and in vain, pointed out, by your adversaries: for you *must* correct them; and if you correct them yourself, and promptly, you stop short with the correction. If you delay, and make fight for them, and are defeated, the abuses are corrected, and together with their removal, you have to sacrifice a great deal of that, which you should never have given up. Look at that misnomer, the "Catholic Emancipation Act." The distinctive name of the persons, who gained by it, is not "Catholic;" for that name is common to others with them. They were not "emancipated;" for that is a word applicable to slaves only. These persons could not sit in Parliament, and laboured under other civil disqualifications, all together amounting to something very far short of slavery; unless all the inhabitants of a borough, except the burgesses, are to be considered slaves. Proper concessions might have been made for them, with proper conditions and restrictions; and they would have been thankful. I may say the same of the other dissenters. Most proper was the getting rid of that

horrible profanation, which we used, as a test of their fitness for the public service : but we might have removed that, and yet imposed proper restrictions. Whereas, we resisted, and we have received what we have received, a considerably heavier blow, and greater discouragement, than were at first propounded to us.

The "Reform Act" is another case in point. If we had corrected those glaring abuses, which called for reform, we should have reformed, and yet kept our constitution intact: but we would fight for them, as for the constitution, in which they were grievous blemishes; and now we have almost swamped one branch of our legislature, and have exposed the whole legislature to a democratic pressure from without. We are going on to add to that pressure, and to weaken that, on which it presses, by our wretched time-serving; trying to stave off the evil day, and, by so trying, bringing it nearer. A loathsome democracy is pressing upon us; and we are giving up to it one after another, every noble and sacred institution, supposing in our simplicity, that the maw of the monster can ever be filled; and that the halcyon days are coming, when he shall wag his tail, lie down, and carefully abstain from touching, and guard from invasion by others, that which we *must* refuse to give him.

See now how public opinion grows, as Virgil's Fame, creeping first on the ground, small and meek, and ending in towering with head in clouds, and oppressive heels on our necks. Marriage with a deceased wife's sister is, or was lately, and will soon again be, the cry. A very few persons, of wealth and station, had thought fit to marry the sisters of their deceased wives. They felt themselves in an awkward position, with public opinion against them. They set to work, to bring public opinion to their side. They sent paid agents over the country, to collect cases of persons, who had acted as they had done, and to waken all others to a sense of the grievance, under which they had been unconsciously suffering. The list of the unfortunate martyrs to public opinion swells: petitions pour in from all quarters, for deliverance from the intolerable oppression, so kindly brought to their knowledge. The agents in this business managed their business very clumsily. They made their case too strong: and so we had heart-rending complaints from old gentlemen of seventy, and older, begging to be relieved from their distressing, and ambiguous position. These ardent lovers were not permitted to marry their nieces, or their wives' sisters; and they could not decorously live under the same roofs with them. *Humanum est*

errare, and we pitied those poor venerable sufferers, thinking at the same time, that they might have been as suitably occupied, in preparing for their graves. Give me an opponent, if I must have one, who tries to prove too much. If I have had six sheep stolen, I lay my indictment for five. He who tries to prove the stealing of seven, loses his labour, and has to pay the costs of his suit. I like Mr. Drummond's summing up of the matter "Why do not you marry your grandmother like a man?" I like Mr. Drummond, and I like also Colonel Sibthorpe. There is no cant about them: and, the plain language, in which they express their honest sentiments, is quite refreshing to one, dosed to satiety with the milk-and-water verbiage of our ordinary fare. Whatever may be their opinions, I would rather be governed by them, than by others, more argue eloquence. These swarm in, what I must consider (though perhaps I ought to be ashamed of my bigotry) as, in every sense of the words, the "Lower House of Parliament." I like the other House, the hereditary legislature. I fancy, that their capability for legislation, hereditary or acquired, is considerably greater, than that of the representatives of the people. They have one good point: they are not like a weathercock, shifting and veering, at every change of the sweet breath of her humourous ladyship, the Κοιλεμός, who governs elections. We should be in luck's way, if we could turn them out, and supply their places with people after the stamp of Mr. Miall, Mr. Washington Wilks, and Mr. Ernest Jones. As to the press, "the fourth estate," which is trying to domineer over all the other estates, I say, Kick it out, till it knows it's place. It is a good servant, but an uncommonly bad master.

We have been all wrong, and wrong all along. It is late in the day to learn a new lesson; but there is time yet, if we will learn and act upon it, to save what remains worth saving. Let us correct *every* abuse; make *every* proper concession; do it cheerfully, of our free motion, with a good grace. That done, let us fight for the veriest trifle, as we would for the whole: and above all, let us make our war offensive, not defensive. With such people as Mr. Miall, and his colleagues, in or out of the House, the whole rabble rout of political dissenters and radicals, the best plan is, not to go on arguing, as you would with decent people. They would not understand you: how *could* they? Our plan is, to come at once to our "*κοβαλός ει, παρουργός ει, παι ανδρικώς,*" and hit hard, while you are about it. *Ex. gr.* If you had a hornet's nest in your garden, you would not

be contented with defending yourself against each of these insects, that might assail you; and fancy that you had done something great, if you succeeded in crushing one or two, that might have been less than ordinarily cautious. You would don a sensible thick coat, put something over your eyes and face, to protect them; and then, with the help of a spade, and lantern, and such combustibles, as would best suit your purpose, you would assail the nest, and exterminate the vermin, thus saving intense bore to yourself and your neighbours. I have a most respectful opinion of the Scipionic strategies. Leave Rome in the guard of the many, who are ready to defend her; and go yourself to attack Carthage, and do that *vi et armis*, tooth and nail.

“Protestantism is in danger”—yes! and so Protestants join with Papists, Jews, and infidels, to assault the Church of England. Great sincerity doubtless, in this profession of zeal for Protestantism! * great wisdom, in the plan to promote it! Suppose the Church

* *Tribulation Wholesome.*—These chastisements are common
to the saints,

And such rebukes we, of the separation,
Must bear with willing shoulders, as the trials
Sent forth to tempt our frailties.

Ananias.—In pure zeal
I do not like the man: he is a heathen,
And speaks the language of Canaan, truly.

Tribulation.—Good brother, we must bend unto all means,
That may give furtherance to the holy cause.

Ananias.—Which his cannot: the sanctified cause
Should have a sanctified course.

Tribulation.—Not always necessary.
The children of perdition are oft-times
Made instruments e'en of the greatest works.

I do not know whether you agree with me, but my creed as to English dramatic literature (to say no more) is, that Shakspeare stands at the head,

Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum;
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Jonson honores.

With that sole exception, I agree with the lines,

“The Fox, the Alchemist, the Silent Woman,
Done by Ben Jonson, and outdone by no man.”

He should always be read, with the help of the late Mr. Gifford, in the enco-

of England down ; and what chance, I would ask, would the other Protestants have against the Papists? as much chance as you or I

mium on whom, in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," I fully coincide. This note may draw on me the reproof, of being a lover of "profane stage plays." But, good objector, how can you tell, that I do not read them all, in Bowdler's Editions? Let me quote a little more, which may, or may not, be pertinent to the objection :—

Ananias.—I understand no heathen language, truly.

* * * * *

Ananias.—Heathen Greek, I take it.

Subtle.—How! Heathen Greek!

Ananias.—All's heathen but the Hebrew.

Subtle.—O, you are sent from Master Wholesome,
Your teacher?

Ananias.—From Tribulation Wholesome,
Your very zealous pastor.

* * * * *

Tribulation.—Verily, 'tis true

We may be temporal lords ourselves, I take it.

Subtle.—You may be anything, and leave off to make
Long-winded exercises; or suck up
Your ha! and hum! in a tune. I not deny,
But such as are not graced in a state,
May, for their ends, be adverse in religion,
And get a tune, to call the flock together:
For to say sooth, a tune does much with women,
And other phlegmatic people: it is your bell.

Ananias.—Bells are profane: a tune may be religious.

Subtle.—No warning with you! then farewell, my patience!
'Slight it shall go down: I will not be thus tortured.

Tribulation.—Mind him not, sir.
I do command thee, spirit of zeal, but trouble,
To peace within him. Pray you, sir, go on.

Subtle.—Nor shall you need to libel 'gainst the prelates,
And shorten so your ears, against the hearing
Of the next wire-drawn grace. Nor of necessity
Rail against plays, to please the aldermen,
Whose daily custard you devour, nor lie
With zealous rage, till you are hoarse. Not one
Of these, so singular arts. Nor call yourselves
By names of Tribulation, Persecution,
Restraint, Long-patience, and such like, affected
By the whole family, or wood, of you,
Only for glory, and to catch the ear
Of the disciple.

should have, in a boxing-match with Hercules. The Coalition looks strong; but any one can see its weak points, and its own inherent

Tribulation.—Truly, sir, they are
Ways that the godly brethren have invented,
For propagation of the glorious cause,
A very notable means, and whereby also,
Themselves grow soon, and profitably, famous.

Subtle.—O, but the stonc, all's idle to it! nothing!
The art of angels, nature's miracle,
The divine secret, that doth fly in clouds
From east to west: and whose tradition
Is not from men, but spirits.

Ananias.—I hate traditions;
I do not trust them—

Tribulation.—Peace!
Ananias.—They are popish all.
I will not peace: I will not—

Tribulation.—Ananias!
Ananias.—Please the profane, to grieve the godly:
I may not—

Subtle.—Well Ananias, thou shalt overcome.
Tribulation.—It is an ignorant zeal, that haunts him, sir,
But truly else, a very faithful brother,
A botcher, and a man, by revelation,
That hath a competent knowledge of the truth.

Subtle.—Has he a competent sum there in the bag,
To buy the goods within? &c.

Hudibras is not bad, but nothing like this. Zeal-of-the-land Busy in Bartholomew fair, is a good pendant to Tribulation Wholesome in the Alchemist. One regrets (but the cause of complaint is sadly too general) that so much excellence should be mixed up with so much, that is base and degrading. I respect Mr. Bowdler; so I do Jeremy Collier. Can Jonson and Butler have been dead hundreds of years since? or are they living among us, and writing for us? What a refreshing variety would the study of their works be, with the readers of the "Record," and tracts against Popery and tradition! What quantities of Exeter Hall rubbish we should escape, if people would read our own old writers. I do not look upon history, as an old almanack. If it is, at least, Jonson was no bad Murphy; and the terror, with which he foresaw the coming tempest, is no encouragement to me, in the present state of our political and religious atmosphere. The people of his day, read or saw the plays of Ben Jonson, and laughed: but his lessons were lost upon them. Zeal for "pure Protestantism," and "civil and religious liberty!" yes!

"Good brother, we must bend unto all means,
That may give furtherance to the holy cause."

weakness. What is it but a mixture of clay and metal, swelled up into the dummy of a most preposterous giant? Hit it hard, and unsparingly, *μαλακον γαρ 'ευρησεις*. See one contrivance to make the mock giant appear, like what we are wished to consider it. Some presbyterians (all, for anything that I know or care) have given up the *regium donum*. Yes! but they have received it—too late therefore. The concession is now obviously a sacrifice to expediency, not, as they would have us think, to conscience or consistency. Liberty is what the Coalition offers us: and what is that in plain English? Why, the right of thinking and doing as they judge best, and of compelling us to think and do as *they* think and do.

On another public question I will say a few words, the grant to Maynooth. I may be wrong: but I fancy, that the principle, involved in the support by us of that institution, has been conceded. The question before us seems to me, to be the amount of the support to be given. My opinion is, If you have given, or are pledged to give, give liberally: and do let us be saved from those wretched calculations on windows, broken, and patched with paper. A nation like England, ought to have no small wars: neither ought she to make small gifts.

Well, I think that I must shut up my political lueubrations; for I am quite a novice in the art, much below the sages of most public houses; and I feel, like the sagacious cat, walking along a strange wall, plentifully garnished with broken glass. On the general subject (how much soever I may have failed in my treatment of the different parts) I think that you will understand me. I say that public opinion, guided by men and newspapers, is so oppressive, and becoming so formidable, that our policy is to rebel against it, before

"The children of perdition," for that is a name which our zealous Protestants seem agreed in giving to the Papists, are welcome auxiliaries in the war against the Church of England. The alliance gives a good illustration of "diamond cut diamond," for the Papists are equally unceremonious in return, each party being comfortably assured of the future of the other. "For the furtherance of the holy cause" of destroying the Church, "minor differences" (I should rather say, reciprocity of opinion) are readily merged by common consent. I do not think that in treating of an assault on the Body, I can be profane, in drawing attention to a similar combination against the Head. Therefore I do ask attention to two, who being before "at enmity between themselves," in the furtherance of a common cause, "were made friends together."

"O rare Ben Jonson!"

rebellion becomes too late. We have still "reason," as part of our "treason;" but soon we shall be denied the possession of that. Perhaps you will say that the evil is already invincible. Say not so. Come, take an oracle to cheer you:—

Αλλ' ὄπιλαν μαρψη, Βυρσιελος αγκυλοχειλης
Γαμφηλησι δρακονιζ κοσλεμον αιματοπωτην,
Δη τοιε Παφλαγονων μεν απολλιζαι η σκοροδαληη,
Κοιλιοπωλησιν δε θεος μεγα μυδος οπαξει,
Αι κα μη πωλειν αλλαζηας μιαλλον ελωνται.

When that oracle was discovered, public opinion was more truculent, than it is now; but there was an *υπερφυης τεχνη* in reserve, to quell the dominant demagogue. We can do very well; and we have all sorts of help at our command. A little "good duplicity," or a "sort of exaggeration," will help us out at a pinch; and we have the authority of the Very Revd. F. Faber for their judicious use: and he is a workman, who ought to understand the use of his tools. We have the advantage of claws, and no particular predilection for selling sausages; so that we may well hope to cook the Paphlagonian's goose for him, and serve it up in his own highly flavoured sauce. Let us try, any how:—

Small are we, and not so great, but much smaller, smaller by many heads and many shoulders, than the great Paphlagonian Hector. Unsuited to our hands the shameless stone, or the spear, casting, and leaving behind, a shadow black and long. Small are we, but active; Pygmæan in stature, but thinking great things. Small our arrows, but well-tempered, pointed with the steel, dear to shoe-making men, who bear upon their shields the Tanner-Eagle, confounder of conflicts! Sometimes Jove gives us the victory; and we return, bearing home our prize, little, but satisfying our desires. For sometimes a lion, intent on the branchy-antlered unconscious stag, hath exposed to us his tail: or a bore, rushing forth, hath received in his shaggy breast our Pygmæan dart; and the air, rushing from his distended lungs, hath left him collapsed and tame: or a Molossian mastiff (mixed-breed) hath received, on the white boundary of his teeth, a pebble,

small, but well-directed ; and continuing to snarl, he bites no more, pitiable but harmless. Sometimes also the mighty Paphlagonian comes abroad ; and we, cowering between his extended legs, flee to our burrows, eating our hearts in silence.

He, many-minded, many-homed, rules beneath his sceptre many lands. Sometimes dwelling near the sacred wide-flowing river,* silver-eddying, untainted with pollution, unploughed by the curved keel, haunted by tuneful swans, with banks inhabited by shepherds, tending their harmless flocks, he casts his eyes over the world, ruling with far-seeing vigilance, glorying in his might. Here he hath fixed his chosen seat, not always so ; for Fame tells of ancient days, when here there dwelt a company of men, black-garbed, crown-shaven, girt with ropes, with feet unwashed, sleeping on the ground, swarming with vermin, such was their sanctity ! From this seat they were driven ; and now the mighty giant wields here his sable sceptre, meditating over his sable streams, despatching hence, over sea and land, his sable messengers.

The former occupiers of the spot, hapless band ! have gone : but in their place has sprung up a race, different, and yet alike. By the same wide-flowing river they assemble, collected from their different homes, what time the flowery May wakes up the labours of the torpid hive. Sable their garb also, but limp and wide their white gorgets ; priestly too, but deriving their priesthood from many and varied sources, wisely despising the past, looking far into things yet to come, and not unmindful of present things. Chiefly they dread the far-famed city, seven-hilled ; and with incessant clamours, faithful watchdogs ! they banish sweet sleep from all within their hearing. Over these rules the Paphlagonian hero, sometimes ashamed of such subjects, wide ruling,

* The Thames at Blackfriars Bridge.

king of men. But separate he dwells, in his own hall. Under him, obedient to his commands, and much subordinate, lower in rank, and less renowned in the man-ennobling conflict, rules, eased in thick bull's hide, and with the skull of a mountain bull, thick, impenetrable, a chief, feeble in hand, but with the poisons, which fruitful Nature abundantly yields, making formidable his nerveless shafts. Stranger to Parnassus, but not ungifted with a muse, new, ornate, recently woven, he commits to undying Record his wise counsels, far-seeing visions into times to come, commands obeyed by his subject followers. They, carrying with them the Record, which shapes their path, go to all parts, obedient. Whether their duty be, to bring to light some traitor, lurking in ambush in dear native land; or whether, boldly to assail the three-circled crown, dangerous to liberty; or whether, in the far East, wisely to sow dissensions among thrones, peaceful as yet, allies in name, but hostile in their insidious intentions, obedient they go, for thus their sacred Record commands. But chiefly nearer home are their labours exercised: and in towns and villages unnumbered, traitors double-minded are restrained; temples, built in ancient times, forbidden to be repaired; the traitorous men, who would build, and in building imitate the work of men, who were, prevented; knowledge withheld from priests; and encouragement given to those, who with "good duplicity," and "exaggeration," would bring the land under bondage to a foreign priesthood. Such deeds hath Record done!

West of the mighty giant's abode, assemble the men and women, obedient to Record. West still, lies the cave, where dwells the White Horse, formerly visited by other horses, and ears quadruply yoked; but the stern might of iron hath driven them away; though yet may be seen here, frequent, the humbler bus. In the same well-paved street, but opposite, may be seen a name, like that borne by the snowy courser, but not altogether the same; for with mortal men, and

their words, such license is allowed.* Bearing that name, a sable-garbed, white-gorgeted, hero hath fixed his seat, where sea-traversing men receive into their fair haven the storm-shattered barks; and with skilful hand repair the broken timbers, daughters of the forest. Here the hero rules, seldom disturbed during thirty circling years, that have witnessed his sway. Among his obedient subjects he calmly dwells, dropping honey, and adding glory to the ambrosial repasts, where men, whom Jove hath gifted with eloquence, and female women, not altogether mute, discourse on Record; and impart to each other, alternate, the sayings and doings, thoughts and intents of their neighbours. Heavy labour! lightened by cups, alien to Bacchus, artfully extracted from the nepenthean herb, brought over the wine-faced deep, from the flowery central land, contemptuous of outer barbarians, dwelling darkling beyond its celestial frontiers; and bread, gift of Ceres, thinly cut, finely spread with the thick-pressed milk of the pasture-loving cow. But mindful of battle, the hero, girding up his loins, walks forth, to spy, if near his throne any black-coated-traitor meditates rebellion against Record; or any woman, in guileful art tending the sick, and nurturing the helpless orphans of ocean-lost mariners, disregards it's sacred mandates. Like a lion, confident in his might, on these he pounces; and leaves them sad examples to those, who would rebel in like guise. Sometimes, stirred with patriot zeal, he leaves the land of Anglo-Saxons: and crossing the wide-flowing Tamar, traversed by a bridge vapour-propelled, he enters the land, inhabited by Britons, savage race, with skins coerulean tinted, guiltless of clothing, driving to battle ears armed with iron scythes, where yet may be seen the four-horsed chariot, relic of a

"Shathmont—salmont—you see the close alliance of the sounds. Dropping out two *h*'s and a *t*, and assuming an *l*, makes the whole difference. I wish that no antiquarian derivation had demanded heavier concessions."—*Scott's Antiquary*. See in the same authority, the process, by which "Quickens Bog" is corrected into "Whackens Burgh." The whole book is intensely clever.

by-gone age. There too he hunts out the traitors, extending far and wide the fame of Record.

Such as he is on the banks of Tamar, so another, like to him, in activity and labours, Close by the banks of Sabrina's swift, maiden-destroying stream, close to the field near the fane-renowned city, where the nephew-smothering monarch, slew his youthful rival, closer yet to the city, bearing his not-yet kingly name, city, now renowned for the ruddy well-pressed cheese, rich, double; or better fitted single for Vulcan's sacred force, savoury repast, dear to the harp-bearing, inspired race (kindred to the Tamar-bordered nation) inhabiting mountains, covered with goats, and the timid hare-formed tribes, burrowing in earth by day, and frisking in freedom, what time Phœbus hath withdrawn his beams, and milder Hesperus hath lighted his peaceful lamp. Largely they disport on the pungent plant of the field, haunted by the dabbled angel,* dispelling the sacred power of thirst with the dark nectar, cream-headed, best drained from massive cups, burnished, looking like silver, having one handle. In a city rules the hero, new, gorgeous, famed for warm baths loved by Hercules, and for health-giving waters, haunted by golden-hued, gilded-zoned sojourners under Indian suns, seeking here health and occupation. Alike in energy and employment both the heroes, and many others like minded, well-thinking, doing kind things, but more suspecting, than mind would dictate, the thoughts and doings of others, who are warring against the same foes: carefully tending their sheep, but sometimes, in eager defence against imaginary lions, leaving them exposed to existent, but ignobler, beasts of prey: raising often a cry against the wolf,

* "Then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood, and he shrieked out aloud,—
Clarence is come, false, fleeting, perjured, Clarence,
That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury."

Richard 3rd.—Act 1. Scene 4.

and finding only the downy nestlings of the mare ; or needlessly “ sounding the tocsin of Popery,” and awakening into auxiliary vociferation the patient, long-eared, remoter kindred of the horse : distracting oft-times the silly minds of other sheep and other shepherds, and hindering the good, which each might do to other, hindering the common good of all. Sad is it, that friends should be thus misguided, and in error direct against each other weapons, otherwise formidable to common foes. But not now can the Muse linger, to drop a tear ; for time will clear away the thick mist, now obscuring the judgment of all. Turn we now against avowed foes.

Unhappy beyond others they, who remote from the glowing dome, where Phœbus yokes his fire-breathing steeds, land of the wise, list nightly the hissing plunge, with which he descends into the western wave, weary, longing to rest his limbs, and close his burdened eyes, in the pierced bed, where long since Amphitrite vainly expecting him, discontented, lies buried in deep slumber. Subject, as others, to wide ruling Hector, king of men, and to Record, hostile to the seven-hilled city, they lament the hard destiny, which hath assigned to them western climes, and Western Times, and made them unwilling listeners to the sad Journal, more western still. The great Hector, strong, and often just, is sometimes merciful. Pity stirring his magnanimous breast, he doth sometimes forbear to crush with his chariot wheels a prostrate foe. With skilful hand guiding aside his æthereal coursers, he leaves the mangled, but yet breathing, mass. Sometimes Record doth not utterly destroy ; and Religion, sweet daughter of Heaven, is heard in her common plea for the suffering children of a Common Father. But no such mercy awaits those, who groan under the added bondage of subordinate despots, lower knaves, shameless manglers of the mangled and slain, filthy revellers on garbage. Brothers, trained to liberal exercises in that school, where erst the sausage-

seller imped his young wing for combat with the Tanner-Eagle, for unpeered guardianship over the democracy of Athens, dear to Pallas, covering with extended saucepan her violet-crowned city; maligners of priest and noble; sycophants, tainting with foul breath whatever of good, or gentle, or sacred, still redeems this burdened land; spurned alike by Hector and Record, shrinking from the contamination of their loathsome association,—these no gallows hath yet rewarded, no pillory hath received into its three-holed embrace. Instead of degradation, if of such they are capable, wealth has been their portion, wealth dearly earned by painful and unwearied lies. Instead of infamy, pursuing through the world, closely attached, closely following, like a tin kettle the tail of the panting cur, one hath the seat of justice received, and Justice in shame hath veiled her averted face. Without the smallest portion of their due reward they remain; for Jove hath taken from priestly hands the horsewhip, chastiser of snobs!*

Against all these foes have we to contend. Small are we; so great and so numerous our foes! but not

* The reader may detect a curious coincidence in the fact, reported to me, that there are two newspapers, one published at Exeter, called the "Western Times," and the other elsewhere, called the "Plymouth Journal," edited, or owned, by brothers; and that he of the former is, or has been, a magistrate, in his ancient, "ever faithful," city. Curious! I shall be fancying myself a small Dr. Cumming. I am also told, that the brothers bear the name of one of the persons, who suffered in Queen Mary's reign, in front of Balliol College. I am sure, that the name is not Cranmer or Ridley. Latimer, is it? Well I never venture rash statements; but anyone, who is curious, can inquire for himself. There is a "Littimer" I know, in one of Mr. Dickens' works; and a pretty figure he cuts, in an engraving, where he is paired with a gentleman of kindred spirit, Mr. Uriah Heep. An interesting brace of jail-birds they are, as one would wish to see, recently escaped from the gallows, and more recently, the subjects of a somewhat speedy conversion. Latimer, or Littimer? After all, what is in a name, when these are Arcadians all four, *id est*, as some one says, _____ all? A thought occurs to me, that in preaching honesty to others, I must not be setting an example of skulking from the consequences of word or deed; so, if there should be anything imprudent in this, or any other part of my pamphlet, I withdraw the plea of ignorance, which with poetical license I had assumed, and I have already given the names of my lawyers.

always on the more powerful doth Victory wave her silver pinion. Speak, Muse! and give thy counsel, how best to meet the formidable host. "Dweller on earth, and earthly in thy craven fears, restrain from meaner foes thy hand, but if Hector fall"—Part of the warning voice hath been dispelled into thin air: part we have received, and mind may supply the rest. Well-girt men! contending for dear native land, for freedom making glad the hearts of those, who have little else to cheer them, let us repel the day of slavery! Quail not before the giant; though with one leg planted on the island fortresses of the northern sea, the other on the shores of wide-flowing Hellespont, or the Chersonese, or the inhospitable sea, whence Jason carried the golden fleece, where also Miltiades reigned, with mind and hand everywhere, let us be men! Let us remember, that one omen of success is all that is required, and that we have "to fight for dear native-land," and for all that makes it dear. Think not basely of self only; but of those, who think with us, and are exposed to our common danger. Warriors, with limbs enfeebled, by bearing the long lance, and ponderous shield, through many a sultry day, for our country's cause, now weak from blood poured out for us, gaunt of frame, hoary of head, look to us for defence, against their ungenerous, ungrateful, oppressors. With shields joined, let us rescue them; and place them, where in safety and honour they may live their remaining days, pleased in the remembrance of their past deeds, pleased in the small, but grateful, meed of our respect. Counsellors, spent with labour, not less exhausting, but on other fields, brain-wearied, (fruit of thoughtful days and watchful nights, undergone for us,) successful now, at other times failing, for such is the common doom; priests and women, worn out in works of mercy, defenceless now, for age, sex, priesthood, station, past services, the grave even, common refuge, are no defence—all these are unmeetly recompensed by the scorns of letter-less compellers of clods, hucksters of words, Boeotian chivalry! With

lances pretended, growling like the lioness round her helpless offspring, let us defend our defenders, and benefactors. Let us be men ; and leave to a Higher Power the result.

There, my old nag is a little blown. So I will get off, and lead him up the next hill. We have got over the worst part of the road ; and I will mount again, when we come to good trotting ground. I dare say, that I shall be sorry to see in print a good deal of what I have written ; and probably, had I the opportunity, I should put my pen through one half of it : but I had no choice. It has been to me a case of “now or never.” I expect, as you know, occupation for my time, which will leave me none to spare for book-writing ; and this opportunity will not occur again. What I have written, has been hastily, under pressure of business of different sorts, to keep pace with my printer. To say that I expect to do myself credit, is simply ridiculous. I *must* be a loser, in that part of reputation, which I most value. I am sure, that I have hit on the right way of writing : but I may have carried out my design, like a bungler. Nothing is more likely. I want to excite better men, to carry out my design, in a better way. The halting pedant, Tyrtæus, was in appearance no very valuable auxiliary to the war-like Spartans ; but his “masculine verses” made them behave like men. Men we have in abundance ; but I fancy (I may be wrong) that they have lost the full feeling of manhood, in groundless terrors, a mere Panic fear, of their ostentatious adversaries. If I have done a little, what could *you* do ? what could men, whom you and I gladly acknowledge as greatly our superiors, do ? My heart warms, as I write to you ; and though we would equally disapprove of admitting the enlightened public to a participation in our unrestrained outpourings ; in this case the shame and ridicule are mine, and you escape. I have not been generous, at your expense. You cannot tell, my dear old friend, how pained I am, at the idea of swaggering and blustering before the intelligent public, as a sort of hero (heroes are cheap now-a-days,) or it may be as a martyr, equally ridiculous word ! I am no lawyer ; and I may have made myself amenable to law. That may make me poorer, than I am ; may even deprive me of liberty. To my excitable temperament, neither of these dangers is a subject of fear. Let me be sent to prison, I shall have books, I presume ; and they may allow me ink and paper. Some newspaper may be my successful adversary. Well, my leisure

hours, when I have done mounting guard on the treadmill, will be employed in studying (harder labour still!) the files of that paper for by-gone years: and taught by experience, I shall hit with greater effect, and greater safety. Be it "Times," or "Western Times," not that I compare them, for the adjective makes all the difference, I will try what stuff still remains in me. The violin, and the Caledonian violin (for I dread to use the more common adjective and substantive) are not more distinct, than the "Times" and the "Western Times." I ask for no man's sympathy; and I beg that no man will presume to offer it to me. If I get off with a fine; why I may send round my hat, in the shape of cards, with a slit for a shilling, though sovereigns will not be refused. Or perhaps, not tempted by the novelty or respectability of the contrivance, I may resort to my old trade, which for a year or two I have discontinued, of pupil-taking. My terms are not quite those of our Dotheboys in this Parish; and in a year or two I might clear enough, to pay my damages. Under the most favourable contingency, I must cut a small figure in my own estimation. Perhaps I have, all along, kept to the windward of the law; and this is an addition to my punishment: for I shall have been swaggering in public opinion as a candidate for cheap martyrdom, taking care all the time to keep out of its reach. I do not purpose to answer any one, who may attack me. Whether or not I shall depart from my purpose, depends very much on the assailant, and the manner of assault.

I am well aware of the objection, which the sober, drab-coloured, portion of the community, may make to my style. Some such sentence as this, though I am no Murphy, or Dr. Cumming, I can prognosticate, "The cause of truth is never promoted by sharp or sarcastic language. Meekness should be inculcated meekly." I differ from you, my prosy friend. I might spend my life, in writing sermons; or, in order that they might be still more pointless, I might go on delivering them extemporaneously, after the true Exeter Hall stamp. But not a friend encouraged, or a foe daunted, would be the reward of my washy outpourings. Now this little pamphlet will, in its probably limited circulation, gain for me both these objects. More than one good man, or woman, will find, that he or she has a friend, sympathising now, and, in exception to the common cant of sympathy, ready to lend a helping hand. More than one opponent, malicious, or stupid only, will discover, that among those people, the despised Tractarians, or bigoted Tories, whom he

has been honouring with his supercilious contempt, *βρενθυων, καὶ τωφθαλμω παραβαλλων*, there may be harder hitters than himself; and he will know where to go, when he wants more of that article, in the management of which he fancies himself an adept. The result of that may be a return, on all sides, to the ordinary language of civilised life, a “ mutual reciprocity,” as the late worthy member for Montrose said, or might have said; and that will be, so far as it goes, a satisfactory “sum totle of the whole matter.” Answer my arguments, if you can, good enlightened reader: but when you come to criticise my style, my inference, and that of many others, will be, that the answering of the arguments is a work above your power. A good joke indeed! For nearly twenty years, I, and those most dear to me, have been most unmercifully assailed; and I am now required to spare the feelings of our assailants! Fair play, if you please. If I must have a bout with the foils, I must insist on having both buttons on, or both off. But I might be satisfied with defending myself, in ease of attack? That is not my social principle, nor my theology. I must take care of others, as well as of myself. If I happen to have a good stick in my hand, and am assaulted by a mischievous cur, which is the nuisance of the whole neighbourhood, and one such in my diocese is the “Western Times,” am I to be contented with keeping him off, as well as I can, and taking refuge at the nearest open door? If I could do no better, I would do that: but if I could so lay my stick over the ribs and head of the noble animal, as to make him dread, for the rest of his life, every thing on two legs, I should have done good service; for which all the women and children of the neighbourhood, all the aged and infirm, ought to be grateful to me. Suppose that I came off considerably daubed with mud, and with a bite or two, a clothes brush, and some soap and water, with a pennyworth of plaster, would set all that right. I like Rob Roy’s advice to Baillie Nicol Jarvie, “Hout tout, mon, let that flee stick i’ the wa’; when the dirt’s dry, it ’ll rub out.”

If I have used too severe language, in regard to individuals or bodies of men, who deserved more lenient treatment, I can only say, that I did not mean to be too severe; and if, in any case, I have been so, I humbly beg the pardon of that individual, or that body. I must judge of individuals, by the association, in which they have placed themselves.. If I hit a pigeon, when I am shooting at a flock of crows, that are damaging my garden, I cannot help it. What business had the pigeon in such company? *Qu’ allait il faire*

dans cette galère ? In the case of those, whose malice and insolence leave them without excuse, I intended to be severe; and I would have been more so, if I had possessed the requisite ability. Let me, in self defence, point out to you the distinction, never forgotten by me, but which you, in your wisdom, may have overlooked, between the malicious railer, and the assailant, perhaps equally mischievous, or even more so, who may have been sincere in his professions of zeal, and become an assailant, through no greater moral defect, than a pig-headed stupidity. Sincerity and honesty I revere, wherever I find them, or suspect that they can possibly be. Hypocrisy I abhor—no particular merit in me, for my profession has brought me into more intimate, and frequent, contact with that, than with any other sin; and I know, that it is destructive of every virtue. I will quote a sentence of my own on another occasion, “There are persons, in whose system of theology, the dirtiest roguery and lying are compatible with the possession of Christian perfection.” There, I have given you the key-note: and if you cannot now manage for yourself, I cannot congratulate you, on having much music in your soul.

Now Rosinante has recovered his wind, and we will mount again for another canter: for I have many wise things to say. We will begin with a little theology. You must have noticed long ago, Robert, in what a singular position we are placed. We cannot lift our eyes, but a great direction post on either hand, with it’s “Keip on this syde,” is alternately soliciting us to the edge or the hedge. Fervent Protestants, by their open ridicule of things sacred, are pushing us toward Popery. Fervent Papists, by the ridicule which they are more effectually bringing on things sacred, are pushing us toward the infidelity of ultra-Protestantism. In our timid hesitation, we meet with much encouragement, from the rival sirens; for they forget their mutual hostility, and turn their wrath from their contraries, against us, who are between them both. On one side, the fervent Papist bestows upon us, his solemn anathema: on the other, we are saluted with a dead cat from the fervent Protestant—*μοθην τῷ γαλεωῖη*. We are in the position of the Aristotelic virtue, thrust, at one and the same time, into the contrary extremes; and taught to feel, that we are disclaimed by both, as “none of their child.” Wise builders are they both. One would erect a Brobdignagian extinguisher, to enclose us all, without any regard to our natural craving for light and air. The other would have us, in defiance of etymology, to regard that as the best “edifying,” which consists in

carrying away the common materials, for the erection of huts of all descriptions, lodging us separately in *omne quod exit in ism*. Harmony in variety, is their motto for the erection of a joint temple: and with them, the principle of Christian unity is best carried out by schism. With one party, “confession” is a subject for uproarious ridicule: and if the word “auricular” is put before it, the long ears of the laughers are agitated with raptures of delight. They might know, if they would not be too skilful with their Latin, that confession to a priest must necessarily be auricular; for the Methodist confession of one’s peccadilloes to a class or band, they regard with much respect. I do not laugh at Wesley’s institution of confession. I respect him greatly, and when I can respect his acts, I do. I only speak of the working of the institution. People, who have been present on such occasions, tell me, that acknowledged crimes, such as dishonesty, and immorality of different kinds (all, I am afraid, too prevalent in all communions) are seldom confessed: but the contrition is confined to matters, akin to the roast goose, which excited Mr. Froude’s compunctionous reminiscences. That book ought never to have been published. It was an act of injustice and cruelty to the dead. One could not, of course, expect a person to confess a serious crime to an assembly of gossiping old women. So the confession is limited to the usual class of offences, a sinful weariness under the excellent discourse of a round preacher, or a depraved envy at the freedom in prayer of a more gifted brother or sister.

Let us now look to the treatment of this somewhat serious topic on the other side. Let Mr. Faber be its exponent. I suppose that we may safely consider him a safe one; for the water lily, which might have found ample room under Magdalen Bridge, has now grown into a Victoria Regia, which requires a crystal palace for its accommodation. What says the Very Revd. F. Faber? On his authority, we are justified in believing, that sin, its pardon, and the means of obtaining pardon, may be a matter of joke. For at page 74, M. Morcain’s converts present themselves for confession and pardon with “fun, consolation, and earnestness, all in one,” their claim for admission being, that they have sung

“ C'est le Morcain, le Morcain, le Morcain,
Qui damne le monde à la ronde.”

Curious qualification that! I should think, that in such a matter, and with persons seeking the consolation of sin pardoned, the

earnestness would have been all the better, without the fun. I cannot conceive, how the earnestness could exist with the fun ; nor how, with the fun, the consolation of pardon could be expected. Perhaps Mr. Faber considers, that M. Morcain's priesthood enabled him to dispense with the sorrow, humiliation, repentance, which the Highest Authority has made a condition, on which HE grants pardon and consolation. Sure I am, that if any one, were to come to me for the confession, to which I monthly invite all, or for that, to which the confession is offered as a preliminary, if I saw in him any indication of fun, he would be summarily shut out from both. Whether conscience is really guided, or strengthened, by either of the rival, and opposite plans, is another matter. I think that by both it is weakened, and otherwise injured. Those plans seem to agree (as, in many points do the entire systems) in similarity to the careful Orcadian in the Pirate, who watered his apple-trees with hot water. A warm bath, taken occasionally, is very good ; taken as a constant habit, very weakening. A bladder or a plank, is useful to a learner in swimming, and, on emergency, to good swimmers ; but a man, who constantly depends on either, will never be a good swimmer. I believe, that we must strengthen ourselves for the performance of our own work ; and that we must do that work for ourselves, as other men cannot do it for us.

See now again the encouragement which I receive, on both sides, for belief in the protestations of both. One party is said to profess, that falsehood is allowable for the advancement of religion, or the good of the Church, for I suppose that they are intended to represent the same thing. Certainly, a Very Revd. of that party tells me, in the plainest language, the advantages of a "good duplicity," and a "sort of exaggeration." Then he asks me, to believe all the statements and claims, which he may bring forward for his Church and religion. The other party tells me, that human nature is *totally* depraved, and then asks me to credit every man's professions, as to his feelings, his conscience, his assurance, and so on. What can I do ? I hold that human nature cannot be totally depraved, if I must allow to all men the possession of truthfulness. I am asked to allow that a man may have, what I consider, one of the very highest of virtues, and in the same breath, that he has no virtue at all. If all men are totally depraved, every individual man must necessarily be a liar. I am asked to submit to dogmatic statements, on one side ; on the other, to believe professions of

conscience. I laugh at both. I hold, against both, the declaration of the savage heathen in Homer,

“Εχθρος γαρ μοι κεινος ομως Αιδαο πυλησιν,
Οσχ' είερον μεν κευθει ενι φρεσιν, αλλο δε βαξει.”

I like a man, who could say that, and also

“Ωμοι! αναιδειν επιεμμενε κερδαλεοφρον.”

My own theory is quite clear and consistent, to my own mind. I believe, that all men retain something, more or less, of the Image, in which the first man was created: and to every man, where I see no reason to think, that he can be deceived, or has an interest, or motive, in deceiving, I give credit, for the veracity, which is part of that Image. Professions as to the possession of *any* virtue, make me less credulous. I do not like to deal with a man, who talks much about his honesty. I would not, in danger, like to have a companion, who boasted much of his courage; for seldom does such a man turn out a fire-eater. “Public spirit,” “conscience,” “conscientious scruples,” and so on, are quite bye-words, of which we know full well the worth. Like the “assignats” of the French revolution, their multiplication has wonderfully depreciated their current value. I like the authoritative settler, of the tender-hearted old growler of Bolt-Court, “Patriotism, sir, is the last refuge of a scoundrel!” A boastful parader of his own independence, and denier of respect to his betters, is generally, in heart, a servile sycophant. If I wished to do a little in the smuggling way, I would rather slip a shilling into the hand of a Custom House officer, who talked largely of the duties of his office, than into that of the man, who went quietly about his business, and would probably allow his doing of his duty, to speak for his own sense of it. “Great cry and little wool,” is a saying which contains much philosophy. The Americans profess a hatred to titular distinctions, and an oppressive aristocracy; so their housemaids are “ladies,” their coaches and steam boats, decorated with aristocratic names, “the Lady Franklin,” and so on; and judges, generals, colonels, majors, and professors, are so numerous, that it is a luxury to meet with a plain Mr.; and if we send them an envoy, they like him to be a Lord. Why we do not send Dukes, I cannot tell. “*Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurrit*,” and always in a ridiculous form. The natural disease is, in this case, much better, than the absurd inocu-

lation by which it finds vent. In these and all my opinions on such matters, I am supported by my own dear Mother, the Church of England; and thankfully I place myself under her shelter. She gives me words of truth and soberness; and tells me, that if I would profit by them, they must be productive in me of the warmest love, toward my Creator, and my fellow-creatures.

On another account, I should stand up for the maintenance of my own Church; for I am quite sure, that the educated and influential classes could never tolerate the Papal system, or that of the other dissenters. Look at the teachers of the last. Poor fellows! they have sufficiently intractable subjects already, if we may believe their own writers. These are unanimous in invoking blessings on the “basket and store of their ministers,” and ordinarily subject them to the insolent tyranny of ignorant “deacons,” and little upstart shopkeepers. The clergy could not tolerate the position of these “ministers:” and if we were of a nature, or habits, to do so, the gentry would not tolerate us. They would despise us; and so would the poor, the more so, because the gentry did. At present, we mix with all classes, on terms of proper familiarity and equality: and if we do not commit ourselves, by any acts of absurdity, or meanness, we may generally keep the respect of all. We are the medium of intercourse, over the gulfs, which separate different classes. We would fill up the gulfs; but we would not obliterate them, as lines of demarcation. We want “liberty, equality, and fraternity;” but we will have them consistent with order. If two men ride on one horse, one must ride behind: and we will not contrive panniers to carry a whole gipsy camp on one poor overburdened beast. We will encourage no cruelty-vans. We will keep the eye where it is; and we will not beguile the foot into the notion, that it ought to grow out of the head. We will keep the body in its natural shape and arrangement; for, if we try to improve on it by our clumsy botchings, we destroy it as a body. We are an uncommonly useful class; and our use will be known, when (as I suppose will be our fate) we are displaced, and the happy reign of tender conscience takes its turn. Practical infidelity all over the country, and open infidelity among the higher classes, will come in, I think, as necessary appendages to the new dynasty. The “Pilgrim fathers,” who look uncommonly well in Mrs. Hemans’ poetry, give us a good specimen of the rule, which we should enjoy under our “dissenting brethren.” Did you ever read those most amusing laws?

for the government of the saints in the New world? If a man walked in his garden on “the Sabbath,” or was seen to kiss his wife on that day, he got off cheaply, if he escaped with fine and imprisonment. Flogging, pillory, mutilation, and death, were by no means uncommon punishments for theological offences. I forget, to which of these a man made himself liable, by reading, or otherwise using, our Book of Common Prayer. The choice of musical instruments was properly limited; all such as were profane prohibited, but if I do not forget (and I here write from memory) a special exception was made in favour of the “Jews’ harp.” I believe also, that there were thoughts of making Hebrew the language of that happy commonwealth. Dissenters among us boast of their Hebrew, and we confessedly neglect it too much; but they also make much parade of their Greek and Latin. There we are tolerable judges; and by their skill in these, we may give a round guess at their skill in Hebrew. The New England, or Massachusetts, Hebrew, would have been an acquisition to literature. Luckily for us, the dissenters *will* publish, impelled by their evil star; for I call that star evil, which always seems to them culminating in a favourable house, how eombust soever, or retrograde, it may really be. These prophets should keep within the borders of their own country, if they wish to be honoured, as prophets. “Five conventicles,” says some one in Scott, “have proclaimed a solemn fast:” “Then,” says the other man, “they mean mischief.” The mischief is a good deal neutralised, if they fast and exercise out of doors. There are most able men, and first-rate scholars, among the dissenters, but I am speaking not of exceptions, but of the rule. The scholarship of the body is woeful, and their contempt of carnal literature better suited to them, than their frequent boasts of possessing it. They profess to despise the fathers; but if they can get hold of a passage here or there, seemingly in their favour, they make the most of it; showing, at the same time, the extent of their patristic learning, and the sincerity of their professions, as to their estimate of it’s value. The reign of the Cotton Mathers, and other witch discovering, witch sacrificing saints, would suit our English notions! “Civil and religious liberty” would be charmingly set forth, for our admiration! I do not think, that the present race of gentry could well appreciate their new privileges; but they might train up their children in better habits than their own. They would naturally eschew for them Eton, Harrow, Winchester, and such shops of musty old frivolities, fit seed beds for the

more matured bigotry of Cambridge and Oxford. “Academies,” “gymnasiums” and “seminaries,” would then be the fitting Dotheboys, for turning out “youth” finished off in the modern literature.

I do not see how the gentry would be much gainers, if we supposed Mr. Faber’s friends to be our successors. In regard to the rising generation, the result would be something like that of the opposite platform. The poor old boys would soon experience the benefits of the “good duplicity,” which is already, on a limited scale, systematically teaching the robbery of fathers of families, by their wives and children. “Governor” has become old fashioned as a substitute for “father.” “Relieving-officer” is already the modern term, and we might hope soon to improve on that. Strepsiades’ question to his son, instructed in modern philosophy, would be put to them by their sons, “τι δ’ουχὶ ποπρον εσθίεις, οὐαὶ επι ξυλω, καθευδεῖς”; Their indignant question, “ω μιχρε τυπλεῖς τον παλερα;” could be effectually met by a complacent, “φημ” ω παλερ: and their outeries to their neighbours, “αμνναθειε μοι τυπλομενω,” would meet with deserved attention. The happy “conversion of England” would of course turn out from our universities the present race of “lazy fellows;” and in their place would come Mr. Faber’s Orders, the legitimate successors of the monks of old. Most useful *they* were in their day, and great gratitude we owe to them, and (the more enlightened of us excepted) acknowledge for them. I think, however, that their time for usefulness has passed away, as have the days of bows and arrows, spears and shields, and the panoply of chivalry, though I highly respect the services, which those antiquated implements did in their day. Our national morality stands confessedly in much need of correction: but the morality of Rome and Naples would have set us all right on that score. Let me be just here, as I have tried to be, in the cases of the monks, and the bows and arrows. The use of the Papacy has been very great: for tyrants and oppressors were restrained by Popes, when they could not have been restrained by any thing else. The morality of many communities under the Papal system, is a standing reproach on our boasted Protestant purity. The Church of Rome is acting nobly in America, in its equalisation of all its members in the privileges of their Church. I believe, and I shall be glad to be contradicted, that in America the Church of Rome solely, makes no distinction between it’s white and coloured members. I honour it for it’s courage, and I would earnestly ask

the attention of our sister Church to the circumstance. Take again the character borne by the women of Ireland. What man is there, worthy the name of man, who does not intensely revere the women of Ireland? I have heard of Wales, and of other parts of the United Kingdom: but my clerical life has been spent in Devonshire and Cornwall. Examples, equal to any elsewhere, are here to be found, and very, very numerous; but let us take whole classes, and I would thankfully agree, to have our towns and villages inhabited by Irish women. I hold with the ancient, who said of Sparta, that it could not be perfect, while one half of it was in its then notorious condition: and wherever that one half is pure, I will never despair of the welfare, or future greatness, of the nation, which is so blessed.

I know enough of logic, never to maintain what I think an untenable position; never to leave to an adversary the detection of an exception, to what I am foolishly urging as a general rule. I have spoken of Ireland. I have also read Boccacio. The Italian priesthood may have reformed, since his day. I have also heard something of the priesthood, brought into contact with our officers in the Peninsular war, and many things of more recent date I have also heard. But I will say of my Irish instance, that it would reconcile me to *very* much. I may say so of the whole Irish nation, in another respect; for the tenacity, with which the people have adhered to what it has considered "the faith once delivered," merits, and has, my respect. I wish also, that the efforts to reclaim them to other opinions, had been very different, from what they frequently have been. I hope that I am no railer. I wish to do justice to our present enemies. I should be base indeed not to do the same to my fellow-subjects, and so, if for no other reason, my countrymen.

Let us now go on, with the conversion of England to the "Catholic faith;" and try to discover, from the present, what that future would be. I had hoped, that the Bible burning story would have been denied; and I had intended to ask my kind reader, obligingly to shut his eyes to my allusion to it. I have since heard, that some of the co-religionists of the Redemptorist fathers, are publicly justifying the act, supposing it real; and drawing down on themselves plaudits, when they say, that they would have done the same, and that they would not have touched, except through the medium of the tongs, the Book in question. Leaving out, for a few minutes, the merits and demerits of our translation, I will ask one question. Is it fitting, that the faith and feelings of a mighty

nation, like this, should be insulted with impunity by these foul-mouthed revilers? If liberty had not run to seed with us, would not these people have had their "ears shortened" for their insolence? The "Catholic Emancipation Act" did not, I presume, *reverse* the relative position of the parties concerned in it. The "slaves" were surely not placed in the position of the "masters." O, woe to the unhappy nation, reduced to the misery of such a rule! Now for an argument, an *ex pede Herculem*, an *a priori*, an *a fortiori*, or any other learned word will do. If the "Catholics," in their present state of "oppression," talk, as these scoundrels (few, I hope) do, what would they do, if they were in a position to be oppressors? Now for another mode of argument, if it is another, a *σογειον* or *παραδειγμα*. What has every, or almost every, "Catholic" nation, been compelled to do with the Jesuits? Have not the Jesuits been almost universally expelled, under the unanimous conviction, that no government could go on with them? To the catena of "Catholic" nations, we may add Japan and Paraguay. Mr. Faber quite dissents from the catena; for he says of the Jesuits (page 21) "Nothing of course *can* supply at all adequately the place of the Society, where its blessed and multifarious labours are prohibited." A sad reflection for those nations, which have devised means for the supply of those "blessed and multifarious labours"! I am not at all well up in modern theology; hence my gross ignorance in my expression "Redemptionist fathers." Still I do fancy that the Oratorians, to whom Mr. Faber belongs, are an offshoot of the Jesuits. Mr. Faber bears me out; for he speaks, in the same paragraph, of "the friendship" between St. Philip, the founder of the Oratorians, and St. Ignatius, the founder of the Jesuits. He says, that "the children of St. Philip, on both sides of the Atlantic, are doing what they can, to stop the gap," made by the expulsion of the Jesuits: and he says, that what they are so doing "might be expected from the friendship of the Founders, and from the instinctive sympathy, and interchange of good offices, between the Company and the Oratory." This saves me pages of argument. The people of England know now what they have to expect; that their "conversion" is the work of Jesuits: that the servant, who is applying for the place, to be vacated by the present clergy, is an old friend, under as many new names as the Miss Huggard, of Wolverhampton. Let them look to the character, which that applying servant brings from his old masters. Under all these numerous *aliases*, is one person

only, an old friend, the veritable Simon Pure,—the “Company” of Jesuits.

If I had the whole world from which to select, I could not desire a better antagonist than Mr. Faber. O that lucky little pamphlet! O the astounding simplicity of my good friend, the advocate of revivals in our Church, who could send me such a book, in the hope of making a convert! That is the way with most people, right enough in feeling, but with a total blindness to consequences and concomitants. If they find any thing, which supports one of their crotchetts, they swallow it at once with all the poison, which it most bunglingly covers. I have to thank Mr. Faber for so obligingly showing me his cards; for I do not think, that he has improved his chance of winning the game. I think the same of that “insidious aggression,” (an expression, for which we are indebted to a high authority) which partitioned England into dioceses, and introduced among us a “live and real” Cardinal. In the uproarious outcry on that occasion, I felt not the least interest; for what had the dissenters to do with it? The Church of England claims exactly the same position with them, that the aggressors coveted. The dispute was between the Church of England and the Papists. The dissenters were altogether untouched; and if they had possessed knowledge and sincerity, to anything like the degree, for which they desire credit, they would have treated that aggression with the indifference, which the Pope would have felt, if he had heard that the Wesleyan Conference had portioned out Italy into districts, and had supplied superintendents, and preachers, round and local, for all the inhabitants. I do not think that the aggression has accelerated the “conversion.” There is something in the present condition of the Pope, which might have operated favourably on generous minds: for his character and his distresses make him far more venerable, than his predecessors, portioning out kingdoms, and trampling on the necks of kings. His zealous followers have done their best to repress our favourable impulses, by their silly aggressions. What have they done? What can Bishops of Southwark, Nottingham, or Plymouth do, which could not have been done as well by Bishops of Melipotamus, Trebizond, or any other diocese in *partibus infidelium*? They have exhibited their teeth, when they could not bite; and they have irritated those, whom they would more prudently have conciliated. Mr. Faber says, in page 25, that the party to which he belongs, “like wasps, are better left alone.” I think otherwise, that

they are better smoked out. A great deal we hear said, of the sufferings undergone by its former "missioners" and "confessors." One, Cuthbert Mayne, was apprehended in Queen Elizabeth's days in this Parish, and was executed; and his skull is kept at Lanherne, near St. Columb. A spice of treason qualifies the merit of martyrdom; but I dare say that he was a good man. The same may be said for, and the same exception made against, many other "martyrs and confessors" in the same reign. They knew the stakes, for which they were playing; and they lost the game: and, the less said about it the better. Again I ask, did the Pope's excommunication, and deposition, of Queen Elizabeth, justify their conduct? If it did, he has of course the same power over Queen Victoria and her subjects. Now for a dilemma—Either the present Pope's power over our Sovereign and nation ought to be *fully* maintained: or the claim of martyrdom for sufferers of the Guy Fawkes and Garnet school, ought to be given up. Perhaps there is a "development" which will combine the horns into a formidable bludgeon against me. Perhaps the attempts on Queen Elizabeth's life are all a myth. Perhaps the acts of Ravaillac, Chastel, and the Elizabethan heroes, found no justifiers in their own communion. Where was the wisdom of confounding these miscreants with those noble characters, and real martyrs, Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More? The unfortunate gentleman, in whose house Cuthbert Mayne was apprehended, is really an object of commiseration; for he was ruined, and sentenced to imprisonment for life, though I believe that he made his escape,—unfortunate cat's paw, under the guidance of a more sagacious animal! I do not like to be arrogant toward an opponent. So I will confess great ignorance to Mr. Faber. In consequence of it, I have no wish (page 12) to "be strangely bold" (where I think all boldness most unbecoming) "with St. Bridget." I have not read one syllable of "the marvellous life of Sister Mary of Agreda, the authoress of those revelations entitled "The Mystical City, &c." Well, Hooker, and some others, must "do what they can" to fill "the gap" made by this want. I must not leave out one great recommendation, to the gentry especially, in the future conversion of England. Mr. Faber gives a foretaste of it, in his account of the proper management of a mission. It occurs in his 33rd page. He says that the "details might be multiplied to almost any extent." The following quotation may perhaps suffice, in which I shall take the liberty of omitting what I

do not like. "While the people are painfully dragging their tongues along the rough Church-floor, in reparation for their swearing and blasphemy, priests are to be distributed among the rows of the penitents to cheer them on, with such words as, Think, my brother, this tongue might have to burn, &c.,—forgive my bad words. O holy —, my Mamma, offer this mortification to — for me. O what a feast this evening's work is for the Angels." A feast for others who read the description, for this is a discipline not for children, but for grown up people, as the "swearing and blasphemy" of themselves imply. Mrs. Blimber would have died happy; if she could once have seen Cicero in his Tusculan villa. What then ought to be the satisfaction of a kind squire of my acquaintance, and his equally kind lady, who has lately sent me some admirable letters (which I mention, to show that they cannot be Parishioners of mine) if they could have a reasonable prospect of perambulating their Church, followed by their household, on all fours, licking the floors, and choked with holy zeal, dust, cobwebs, monks in the full odour of sanctity, and frankincense, no unnecessary corrective. Now about odour of sanctity: what possible connection can there be between filth and godliness? *τι γεπταλον καθοργω;* I am sure that garlic eating, unwashed importations from abroad would not go down in this country. My case would be hopeless. If I eat unconsciously even a small portion of onions or garlic, I am ill for days; and unless every day I can bathe all over in clean water, I am miserable for the day. If our Creator has given us senses, and provided the means of gratification, in the wild flowers of every hedge row, the balmy morning breeze, and the sweet fragrance of a summer's evening; if our domestic animals, our dogs, cats, poultry, ducks even (though they are not very choice in their food) are constantly occupied in cleaning themselves, why should we rebel against intention and example, and try to be holy at the expense of others, by converting ourselves into walking pest-houses? The gentry would not like to be obliged to set open their windows and doors, to let the odour of sanctity escape, after every visit from a greasy unwashed monk.

I come now to the alleged, and certainly defended, Bible-burning. We do not claim inspiration for our Translation, though I think that the world would be puzzled, to produce a work, indicating greater knowledge, divine and human, in the translators, than this work exhibits. It is a translation at least; for there is no simulachrum, mysterium, *do 1 ia*, latreia, or other dangerous words

kept out of the reach of the unlearned, for whose benefit one would fancy a translation is expressly made. The use of such words does not indicate a strong cause, any more than the Λογος of the unitarian "Improved" translation. There are ample and laborious notes on the word, but the untranslated word remains. One pities the "improving" translator, who had to reconcile Θεος νυν ο Λογος, with ο Λογος σαρξ εγενετο, coming a few verses afterwards. On the same principle, I make allowance for other translations; but, I cannot allow them to have come down from heaven, as the Ephesians asserted the form of their goddess to have come. Our's is a mere human translation, fallible of course, and open to criticism. On one point I will take the liberty to criticise it myself. I shall express a wish, that our translators had avoided, whenever they could have done so, the use of terms, which, though stamped with the currency of centuries, were not in existence, when the Original was written. Had they observed this rule, I think that in *every* case they would have strengthened the cause of the Church of England, against her several opponents. I wish, for instance, that they had avoided the use of the words "Bishop," "idol," "schism," and others: but these are sufficient for my present purpose. Had they used "overseer," "likeness," "separation," I think that they would have cut off much ignorant and dishonest argument, from dissenters of all sorts. These latter would have been unable to bring forward the case of a plurality of "bishops" at Philippi; and they would still have had an Overseer at Ephesus, and in Crete, ordaining and ruling subordinate overseers. The connection of overseers with way wardens, and poor law guardians, we might well have expected, from what we know of our present opponents; but that would have been as harmless, as the manifest distinction between their own "deacons" and the seven, first appointed. They would not again, have had the opportunity of drawing a distinction between the term "schism," and the term "separation," or its other equivalents; extracting, as they do, the guilt of schism from separation, and giving to the term "schism," where our translators have used it, a sense, which sets etymology and the vocabulary at defiance. Another class of dissenters would not have been able to make their distinction between lawful representations, and "idolatrous" images: and I think, that in this case our translation would have been supported by St. Paul's declaration, that "an idol is nothing in the world," seeing that it is merely a like-

ness, representation, phantom, in short what Homer's ειδωλον always is. Another class of theologians would have been deprived of their "idols" of organs, surplices, and starch! "Easter," and words of that sort I pass by, though we ought to be thankful (our opponents considered) that we have not, on the strength of that word, been charged with the "idolatry" of our Saxon ancestors. I give up the inspiration of our Translation: but I do not conceive that I am justifying the burning of it, or speaking of it as some of our friends across the water are doing. I say that no Translation is inspired; but that this is the nearest to inspiration, of any existing in a modern language. Not *one* word or syllable in it, or the Book of Common Prayer, would I alter on *any* consideration. To those, who require an explanation of what they may think an inconsistency in me, I give this which follows. If I had never in my life before seen, and were now required to translate, the Lord's Prayer, I would have rendered the third word "Who," not "Which;" but having the latter word, I would guard it, as I would that, which I hold most dear. In passing, let me express my utter abhorrence of the dishonesty, and worse than that, of "Bowdler editions" of the Prayer Book, leaving out the *objectionable* passages. Do I find fault with our Translators? very far from it. I only say, that they had not the gift of prophecy, to which they never laid claim. They translated for unlearned, but honest people, and they have done their work admirably. They could not foresee, nor of course guard against, the critics and opponents, which later generations have produced. O the refreshing honesty of those, our revered, though later fathers, fit successors of their fathers and our's! the more refreshing, when compared with the "good duplicity," "exaggeration," and presumptuous ignorance of later days. I do not think, that they have ever had their due reward from posterity, either from friends or foes. Cranmer was a "time-server and a coward"—yes, his life and death proved that! "He was no theologian": I do not think that he was equal to Ridley: but in our days is there any one beyond a smatterer, in comparison with Cranmer? O the indignation, that one feels, in seeing so noble a character, noble with all its admixture of human frailty, exposed to the scoffs of minute philosophers, and ardent martyrs; who, from the dangerous platform of Exeter Hall, challenge the Pope, and beg to be led to the Inquisition, or the fires of Smithfield; and of those, who, unable to make fair fight against a cause, vilify its supporters, and join in

alliance with those, more opposed to themselves, than either are to it. "Cranmer ought to have faced death more firmly than he did"; doubtless, and therefore let us revile him. We should have done so much better ourselves! To be roasted alive is no such arduous undertaking; it is rather pleasant than otherwise: it is, what Mr. Bumble denied of a "porochial life," a bed of roses. There is no fear of any of those, who despise his pusillanimity, imitating his first fears, and shrinking from his magnificent atonement for them! Not one of these would have put his tail between his legs, and made himself small and scarce! Go on, vile pack! worry your saintly victim! Redemptorists and the whole "family or wood" of Jesuits, give your full odour of sanctity to animate the glorious burst! The deaths of Sir Thomas More, and Bishop Fisher, were instances of pure martyrdom, and shame to the wretched bigot, who denies it! If I can say so, ought not our opponents to allow the same of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer? There was a distinction between the modes of martyrdom. The former two had the respect paid to them, which was due to their rank. They were not tormented by loathsome friars, cheated with "good duplicity," degraded and insulted before they were murdered. What was the case with the other three? The dwellers in crystal palaces, all glass and iron, ought not to throw stones at the windows, which Henry VIII and Thomas Cromwell make in our building. "Cranmer persecuted, and burnt people." He did. The sin is his, not that of his Church; for she did not, by justifying, take upon herself the guilt of, his misdeeds. Let the Church of Rome look to that fact. Let her think of her Te Deums for the cowardly and brutal butchery of St. Bartholomew's day. That one day, that one instance out of thousands, brings upon her the guilt of more innocent blood, than all the members of the Church of England have brought on their individual heads. Their Church condemns the deeds of her children, and her children in their deeds. She washed her hands, and *is* guiltless of the blood shed.

Well, we are not converted to either of the rival wooers as yet; and we have breathing time, to look about for indications of our probable fate in either event. Our's is a glorious cause, if we only went the right way to work to maintain it. The union of Church and State I consider a very great blessing: and I wish that some excellent men, who speak lightly of it, would weigh well, what they are thinking of giving up. Were we in the position of

dissenters, we should be more zealous; but should not we gain this advantage, at the cost of millions of our poorer countrymen? Can we not gain that advantage, at less, at no cost, to ourselves or others? We want to have a clear understanding, and firm alliance among ourselves: and we are weakening our cause, by making alliance with foes on either side. Liberality and kindness of feeling lead many of us into this mistake: but what reciprocity of these sentiments can they expect? They have only to look at the spirit of the conventicles of every description, to their declared views, to the education, character, conduct of their frequenters. Πυρ και θαλασσα, εχθεστοι το πρων, συνωμονην to pull down the Church of England. In matters purely secular, or in objects of benevolence, I am glad to join with all, who will join with me: but in matters of religion, never. Therefore I have nothing to do with the Bible Society, British and Foreign Schools, Temperance Societies. Here is an extract from "Woolmer's Exeter Gazette," of Nov. 10. "The Rev. _____, British and Foreign School Society's Inspector for the West of England, briefly and lucidly explained the principles and operations of British Schools. They were perfectly non-sectarian. They rejected all formularies, and took, as the sole element of religious education, the Word of GOD. They were supported by some of the most eminent members of the establishment, as well as by those beyond it's pale." The conduct of "those beyond it's pale" is quite consistent: but what are the eminent, or any, members of the establishment about, in their support? Do they believe that a Church is part of the Word of GOD, do they accept the Prayer Book, as consistent with that Word? Do they then wish the children of the poor to be perfectly non-sectarian? Do they wish "the sole element of religious education to be that Word," expounded by every schismatic, or heretic, who chooses to expound it? Was there ever such utter blindness? Now for another exemplification of the non-sectarian theory, from the same newspaper of December 1st, given on the working of the "episcopal free church" at Torquay. It is a correspondence between it's "pastor," Mr. Gladstone, and one of it's trustees and supporters, Sir Culling Eardley. The baronet's letters stand out in favourable relief, from those of the "pastor." Sir Culling's letters show a good feeling, for which I honour him, much as I differ from him on religious matters. He writes, "We should like to see the Evangelical Clergy more zealous against Tractarianism; but is it either expedient, courteous, or Christian

(thank you over, and over again, Sir Culling!) to call them *dumb dogs*? Is it becoming to speak of the Bishop of London as *wicked*, or of his principles, much as we dislike them, as *vile Jesuitism?*" Mr. Gladstone brings Isaiah in support of his accusation against the Evangelical Clergy of being *dumb dogs*, reiterates his charge of *wickedness* against the Bishop of London, and makes a good swoop at us altogether, thus:—"I have no doubt, however, as I have often said, that were Satan himself on earth, dressed in lawn sleeves, and wearing a mitre, that the Church, as a body, Evangelicals and all, would bow down in submission before him." There is a good specimen of non-sectarianism for the "eminent members of the establishment," a good specimen of an expounder of the "Word." A good lesson, it ought to be to Sir Culling Eardley, and other gentlemen, in their advocacy of schemes and pastors, of this description. I do not know, whether the "episcopal free church" is a fair sample of dissenters in general. If so, nothing more favourable for us could be imagined, than this exhibition of its "pastors" and their proceedings. It has been somewhat unlucky in its "pastors." The last one was brought before the magistrates, for a little amiable weakness in regard to a servant girl; and Mr. Gladstone gives us his own account of his Ishmael-like disposition toward friends and opponents alike. As the "church" seems to be drawing in its horns, would not this be a good opportunity for Mr. Newland, to expedite the process, by sprinkling a little salt on them? Perhaps he would act wisely, to let it do its own business.

In this county we show our nonsectarianism, though we are very poor cricketers, by playing cricket on Good Friday; and I have also heard of dinner parties, purposely given in Passion Week. "I love a free young blood," says Rob Roy, "who kens no protector but the cross of his sword." One word in that sentence suggests the wish, that people would discriminate between the simple noun, and the compound of that noun and a participle. We read of one great authority, who gloried in nothing, save in that simple noun. Some of the ways, in which he gloried in it, we know: can we possibly say, that we know all the ways? At a certain Name we are told that all ought to bow—in heart certainly, for we know that no other bowing is sufficient; but must it necessarily be in heart only? May not a person bow in heart and person also? May not he glory in the other in heart, and also in other ways? So for the common opposition between divine, and human, teaching and learning: does

one necessarily exclude the other? Of mortal men, whose learning and teaching were more divine than St. Paul's? but were not both highly accompanied with human excellence? Why should we imitate Mr. Blattergowl, who never read anything, for fear that he should be suspected of reading his sermons?

I have in my Church a *piscina* and constantly use it, a stone slab, which I found degraded into pavement. I keep the chancel distinct from the body of the Church. All these whims of mine I am enabled to indulge, from the respectability and good sense of my Parishioners. If one place can be more holy than another, (and if it cannot, I do not understand the command given to some one, to put off his shoes, because the ground on which he stood was holier than other ground), if the Church is holier than my house, why may not one part of it be holier than other parts? The rebels against Moses said truly, that the whole congregation was holy; but the Levites were especially so; and among them, Aaron and his sons. So of portions of time. One out of the seven days is more holy than the other six. Certain times of the year were divinely set apart for the Jews, as particularly holy. Why may not Christians have received, or devised, similar distinctions? I suppose that there may be some use in them, or that they would not have been divinely appointed for the Jews. Or, are we to place the household of the servant above that of the SON; and to suppose, that in the preparatory system, it's times and places were invested with a holiness, of which the completion of that system is unworthy?

Every society, every social party, or party collected for business, has its rules; and a transgressor against them is not generally considered a Solomon for his transgression, why then a transgressor against the Church's rules, even on the supposition that they are merely human? You may ask me, whether I believe the sincerity of those, who plead conscientious scruples, for their transgressions? No—I totally disbelieve them. If I see a man, exhibiting in the rest of his conduct lunacy, or monomania; if for instance, he takes himself to be a barleycorn, and is afraid to go out of doors, lest he should be picked up by a fowl, or gives occasion to his friends, to think of a commission *de lunatico inquirendo*, I can readily conceive that he should think a surplice in the pulpit, or certain things, usually seen in, or on, Churches, to be superstitious or dangerous. But just think of buying a horse of one of these sincere professors; and you will find no lack of sharpness in his intellect: and if you take my

advice, unless you are a *very* good judge of a horse, have the animal examined by a veterinary surgeon. Do you remember the serious grocer's question to his shopman, "Have you watered the rum, sanded the sugar, and mixed the coffee?—then come in to prayers." I always suspect, when I see people looking about for material for conscientious scruples, *ερεβοδιφωνίας*, with mind, is it? directed *εἰς τὸν ουρανόν*, suggesting the sagacity of a magpie, with head aside, exploring the interior of a marrow bone. I like old Cobbett's directions in his "English Gardener" (p. 31) about laying out a garden. If your gardener "only pretend to understand the matter, and begin to walk backward and forward, stretching out lines and cocking his eye, make no bones with him." "Gardeners," he goes on to say, "seldom want for confidence in their own abilities: and in many cases, it requires time and some experience of their doings, to ascertain, whether they know their business, or do not; especially when in pretensions they are so bold, and the result is at a considerable distance, and clouded with so many intervening circumstances." A remark this, applicable to others beside gardeners: even "bishops" and "pastors" might profit by it. In his "Cottage Economy," p. 199, he says about the killing and curing of the pig—it is strongish language, but it enables me to exhibit the variety of my reading,—"If, while you are drinking a mug of your own ale, after having dined on the" pig, "you drink my health, you may be sure, that it will give you more merit in the sight &c., as well as of man, than you would acquire, by groaning the soul out of your body, in responses to the blasphemous cant of the sleek-headed methodist thief, that would persuade you to live upon potatoes." He gives at p. 114 an account of a man at the close of a hard day's work, "Home he came at dark, with his two little boys, each with a nitch of wood, that they had carried four miles, cheered with the thought of the repast, that awaited them. In he went, found his wife, the methodist parson, and a whole troop of the sisterhood, engaged in prayer; and on the table lay scattered the clean-polished bones of the spare-rib." He makes an exception for us, and I must take advantage of it. He says, p. 105, "A couple of flitches of bacon are worth fifty thousand methodist sermons and religious tracts;" and at p. 121, they "will do ten thousand times more than any methodist parson, or any other parson (except, of course, those of *our* church) to make you happy." I do not know that Cobbett intended to attack any

individual persuasion : I think, he used the word, as it was generally used in India, and sometimes is now in England, where “methodist” is applied to persons, really, or seemingly, more religious than their neighbours. However this may be, as Cobbett’s political and ecclesiastical opinions were in great circulation, whatever they are now, I thought that this particular one might be as well known also. I do not swallow professions of zeal or conscience : why should I, when human nature is totally corrupted ? Trusty Tom Trumbull, (for Scott suits me much better than Cobbett) with his “honourable Sabbath,” and “lawful business,” is a standing warning with me. The “lines of this person’s countenance were so sternly adapted to a devotional, and even ascetic, expression, that they left no room for any indication of reckless daring, or sly dissimulation ;” you would “as soon have thought of giving a cant pass-word to a clergyman descending from the pulpit ;” and “he glanced his eye to the book he held in his hand, with a sigh, like that of a saint desirous of dissolution.” When you have to get up ladders for the detection of things likely to “offend” Protestant congregations, I feel that I am not good enough for the age. It is too holy a state of things for me. I cannot stand the titling of mint and anise by people, with whom honesty and veracity are at a discount. Will I not strike, in defence of my Church and religion, against such opponents, as are assailing them ? Aye will I, so long as steel, and Britannia metal hilt, hold together.

We have a noble cause, as I was saying, and I cannot see what mortal can require more, than our Prayer Book gives. Notwithstanding the simplicity and majesty of it’s language, and it’s fitness for all “estates of men,” and the conditions of each, it is too often, what Mr. Faber calls, “a cold bill of fare.” The coldness of the people, and on the clergyman’s side, the fear of doing, or being supposed to do, anything like Popery, make it often a duet between him and the clerk. That is not the fault of the book, but our own. We of the clergy are often offenders in other ways, in producing this effect. Nothing is so detestable in the services of religion as affectation. So I object to see a man, walking with his arms folded across his breast, or waving, with lemon coloured gloves, a cambric handkerchief, which refreshes the congregation with odours of *mille-fleurs*. There should be on these occasions, I think, a forgetfulness of self. I dislike anything demonstrative : and what people gain in graces, they lose, I think, in simplicity and effectiveness. I have heard tho-

late Mr. Irving; and I have “sat under” ministers of fashionable chapels: but I think that there is a happy mean, attainable by most men of average education, who will think of what they are doing, not of the manner, in which they are doing it. We do not want the excited eloquence of Habakkuk Mucklewrath, the steady prose of Mr. Blattergowl, or the academic graces of Mr. Chatterly. Mr. Poundtext, or Mr. Maultext, precious Mr. Gabriel Kettledrummle, or the Rev. Mr. Twigtythe, do not satisfy us. Cowper has some good lines on the subject; but I cannot be hunting for them now. I wish that some of my own denomination would make themselves acquainted with the sense, and grammar, of what they are reading; and, among other things, spare themselves the unnecessary full stop, in something addressed to the congregation, at an early part of the service. I liked Dr. Newman’s way of doing the duty, in the afternoon at St. Mary’s. Some people might have complained of monotony. I did not. The Prayers spoke for themselves; the sermon was full of intellect; and the reader kept himself in the back ground. I have heard imitations of him, quite abominable, as most imitations are. As Dr. Newman has left us, I am thankful, that he has given us his parting legacy of “Development,” a work, which I think most damaging to his new cause. How his new friends could have adopted it, is matter of surprise to me; for it seems to me to deserve a place in their *Index Expurgatorius*. I do not imagine, that it has given any additional reason for expecting “Rest in the Church.” I fancy that there will be a turn in the tide soon “*From Rome to Oxford*,” bringing back some of the best materials, which the late squalls have carried out to sea. Domestic conversion plans, and works like Mr. Faber’s, to say nothing of defences of Bible-burning, will freshen the tide in our favour. Perhaps Oxford may not come in for much benefit from the *flotsam and jetsam*: but I think that Rome will be the loser.

With one newspaper, which I have taken in for fifteen years, I will use the freedom of an old subscriber, if not a constant reader; for I subscribe, partly because I like to know something of the local news in it, but chiefly, because I would keep the ground from being occupied by a rival, and most rascally, publication. As “Triesemar” is guarded by half-a-dozen injunctions of the Court of Chancery, let it take care of itself, without your assistance. Baron M’Kinsey should be politely requested to vend his “Catapotia” through some other channel, and to pot his eats, Goldner fashion,

at some other shop. Dr. De Roos, with his former rival Dr. Barker, and his present partner, Dr. Rutherford, and Drs. Curtis and La'Mert, ought to be unceremoniously sent to Jericho, or any other Hebrew locality. They might not be put to the trouble of so long a journey, for they might find a nearer resting place in the "Western Times," a more suitable place for them, than our "Eatanswill Gazette." Let our Mr. Pott look to it, and not interfere with the fit province of Mr. Slurk. If a paper cannot go on without the help of these gentry, it cannot be much wanted, and is better dropped. A good cause is never really helped by the use of unholy means, whatever Tribulation Wholesome may say to the contrary. Many respectable people think with me, and I totally object to introducing Drs. De Roos, Rutherford, Curtis, and La'Mert, to the acquaintance of my Clogdogdos; and to having on all the "toilet tables" of my house packets of Triesemar, so scientifically done up, as to defy the possibility of detection. Our "Gazette" has a character to lose. Let his rival, Mr. Slurk, look after his own, and preserve and extend it, after his own fashion. He is read by many respectable people; perhaps they do not object to the advertisements; perhaps they detect no difference between them and the rest of the paper; and perhaps they are right. I have my own notions, and if my Gazette does not part with his suspicious acquaintances, he must part with me. I want to help it, and to strengthen its cause against Mr. Slurk. That is an admirable name, and an admirable engraving there is (can it contain a likeness?) in Pickwick, of a combat between the "Rival Editors," where the medical students are dodging about, with lancets and basins, ready to bleed the first man who drops. I have not been personally much annoyed by Mr. Slurk; but he is said to boast of making £600 a-year by his harmless raillery on one clergyman in this diocese, and £400 by those on the rest. I want to help them, and for their sake, the "Gazette;" and as I hold that "Charity begins at home," I wish, amid my public-spirited efforts for people more distant, to do my little for my neighbours. *A propos* of the Caledonian violin, I may say, as the evidently uncomfortable customer said to the chemist, "A pennyworth of brimstone, if you please, sir; it is nae for myscl', but for anither gentleman outside." I wish to give a few hints to the "Gazette," calculated, I think, to make its work neater, and more effectual. Repress the aspiring spirit of the young gentleman, who "does the reviews" of police

affairs. We do not want Bacchus or Venus in accounts of tipsy clowns and night strolling disreputables: and do spare us "faithless swains" and "frail fair ones." I assure you, that it is all in wretched taste, and *not* conducive to morality. Let us have a little less of disputes with contemporaries *ou φροντίς Ιπποκλείδην*, that is, we take no interest in them. The whole thing is excellently done in Pickwick, and we want no more of it. Take one specimen of the controversial language there, "Our worthless contemporary, the 'Gazette'"—"That disgraceful and dastardly Journal, the 'Independent'"—"That false and scurrilous print, the 'Independent'"—"That vile and slanderous calumniator, the 'Gazette'"—these, and other spirit-stirring denunciations, are strewn plentifully over the columns of each, in every number, and excite feelings of the most intense delight, and indignation, in the bosoms of the townspeople." Our spirits have been sufficiently stirred; and we no longer feel delight, in what is as old as the hills. Why, when King John's barons, in the "Antijacobin," were about to go with their pocket pistols to the storm of Quedlinburg Abbey, just before they were reinforced by Quintus Curtius, and Marcus Curius Dentatus, with a Roman legion, and it's battering rams, and the Knight Templar disguised as a waiter, they were reading that "hireling print," Alderman Harmer's newspaper; and even then they were wearied with the "unprecedented demand for Packwood's Razor-strops." If *they* were wearied, what must we be? Do not be angry, "Gazette," at my remarks, for I really wish you well, and I would gladly help you to extinguish Mr. Slurk. If you think that I can help you, send me the subjects on which you wish me to write: but mind you, though misery brings us strange bedfellows, I will not, of my own choice, go pigging, cheek by jowl, with Drs. De Roos and Rutherford, Baron M'Kinsey, and Messrs. La 'Mert and Curtis. "Every clergyman, preceptor," and so forth, is bound to have, and circulate, the productions of these, and similar worthies. I think differently: I think that every clergyman, every respectable and decent person, more especially if he has a wife, sister, or daughter, is bound to kick them out, and Mr. Slurk with them. No amount of brimstone can be an overdose, for that Caledonian violin. I like to take out my £5's worth, while I am about it. One of the baronial advertisements is headed by a golden maxim, "Teach a man the true cause of his disease, and you have performed half it's cure." Very good. I add to it, Keep clear of the disease,

and you have no need of the remedy. Eject from your premises the gentleman, afflicted with the Caledonian violin; and you escape the sulphur, which, sages say, is it's necessary medicament. You are a gainer both ways. You keep yourself unpolluted by two unsavoury and offensive inflictions.

In one newspaper, of recent date, I will not say whether it is the "Western Times," or my own "Eatanswill Gazette," a paragraph occurred, which grieved me. I will endeavour so to write about it, that no one, but the person whom I wish to address, may understand me. He is one of my many "unknown friends;" I wish that I had thousands, and tens of thousands, like him. Perhaps I have. Let me address him then, as a friend. If a man has committed any act, published a book, if you like (for that will do as well as any other instance) do not impute motives, which you cannot possibly know. If you feel that you ought to do so, do it, while he is a fitting adversary. There are circumstances, in which a man is no longer a proper subject "to point a moral or adorn a tale." Either let him be in a position to hit you again, for I like fair play ; or let your attack be made, when no friends of his can suffer with, or for, him. Place, time, and other things, make your allusion very unhappy. It seems to me to be *nihil ad rem*, whatever the *res* might be. If the person whom I have been addressing, be what I have supposed him to be; he will thank me, for calling his attention to that, which has pained me, and probably others of his friends, with me. In my case, one of the mottoes on my title page, is "Bear back both friend and foe." Friends need the application of it more than foes; for their mistakes are far more formidable, than the wilful opposition of foes; and one is naturally reluctant to wound *their* feelings.

The taste of the public about preachers I do not like; seldom do I like their taste in any matters. Our present allies beat us generally in this respect. Take, for instance, the arch at the end of the Champs Elysees, or that grand looking affair of Napoleon on his column, in the Place Vendôme; and compare the latter with our Duke's in Hyde Park. Do you remember Mr. Dickens' description of Cupid, "a decidedly indelicate young gentleman, in a pair of wings and nothing else"? I have already expressed my hatred of our gigantic Cupid, without the covering even of wings. If I were meditating a little Greek ode in his honour, could I commence with $\Delta\omega\rhoi\ \sigmaυκοπεδιαι$; or would the Antiquary's remark, on the "bare-armed Fenians" of his nephew's translation, be applicable

to my compound epithet? I do not like the Nelson monument, near Morley's. I used to put up there, and contemplate from my window the classical fountains, with their crystal showers playing over those dumb waiters. It is grand, that *τούτῳ βους* notion of putting water, to indicate a naval hero. Buckingham Palace I do not like; and as for the National Gallery! I have gone lately to Hatchett's, or the Gloucester, for the sake of proximity to my enemy. I wish that I could induce him *φυσαι πλέγα*, and imitate Homer's *διος ονείρος* at the moment when Agamemnon awoke. As the age of poetry has passed, unless we could get some marvellous revelation from St. Mary of Agreda, to help us, I wish that we might be permitted to deal with it, as with Clavileno, or Sejanus' statue.

I have been thinking, Robert, rather nervously, about making my contemplated exhibition to the world: but I do not see, why I should be so timid about it. Other people, more noted doubtless, (but they gained their notoriety by their liberal exposure of themselves) have done much worse. Look to that sentimental whiner, Rousseau, one of the meanest scoundrels unhanged, on the evidence of his life and writings. Why should not I win some of the tears of sympathy, which have been shed for him. Why should I not publish? Every shoemaker claims a right to enunciate, in print or otherwise, his notions on my trade, and that of politicians and generals. Let these be called my "conscientious scruples": let my pamphlet be a "humble tribute," or an "outpouring," or a "respectful expostulation," or an "unburdening." I want to get rid of all my venom; and I have nearly accomplished the task. Why will people class Rousseau and Voltaire together? They were both unbelievers: but if you look to the lives of the men, their hearts and heads, Voltaire, in comparison, ranked high in the catalogue of mammalia; the other was a venomous reptile. Dr. Newman and Father Achilli have been, each of them, a Papist and Protestant in his time; why then did we sympathise with the latter in their law suit? Because he was to *us* the Emperor Napoleon; the other, the Czar Nicholas. Had we judged on the merits of the two men, Dr. Newman's pure and austere morals might have led us to wish him success. The morals of the other, should also have led us to wish *him* the success that he deserved. I ought to apologise for having allied in comparison, either Emperor, with such a person. In the course of the trial the public did gradually show some

symptoms of better feeling; "there are some glimmerings of sense in that Dugald creature." Enough was not done, to mark our appreciation, of the great man who has left us, or of the other, the interesting acquisition to the "Protestant faith."

Perhaps I ought not to conclude this rambling dissertation, without giving something like a confession of my own faith. I do not, for many reasons, personal, and of another character, wish to make out myself much worse than I am. I will begin with the head and front of my clerical offences. I do not give my Parishioners many sermons against Popery, for this (which one would think a very obvious) reason, that I have no Papists in my Parish. If I were in New Zealand, or had been a few years ago, at a time, when in order to show due hospitality to his converts, a dignitary was recommended, never to be without a cold clergyman on the sideboard, or a smoked little boy on the bacon rack, I should probably have preached much against cannibalism; but I really do not think, that my exhortations on that subject are much required in Cornwall. People at a distance will be glad to hear, that we have long since given up even the custom of roasting men, women, and children together *alive*, in enormous wicker Guy Fawkeses. I suppose that people in most parishes (and I like those in mine) have a sufficiently high opinion of themselves; and I cannot think, that a clergyman is well employed, when he is perpetually directing their attention to the motes and beams in the eyes of others, and so beguiling them into the notion, that they have neither in their own. Other clergymen may think differently. Surely they might express their opinions decently, and without revilings against those, who hold opposite opinions, which *they* think the best. I do not call one section of my brethren *dumb dogs*, or another *wicked and vilely Jesuitical*; far less say of the whole body (myself of course excepted) that they are ready to bow down to Satan, if he would only descend to appear to them in a certain dress. I go even farther. I try to think well of them all; and even where I am obliged to condemn, I try to give credit for good intentions, and I am glad to hear of, and acknowledge, good actions. O I am a very meek man, and I do not like publicity. Diffidence is my only failing, that is, if I have any failing at all. I am like that young American lady, so painfully modest, that she would not walk through a potato-field, because the potatoes had eyes. I do not like to exhibit my ankles. I am not sufficiently clean in the pasterns.

"Well, what are you?" some one may say. Why, in these days of theological hair-splitting, I scarcely know what I am. I hold the opinions (I wish that in all other respects I were a follower) of Bishops Ken, Wilson, Bull, Taylor, Andrewes, Saunderson, Beveridge, and a host of others, like them. The name of Hooker I must never fail to mention with the deepest reverence. All these (and as I have said, hosts of others like them) were, I believe, followers of the great men, whom universal Christendom admires. If I am wrong, and these great men do not convert me, I really do not see what chance the tracts and sermons of the present day have, of being more successful. I am open, I hope, to conviction; but I do require common sense, and some little learning, before I can become a convert, and give up all my present notions. I think, and I suppose, that some others think so too, that we are not born theologians, any more than we are born shoemakers. I hold that a good deal of instruction and training is required, to make a man either. Therefore, when a person requires me to give up my opinions, and adopt his, I try to find out, whether he is a competent judge of the matter in debate. If my judgment on that point be in the negative, I must submit to be considered ignorant, prejudiced, bigoted, or whatever else; but I go on, as I was going. "Though I am not in the immediate neighbourhood of Popery, yet Popery is a common enemy, and all ought to furnish assistance toward repelling it." Granted—but if I think, that the plans for repelling Popery, which I am required to adopt, are perfectly destructive of the cause, to which I have vowed the service of my life, let some consideration be accorded to my groundless fears. To go back a few months in the world's history: the harbour of Balaklava is behind me; the Russian batteries, before. I must keep between the two. If I avoid the fire of the Russians, I do not gain much, if I am driven into the sea (and there is not *necessarily* a ship ready to receive me) and I need not so far fear the sea, as to put myself into the Russian fire. Burning, or drowning, may be my fate (if one more disgraceful does not await me) but while I can, I will avoid both. "But there are effectual remedies against both." Let me take one of those, offered to my acceptance, "the episcopal free church;" and I take it especially, because it has been thrust upon my notice, and because, in taking it, I run no risk of wounding the feelings of those near me. My practice now is, and always has been, to "ignore dissent," that is, to say nothing against it in my conversations with my

Parishioners. Whatever I say on the subject, I say openly, in the pulpit. I will manage my Parish on my own plan: *that* is my plan; and my conviction, based on theory and experience, is, that it is a good one. I do not ask others to follow it; but I follow it myself. I take then the “episcopal free church.” Freedom, glorious word! a heart, that beats not at its sound, deserves not to beat at all! But words and sounds are not *things* exactly. Suppose me to take that remedy, as it stands. I escape the galling tyranny of Rome, for most galling it is; and I am free from *it*, but free also from Episcopacy, free therefore from a Church, for—pardon me—I hold, “No Bishop, no Church,” an old-fashioned notion; but I think, as thought my betters. If I can get together a number of people, and call the assembled body a Church, why the three tailors of Tooley Street were not so far wrong, when they styled themselves, The nation of England. I hold that a mob is not at once a nation. I hold, that something more than our own assertion is required, to form any number of us into a Church. I may be wrong; but those, who think so, must prove me wrong. I have a certain Book, in which the word Church, or expressions equivalent with that word, are occurring times and times, almost beyond number; and the necessity of the thing, represented by the word, is as constantly enforced. I cannot, therefore, dispense with a Church. Can I keep it, and yet be free from that, against which I am exhorted to struggle? *I* do not see the necessity of a struggle; for I thankfully hope, that I have what I want. I have, I think, a Church; and with the Church, Episcopacy, and freedom. I require no more: I am satisfied. If any one of the three is assailed, I will endeavour to defend that one, without playing into my adversary’s hand, by giving up either of the other two. The “episcopal free church” is therefore, in my mind, a total failure; for I hold that every one of the three words, expressing it, is wrong. It is free from Episcopacy and a Church; and free in any other sense it is not; for being the opposite to the will of Him, “Whose service is perfect freedom,” it must be slavery. Of course it is, slavery to self will and presumption, which makes men wiser than GOD. No Tooley Street tailors for me!

That certain things connected with the Church, Episcopacy, or freedom (as I hold all the three) may require correction, is not the question here, so here I neither affirm nor deny. With no one of the three will I part, with my own consent; that is quite certain. As

I deem of the Church, so I deem of Bishops. I do not think a man a Bishop, because he calls himself one, even if he could persuade the whole nation, or the whole world, to call him one. So of inferior ranks—"ministers" and "pastors" (in the common use of the words) are as numerous as blackberries, in a plentiful season. I know that a constable must be made so by the proper authorities; and I think that I am entitled to consider the case the same with every minister. The one may produce a staff; the other, emblems and qualifications, most respectable and numerous; but in regard to both equally, where I have doubt, I require to be satisfied about the appointment. Wesley's resorting to an Armenian Bishop, and the late "episcopal free church" "minister" pleading American Ordination, give their internal convictions in favour of my theory. They are still further with me; for if Bishops were necessary, they could not give a license to minister in the dioceses of other Bishops. If they were not necessary, why was resort had, or reference made, to one in either case? These suggest to me the late Anglican Bishop at Jerusalem. I say *at* purposely: for the word *of* would take from us all ground of opposition to the Pope's appointments to the sees of Southwark, Plymouth, and Birmingham. If we could make a Bishop of Jerusalem without the consent of the Eastern Churches, the Pope had far more plea of right, in his appointment to Bishoprics in England, without the consent of the Church of England. I never think of a good lady's affectionate remonstrance with the Bishop at Jerusalem, without laughing. An "Edinburgh Review" article on "Church Parties" is my authority for that remonstrance: and I wash my hands of the whole affair.

I am not tempted, moreover, by the exhibition of "episcopal" qualifications in the "free church pastors." The present one shows himself to be an universal "striker"; his predecessor was said to have his own notions about being contented with "one wife." Some other qualifications have been illustrated, such as patience, gravity, good behaviour, freedom from brawling. I do not desire to see the remaining qualifications set forth in the lives of others, who may desire, or undertake, the "good work." There is such a thing as trying to be free, and to exercise our freedom in the ruling of others, before we have sufficient knowledge, and self command, to enable us to submit to be ruled. So I would not extend the electoral franchise, before I had a little raised the future electors. To other pastors, beside those of the "free church," I would suggest, on the

same principle, that there is one verb, the passive and middle forms of which must be well understood, before we ought to attempt the active : *αρχεσθαι* in all its moods and tenses should be well mastered ; or we shall make woful work with *αρχειν*. To all decent people I will give another Greek lesson, pointing out to them the advantages of bustle and agitation to self constituted reformers of Church and state, and furnishing them with a proper answer to those gentry,

“Οπερ γαρ οι τας εγχελεις θηρωμενοι πεπονθας.
Ολαν μεν η λιμνη καλαστη, λαμβανουσιν ουδεν,
Εκ δ' αυω τε και καλω τον βορβορον κυκωσιν,
Αιρουσι, και συ λαμβανεις, νη την πολιν ταραζην.”

There is the motive of the agitators, and there is their answer, applicable equally to Mr. Miall, Mr. Westerton, Mr. Ditcher, and individuals, associations, and newspapers, beyond number.

We will not stop at constables. An additional magistrate is very much wanted in this neighbourhood. No earthly inducement should make me take the office, much as I might wish to be called “his worship.” In the first place, I should be bored out of my life, if I were at the beck and call of every old woman, who had quarrelled with her neighbour; and I could not endure to have none of my time, that I could call my own. In the next place, supposing that I did my duty ; as I am not a lawyer, I might, with the very best intentions, overstep my traces ; and then I should be at the mercy of every lawyer’s clerk, who might get up a case against me ; when he would be sure of being seconded by the intelligent public voice, caricaturing, and abusing me, for doing my best in my unpaid office. I should be equally abused, if, keeping within law, I were not wiser than the law, and did not wrest the law for the gratification of public opinion ; as was the fate of the Worcestershire magistrates in the Sunday-labour case. So I will not be a magistrate, even if our Lord Lieutenant, impressed with a sense of my peculiar fitness, should condescend to appoint me. I beg his pardon for having alluded to him. Some of my brother-parsons, who have taken the office, are quite sufficient warnings for me. I know places, where justice would be at a stand still, unless parsons undertook this abominable burden. So intelligent, and so generous, is the public ; so intelligent, that it cannot find magistrates without us, so generous as to rail against “clerical beaks,” “justices and reverend divines.” But if I were in a colony, or what some Irishman called a “dissolu-

lute island," or in a ship without officers, the case would be different. I would act as a magistrate, or as an officer to the best of my nautical or strategic abilities : so would I, if I were a layman, act as a clergyman, those duties excepted, which a layman cannot perform, and which some laymen, with the best motives, have attempted to perform ; for their futile attempts made no improvement, on the sincere desire of those, whom they wished to benefit. As an instance of the latter case, we may take John Adams in Piteairn's Island, and Mr. Nobbs before his Ordination. Of the former I have one in a near relation, who, being neither magistrate nor officer, acted, and is acting, as both, in the Santhal rebellion, and has received the thanks of government. But in every one of my imaginary cases, directly that a clergyman, or a person bearing H.M.'s commission, presented himself, I should at once resign into his hands my *ad interim* office. That I think the only proof of the sincerity of my motives in assuming the office. If I persisted in retaining that, which necessity only justified me in taking, I should neither deserve, nor receive the thanks of Church or government. If I am right in this view of the case, I have suggested matter for wide and careful consideration. There are many "uses of application and improvement" to be educed from it.

Now, dear old Robert, mount your bay horse Desperation (you bought it, did you not, when railway reverses sent Mr. de la Pluche to the bow wows ?) and accompany me to my journey's end. Let us have a quiet chat, as we jog along. I have not been very choice in my language at all times, and I am writing to an old friend ; but what would people have ? The painful gentility, which still regulates the language of certain circles, and which used to inspire the novels of fashionable life, written by butlers and ladies' maids, and yet read with admiration by some, is dislodged (if it were ever there) from the higher and better-educated classes. Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray in our day, have done much for us, in that way. Life is too short, for us to be beating about the bush, and travelling circuitously round every subject, when we might go to it, in a straight line. If some people should be pleased to consider me vulgar, they are welcome to their opinion. In a printed sermon, I applied the words, "unfeeling scoundrels," to the priest and levite of the Parable ; and no one denies, that they were properly applied. "A sermon was not the proper place for them." I grant it ; for I have been told so, by an authority, to which I always submit ; and I am

sorry that I used them: but as I did use them in preaching the sermon, I thought that honesty required me to print them, with the sermon. They ought not to have been used in the sermon at all. The place and time made the unfitness: the words are most fit, and *I* cannot replace them by better. However, I am not now writing a sermon, but chatting to an old friend. In so doing, I use a patchwork of languages, proverbs shocking to "genteeel" people, and a good deal also, to which they may object. Some people may think, that much of this is unsuited to my calling. I cannot help that: but on this point, as on every other, I claim the right of thinking for myself. Shakspeare says, that "beggars mounted run their horse to death." Very classical and unexceptionable! There is a vernacular version of that proverb; and no one can deny *it's* force and terseness; but I do not justify it: I never use *it* or *any thing like it*. Strike out from it the language, which is imputed to me as a fault, and what becomes of Mr. Dickens' Pickwick Papers? That book is a classical work, and will remain so, long after whole libraries of beautiful sermons against Popery, tracts, and other works, now deluging the country, will have lined our trunks, or supplied wrappers for our grocery. I cannot make head in their own language, against the writers of such productions. I am lost at once. What is my ordinary humdrum language, against that overwhelming inflation? It would be like putting a little bantam, to fight with the great bird Κομπολανυθος, and forbidding him to use his spurs. The poor little bird would be overwhelmed, as under a feather bed, by his gobbling and pretentious adversary. The proper directions in such a case you will find in the "Knights" of Aristophanes. Great chance I should have, if I were compelled to argue after the fashion of brother Chadband, "Treweth, what is treweth?"—it is not falsehood; it is not a highly reprehensible forgetfulness of facts; it is not a sinful departure from voracity, and so on. With my present opponents, I labour under disadvantages, from which they are free. I cannot swallow all "figments." I have scruples ("conscientious scruples" mind you, my whole pamphlet is an overgrown scruple) against "improving the occasion," over every preposterous falsehood, which I can discover, or manufacture. I cannot argue as they do, setting out with an E and an I, and finding myself at A, for a conclusion. I retain something of the truths, embodied in that instructive little poem, commencing with "Barbara, Celarent, Darii." Education decency, self-respect, and many other restraints, are upon me, from

which I do not wish, or ever mean, to free myself. But with these restraints, you must not take away all my weapons of offence and defence: you must let me use my spurs. You have sometimes put on "the gloves" in younger days: well, what would you have thought of a venomous little opponent, who assaulted you, unincumbered by these aids to science? Your harder, and more scientific blows, would come on him, softened like the boiled peas of the pilgrim; and you would think yourself fortunate, if you could prevent your eyes and face from being marked all over by his blundering virulence. I think that you would have thought of taking off your gloves. I suppose that I am already a duellist with some people: now I may be a patron of the prize ring. So be it. I am afraid, that I cannot look for another chance: so I am anxious to make the most of this. "*Desipere in loco*" is all very well; but the *locos* do not occur often, to a person circumstanced as I am. There are times however, and this I think one, when the mild wisdom of Lælius is out of place. Exeter Hall, and the "Western Times," and many other opponents, are not assailable in that way. As I have thought fit to write, I wish to be understood: and I best know the language, in which to convey my meaning. Our adversaries speak plainly enough, when they assault us; and we have the right to speak with equal plainness. Look at our political assailants. Is there any term of the English language, which they think too bad for us? Look at our theological adversaries. I grant you, that when they are advocating a common cause on the platform, they use the softest language; for they do not want to frighten their credulous "brethren of the establishment" but if you want to know their real sentiments, read their publications, intended for the serious few, the godly brethren. There you have the esoteric doctrines: and do they ever fail to improve an occasion? Can a case of immorality be detected in a Clergyman, can a Bishop do his duty (in rejecting, for instance, a candidate for Holy Orders or a curacy, a man who denies one of the articles of the Nicene Creed, and produces as an equivalent, an *articulus stantis vel cadentis Ecclesiae*) but you have the sincere professors putting forth their venom, not always in the most grammatical, but generally in the plainest, English? Standing on a hill, we are of course more exposed to observation, than they are; and if a clergyman offend, his offence is necessarily public: but with all the odds which that gives against us, can we not point to tenfold more transgressions, which are constantly penetrating through the cover of their obscurity?

We do not, like our opponents, make the most of the cases, which they afford to us. We do not hold the total depravity of human nature, though we grant, and perhaps in our own cases feel, that "man is very far gone from original righteousness." We can, some of us, enter into the feelings of John Newton, which led him to say, when he saw or heard of the most atrocious criminals, "There," were it not for some restraining power, "goes John Newton." So we would always feel and act: but if they throw stones at our windows, they require the poor dear Duke's iron shutters, to shelter them from the volley which we *can* give them in return. "But Christian charity forbids" —does it? I do not think so. I think that Religion is above reason, but comprises it; and under reason I include the common sense of saying what you have to say, in language which can be understood by those, to and of whom you say it. So I stick to my improper style. I will put you up to a wrinkle on "weaker brethren." If you look into a certain Book, you will find that less enlightened brethren, and weaker brethren, are names of the same persons. The very ground on which our friends attack us is their pretension to greater light; and in comparison with them we are dark, benighted, and so on. Well, in controversy we press them hard; we show that something, to which they object, is the dictate of common sense, or founded on Scriptural authority, or on the universal belief of the Church, perhaps all three, as clearly as that two and two make four. Oh, then they are "weaker brethren;" for that sounds simple and childlike; but with the weakness, they do not acknowledge the ignorance, which only can palliate it. Far from it; they are enlightened all the time; that is to say, that at one and the same time, they are strong and weak, ignorant and enlightened. You must speak plainly, or you would act more wisely not to speak at all. You cannot keep on your button, or your gloves, and let them take off both. If you do so, you may make a defence, but you will not put down your adversaries; and that seems to me the only end of conflict: we make war, in order to secure peace. As I told you, this is my only chance, and I want to make the most of it; for I do not intend to write in this way again. I cannot afford it. So I "enjoy liberty" while I can, and discharge at once, if I may, all the spleen, which I have so long bottled up.

Think now of the provocation, which has at this time driven me into this sort of language. For years I have been hearing myself abused (but that is a mere nothing, the abusers considered) and

with myself, many others, some of them the best and ablest men in England. Among them, it may be, there are friends and benefactors of my own, one or more, to whom I owe every thing, which gives to life the comfort and happiness, with which mine overflows; prompt to succour, or encourage, a disheartened or maligned brother; prompt to repel with crushing hand every assailant of that Church, to which I have vowed obedience, but which I have most imperfectly served. He, or they,—for I purposely speak ambiguously—may be restrained by considerations, which concern not us, from repelling in the same manner private assailants. The Church is defended; but it's best and ablest defenders see themselves, and their friends, reviled and traduced, by the most worthless and imbecile of foes. The evil rests not there: for in the humiliation of her defenders, the Church is weakened; and their labours for her rendered far less efficient, than otherwise they would be. They could defend themselves, but they *may* not: and I honour them almost as much for their forbearance, as for their faithfulness, when they feel themselves at liberty to act. Shall I not use my spurs? *Nos quoque tela.* Sixteen years since, I was almost compelled by those, whose years and character left me well-nigh powerless against their request, to utter my first crow, to flesh my maiden spurs. I was then told, that my language was too unscrupulous; but faults in reasoning, want of proper courtesy, where there was the slightest claim to courtesy, or of self-respect, were not pointed out. The result was, that “Tracts to support Truth and Piety,” which were doing incalculable mischief, were effectually snuffed out. I would that in that controversy I had nothing else to remember; but I was compelled to strike one, whom from report only, for I never exchanged words with him, I greatly respected, as most amiable and worthy. We afterwards exchanged letters and presents; and I trust that he has forgiven, and forgotten, that we were once opposed. Since then, my quiet life has left me without personal foes (all through life that has been my blessed lot) but considerations, not personal, have at times influenced me; and I have not always failed in repelling what I deemed assaults. Now your letter, which opened this correspondence, gave me an opportunity, which probably may never be offered to me again, to do a public service. Assailant you are not; for neither of us can be that to the other. Most kind and able is your letter, and when shall I have such a chance of explaining myself to a gentleman and a scholar? I had long been feeling strongly; but

I thought not of publication, when I wrote my hurried sermon. I thought not, again, of publishing, when I sat down to reply, with equal rapidity, and intended brevity, to your letter. I now think differently; and this printed pamphlet will make you understand my laboured defence against charges, which you could never have brought, but which I must expect from others, very inferior to you. Great part of this you will now read for the first time; for after I had sent to you the three or four large packets of almost illegible manuscript, I went on writing, intending to send you what else I might write. I did not so, for this reason. What I had written would be very imperfectly intelligible to others, without your letter; for that furnishes the pegs, on which my letter hangs. Therefore, "*memor actæ non alio rege pueriæ*," pardon me the liberty which I am taking, in publishing your letter. Of course it will not contain your name, or any indication, which could point to your name. Were it published, with your name, and every thing else belonging to it, it would do you no discredit: and you will claim it as your own, if you see fit to do so. If I stopped short with that letter, I should be acting unfairly; for I might lead people to suppose, that I had silenced you, and carry off the credit of a victory which I had never gained. Therefore I must publish your other letters; though every one will see that they must fail to do you justice, having been written on the knowledge of parts only of my letter, which probably contains answers, in anticipation, to certain portions of your's. If that circumstance is not well considered, great injustice would be done to you; for I had your letters, and was probably answering them, when in order of publication they come as answers to mine. Our opinions on this particular war, and perhaps on the exact value to be put on public opinion, excepted, I fancy that, in nearly every other respect, they are coincident. You would not put your *imprimatur* on every expression of mine: but you would of course allow me to do my business in my own way. On the main topics of the letters, and on the sentiments expressed in them, and held by us, we think alike. Pardon me where you think that I need pardon; and accept my sincerely felt thanks for the opportunity, not intentionally given, but I trust also, not altogether unjustifiably taken.

Let me be pardoned, my dear old friend, and then let me get on; for my printer is tripping up my heels, and I must try to keep a little a head of him. As I said, I think that our correspondence

shows, that on all main points we think alike, and were really thinking alike, on many of those points, on which we fancied that we differed. You say that you are "often indignant with the 'Times' and public opinion," and that your estimate of the latter, is "much the same" as mine; you allow that "'Punch' is abominable;" you grant that I "fairly ridicule Exeter Hall," and what I consider the atrocious and mischievous fooleries, which I, rightly or wrongly, connect with it. In tone, feeling, sentiment, you go with me. Ought you not to go further, and wish me success at least, (if you will not join me,) in my attempt to arrest, what you agree with me in thinking, great and increasing evils? If the correspondence has brought us to this mutual discovery of our feelings, may not its publication have the same effect on other people? You must frequently have seen the good effect, produced by people's coming together, and stating their own opinions. The conservative finds out that the man, whom he considered a radical, if not an anarchist, has some feeling of loyalty to his Sovereign, some sense of order: and the radical makes the discovery, that the bloated aristocrat may possibly be a kind-hearted man, anxious to do good among the poor, and not so inflated with the conceit of his position, as the under-bred writers of his newspaper represent him to be. He learns a little of the man himself; and distrusts henceforth the reports, circulated about him by people, who have never penetrated beyond his servants' hall. The High Churchman finds that his Evangelical brother is far from being in heart a dissenter, notwithstanding his having sworn to "obey" his superiors, conduct his ministrations and discipline, "as this Church and Realm hath received the same," and to "drive away all erroneous and strange doctrines:" and the Evangelical, on his side discovers, that his suspected brother is not with Rome in heart, while interest keeps him in the Church of England. Each finds out, that the other has not been eating the bread of dishonesty, and soon after, that in many the most essential points, many minor points also, they have all along been thinking together. The one distrusts his Record for the time to come: the other his newspaper, whatever it may be, which has misled him. The "Guardian" it is not, as the writer of "Church Parties" intimates; for I have taken in the "Guardian" for eight years; and a fairer paper I do not know, nor one more clever, or less offensive.

Why, since I began to write to you, my conversation of course has been a good deal tinged with the complexion of my thoughts in

writing ; and wherever I have spoken to people, or read portions of my writing, every one has agreed with me in sentiment, though some have found fault with the language. There it is. I write to the public, as I speak to you ; because I want the public to understand me, and know what I really think. A mutual and a full understanding is the very thing required, for without it we can never have the strength, which union gives. Dr. Arnold was always thinking about the *πολιτεία* of his old states, and I have been thinking all sorts of things about the proper management of our's. Scraps of poetry have come into my head, seemingly to me, applicable to the subject. "Britons never will be slaves" is a good one ; and two about as decent lines, as I know, are these,

"Britannia needs no bulwarks, no towers along the steep ;
Her march is on the mountain waves, her home is on the deep."

Take these also,

"Nor wealth he brings, nor wealth can need,
Save his good arms, and battle steed ;
His spurs, to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low."

Add to these our Cornish motto, "One and All," and you have a very fair recipe, so far as it goes, for the management of our "tight little island." The last ingredient, "Union is strength," is where our weakness lies. I humbly fancy, that the duty of us parsons lies there also ; for even Exeter Hall would allow, that we ought to "edify." And so I would edify a building, religious and social, which should brave the fury of every tempest. What has brought about the destruction of every nation, that has been destroyed ? was it not disunion ? This it is, which upset the great empires, every kingdom and repnblie, ancient and modern. All are interested in promoting the union and consolidation, which only can make states prosperous. You and I, Robert, all of us indeed, must attend, each to his own work. *Our's* is to carry the hods, and place the stones. Let our architects and builders do their part. Your business and mine is with the poorer, and the middle, classes chiefly. We must try to raise both, educating them ; a word which in your vocabulary and mine does not imply, even if it may happen to take in, the ographies and ologies. As an omen of success, I shall be greatly satisfied to see the day, when our farmers at their ordinaries shall not be ashamed to hear themselves called "parson's men." When they are contented with that title, and cheerfully take it, as I do the title

Tractarian, I shall fancy that the village parsons have done good work. We must of course expect interruptions in our work, as the builders of Nephelococcygia experienced; but we must, in defence of our architects and our own, get rid of these *ἀρηγούς θεραπονίας καλα τον Ομηρον*, men, and newspapers, by throwing them a sop now and then, a pair of shoes, or a "vest," for *αρευ χιλωνος ακλεν εβα σπολας*. If they will not be satisfied, they must "die at point of fox." Our theological opponents are grievously defective in the use of that weapon. All of that school are singularly obtuse in matters of humour. Even in their most sportive moods, they suggest to me the unbendings of Douee Davie Deans, uplifted like a midden cock on pattens, after he had spent a night on the banks of Ulai, plucking an apple here and there. I must be friends with the "Times." An "Evening Mail," of December 5th, has nearly killed me. It calls one of the many associations of the day, an association of "Christian shoplads of London." O fie! give such a name to elaborate young gents with white chokers! and why not "Christian"? Is not that a good mark of distinction, when you consider the heathendom of the rest of England? Why, I think that some thing may be made out of it. Why should not I try to get up in my Parish an "Anti-druidical Association," seeing that our proper business is to take up our testimony against the steeple houses, represented in the shapeless stone blocks, of the mistletoe-gathering sages, by whom we are surrounded. "Men of Eatanswill," shall I say to them, "the eyes of England are upon you." The same "Evening Mail" gives another good name of an American society, "The Young Women's Anti-young-men-waiting-at-the-Church-doors-with-ulterior-objects Society"—*ἵσθην τοις γυναικαῖοις*. About our own work, Robert, you and I know, that the manner has much influence in the effect. So I would advise every one going into a cottage, to take off his hat, wait till he is asked to sit down, and talk as he would to his equals, without condescension, and without any other assumption of superiority.

On the subject of Union being strength, do you not look with much interest on the problem, which is being worked out in America? I do. It is a great experiment, which is being tried there. I do not think, that the union can last very long, as it is. I wish them all the success in the world; for we ought to be proud of our children; and I believe that they, in their hearts, are proud of their ancestry.

I believe that there is a vast fund of good feeling in their country; but their language is not yet formed, and is too "genteel" and magniloquent, to please our more matured tastes. So our "pastors of churches" are much finer in their language, than you or I. I see a struggle going on in America, like that, in which I am brandishing my broomstick, and another impending, in the slavery question. On that, we are most unjust to them. We helped to create the difficulty; and now, with arms folded, we bid them get rid of it. It is a most serious difficulty, the extent of which none but an American can understand: and from my heart, I wish them a blessing on that, and on their other affairs. They are our blood; and though we laugh at their peculiarities, they do the same at our's, for no one, more than they, enjoys the *Anglais* and *Anglaises pour rire* of our witty allies. But what of that? What is the use of either of us being thinskinned? If we have Mrs. Trollopes and N. P. Willises, and Coopers (great fall off from "The last of the Mohicans") still on the other side we can produce Washington Irving's, and Prescotts, and hundreds of others. Surely we can (I believe do) admire and respect each other: and if the old country is to go down the hill, as she seems to be going down without a drag, and with no one to put in his "*Susflamina*," what can we desire better, than to live again in our children? What a splendid country it must be? what "water privileges!" what cards for winning any political game, even were the empire of the world the stake! A few loose notions about "filibustering," "annexing," "repudiating," outgrown, what "elements of greatness, moral" and political, they have! Let them gain a history, a large and influential class of *αρχοιοπλούτοι*, the squirarchy of the old country, a "public opinion," somewhat improved on that of the man, who admired Rome, but complained that the public buildings were much out of repair; and America will do great things. Sometimes they go into the extreme, opposite to that of the critic on Rome; and their raptures on Stratford-on-Avon recall our friend Bozzy, at the jubilee held there, when he walked in procession, with a largo placard round his hat, inscribed "Corsica Boswell." We have outlived our fifth of November mania. I wish that they would do the same, in regard to the fourth of July, is it? Let us shake hands, and avoid all disagreeable allusions to the past. They beat us then: well, we grant it, and will not argue about the matter. Great men, and great nations, do not brag over every exploit, that they have

achieved. Those who have many to brag about, are not always haunted by the ghost of one among them. They are independent: I hope that they may always continue so, but I should like to hear fewer speeches and boasts made on “independence.”

We stand in much need of education and correction on our side. We are always hearing of the prodigious advance of the 19th century on former ages. Prodigious it has been in many points, railways, telegraphs, geology, gunnery, manufactures of all kinds. The quality of the goods, turned out in these last, is not always an improvement on the texture of the “darker ages.” Cobbett is grand on that subject. I do not like him: he was too unscrupulous for me, and I do not endorse his sentiments, except on a few points. But look to statuary, painting, (I always bow to Mr. Ruskin, and therefore to Mr. Turner) poetry, architecture. If we want a Church, or other public building, look at it when it is completed, and compare it with the work of former days. Those who do the best in that way, are precisely those who have most studied, and best understand, the work of their predecessors. Dark ages indeed! I wish that in many respects we were half so enlightened. Theology! put against Hooker alone, such a portion of the theology of our day as you consider an equivalent, and how much will remain over in our favour? Certainly, in many respects, our fathers were children to us: but when we excel them, we are generally in the position of the dwarf mounted on the giant’s shoulders. I wish that people would read such books as Dr. Maitland’s “Dark Ages,” and we should not boast so much of our own “composite” on many other subjects, beside building and candlemaking.

For the purposes of legislation and government, I should like to see the large majority, selected from those, *quibus est avis, est equus est res*, the *αρχαιοπλούτοι*, the old gentry. Persons eminent in commerce, law, or other pursuits, I should also like to see in the legislature; but I cannot say, that I like to see the House of Commons made a stepping stone to advancement in any of these pursuits. There is no practical means of carrying out my wish, so I only express it as a wish; and I do wish to see the landed gentry constituting the bulk of the House of Commons. My theory, in regard to it is exactly that, which I have expressed, in regard to the clergy and the army. In all these, I fancy that I see a change going on, and I think for the worse. I do not like the common process at elections, where a good talker often carries the day, against a man,

whose known character and opinions render pledges, as to his parliamentary conduct, unnecessary. Our's at Oxford is an exception: and I wish that it were the rule. On one subject I have said nothing, that is the revival of Convocation, as the third estate under the Crown. The truth is, that I have not made up my mind about it. I *had* great fears: but so far, the experiment has been satisfactory. Great caution has been exhibited: and it is most needed, for without it, we shall be sadly in the wrong. Fortunately, I would almost say providentially, the disputers of the Exeter Hall stamp have been opposed, or indifferent, to its revival: for if any large number of them had been sent as representatives, in the present composition of the House of Commons, and the present state of feeling, we must have had a collision of some sort, and been by this time the laughing stock of the country. I think the choice of representatives a most serious business. The Onslow motto is most necessary for the well-doing of Convocation; for never was there a case, which more strongly suggested the *festina lente*.

Ohe! jam satis. Well, there is not much more: merely “a use of application” to you, Robert. You agree with me, unless I have greatly deceived myself: do more, join me in my crusade. The danger is not nearly so formidable, as it seems: and that may be said of almost all earthly dangers. It is absurd to talk about it: you are a far abler man than I am; and I want to gain the assistance of abler men. There are thousands of “good knights,” *καλοι καγαθοι* ready, as in the combat in Aristophanes, to join us; for they are feeling with us, and for others, who have suffered under public opinion: and a good stand made by “twa puir bodies” like ourselves, will furnish a nucleus for abler combatants. I say that we owe this to our Church (to say nothing of our country) and I wish to pay her part of my debt. Come, like a good fellow, claim your letters; and let me escape the imputation of having fabricated a myth, a Mrs. Harris, a dummy of my own, to be demolished for my greater glory and *κυδος*,

“ Next came brave glory, puffing by
In silks that whistled, who but he? ”

Does that whistling silk bear any reference to my secret aspirations after that handsome set of clerical robes, by which my Parishioners are one day to testify their sense of my services, as a faithful pastor? I hope that they will not forget the purse of sovereigns, at the same

time. By the way, what is the conventional value of a "purse?" I know what a "poney" means: how many poneys to a purse? Our theological friends are excusably scornful of the "*miles gloriosus*," and may be equally so of the sense of glory, as the dear old "Country Parson" has it. Glory in another sense they would give, if they thought me capable of manufacturing your letter, as well as my own; but there is no knowing what they may do. They are always forgetting that edged tools cut both ways; and that clever arguments and imputations have the same dangerous faculty. In their controversies, they are always temptingly presenting, what in their ease is analogous to the negro's shins, and that is what the learned designate the *os humorosus*, or funny bone of ordinary mortals. That I take to be the true point of attack, to their assailants. It is the Malakhoff or key of their ordinary position. But for glory in that sense, if they give it to me, I shall gladly accept it, thinking myself a much more clever fellow than I ever thought before; and my vanity, as it is, requires no augmentation. What I should lose in glory in one sense of the word, I should gain in the other.

"As they find out, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man,"

proper, pretty, tall—marvellous good words, are they all—then,

"Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it, with some little cost."

You see what you will lose, by not joining me. Do you want a good war cry? Here is one, newer, and more apposite, than "civil and religious liberty," "rights of man," "tenant right," and half a hundred more,

"Out and spake Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
A stalwart knight, I ween was he,
"Come east, come west,
Come lance in rest,
Come faulchion in hand, I'll tickle the best,
Of all the Soldan's chivalrie!" *

* Ingoldsby Legends.—The Ingoldsby Penance.

Is "tickle" or "tackle," the operation, which Dr. Cumming undertakes to perform on "priests," "catholic," and reformed? I cannot help thinking, that he would act prudently, in leaving Cardinal Wiseman to the management of Mr. Palmer: and I cannot felicitate him on his attempts, in this diocese, to "tackle" two Oxford Drs. He is a Dr. too: still, as another Oxford Dr., now lost to literature, remarked with some little indignation—"Alexander the Great, and

"Tickle the best," that is the true philosophy in those matters; and let that be our "battle word." Let me persuade you. We should not gain much personally; but only think of those generous and enlightened sentiments, which ought to be throbbing under our waistcoats. Think of Mr. Squeers in answer to his friend's question, whether he was a moral man: "Moral man? I should think so: you have come to the right shop for morality, I can tell you:" asked if he is pious, "Well I am a little in that way too." Personal credit! well, I cannot say much to tempt you there, for the bare suggestion of it would involve a little "good duplicity." So I will be honest, because I cannot be otherwise, and say that we shall gain none. I already wear a small ribbon at my imaginary button hole, far more precious in my eyes (though not equal to any ordinary C.B.

Alexander the Coppersmith!" My acquaintance with Dr. Cumming's works is limited. I read that war tract, and a sermon preached before a great personage. I cannot say that I admired it, but I have gained some idea on the distinction between Christianity and *Churchianity*,—what do you think of that addition to our vocabulary? "Was not that a dainty dish to set before a *king*?" The style and matter of that sermon, and that tract, make me think, that the worthy Dr. is flying at rather too high game, when he attacks those eminent Oxford Drs. If these give a fair sample of his average powers, I think that such small deer, as you and I, deficient as we both are in the *abracadabra*, which expounds prophecy, and tells fortunes after the fashion of Mr. Borrow's friends, might, with the *Barbara Celarent* of our old fashioned Busnee training, keep our hides from the Dr's. barndoors. If the "Soldan's" chivalrie "cannot produce better champions than Dr. Cumming and Mr. Faber, I think that we need not despair of "tickling" them, after the fashion of Sir Ingoldsby Bray:—

"Oh, they came west, and they came east,
Twenty five Emirs and Sheiks at the least,
And they hammer'd away
At Sir Ingoldsby Bray,
Fall back, fall edge, cut, thrust, and point,—
But he topp'd off head, and he lopp'd off joint.
Twenty and three,
Of high degree,
Lay stark and stiff on the crimson'd lea,
All—all save one—and he ran up a tree!
"Now count them, my Squire, now count them and see!"
"Twenty and three!
Twenty and three!
All of them nobles of high degree;
There they be lying on Ascalon lea!"

to which any meritorious officer may aspire, or a five shilling Crimean medal, given by Her Majesty's own hand) than jewelled first class orders of the kingdom of Guatemala, if kingdom it be, or Argentine Republic. You too have your distinctions, and are, as far as myself, above the imputation of laying yourself out for the applauses of the enlightened public. My fate must in any case be unpleasant; for instead of applause which I do not value, I must lose what I do value, the respect, which I now enjoy as a quiet inoffensive person. I know what I am doing, and I am willing to pay that price; if by what I am doing, I can gain some common good, or induce abler men than I am, to do the same thing in a better way. I shall fight better with you by my side, than with any other person. Let me encourage you. What do you fear?—the "Times"? fear as well the British College of Health; or rather, fear no names or abstractions. I have coupled the two, but of course I fully feel the great difference between them. Indeed I have a sneaking kindness for the "Times," and I want to be friends with it; it is so provokingly clever, and often so every thing, that one could desire it to be. But it's capriciousness is not to be borne. In our wooing days, the *digitus male pertinax*, or the *stricti in juvenem unguis*, may be very pleasant to those, who have had more experience than myself in such things; but when we have come to the Darby and Joan state, we do not approve of the *dulees Amaryllidis iras* of our partner. Putting on her the *propria quæ maribus* for once, we feel inclined to address her,

"John Anderson my jo, John, we clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day John, we've had wi' ane anither;
But now your brow is beld, John, your locks are like the snaw,
Yet blessings on your frosty pow, John Anderson, my jo!"

We want our partner to be steady in harness, without any shirking the collar, without any jibbing or bolting. Well, after all, the College of Health *is* a disparaging comparison. I will give one, which is not. I will suggest another College, Trinity in Cambridge, or Oriel in Oxford, and—no disrespect to the fair fellowship of Printing House Square,—I imagine that the "Times" will not feel itself lowered by the comparison. Would the nation have submitted to be governed by either, or both, of the Colleges, as it is governed by the "Times"? Certainly not. Would its recalcitrance arise from any deficiency on the part of those Colleges in honesty, talent, respectability, character, in any of its numerous components? As certainly

not. I will look back some five and twenty, or thirty years, and mention a few of the names to be found, together, or nearly so, at Oriel,—Copleston, Whately, Davison, Arnold, Newman, Pusey, Awdry. I might mention many more very bright names; but I will be satisfied with these. Against them, what has the "Times" to show? Now and then we do hear of a name, which may perhaps be fit to run with these; and of *that* name we are never certain: but names of that range are certainly not commonly mentioned in connection with the "Times." Or, to come to our present business, can the "Times" produce, from its firm or Co., an abler man, or a better gentleman, than you? It may: and I will believe it, when I see him. Doubtless, the "Times" has many able and respectable men: but they write anonymously, and so without the responsibility, which would guide them in the expression of their opinions, and would give weight to their opinions expressed. The good men among them are frequently hampered by the baser metal, with which they are associated. No one doubts the cleverness of the "Times": no one denies that their opinions, on many most important subjects, are most just, most forcible, exactly as they ought to be: but one can as little deny, that very frequently a time-serving, overbearing spirit (and you will generally find that combination) directs the whole machine. That is the invariable fate of these amalgamations: the bad swamp the good. So in regard to the public, which I have been reviling, and which I despise, nearly as much as it deserves to be despised, there are in it thousands, and tens of thousands, of most respectable, estimable, able men. Their voices are lost in the sweet breath of the ignobler sort; and I want to separate them; to give them a distinct expression; and that expression would be a voice of thunder. We have what you, somewhat priggishly, call the "elements of moral greatness." I should like to see these elements combined, in the production of a neat article, neat as they say of wines, free from scum and froth and rascality. Give me that, as a public; and I will bow to it as humbly, as do the humblest of its present admirers. I grant all the talent, and every thing else, to the "Times," that it claims. There *are* many gentlemen, and men of talent, who write for it. I may suppose, that all of them possess greater political and practical knowledge than you or I. There may be many couples among them, or individuals, much abler than you and I together. Or it is just possible, that the case may not be so unfavourable for us. After all we have the

old line in our favour, for which we have Canon Barham's authority, in the Ingoldsby Legends (the Birchington Brothers) that

“ Robert and Richard were two pretty men.”

and many “pretty men,” “proper men,” “tall men of their hands,” are ready to help us. At all events, let us make alliance. Why, the very name “Birchington Brothers” is an omen. What would Dr. Cumming have made out of it, when the sailing of a ship from Liverpool furnished him with a solution of prophecy? Are we not brothers of the birch, *ομορχοσίγια?* Have we not often had painful reminiscences of Salamis,

“ ξυναυλιαν κλαιούτες Ουλυμπου νομον; ”

Come mount your *ξουθος ιππαλεκήρυων*, the bay horse Desperation: *ιπποκανθάρος* will do for me. We are not quite Diomed and Ulysses; but that is no reason why we should be Mr. Feeble-mind and Mr. Ready-to-halt. Come, *le noir Faineant*, get your iron pot on your head, as fast as your sluggish nature will permit. What say you to Nisus and Euryalus? Very good; your *εν δε φαει* will suit well with any equally manly sentiment, *adsum qui feci*. We can enact our parts uncommonly well. If Richard should have an unlucky fall over a slippery place, he may put out his available leg, to arrest the course of the adversary, pressing hard on Robert. Or again, when Richard is halting off, mauled and disconcerted, Robert may give him the protection of his shield, and let down *Tranche-fer* on the too little cautious pursuer. It makes me quite alive to think of it. Or, the matter may not be so serious after all. To use your own expression, “Our quiet and decisive intimation to the autocrat” of the press, may touch his magnanimous heart; for he is not wanting in judgment, whatever his sapient ward may be. He well knows, that we are representatives of a large body, and that in that body are to be found some of the ablest, and most influential, men in England. We may not have to fight after all: and think what interminable subject of boasting we shall have, enough to bore the sitters by our fire sides, for the remainder of our natural lives. Let us enjoy, in anticipation, a little of our future food for vanity. Let us imagine ourselves, “after a demure travel of regard,” “quenching our familiar smile with an austere regard of control,” as we receive the plenipotentiaries of our formidable foe. For he is well provided with instruments of all work, agents fitted for all weathers, as good Sir Walter in the Antiquary describes the lawyer's

firm: When it is fine weather, the gentleman partner steps forward, all bows and smiles; when the sky is lowering, the operative brother is ready to bolt forth, and to pin the defaulter, like a bull-dog. Well, the gentleman partner may be sent to us; and we will consider, as they did (I hope with more success) at the Vienna conference, the terms of peace. We will have "Punch" kicked out of doors: that is our "ultimatum." That flunkey has forgotten his place so long, that his "uniform" must be stripped off, and he must "resign the service." We will "make no bones with him," as Cobbett says. A little further weeding of our antagonist's establishment we must have. We will insist on some amicable arrangement of the other "points" between us. We will draw closer the "*entente cordiale*"; and then we will resign ourselves to his dominion. If we must be ruled, I do not know, as the world goes, where we shall find a better ruler. Good despots, as the late Emperor Alexander said, are rare exceptions. We will take the "Times" to be one of them, and we, all the *καλοὶ καγάθοι*, will try to make him one. *Οὐκ αγαθὸν πολυκοιράνην*, and it is better to have one ruler, with some claims to decency and respectability, (and the "Times" has many and strong) than to be under the ever-meddling tyranny of "Nonconformists," "Records," "Weekly Dispatches," with hosts of Solomons in our villages and every nook of our land, drawing their scanty stores of information from "Western Times," and "Plymouth Journals," and scum of the same description. We will do our utmost, to recover for him the full possession of his "Principalities," by helping him to expel from them the democratic, atheistical, tender-conscience, rabble of newspapers, and the rest; who are interlopers on his domain, and are as envious of his superiority, as they are of superiority of every other kind. And if we can once set him right, how he will help us! See what he does now. Often "Gregory remembers his swashing blow*;" and down go patriot assassins, and cut-purse philanthropists. He thunders—creation is hushed. The nasal drawl, and demure aspect, are surprised into nature; and Brutus ceases to pick Cæsar's pocket. He smooths into calm his contracted brow; and we return to our ordi-

* My edition has "smashing;" but I think that a misprint. I do not however bite my thumb at any one, who thinks differently from me. "Swash-bucklers," and those words, favour my reading; but "smashing" equally well expresses the sense.

nary occupations, thankful that we have escaped, and still appalled at the “catawampous smash,” to which we had well-nigh been victims.

What a jolly prospect! will not we butter up our plenipotentiary, the “special correspondent,” who is to treat with us, in order to make it attainable? If he turns out amenable to reason, and agrees to these conditions, why we must do the genteel thing:—

“Επι τοισδε τους πρεσβεις επ' αριστον καλω.”

Englishmen do not love a dry-lipped bargain; and I must ask him to dinner at my *cœnobitium*. Receiving him, with all hospitable suavity, at my “Palmer’s-port,” I shall do the polite in this way:—

“You are welcome to my symposium, Mr. Special; and now let me introduce you to my Clogdogdos, as Tom Otter calls them; my unlucky and good-for-nothing womankind—*malæ bestiæ* Mr. Special.”

“I shall be disappointed, sir, if I do not find the ladies very undeserving of your satire.”

“Tilley-valley, Mr. Special,—which by the way, one commentator derives from *titivillitum*, and another from *tally-ho*—but tilley-valley I say, a truce with your politeness.”

All this politeness over, and a repast, replete with all the luxuries of the season, and served up in the usual good style of your worthy host, discussed, a little general conversation will come in, with our wine and walnuts.

“And what news do you bring us from the Land’s-End, Monk-barns?” says Sir Robert; “how wags the world in West Barbary?”

“Mad, Sir Robert,—irretrievably frantic—far beyond dipping in the sea, shaving the crown, or drinking hellebore. The worst sort of phrensy, a military phrensy, hath possessed man, woman, and child.”

“And high time, I think,” says a young lady guest, “when we are threatened with invasion from abroad, and insurrection at home.”

“O, I did not doubt, you would join the scarlet host against me—women, like turkeys, are always subdued by a red rag. But what says Sir Robert, whose dreams are of standing armies and Russian aggressions?”

“Why I say, Mr. Oldbuck, that so far as I am capable of judging, we ought to resist *cum toto corpore regni*, as the phrase is—unless I have altogether forgotten my Latin—an enemy, who comes to propose to us a whiggish sort of government, a republican system,

and who is aided and abetted by a sort of fanatics of the worst kind in our own bowels."

"Weh," says the young lady, "I am glad to hear our people are getting under arms."

"Under arms! bless your innocent eyebrows! I beg your pardon, ten thousand times! The whole country is under arms; even our wise men of the west, though they are yet free from it, may soon be catching the same valiant humour. I hate a gun, like a hurt wild-duck; I detest a drum like a quaker; and they thunder and rattle out yonder upon the town's common, that every volley and roll goes to my very heart."

"Dear brother, dinna speak that gate o' the gentlemen volunteers—I am sure they have a most becoming uniform. Weel I wot they have been wet to the very skin twice last week. I met them marching in, terribly doukit, and many a sair hoast was amang them. And the trouble they take, I am sure it claims our gratitude."

"Take care, Monk barns, we shall set you down among the black-nebs by and by."

"No, Sir Robert, a tame grumbler I. I only claim the privilege of croaking in my own corner here, without uniting my throat to the grand chorus of the marsh. *Ni quito Rey, ni pongo Rey*, as Sancho says, but pray heartily for our own Sovereign, pay scot and lot, and grumble at the exciseman. Come, pass the decanters: they are a better digestive than polities."

After the ladies have left the apartment, the landlord and Sir Robert enter into several exquisite discussions, in which the stranger guest, either on account of the abstruse erudition, which they involve, or for some other reason, takes but a slender share, till at length he is started out of a profound reverie by an unexpected appeal to his judgment.

"Mr. Special, you come from London, and you ought to be a judge; for what can we know, in these scenes of rural rusticity? My friend and I have been disputing about the Jew Bill. You can tell us what is thought of the new Lord Mayor?"

"An uncommonly good fellow, worth a dozen of canting parsons."

Host, observing with dismay that the decanters have been mysteriously emptied, during his discussion with his friend, "Shall I ring for coffee?—or shall we join the ladies?—perhaps a little music?"

"O none of your cat-lap for me. Music! aye, I suppose an

improved cottage piano, and improvable voice. The Coal Hole and the Cider Cellar are the places for music. Come, this Logwood of yours is shilpit stuff. Let us have something with the chill off; and I do not mind giving you a stave myself."

"Touch the bell, Robert. The reception of the King of Sardinia must have been very gratifying, sir. I think that your notice of the 'Christian young men's association,' and the dissenters, boring him with addresses, on the idea of his true blue Protestantism, extremely good."

"Aye, but where was your 'Christian Knowledge'? Put that in your pipe, old boy!"

The spirits and hot water having arrived, the stranger guest, having compounded for himself, and approving of the mixture, with an allusion to "sly parsons, who generally know how to get a drop of real moonshine," without further solicitation breaks into his promised stave:—

"Good people all, I pray give ear:
A woful story you shall hear:
'Tis of a robber, as stout as ever
Bade a true man stand and deliver.
With his foodle doo, fa loode loo.

This knave, most worthy of a eord,
Being arm'd with pistol and with sword,
'Twixt Kensington and Brentford then
Did boldly stop six honest men.
With his foodle doo, &c.

These honest men did at Brentford dine,
Having drunk each man his pint of wine,
When this bold thief, with many curses
Did say, You dogs, your lives or purses.
With his foodle doo, &c."

While this melody is going on, the distant tinklings of the piano have been hushed; and Robert and Richard, after one mutual glance of dismay, have composed themselves into the attitude of patient listeners, being old hands themselves, and not needlessly alarmed at trifles. When it is concluded, the master of the house begins:—

"Mr. Special, I cannot think of your going to your inn to-night; and I am sorry that I did not think before, of telling you that we have a room much at your service, and quite ready to receive you. As it is growing late, and we have a good deal to do in the morning,

in the settlement of our little matter, had we not better think of retiring for the night?"

"A very good idea—You are not such a bad fellow—always make myself at home in good quarters, We'll not go home till morning, till—daylight does—"

"Come, Robert, like a good fellow, see him into bed, and take care to put out the light. Thomas will show you the room, and help you. He is a very discreet fellow, and has lived long enough with a parson, to be up to a thing or two. He has seen salmon disagree with a gentleman before. You will find me on the terrace. I will go and have a quiet cigar there. They ought to have built the house there; for it is the only place to get a mouthful of fresh air, a matter of importance in this muggy climate."

After a proper interval, Robert arrives, looking pleased, and begins the conversation:—"He is not a bad fellow, and you have quite won his heart by your elaborate courtesies; and we are sure of his good word with his principals. He was for fraternising with me: but he is all quiet now. Where do you get your cabbage leaves?"

"Cabbage leaves indeed! I would have you to know, that they are the best British made Havannas; and as I get them for something under the cost of the raw plant in the Havanna, I have no right to complain. Do you remember the outcry of the grocers, when they were not allowed to sell chicory, horse beans, and brickdust, under the name of coffee? Now this, I say, is where John of the Girnel would have built his house."

"It looks decent enough by moonlight. Is that a hare or a rabbit? Do you shoot?"

"I have not taken out a certificate this year. That puts me in mind. We said nothing about the game laws? How is our friend upstairs disposed to think about them?"

"If he is a sensible fellow, he will agree with What-was-his-name, who said that he would make poaching felony, if by so doing he could induce the gentry to reside on their properties."

"Quite right. If you lessen the inducements that way; they will be going off, and spending their rents in town or abroad; and the public will be great sufferers. If a man likes to give up the rents of farms, for the purposes of sport, I cannot see why he has not as much right to keep pheasants and partridges, as poultry. Of course he is bound to make compensation to the tenant, for injury

done, beyond what they could have calculated, when they took their farms."

"I suppose that nearly all do that; and if some do not, I cannot see how you can legislate on that point, more than you could on the cases of individual oppression, exercised by a millowner on his hands, or a farmer on his labourers. But do not you find the inducements to poaching very prejudicial to your people?"

"There is no denying that; but there are evils on both sides; and the advantages of a resident squirarchy are so great, that I could submit to a good deal of evil to secure them. There is a pack of foxhounds in this neighbourhood. The "Four Burrow Hunt" they call it. I like young people to be taught to ride, as soon as they can walk; I like the old Persian education; and I think that the young farmers are more profitably employed in hunting and cricketing, and other manly pursuits, than in delivering lectures on the times of Leo X."

"What do you think of Dr. Lushington's decision on the Pimlico Church case?"

"I have not had time to read it carefully, for I have been more interested lately in the adventures of Miss Huggard, or Alice Grey, at Wolverhampton: and there was a case this morning, of a Welsh parson, taking bottles of gin to church, and breaking out in all sorts of odd places, illustrating the advantages of a low Clergy; but I am afraid that that decision will enable that troublesome bookseller to get a rise out of the clergyman; and we shall have zealous churchwardens imitating his example all over the country. I do not know the merits of the case; but I wish that people would of themselves give up what is not tenable. I have no taste for man-millinery in religion, more than in other matters. Common sense might avoid a too strong developement of Catholic practices on one side, Mr. Ernest Fitzroy to wit; and cheek fine and impressive reading and attitudes on the other. In a mild way, I have seen the latter exemplified in a man, who speaks generally with a very agricultural pronunciation; but when he is doing duty he gives us *aind* and *thainks*, in place of *and* and *thanks*. Painfully fine, and so is the twaddle, that I have heard in fashionable Chapels. All these things break up union, and prevent the full expression of our common opinions. The more unfortunate now, as I think with the French Emperor, "Indifference is a bad speculation, and silence a mistake;" "*l'indifférence est un faux calcul, et le silence une erreur.*"

"Did you take the moral of that fellow's song? He was not so far gone, as you may suppose. You see that he allows the honest men to be six, to one on the other side."

"So he did! I did not think of that, for I was dreaming about exciseman Morris and Die Vernon, at the time. Of course it is all plain now. Very good idea of yours! You see how the Emperor Napoleon's maxim is illustrated, "The knave most worthy of a cord" shows true philosophy, when he goes up to the six honest fogies "with many curses, and says, You dogs your lives or purses;" while they, far the larger and stronger part of parliament and the nation, give up what is required of them; and then go about, bewailing their losses, with their "foodle doo, la foode loo." I wish that they would leave out the superfluous d's in their refrain. Come, Robert, you talked about Theramenes, and you are a better scholar than I am, and have a better memory—give us the character of the "Times" at present, no longer to remain so I hope."

"O you must remember the lines,

*"Θηραμενης; σοφος γ' ανηρ και δεινος εις τα παντα,
Ος ην κακοις που περιπεση και πλησιον παραση,
Ηεπιλωκεν εξω των κακων, ου Χιος, αλλα Κειος."*

"It is rather ungracious to mention that now: but we will knock the time-serving out of the "Times," in the most effectual way; by proving that it will not pay. In regard to the union of classes, I wish that our friend's principals would not throw cold water on the gentry, in their attempts to be social with their neighbours, by turning them into ridicule, for every tea party that they attend."

"Oh, all that will right itself. We must not attempt too much at once. The public must be amused, and subjects are not always plentiful."

"Our plenipotentiary seems (though I am no judge of such matters) not very conversant in the manners of courts and camps."

"No; he seemed too much relieved to find himself alone with us after dinner; but he is none the worse for that. He is a good fellow; and you know that his principals pride themselves on the fact, that their writers are not biased or contaminated by keeping company with statesmen and great people."

"On the contrary, that is rather a qualification for writing on political and military movements and designs. You remember

Hogarth's picture of the distressed poet, writing a poem on Wealth, with a picture of a gold mine, or Peru, behind him; while he is sitting with his legs wrapped up in his wife's gown, she, meek looking creature, being employed in patching an article of his wardrobe, while the milkwoman is dunning for the settlement of her small account."

"You are wrong, I fancy, about the wealth. I think that Poverty is the subject of the poem; and I do not recollect the gold mine or Peru: but why should not a dweller in Grape Street do the other subject as well as any one else?"

"No reason whatever: native genius requires no aid from practical knowledge. I suppose that we may expect some excellent military reasons showing how Kars ought to have been relieved, and might have been without the loss of a man or a day. I suppose also that any one can write about King Clicquot and King Bomba, without any acquaintance with them, their countries or languages. I am wretchedly at a loss, Robert, on modern theology, and more particularly in regard to the present Romanist movement—"

"Redemptionist fathers, for instance."

"Exactly so; but I want to learn from you, who are probably better informed, the exact position, in which we now stand in regard to them. My own notion is, and you will correct me if I am wrong, that Dr. Newman has made a great change in that. On the miracle subject for instance; I fancy that a general assent was demanded from us, but that on particular miracles we were not very strongly urged. His strong logic, for he is strong there, seems to me to give us the alternative of all or none. He holds A, and tells us, that we must hold it, or that we must take E. Perhaps I might prefer O? and with it I; for there are alleged miracles after the Apostolic age, I should rather say unsupported by Scriptural authority, that I might wish to receive as real. But if I must choose from A and E, I take the latter. Inspiration seems to me to constitute the *differentia* between those recorded in Scripture, and those resting on other authority. Credibility of witnesses, humanly speaking, I *might* in some cases grant to be almost equal; but Inspiration added to one class makes the distinction infinite, the purpose and other circumstances attending the whole class put aside. I may have mistaken Dr. Newman. Nothing is more likely, with my imperfect knowledge. But he does seem to me to insist on my

taking all the legends of his Church, with the miracles of the first and second centuries. It seems to me a *reductio in absurdum*; and if he puts it fairly, I must reject them all."

"Well, any more questions, that you would like to ask?"

"Yes, one—on the other side, on the ultra Protestant theory of the total corruption of human nature. The "*quam longissime*" of our Article does not give me a moment's uneasiness. If I cannot deliver myself from the objection otherwise, I would say, that I do not claim Inspiration for our Translation of the Bible; therefore certainly not for the correct Latinity of individuals. If "*quam longissime*" must mean, "as far as possibly" removed from original righteousness, it is an incorrect expression of the thoughts of those who used it. I cannot see how any man can hold that sentiment, and yet preach and exhort people to amendment of life; for that implies some good feelings, on which to work. The very existence of society seems to disprove it; for if love of bloodshed and dishonesty and every thing bad, were universal, how could we live together, or feel ourselves in safety for an hour? Society in another way maintains my opinion; for the laws of every country require proof of motives in a person charged with crime. If a man is found murdered, the question is asked, what motive had the alleged murderer? That question would seem to me superfluous, if an innate depravity made us all love evil in every shape, rather than good. Take Butler's Analogy for instance, or his sermons, and they are generally considered first-rate. How, on the theory of total corruption, are they to be understood?"

"I am sure, I cannot answer you: but perhaps your imaginary opponents do not trouble Butler much. The *vououσια* of some people is surprising."

"Is not that word more applicable to the lower order of our other opponents, monks in the odour of sanctity, of the *ανιπλοποδες χαμαιεναι* order?"

"Perhaps it is. I will give you a motto for one, or rather an address to one, out of the Peace of Aristophanes,

"*απιστον ειπας μυθον, ω παλερ, παλερ,
οπως κακοτμον ζωον ηλθεν εις θεους.*"

"That is a settler. But then we ought to have the wind in our favour, and a cigar in our mouths, in addressing the reverend father. We might then wrap ourselves up in our virtue and defy the fates.

What an infatuation it seems; and the same infatuation seems to run through the doings and writings of the recent converts, Bible-burning, aggressions, conversion by means of kitchen-maids, and the rest. You have not read Mr. Faber's "Catholic Missions" I think? Have you read what he calls, "the marvellous life of St. Mary of Agreda?"

"Never even heard of her; but I have read the marvellous life of Baron Munchausen, if that will do as well. I suppose that there is something like equal authority for the marvels on either side. A Joanna Southcote affair, I fancy."

"Are you a poor law guardian?"

"What on earth are you going to say now?"

"Why that I have been one myself, and I like to show my knowledge. And growing out of that subject is another, another hobby of mine, Emigration. If the loaves and fishes were not too strong inducements with me to stay where I am, I should like to have had the management of a colony: but it must have been with despotic powers. That Canterbury Settlement was a grand and noble design; and seems to have worked well notwithstanding the hubbub about it. Most of those things are ruined by land-jobbers, like those fellows at home who bought up the tickets for Jenny Lind's concert the other day, and sold them again at exorbitant prices. O I assure you I have studied the emigration system, and have covered sheets of paper with calculations; and I can tell you exactly what any sized flock of sheep ought to be worth in so many years, with the necessary capital, and all about it. New Zealand is the theatre on which I should like to perform. I have a friend lately a settler there, and I have pumped him as dry as I can of information."

"Your western people are going out in swarms I hear?"

"O yes, I am bored to death with signing papers and hunting out certificates from the Parish registers. We have so wretchedly mismanaged the poor at home, that we are bound to make better provision for them in the places to which we are sending them out by shiploads. We contrive to lessen the pressure of numbers, for we are tolerably successful in drowning them by the way. Nice case that of the wreck of the "John," off the Manacles, in this county. Anything is better than staying at home with the Union as the inevitable solace of old age. We are singularly unequal in the apportionment of rewards and punishments. We are liberal enough with the latter; and then when people try to make amends for the

eficiency in the former, by setting up reformatories, penitentiaries, and so on, they are pronounced Papists, and everything else bad. Schools the same. Our system was well illustrated by a little boy related to me, that is he was little when he told his tale, but he is now bearing H.M.'s commission. He was enacting Scheherezade to his mother, and extemporising a pleasant tale for her amusement. There were two little boys, one of course a monster of depravity, a true Protestant man in embryo; the other every thing that the fondest parent's heart could wish. The naughty boy wished to go fishing, and in furtherance of his illicit propensities, went into the kitchen to get some meat for bait. He mounts the dresser; his foot slips, and a great meat hook catches him under the chin, and he perishes miserably, an awful example to all naughty little boys. The other draws a picture which he presents to his mamma; and she hangs it up in the drawing room and gives him two apples, an equally encouraging example for all good children. That is our system of encouragement and repression with the poor. Wretched work we make, and not economical."

"You are getting very prosy."

"You think so because you have had a good dinner. Do you know, I feel ashamed of having given you such an audacious spread, when scarcity seems coming upon us, that is if we may judge from high prices and Hyde Park riots. Well, once in a way is all very well: and the object which we had in view justified the outlay, but I am thinking of putting my household on short commons. They cannot eat fish and rice as I do: then they must rough it on beef and mutton, when they can get them, and make up the deficiency with garden stuff. The poor are sadly wasteful managers. I wish that we could induce them to study Bowdler editions of Cobbett. He always tries to prove too much. Do you remember his estimate of the comparative cost of beer and tea? Absolutely absurd! The poor man's cottage is generally a very untempting siren against the opposing charms of the alehouse, with its fire, liquor, and conversation. I am sure that sermons against drunkenness are not by themselves the effectual way to put it down. "Aye, aye,—it's easy for your honour, and the like o' you gentle folk, to say sac, that ha'e stouth and routh, and fire and fending, and meat and clath, and sit dry and canny by the fire side—but an ye wanted fire, and meat, and dry claise, and were deeing o' cauld, and had a sair heart, whilk is warst ava' wi' just tippence in your pouch, wadna ye be

glad, to buy a dram wi't to be eilding and claise, and a supper, and heart's ease into the bargain, till the morn's morning." The Anti-Quary could make no answer to this; and it would shut me up as effectually in my homily. We grant general drunkenness; and the friends of the people want to benefit them by making the drunkards electors of Members of Parliament. The only way of raising them is by putting them into the way of procuring other comforts, and valuing them. That, I say, is the only preservative against the beer shop."

"You do not often get a listener, I fancy."

"Just so; and therefore I make the most of one, when I do get him. Look now at the Protestant teaching of children not of the poorest class; for with them it is excusable, the more so as they see such an example in the classes above them. See now—a poor innocent girl is taught to regard an evening party or a ball as sinful: she is tempted to one, and to do as others do, and the distinction between right and wrong is in her case broken down to her great injury. You know the story of the little girl who asked an awkward question about the meaning of the seventh commandment, and was told that it forbade her to put her finger into a boiling teakettle. The singularity of the prohibition tempted her; and the neighbours were astounded by the shrieks of the poor little innocent, running about, blowing her fingers, and accusing herself of having committed adultery."

"That is a mere tale, and the crime imaginary, and so not relevant."

"Well, but is not that the tendency of the ultra Protestant system of education, and the indiscriminate opposition to Popery? They confound with Popery every decent observance and opinion which the Church universal sanctions. The consequence is, that if people can be reconciled to a Church which is decently furnished, and has its services decently conducted, or if they fall in with some one, whom they know to be a good man, and who has sense enough to laugh at the "Record," they are not unlikely to go into Popery at once, to go the whole animal, as the Americans say. It is not every one who has Jeannic Deans' sense, who could witness and make allowance for the surplice, music, and written sermon of the English Parish Church. So those who have been puritanically brought up, furnish most converts to Popery. It is

annoying beyond measure to see the ill judged strictness, which strikes at the root of the Divine maxim, "Whatever is not of faith is sin." The foolish barriers that these people raise, must, in the nature of things, be transgressed by their disciples; and they have left the real ditch without any hedge before it, or post even to mark its presence. One feels tempted to the first expression, (with its correction, of course,) of the worthy parson in Woodstock, Dr. Purefoy was an ass—I mean a good man, but over-scrupulous. One always thinks of the testimony of Carsphain John, or some other savoury professor, against the "brutish practice of promiscuous dancing." There is a Scotch proverb that "manse bairns are unco seldom mensefu'"; and Miss Sinclair, in one of her books, makes the colonel of a regiment remark, that his most unruly youngsters were clergymen's sons."

"When do you think that you shall have done preaching?"

"Well Robert, if you will not have another weed, as it is getting latish, I must put off a good deal, that I should like to talk over with you. On the poaching question, and all subjects connected with the poor, I am convinced, that much may be done, if you go the right way to work. The union subject is a wide one; but in our villages I think, that if you let the people really know you, you may do much toward improving their domestic condition, and strengthening the reverential feelings toward the Church and constitution, which newspapers and orators are trying to destroy in them."

"Another time then. But do not you think that we ought to strike while the iron is hot? Our genial friend is now on our side, and we may not have such an opportunity again. Suppose that we were to draw up a sort of ratification of peace on our side, and an offer of allegiance, which he might take with him to his employers?"

"Excellent! just you go in, Robert, and draw up something, which shall be to the purpose. Not long; and a little touch of classicality about it. Do not spare professions of submission and respect; for we are just now, in our unconsolidated state, rather in the weaker position of the two; and we must have peace, if we can at all honourably get it."

"Cool! that is "just like you," always putting the labour on others."

"Oh, I will take my fair share of it. You write, and I will take another turn, and light another cigar. That is a fair division of

labour, anyhow. I like the arrangements of that wise builder, the companion-persuader in the Birds,

“Αγέ νυν, συ μεν βαδίζε προς τον αερά,
 Και τοισι τειχίζουσι παράδικονει,
 Χαλικας παραφορει, πηλον ἀποδυς οργασον,
 Δεκανυ αυενευκε, καλαπεσ' απο της κλιμακος,
 Φυλακας καλασησαι, το πυρ εγκρυπτί αει,
 Κωδωνοφορων περιπρεχε, και λαθευδ' εκει,
 Κηρυκια δε πεμψον, τον μεν εις θεους ανω,
 Ειερον δ' αναθεν αυ παρ' ανθρωπους λαλω,
 Κακειθεν αυθις παρ εμε”—

Now do not be putting in that utterly irrelevant,

“συ δε γ' αυτου μενων,
 Οιμωξε παρ εμε”—

for you talk so much, that I cannot taste my cigar. I will be in, in a few minutes; and you will find ink and paper in my den, and pens, that baith write and spell in good hands—

“ιθ' ω γαθ' οι πεμπω σ' εγω,
 Ουδεν γαρ ανευ σου τωνδ' α λεγω πεπραξειαι.”

There is a good fellow! However economical you choose to be of truth, do not spare butter. Give plenty of soft sawder. Be strong in blarney. I shall make something out of you, I see.”

“Well Robert, how have you sped?—”

“Most grave and potent, with the assurance of our high consideration, we beg to certify you that we have come to the conclusion of our labours, and laid the basis of a lasting amity. We long to offer our homage. Benign ruler, deign to accept it. Only think what your future will be? We, obedient to your sacred hests, jealous of the least infringement on your rights, will hunt up, without trouble to you, all those, who with an eye *επι τυραννιδι*, are playing their fantastic tricks of patriotism and Protestantism, with an insidious design to supersede you. You shall live in clover. We will keep you well supplied with violet chaplets, and cushions to guard from injury any part, that has deserved well of its country at Salamis. The British Lion, decorated with a collar of daisies and heartsease, shall roar at your slightest bidding. Your table shall be well supplied with beef steaks, richly dressed with fat, and served up between fig leaves. Thunnies and hare's-

flesh shall not be wanting. In short, you shall live on bird's-milk. Only one thing is necessary, to bury in their sheaths our swords, lately ready for exterminating war; only one exertion, to secure this Hyperborean happiness. It is, to turn a deaf ear to the Tanner-Eagles, and cats' meat men, who only flatter you, FOR WHAT THEY CAN GET."

"Well done Robert, you are a witch. You do right to emphasise the last words. That beefsteak cookery with fig leaves is rather antiquated, and I object to the figs; and I think that if you had dressed it with onions and oyster sauce, you would have done better; and you might then have introduced pale ale and port: whereas now you have offered him no more generous beverage than pigeon's milk. But I am too sleepy to criticise. Just turn down the screw of that moderator. You know your own room. Good night. Give a look round the house before you go to bed, and see that the doors are all safe. Of course you will do the needful in the morning for our plenipotentiary, who starts by our early mail, between three and four; and send him off in good humour: I dare say that you will not mind that trouble. I mean to have a good quiet night, and to breakfast in bed."

In sober earnest, my dear Robert, it is a common cause on which I am writing, and my language has not always expressed my feeling. We are all in the same boat: and we should do well to think of the meaning of these words, a little more than we do. I wish that we were like those generous quadrupeds, who

εμβαλούντες ανεβρυαξαν, ιππαπαι! τις εμβαλει;

They grasp'd their green oars, and like boatmen did ply,
And, hyppapæ! ryppapæ! boys, was the cry."

You remember (can you ever forget?) the Bobadil of by-gone years, our two days pull from Oxford to London, in the old four oar, and who it was who pulled bow? Poor dear fellow! he sent me a lock of hair from his dying bed. Well, Robert, here is an end. You have known me for years; and you may imagine that I must have felt deeply, before I could have made myself a jack-pudding for the benefit of the public. Conceit and presumption, I am afraid, have never been wanting in me.

Not so, I have been out of doors, to breathe a mouthful of fresh air ; for night has now given place to morning. The wind is due North. The sullen roar of the Atlantic, swinging against the coast, where lie the remains of St. Piran, under their sabulous covering, was as distinct in the stillness around, as if ten miles did not intervene : and thoughts of the hollow of The Hand, in which the Atlantic is a drop, came, not unwelcome visitants, to my mind. The moon is shining in full lustre : and the most lovely tower in Cornwall (very like Magdalen) stands out in queenlike beauty over the peaceful scene, throwing its shadow over many a hillock,—who shall say over whose some day, or how soon ? Well, good night, and GOD bless you, my dear old friend.

R. W. BARNES.

NOTE.

In my 87th page, 17th line, I have applied three epithets to the Virgin Mary ; and I wish to say something of each. Of the first I can only say, that it is applied to her by the Angel, by her cousin Elizabeth, then speaking under Inspiration, and by herself in anticipation, "All generations shall call me blessed." On the second I will not offer any argument. Those who desire it, will find in Bishop Pearson much better than I can offer. On the third I wish particularly to speak ; for against that, in the present state of feeling, objection is most probable. To those, who, being members of our Church, feel inclined to make objection, I would say, that the title is given to the Virgin by one of the four general Concils, which the Church of England receives as authoritative ; and the word Θεόλοχος has by universal consent been applied to her. To others I would reason thus : The Divine and human natures, distinct in themselves, and always remaining distinct, were joined, not fused, in One Person. By the combination, He, remaining the Son of GOD, became, and is in Scripture called, Son of Man, and receives, as Son of Man, Divine worship. Therefore, as He, combining in Himself two Natures, is called indifferently the Son of that Parent, from Whom he derived either nature, so Either Parent is such to the Person combining the two natures. He is, and is called, Son of Man ; correspondently therefore, His Mother is, and may be called, as the Universal Church calls her, Mother of GOD. The denial of the title to her, involves a very grievous heresy ; and therefore the Church authoritatively confirmed to her (so far as it could do) the title which was her's before the Church, under its Christian appellation, was in existence. So, (putting aside our knowledge of the creation of

man) we can imagine The Other Parent, being called the Father of the Person, in Whom were the two Natures, under whichever of the Natures He might at the time be regarded. In the agony in the garden, was not the Father addressed, addressed as the Father of Man? If HE then was Father of Man, why should not the Virgin be Mother of GOD? Certainly we have both correlatives, Son of GOD, and Son of Man, applied to the Person, combining in Himself the Natures of Both Parents. There is nothing Popish in this: it is the teaching of the universal Church; and was so before the Papaey, under its present form, and with its present claims, was in existence. I am sincerely anxious to obviate any objection on this point; for in venturing on the subject at all, we are venturing on a sea, where the wisest of us must very soon be out of his depth. I wish to save from this danger every one, who might run into it from my use of a word, to which he is not accustomed. Let him listen to a well-wisher, and avoid the topic. He does not understand it? No one does: but ignorance, which should prevent us from meddling with matters beyond our knowledge, will not preserve us from the dangers, attendant on meddling. An inexperienced person, undertaking the management of complicated machinery, or of a steam engine, is not preserved by his inexperience from the fatal consequences, of which the newspapers are constantly giving us instances.

The Papists have greatly exaggerated the due estimation of the Blessed Virgin; and so have been the cause, why by others she has been greatly degraded from it. So also of the emblem of our salvation, in which, beyond and exclusively of, all things, an Apostle gloried: in it we are forbidden to glory as we ought, because the Papists have gloried in excess. There is a constant reaction, and revulsion, in human nature; and so our separation into sects is mainly the fruit of the Papists' undue zeal to enforce unity. In all these matters, let us be reasonable; and is there in any one of them a reason, worthy of a moment's thought, in matters in any way connected with our salvation? I have an opinion of my own on all these matters; and on that I act, utterly regardless of exaggeration on one side, or denial of due respect on the other. The emblem I have in, and on, my Church, and elsewhere, where I think it becoming. I do not place it on seals, nor do I like to see it on them (except heraldically, and that quite alters the application) or elsewhere, where it can be subjected to irreverent remark. In regard to the Blessed Virgin, I think and act in the same way. When I can afford it, I shall put up an east window in my Church. Of the five lights, I shall have on one side two Apostles to the Jews, St. Peter and his brother; on the other, two to the Gentiles, S. S. Paul and Barnabas. The centre shall be the Virgin Mother. I do not interfere with other people, or censure them; but I do not put up the SON anywhere. My friend, Mr. Street, the Diocesan architect of Oxford, has promised to give me the design, and to get the work executed for me. So I may look with tolerable confidence to a very good window, as good I hope as the Evangelists, which he provided for the west window; which are excellent. The Church he has admirably restored; and though it is only an ordinary, simple, Parish Church, I know none which gives a more Church-like feeling. The Parishioners make that remark, as well as myself. We have no un-Christian exclusiveness; rich and poor are there treated as equal. So we escape St. James' censure

of "despising the poor," of being "partial in ourselves," of having become "judges of evil thoughts." In this respect, if in no other, we are not "convinced of the law, as transgressors;" and that is *something* gained. The services we perform, as best we can, certainly without undue effort after obsolete practices, certainly without fine reading and impressive attitudes.

If any one should pick up an idea from my pamphlet, and would like, in return, to help me with my window, or in any of the works, progressing, or to be attempted, in the Parish, so far from refusing his help, I shall be thankful to him for it. The "Plymouth Journal" has tried, more than once, to set my Parishioners against me; but they know me; and they shall know it or him: and I flatter myself, that now, if not long ago, I am too strong for him, and such as him. My Parishioners do me the justice, not to compare me with such scum as that; and I, on my part, can afford to despise the whole tribe of low newspapers. With other opponents (if such there be) nearer home, I am on terms of stately courtesy, in *utrumque paratus*, ready for either, peace or war. Peace is the less troublesome state, and gives greater liberty for the indulgence of my natural indolence; and so I prefer it. This pamphlet has had a bad effect upon me, which, I hope, will not be lasting. I have had so much to do with hornets' nests, that I feel as if I were one magnified sting: and for the present, at least, I am *monitoribus asper*, snappish and overbearing. This pamphlet has swollen to an unreasonable size; but I had a great deal of ground to cover. The next time (if such is my evil doom) I will take a single subject, a single class, or individual, and treat it or him succinctly.

[III.]

October 29, 1855.

My dear old Friend,

I cannot, at all events just yet, send back your letters; not yet having mastered them, as I cannot decipher parts of them. Thank you, however, for them all.

My estimate of public opinion is much the same as your's. When I think it right, I adopt it, and the "Times": at other times I have often been indignant with both: and have before now suggested,

that the national appellation should not be, "John Bull," but the more colloquial form of "John," with the affix of another quadruped. I will send you a Sermon, preached some years since, in which you will see a cursory allusion to this subject. You will think it belongs to the species of Rhetoric, called by the learned "rigmarole": and I doubt not, that in parts I have failed to express my concatenation of ideas clearly. Return it when read.

You misunderstood my meaning in the word "decisive," as to the war. Decisive meant "final," a determination not to be receded from. Whether the intimation would really have prevented the war, we cannot tell; but it seems to me the only chance: and it is not improbable, that Nicholas might have hesitated, had he known that he would have to contend against France and England, as well as Turkey. Your rhetorical *παραδειγμα* of the invasion of Italy proves nothing. The cases are not parallel. Hannibal was committed to *that* by his oath, and nurture in hatred of the Roman name. But *pursue* your parallel to the end; and you see Carthage conquered, humbled, destroyed, "*αυτη μεν ουν μηρινθος ουδεν εσπακε.*"

We, if not the Czar, may complain justly, that the want of vigour in our ministerial tone deceived Russia. Nor could we well, after our engagements with Turkey, avoid the war, after the Sultan had declared it, on the refusal to evacuate the Principalities.

I do not see, my dear fellow, how the political crimes of our fathers, if committed; their unjust aggressions, &c.; bind us *in perpetuum* to connive at those of other states. England has doubtless, in her history, done many wrongs; make the most of them: but does the fact of having committed a highway-robbery himself, debar a man from coming to the rescue, to prevent one being committed by another? Indeed, to make the parallel *complete*: if we are necessarily to abstain from interference because former generations have been guilty of spoliation, that man ought to stand still, from a regard to consistency in the family history, if his *father* happened to have been "justified" for highway-robbery. The account of the rise of our *Indian Empire*, (to which you refer,) has always led me to the conclusion, that we were not aggressors *there*. We began with mere factories; were attacked on our own property by successive aggressors; conquered them; and by the law of conquest, turned the tables on them, by annexing *their* property.

Nor is it very evident, why any disapprobation of the acts of Louis Napoleon should oblige us to decline his alliance. That alli-

ance is simply political ; as we think, highly desirable for national objects, but it does not commit us to the approval of his antecedents. I condemn the exaggerated sentence of condemnation indeed, which his "*coup d'etat*" for instance received. Though *perhaps* unnecessarily stained with blood, I think it was the very best thing, he could do for France.

Then as to the conduct of the war. There is of course much force in the remark, that our warlike establishments had been brought down to starvation point, by a niggardly economy. But the war might have been foreseen, certainly prepared for, for months before it broke out : and how did ministers do it ? By adding 10,000 men to the army, when hostilities were on the point of commencing. 10,000 men ! to adopt your (repudiated, in which I agree with you,) comparison of the Russian and Persian troops, it seems as if, determined on following classical precedent, they were thinking of the Anabasis, and considered that number sufficient. It was subsequently, as their eyes began to open, raised to 25,000, a miserably inadequate amount. The nation *then* was willing enough to come down with something handsome : and there was time, if there be any truth in the statement made by a military authority, that a recruit may be made a *tolerable* soldier in four months.

Again, as to this very economy. How is it, that France, with a revenue about equal to ours, and a large fleet to maintain ; and Austria, with no fleet, but a revenue less than *half* ours ; maintain, as their peace establishment, an army of 400,000 men ? I agree with Cobden, and the economists of his school, so far as to think, that we might have had more for our money than 100,000, as our standing army. Austria is in debt, poor, bankrupt almost. How are her 400,000 kept up ? You may say, that it is this, which has brought her into debt: granted; but no nation can go on continually living beyond its means; and therefore, if she can keep up this army, the means must exist for it.

The English soldiers are notorious drunkards. Do you remember the description of the Zouave drama, acted at Sebastopol, in which one of our men was introduced with, as the most appropriate trait of the national character, a perpetual solicitation to his French fraterniser, (another stereotyped phrase, which will soon become ridiculous;) "*donnez moi le Cognac, Johnny ?*" But they do not drink to give them *courage*; the Russians are, or have been, plied with spirits by *their officers*, to get them up to our bayonets. I quite

agree with you, that the Russians have displayed great courage, (the history of the last war had already proved that;) but it is mere brute courage, that of a “*stolid ferox*;” deficient in any high ingredients, not the Aristotelic $\alpha\tau\delta\rho\varepsilon\iota\alpha$ “*quæ vincit ratione metus,*” as Claudian says. Nor can their ignorant fanaticism be well compared with that of the crusading knight, though perhaps it may be with that of the rabble, which followed Peter the Hermit.

Now, my good fellow, touching the ducllo. I really think you do not give a just representation of public opinion, in the case you describe. I do not think that the Lothario is *feted*, nor the injured husband ridiculed; I quite admit the inadequacy of the condemnation, with which the enlightened quadruped, referred to above, visits the crime; but still in *society*, (whatever a flippant press may do,) if the criminal is not visited with a just amount of indignation, does the husband suffer? Has —— been made a butt of? I have not seen it. One cannot theorize on the feelings, one would have oneself; but, would ridicule, even if incurred, make one's cup more bitter? I do not fancy I should think much of *that*.

To pursue the subject; what the husband would get by calling out, and, (to make the case as favourable, on worldly principles, as possible to him,) killing his injurer, unless you estimate as an advantage, the “*alteram partem faciei;*” &c., I do not see. Mr. Best, the noted duellist, on his death-bed, expressed in the strongest manner, his conviction that a man, who had blood on his hands, could never know a moment's peace afterwards. Put it then only on a selfish basis, and he may ask with Medea, *τι δει με, τους εναντιους Λυπουσταν, αυτην δις τοσα κτισθαι πανα;* as a philosopher and a man of the world, had he not better act, as, report says, one did in a similar case. One gallant gentleman seduces another officer's wife, and, in the most *gentlemanly* way, writes to him offering him any reparation he might claim; the reply of the husband it was said was this:—“Dear ——, I have received no wrong, I heartily thank you for ridding me of——.”* This certainly was acting on the spirit of the Phœnician notion, (Herod. I. i, beginning) “*ωραν μηδεμιαν εχειν αρπασθεισεων, σωφρονων ανδρων ειναι.*”

But, arguing on mere duelling principles, let us imagine a still *worse* form of the case, than you put. Suppose, instead of a

* A blank in the original.

guest, the lady goes off with your groom, would the staunchest duellist recommend one to improve one's position, and diminish the ridicule of it, by calling *him* out? I fancy not; and, if not, the boasted remedy fails, just when most wanted.

I grant, that the fear of having to meet the husband's pistol, may have, and doubtless has sometimes, *prevented* such acts; and such few instances, *valeant quantum*, may be set against the general wickedness of duelling: for the greatest evils may involve casually good effects; but what is that in the balance? As you observe, my dear friend, nothing but Christian feeling may restrain us; but is not that enough? Of course you will see, I have been arguing with a supposed advocate of the system, on his own principles.

Again, once more, supposing a peppery little duellist, anxious to pick a quarrel, gets a sound drubbing instead; on which side is the laugh? or he is quieted by a mild intimation, that, if he does not take care to be civil, a servant will be sent to horsewhip him. Something like this has happened.

The "Punch" is abominable. I apprehend, however, that the complaint is not against rewarding, or pensioning off, old officers; but, risking our success, and every thing else, by employing, when superannuated, those, who perhaps have *never* shown any capacity for command. I am one of those, who think that a general, like a poet, must be born so: and that he never improves much, by age and experience. All the greatest generals of history have, I think, been young men, Cæsar, Hannibal, Alexander, Napoleon.

As to the "Times," and S. G. O., I regard the Wilton tea-party, as one of what usually are clap-trap proceedings, and fair game for good-natured ridicule, which the "Times" administered with consummate ability. Sidney Osborne *did* make himself, as you appropriately call it, a "show-man"; and Sidney Herbert, as the presiding genius of the show, and his inviter, might fairly be entitled the "Barnum" of the scene. Just fancy in your mind's eye, S. G. O. shipping in his carriage Menschikoff's boots! to bring out, *inter alia*, on the occasion. Your fairly ridicule Exeter Hall, and similar demonstrations, which may be sincere exhibitions of religious feeling, and should not grudge the "Times," nor me, our hearty and innocent laugh.

"Hoc ridere meum tam nil, nulla tibi rendo." Iliade.

You will have seen S. G. O's good humoured letter on the subject; with the "Times'" pithy remark appended, about his "friend Herbert." But I am dull enough, not to take the allusion to the "rectory gateposts" &c., as a precaution against "*Black Sea Sirens.*" What is it?

Speaking of Field Marshals, I think that Prince Albert's being one, *does* make the title ridiculous; and that it makes it worse, that he gets (as I believe he does,) paid out of the taxes for the imaginary post, in addition to his colonelcy, and his £30,000 a-year. Again, when a school-boy young officer, if without interest especially, is turned out of the army, for some thoughtless act, a few select thinkers consider it a great shame, if the incapacity, or neglect, of an old general is attacked. Perry was obliged to leave the army, for presuming, (no one can honestly think without justice) to complain of his Colonel. Lord E. —— in the same Windsor, (a connection of Lord ——'s) is guilty of a most unofficer-like, and disgraceful outrage, (kicking a woman among other things is stated,) will *he* be ordered by the "military Minos" to sell out? we shall see.

As to the Tractarian party, and all of that tendency, you may remember, that I for long approved of its labours, and I still do of all, that is excellent in it. We cannot, however, be surprised, if people take some, who, in their dress, affect as much as possible the appearance of Popish Priests, (and I have known such, even among the clever men of the party,) for that, which they ape. If I see a man, with broad brimmed hat, and upright collar, I take him to be a quaker. Among those, whom I have happened to know, there seemed to me to be little real earnestness in religion. I know little of Mr. Bennett's proceedings; but think, with all the real good he did, he neutralised it, by making matters of conscience of trifling articles of Church furniture, &c. *Here* is in my opinion, the great error. His Bishop disapproved of his doings. I have always determined to keep clear of party.

My dear fellow, if any thing can lower my opinion of you, (so favorably exhibited, as you are, by the generous sentiments of your letters;) it is your confession, that you blindly adopt Gladstone's judgment. Our parliamentary vote, like anything else, is a trust; of which we cannot transfer the responsibility. Other men, as able as Gladstone, think differently. With Gladstone's opinions, (if he has any, or rather, if he has any, which he will *act* upon, and is

not ready to give up;) I do not quarrel. He does not act, nor speak, with common honesty. Did you read his last speech on the Jewish Bill? It laboured to prove, that a man might take what oath he pleased, and not be bound by it. This is what made my friend — (a *thorough* Churchman,) say, that "he had forfeited the support of every honest man, High Church, Low Church, or No Church."

Your account of old John Dennis *very much* interested me, and brought indeed tears to my eyes.

I also enjoyed much your remarks on Don Quixote, and fully agree with them. But is not Cervantes wrong in that Clavileno scene, in thus making goodness and generosity ridiculous? This is what is sometimes to be complained of in Dickens also.

What can you mean, by saying, that I am far abler than you? My *only* superiority has been greater practice in scholarship; owing to my having been at a better school. *All* my power, (exaggerated by many,) lies *here*; and, so far from fitting me for my vocation, I feel that my fondness for such things is a serious drawback.

I have just had your letter of the 26th, poor —. What can you want your papers for? I by no means wish to give up the pleasure of another reading of them. I should be delighted to have the history of the discomfited — controversy.

Your affectionate friend,

I wish you would send ——'s address.

[IV.]

Probus, Grampound, Cornwall,
Oct. 31st, 1855.

My dear Robert,

Pray let me have all my papers by *return of post*. The thoughts and feelings, which your letters woke up in me, have scarcely suf-

ferred me to sleep again, and I have been writing away at every spare moment. I have long wished to collect all my desultory ideas on the subject, now before us, and others; and I have, as I fancy, an opportunity which may not occur to me again, of making them known to the world. Some of my opinions may do good; for others I am willing to take all the blame, that they may bring. I am quite ready for the press, but the want of those papers puts me to a total stand still. If you do not send them at once (once more I beg you to do so) you will be answerable for the infliction of a quarto, instead of the pamphlet, which I now meditate. I must in spite of myself, go on writing; and the only way to check myself is to put myself into press at once, and so cut off any further opportunity for doing mischief. The very first copy of my work will be sent to you; and you will read, at ease, what my wretched scrawl must make a painful, and I am afraid, ill rewarded labour. Your sermon I will read and send with this; but you must not expect comments upon it. I have read your letter once; and will at once try to notice, what to me seems to require notice most, in your own order.

I do not agree with you, that “*αὐτὴν μεν η μηρινθος ουδεν εσπασεν.*”

It drew up all that I wanted—the inefficiency of the Senate’s message to Hannibal. Saguntum *was* lost—Italy *was* invaded. In our case, who, as you say, sent no such message, the reverse is the truth. The eventual success of the wars was not our subject, for there we could find no parallel, as ours is yet undecided: and the sending, or the not sending of the message, would not decide that.

“England has doubtless in her history done many wrongs; make the most of them.” All that I want to make of them, is, to urge upon the English of our day, the expediency of not assuming so high a tone, in their comments on other nations. We are not so clean handed, that we can afford to exhibit ourselves, as rigid moralists, to other countries. We shall have the laugh against us, and that would do us no credit. I will not dispute India or any other particular blot in England’s history; for all my instances are valueless *alone*. They are only of weight, as parts of an induction. You grant, “that England has done many wrongs;” I am satisfied, I want no more.

Now I will give you my other barrel on your next subject, the present Emperor Napolcon. On my principles, it is settled by my last sentences. Of course we have no right to be more assuming, in our morality toward him, than toward the Czar. I gladly accept

his alliance. I have nothing to say about his *coup d'etat*. That is the affair of the French, let them manage their own affairs: and I strongly condemn the too usual conduct of Englishmen, who are generally ready, with their advice and assistance, to other nations, who require neither.

"How is it that France," and other nations, do more than we do, with smaller means? My answer is, the ill timed interference of our parliament, press, and public opinion, in the departments of those, who would have kept our national establishments on an efficient footing. To this I add mismanagement, culpable, and otherwise, of those in power; but the amount of this, of either sort, I, not being a politician, do not attempt to state. "Drunkenness in our army," far, and notoriously, too prevalent! but with this defect in ourselves, let us be lenient, and not too assuming, in our censures on the Russians. The motives which lead men to do their duty, I do not think always a fit subject for censure, so long as their duty is done by them: but I do not allow this to be one of the chief motives with the Russians.

"Duelling." You grant that the fear of that (let me repeat my words) most un-Christian remedy, "may have, and doubtless has sometimes, prevented such acts." I would strike out the "sometimes," and say "very often;" for you must allow for all the instances where it has operated secretly: and I gain all that I wanted in my long dissertation. I complained of public opinion, having been insufficient to restrain the offence; but you object, that I stated too strongly the disgrace of the injured party. I will not dispute, I will concede *pro hac vice* the disgrace; but a heavy balance of suffering remains to him. Of the woman's portion of the penalty you do not speak. Of the comparative impunity of the chief offender, the tone of the public papers, on such topics, is a proof. *Sometimes*, I said, that in certain circles impunity even was not his reward, but something akin to admiration. In other circles, but those I hold to be very limited (and my wish and duty is to make them wider) a meet recompense is assigned to all three. The gist of my argument is, that public opinion, which has put down (whether however it has been the putter down of it, I may doubt,) the un-Christian remedy, has done very little to prevent the evil, which it was applied to correct. About your groom case. You find fault with my fowling piece because it is ineffectual against a buffalo or a "rogue elephant," but they are not common in this country; and I may

have beside a “four ounce rifle,” such as Mr. Baker recommends, in his “Wild Sports of Ceylon.”

I did not apply the term “showman” to Mr. Osborne, or his host. That was the doing of the “Times,” and for what it did I blame the “Times.” Joking, within certain limits is all fair; but I complain of this act, as being part of a system to assail public men; and *because* of his host, Mr. Osborne was assailed. You speak of Mr. Osborne’s “good humoured letter,” and the notice which it received. He was good humoured, because his former setting down had made him anxious to avoid a similar correction; and the subsequent notice justified his prudence. If Telamonian Ajax thinks fit, in his sport, to box my ears, I do not feel myself bound to irritate him, so as to bring down upon me his sledge hammer fist. I am protesting against the tyranny of the “Times,” and this is an instance in my favour. I, in common with you, think meanly of clap trap exhibitions. The purpose of the meeting at Wilton took it out of that class: but the encourager was a man obnoxious to the “Times,” and so he and his friend are crushed, so far as the “Times” had the power, or opportunity, to crush.

I am vexed with what you say of Prince Albert’s rank of Field Marshal, and of his getting the pay, attached to it, “out of the taxes, in addition to his colonelcy, and his £30,000 a year.” As to the last, you ought to remember, that vast crown lands, and royal prerogatives, were given up to the nation, on the condition that it should make suitable provision for the Sovereign, and Royal Family. The settling of the provision was left to the nation, and Parliament fixed the sum for Prince Albert at £30,000. Put aside that, where the nation only fulfilled a contract, and there is nothing peculiarly invidious in the colonelcy, or the higher rank. I am always sorry to hear his name, or any of the whole Family, in connection with such matters. My intense, I hope not too great, veneration for the Sovereign, and everything connected with her, to say nothing of her Consort, makes me shiver, as at a shower bath, at anything, tending to lower the public estimation of such things, or to encourage the too rampant spirit of a loathsome democracy.

Lord E. — — was “stated” to have kicked a woman. My dear fellow! how long have you taken to swallowing such statements? Mr. Perry was a simpleton, if nothing more; and the sympathising with him, and the subscriptions got up for him, were perfectly ridiculous. But where is the analogy between this

case, and that of the other youngster? That, of which he complained to his commanding officer, and, in regard to which, complaint was made against him, was a military offence, resting between men in the same regiment; the other was a civil one, and summarily decided before his worship, the mayor of Windsor. The Horse Guards does not interfere with *all* the acts of those under it. When their conduct shows them totally unfit to hold H. M's commission, they are cashiered. Do you put into that class of offences the boyish (I do not defend it) act of the youth with "Lord" before his name? But for that "Lord," the enlightened public would have treated it, as it does any other street, tavern, or theatre row. I am more lenient, equally just too I hope, for I wish that that unfortunate Mr. Greer, who was cashiered for his share in Mr. Perry's business, might be restored to his rank. He has been most sufficiently punished. The total ruin of his prospects in life is too severe a punishment for the offence, of which he was guilty.

Get your heaven born general by all means; and I will hail him as respectfully, as will any of my neighbours: but it is only by what he has done, that we arrive at the discovery of this phoenix. The "Times" gives us long descriptions of the *sort* of man that we want: but has the "Times" pointed out to us *the man*? Let it do that, and save itself the exertion of its descriptive and prophetic powers; for our common sense can do all that is wanted there, for ourselves.

I read very little of speeches. So I do not know that one of Mr. Gladstone's, to which you allude: but for the reasons, which I have already given to you, I stick to Mr. Gladstone.

I do not turn out in an M. B.* coat, nor am I aware that I have many party peculiarities, supposing that I belong to a party: and hypocrisy and insincerity I hate under any garb; so here we are agreed.

I am glad that you like my gentleman stone breaker and pauper. I never met his equal.

The distinguishing point in Cervantes *is* that he connects "goodness and generosity," with ridiculous concomitants, through, and notwithstanding which, we see them in their full proportions. The secret is, that Cervantes was himself a Quixote; and in giving his thoughts to the world, he felt the ridicule, which awaited him, if

* "Mark of the Beast," used by some tailors of the clothes of Tractarian customers.

all his feelings and castle-buildings, were brought to light. So with Dean Swift. His utter hatred of hypocrisy made him exhibit himself, as a contemner of feelings, which he strongly cherished. He attended daily service at Church, whenever he had the opportunity; and he read constantly family prayers in his house, but so secretly, that guests might be months living under his roof, without finding it out. I do not justify it, I only state what I believe fact. In regard to his conduct to Stella and Vanessa, I think that Sir Walter Scott has furnished the most probable solution. I have never seen a better suggested. A charge has been made against Scott, like that suggested by you, on "Old Mortality" for instance. I could write a volume in his defence. So far as I remember, Mr. Dickens and Mr. Thackeray are clear from blame on the same score. A charge may more fairly, I am afraid, be brought against the Ingoldsby Legends (wonderful facility of versification there;) and I much regret, that so good a man as the author, should have suffered his zeal against Popery, or what he believed tending toward it, to lead him into too frequent infringement of the reverence due to certain subjects. Some of the engravings are good: others I should wish omitted. I am not a puritan; and this criticism, which comes reluctantly from me, has the greater force.

You not abler than I am! Well, let each retain his own opinion; agreed on this point, that, habitual kindness in act, wish, and feeling, is worth all the talent in the world. It is the "sum totte" of the snob: an addition, an instrument, a *κοσμος* (is that the word? for you have probably read Aristotle more recently than I have) of persons of a better order.

I think that we agree on all other points, and those I have left untouched, for why should we slay the slain, or I inflict upon you yesterday's matter, in the shape of a hash?

Once more, send my papers by return of post, if you would not kill me by keeping me in a state of feverish excitement. My treatise is

περι Αθηνῶν, περι Πυλου,

περι σκομβρῶν νεῶν, περι απαντῶν τὰν πραγμάτων,

some matter for laughter:—among the rest, some imitations of Homer, wrought in the fervid glow of my *crassa Minerva*. Here you are a far better judge than I am; and I hope that you will not find many faults. Certainly it is the language for hard hitting; but in the hands of a bungler, nothing more vapid. Now for your sermon.

R. W. BARNES.

[V.]

—, Oct. 30.

Dear Probus,

A few more words on “oppressed nationalities,” Poland, Hungary, Lombardy, &c. On this subject I will not, like Serjeant Buzfuz, lash myself into a state of moral elevation ; but let us take a practical view of the matter. Does it follow that, because we, from motives of self-interest if you like, interfere to prevent Turkey following the fate of Poland and Italy, we must set ourselves up as general redressers of grievances inflicted in past generations ? I would take the plain sensible ground adopted by the Athenian orator in Sicily (Thueyd. l. 6,) in his reply to a charge of inconsistency in their treatment of Greeks in Sicily and Peloponnesus. “We do not argue political questions on the footing of abstract morality” (as Diototus says, *ωστε δικαιων δεισθαι*, though in a better sense;) nations act from motives of policy, which dictates a different line of conduct under different circumstances ; so that unless this conduct is flagrantly at variance with the law of nations, no one can complain. So again they tell the Melians (on Greek notions with much justice) that the latter could not take it ill, if they used the right of the stronger; nor was their conduct *απο της αιθρωπειας φυσεως*.

We do not carry the principle of the right of the strong so far as the Greeks ; but nations still act from motives of policy, rather than consistency or abstract justice. I do not urge this as any excuse for *aggression*, just the contrary. I put these as *a fortiori* cases. If such acts of aggression are tolerated as consistent with human practice ; much less need we be deterred from endeavouring to prevent them *by the accusation that our fathers have done the same*. “Even on your own principles” we reply, “those acts were agreeable to national usage and law ; and, whether they were so or not, they cannot debar *us* from looking to our own interests now, and preventing your repeating them.” It is true, as above noticed, that it is better not to adopt the humbug of a high moral tone in such cases.

It must also be, I think, admitted that we never had the least right to appropriate, and parcel out, (gradually exterminating the

natives) countries discovered by us; Australia for instance. All that can be said (and a poor argument it certainly is) is again this; that we have acted on principles recognised generally, (however unjust and atrocious) that civilised nations do not observe toward savages the same rules as toward each other.

Your quotation of the Irishman's remark about Waterloo, as applicable to Inkermann, is another not infelicitous use of the *παραδειγμάτων*. Let me improve on it, by suggesting that poor Lord Raglan, however answerable for the "surprise," had *nothing to do* with the "astonishment" caused to the enemy. I referred to the neglect of the common precaution of fortifying our weak point, the right flank. His attention, it is said, had been called to it: and all excuse is taken away by the fact that it *was done after* the battle.

Your's affectionately,

[VI.]

Probus, Grampound, Cornwall,
Nov. 2, 1855.

My dear Robert,

I have nothing to do with oppressed nationalities, and I am not required to decide whether Diotetus or the Tanner-Eagle had the better of the argument, in regard to the Milesians, Mitylenians, or Melians. My only business with these nationalities was, to enforce the maxim on ourselves, which impresses on us, as an axiom, the necessity of applying to the gentleman goose, the same sauce, which we have applied to the lady, his consort. If we forget the maxim, we run our heads on a "*Tu quoque.*" I am no politician, and so I must leave untouched your dissertation on the difference between public and private morality. Lord Raglan's attention, "*it is said,*" was drawn to the weakness of our right flank. O you innocent mutton! why *will* you swallow such assertions? He fortified it after the battle of Inkermann, *therefore* he must have known it's

weakness before : where is your *Barbara Celarent*? Do you require in your heaven born general a knowledge of every place and circumstance connected with his business? I am afraid that your search is not likely to be soon successful, if the poor man must be ubiquitous and every thing else beginning with omni.

I send you the correspondence ; and I will "garnish" it with only one "use of application," suited, I humbly think, to all correspondences with similar antagonists. Scene anywhere—an assault covert, but not altogether undisguised :—answer, preceded by a little diffident modesty, courteous to the chief assailant, but mixed with sharp practice on an understrapper.—Assault, altogether undisguised and vehement ;—answer, a smash !—Assault, the whinings and blusterings of a discomfited gentleman, lying in the gutter ;—answer, a courteous parting salutation, with a slight hint, that similar goods are to be had, always ready at the same shop.—Curtain drops,—an impressive tableau, justice descending from the clouds distributes the appropriate portion to each—vice punished, virtue rewarded—a worthy good fellow delivered from a brace of noble animals, which were worrying him, the noble animals with their eye teeth drawn, and innocuous to him and his neighbours. Moral—"Men of business is Dodson and Fogg"—let them keep to their business. Not worth the trouble, some say; I beg pardon, the actual results justify me in thinking differently; and then, "*fiat experimentum in corpore vili*" is a sound maxim. Apply all this to your Mials, and the rest. The result, I think, would be the same. I will give you a conundrum, "*Peto pellat vulpem, mea omnia, et si quæ alia.*" Give it up? I would have Morton rid himself of the "Non-Conformist", and his other unseemly allies; for, from what I have heard of him, he is too good to have such a tail tacked on to him. Then—

Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan height.

There may be a deep meaning in the last quotation, but I am not aware of *any*. All the odds and ends, which my memory has stored away, are jostling against each other, and I have no time to look into a book, except when that dull rogue, honesty, compels me to verify a quotation, on which I am building an argument. Into Don Quixote I have not once looked ; but I must do so, to quote the exact phraseology, in which the discomfited giant Carculiambro, lord of the island of Malindrania, was to humble himself before the knight's lady.

I shall call your attention to my Homer. I do not think the mare's nest bad. Perhaps the list of comparisons may be somewhat long: but only think of the original, where Homer describes the different nations forming the Trojan host. I have been most brief in comparison, and I have made no use of the "geese, cranes, and long-necked swans," though the first hissing cackler was a temptation to me, to lug him in by his long white neck. You must allow to me that the "episcopal free church" is pretty well disposed of in a few lines. On this point, I speak with the "neat confidence," which our old Thucydides ascribes to Nicias. I have finished the Jew Bill, Tithe, and Church Rates, and I shall set to work, as soon as I throw aside this note, at marriage with a deceased wife's sister. *Fervet opus.* I do trust that you will send my loose sheets—"Fern leaves:" and let me store my honey.

Yours affectionately,

R. W. BARNES.

While Newspapers are in my head, let me ask you if you take in the "Guardian?" I do, and as I am not connected with, or ever write for, any paper, my judgment is unprejudiced, and so far, worthy of attention. There is great cleverness, good tone, good feeling, forbearance, and all allowances made for other opinions, and persons holding them. Generally, I think with the "Guardian;" but where I do not, there is still the cosey chat with a well-bred companion. I should like to splinter a lance with the "Edinburgh Review" writer of "Church Parties" on the subject of the "Guardian," and some other subjects. I like him generally, especially in his tribute to the founders of the Evangelical School, and its many admirable disciples now: Sir J. Stephens is admirable on the same topic; but in some places the Review writer is awfully loose in his saddle, and I think that I could treat him to the fate of Ralph de Vipont, the poor Hospitaller in the free and gentle passage of arms at Ashby. Take this passage in the "Guardian" of October 17th, in an article on "Colleges and Choirs." I call the question neatly settled and in few words. "We certainly have never set up a choral performance against the general response of a devout congregation; on the contrary, we have desired to attain that consummation, feeling sure that such a response *must* become, in the best sense, choral. For our own parts, we have never heard a con-

gregational response which could be said to exceed a buzz or a hum, that did not incur the imputation of being too musical for "Low Church" ears. Let four or five hundred voices anywhere be distinctly raised, in prayer, or praise, and we will answer for it, that any impartial auditor will beg for an harmonious, rather than a discordant, arrangement of the sounds they utter. The vicarious services of the Parish clerk would be almost better, than the confused din, which their timeless, tuneless clamour would create." (There I do not agree with the "Guardian," though it's "almost" leaves a loop hole, and perhaps we may think quite together.) "But we need not argue the point, as their own feelings, and the nature which has been given to them, would settle it. 'The shout of a loyal multitude' to which —— (a most highly respectable and respected correspondent) refers for an argument, might have taught him, that even in such moments of enthusiasm, men naturally wait to have the 'time' given for a cheer, and fall into an unconscious cadence for their hurrahs." That I call very neat. I never have intoned in our Sunday services; and during the present year, I have, for reasons useless here, ceased to do so in our daily services. The "Guardian" is the *best* paper that I know. Now that Mr. Binney of the Weigh-house has sanctioned a choral service, we may expect our own Church reformers to withdraw their objections.

[VII.]

—————, Nov. 3rd, 1855.

My dear Barnes,

I send your *schedæ*, on the condition that I have them again.

I will not farther refer to other points in your letter, (though I do not altogether agree with you;) but must advert to the remarks about Prince Albert and his sinecure posts.

I did not, and do not, say anything about the £30,000. What I object to is his greediness in *adding* to it in these indirect ways. He is an accomplished man, and has conducted himself very inoffen-

sively: but I do from my heart despise the tone of servile adulation with which he is spoken of. Nothing that he does, but is done better than any one else, (even though bred to it,) could do it.

I have always venerated the Queen; but consider I may freely express my opinion about *him*; just as those who reverenced George III might, without blame, have expressed their's about his eldest son. In this instance I advert not to him personally, but to the adjuncts with which he has been invested. Nor can any one say that the salary attached to these offices is any part of, nor meant in fulfilment of, the national contract; which I did not forget. It is absurd to read of his going down to Woolwich, for instance, to inspect military stores and munitions, before shipment to the Crimea, about which he cannot know anything.

I am a Tory, *more so* than the Queen and Prince themselves, and therefore much regret *any* thing tending to bring the higher orders into disrepute or ridicule, as many of their acts do.

In haste, Yours affectionately,

[VIII.]

Nov. 6, 1855.

Mi Riearde,

I return your correspondence with ———, an infamous snob. You have certainly foiled the fellow, and smashed him completely; but I am *almost* sorry for it. In our profession,

“An habet victoria laudem?”

I hardly know; but feel that I should have done the same myself as you have done; only with less terseness and vigour “———” is rich.

You think me of considerable “swallowing” powers: “*rarum et memorabile magni Gutturis exemplum.*”

If (within of course certain limits,) I believe statements made by those competent to make them, and uncontradicted by those

interested in contradicting them; all I will say is this:—that it is at least as reasonable to do so, as to take it for granted that they are false. About Inkermann; my “*Barbara Celarent*” is not what you suppose. It is easy, my good fellow, to build up a fallacy, (as we used in our earlier years to build houses of cards,) for the purpose of demolishing it. My arguments, drawn from the fact that the neglect was rectified *after* the battle, was intended, not only to prove that previous neglect, but to meet the excuse urged for it, viz., that we had not men enough for the work. Enough were found after Inkermann had sorely thinned our numbers. I do think it was the duty and province of the Commander-in-Chief to see that his lines were properly fortified. Wellington would have done so.

You answer the query, why, with our means, we had not a larger peace establishment, by referring to the parsimonious spirit, which caused it. I expressed an opinion that we ought to have more for the money we *did* spend; and you settle it by urging that we *did not spend enough*. My acute friend; what logic is this? Is it not *οὐδὲν προς Διονυσον?*

You used, and you repeat, the term, “*unchristian remedy*,” as applied to duelling in certain cases, I endeavoured, perhaps not unsuccessfully, to show that it is no *remedy* at all. A *preventive* I admitted it may have sometimes, or often if you like, been. I also admit the inadequacy of the penalty, which public opinion inflicts on the principal offender.

One word on the correspondence with the “gent.” Though a telling thrust, my dear friend; (and allow me the privilege of a friend of 30 years standing in saying so,) the reference to ———, I do wish rather had been omitted.

Making every allowance for the distinction between civil and military offences; my very complaint is, that what *ought* to be military offences are none; and *vice versa*. Once again let us take Perry’s case (“simpleton” as he has shown himself, which is *nihil ad rem*). He defended himself with the first weapon at hand against the low blackguardism of a brother officer. For this he is dismissed the army; the sentence being remitted “in consequence of the great provocation he had received.” Well, let the Horse Guards authorities have the benefit of that remission. In the course of his evidence on this case, Perry states that, having been subject to a series of brutal outrages, he had complained to his Colonel, who would do nothing, and called him a fool. This again, I believe, credu-

lously you may think? This is, contrary to *all* principles of justice, (as a military officer himself remarked to me,) made the ground of a fresh charge, substantiated by the officers of the Regiment swearing like one man, that they "had not the slightest recollection" of certain transactions. You know the sentence, and that only the same was passed on the disgusting language and ruffianism of his antagonist. Justly, in my opinion, did the gallant — become a bye-word in the streets of Windsor. This is, I take the liberty to think, a case for public indignation, (in which, feeling so strongly myself, I would willingly join:) and public indignation may eventually prove too potent even for the Horse Guards.

Once more. In evidence on the second Court Martial it comes out that one of the officers of the — had, at a public mess table, called another "a son of a —." Was that no military offence? Is the language of low blackguardism *not* inconsistent with the holding of a commission in her Majesty's service? Or why in common *consistency* was he not tried for this, as *Perry had been*, on the evidence which had come out? I cannot see how this dilemma can be got out of. Generous public opinion now condemns Perry.

My good fellow, I *cannot* agree with you as to the Wilton symposium. Dickens jokes considerably, upon the "Brick Lane Branch" Meeting, a tea-party at all events, of a Society, professing a highly laudable object, the prevention of drunkenness. *You*, my facetious and jocose friend, are the very last person by which I should have expected the "Times" to be condemned for what it said. You always were given (and I do not blame you,) to ridiculing what seemed to you ridiculous in the religious demonstrations of others. I remember being amused by one instance of this, when you told me that a parishioner, whom you were visiting as his clergyman, running on in a savoury and unctuous strain, you "put your tongue in your cheek surreptitiously." The scene is capital to image to one's self: but does it not put you out in your condemnation of the "Times."

You do not enlighten my obtusity as to the "Black-sea Sirens," in that article.

Really, I believe we are agreed on main points, on principles: but regard details in different lights.

One thing more. What is your judgment about our, after being slave holders ourselves, (to which I know you were *always* opposed;) interfering with other nations, and saying that they shall not do the

same? Every one of course admits the goodness of the object; but, on *political* principles at least, it may be said to be no business of ours.

Your affectionate friend,

I did not mean, in referring to the Saguntine message, to draw any parallel as to the result. That stood on its own basis of probability or non probability. I meant to *prove* nothing by it as to that result; but only expressed an opinion that it was just a case for such a message. If it had failed, it would not have been because the Roman message failed. And certainly *you* prove nothing by your application of it, but this, (which of course I allowed;) that the experiment, (a dignified one for Rome or us,) was not infallible.

[IX.]

_____, Nov. 8.

My Dear Barnes,

Where your first letter is I know not. I have hunted for it, and cannot find it. Not supposing you would wish to have it again, I did not take particular notice where it was deposited.

In my last letter I said that my complaint was, that what ought to be military offences are none. I meant that they are not *practically* regarded as such: for that street rows, bad language of *any* sort, *et hoc genus omne*, are military offences, there can be no doubt. Some time ago I happened, (in connection with an appointment obtained by _____) to read the Articles of War; which I thought *admirable*. An officer who regulates his deportment by them, will, I think, be not only an officer and a gentleman; but what is far better, as far as external conduct goes, a Christian. But are they enforced in *greater* points with the same rigour as in minor ones? A superior officer may, it is well known, swear at and abuse his inferior; not only without redress, but with what everybody knows to be the consequence, if the latter complains. Officers, who

ought to set an example to their soldiers, receive into their rooms in barracks, people not entitled even to your *Quixotic* softener of "ambiguous." Are the common soldiers allowed to do this? or is it not a violation of military decorum? If not, it *ought* to be considered so. Much respect the sentinel at the barrack gate, and his comrades, must have for his officers, as they see these ladies wending their way to their rooms; perhaps inquiring of them their way thither!

Yours, affectionately,

This extract from "Punch" I think not altogether bad. The blame rests more on the sycophancy of the donors, than on the person who only takes what he can get, as most do.

Ministers you see have ratified, by superseding him, the common judgment on Gen. Simpson. It does not require one to be a soldier to judge of many military transactions.

[X.]

Probus, Grampound, Cornwall,
December 13th, 1855.

My Dear Old Friend,

I send you, very late you will say, a reply to your notes of November 3rd, 6th, and 8th, and after all, it is no reply. I shall send it with my printed pamphlet, in which you will also see it. I have explained in that pamphlet, and ask your pardon for, the publication of your letters, I need scarcely say without your name, or any thing, which might lead to its discovery. I hope that you will not be vexed. I do not think that you ought to be; for they cannot be traced to you; and may be, as some perhaps will think them to be, an imaginary correspondence of my own manufacture.

I did not answer your question about "Black Sea Sirens"; for I no more understand the allusion, than you do. I suppose that the

writer of the "Times'" article, having a victim, who had been so near to the Black Sea, as ancient Chaledon, thought Black Sea Sirens appropriate to him: they were as much so as woolly horses and Feejee Indians. A considerable license must be given to periodical writers, whose business is to amuse the public.

I am sorry that your memory has retained, what mine has totally lost, my unhappy expression about "putting my tongue into my cheek." It is a low expression, and I am ashamed of myself for having ever used it; and I cannot accept "surreptitiously," though not a bad word in itself, as anything like an adequate atonement for my offence against good breeding.

Why do you laugh so much at Prince Albert's giving the weight of his presence and authority to operations, which he does not understand? I have been a poor law guardian; and as a member of the house committee, I went about the union, gravely looking at meat, and bread, and other things, of which I am no judge. Mine was an unpaid office; and as Prince Albert is not obliged to attend at the shipping of stores, &c., and gives his attendance gratuitously, he does in a larger way, what I did as guardian. We both excite and encourage diligence in our subordinates; Prince Albert in a different way also, for probably he takes with him people, who may understand details better than he does. I think that we both in our degree deserve the thanks of the public. You attend agricultural dinners, ploughing matches, &c., do you not? If you do, your motive, and the effect of your conduct, are your justification of Prince Albert. Suppose that he kept away from these things, would there be no charge of apathy, and all that sort of thing, unjustly imputed to Lord Raglan? I suppose that Her Majesty is not very skilled in military evolutions. Let us suppose that she therefore refused to attend any reviews; might we not expect to see soon some flaw detected in her title?

Your remarks in regard to that correspondence which I sent you, are perfectly just. My sending it to you was a weakness, for I was excessively irritated at a most unprovoked attack; and though I sent it to you in unrestrained confidence, when I had little idea of its going further, I feel myself bound to publish my shame, as your comments on it seem to form part of the argument of your letters. A very kind lady of my acquaintance wrote me some excellent letters on the subject, and they, with my cooler feelings, long since made me sorry for the sharpness of my style; and if I

had an honourable opportunity, I would say so to my opponent. One part you totally mistake. There was no reference made, or intended, to what in your letter I have corrected into a —. A second reading would convince you, that your idea was quite without foundation.

The articles of war, with the Commander-in-Chief's comments, fell into my hands on an occasion, similar to that, which threw them into your's; and I enter warmly into your feelings of admiration. As warmly I reprobate the infamous conduct of those, who being intrusted with the command and charge of others, set them an example of vice and blackguardism. I go entirely with you. I would have officers and privates raised in every possible way: and I think that Lord Hardinge's address, which is sent to every young officer, and on which I trust that he intends to act, will do much toward that object.

When you read my pamphlet, you will be surprised to find what help you have given me. Absent though you were in body, in imagination your auspicious aspect has greatly encouraged me; and you have unconsciously dropped honey to a great extent. Here is an instance of *eidolon* in the true sense, the eidolon of the Author of Waverley, in the introduction to the "Fortunes of Nigel." My ideas have come, like Lady Macbeth's departing guests, without standing much upon order or precedence; and I am afraid that the result is something of a confused business.

As I said, this is not intended as a reply to your late letters. Take it as an acknowledgment of them, and as a finish to this correspondence. I hope in a few days to see my pamphlet out of my hands, and the printer's also. The coming season is not altogether appropriate to many parts of it; and I avoid, where I can, incongruous mixtures. You understate, my dear Robert, when you speak of a friendship of thirty years. More, my dear fellow, and sufficiently numerous to furnish many reminiscences of joy and sorrow. Compliments of the season would be an absurd phrase between us; but I comprise them, and much more, when, in sincerity and affection I say, GOD bless you here and hereafter.

Your's, ever faithfully,

R. W. BARNES.

December 17th.—I am glad that I did not send you this letter, for yesterday I had to take a friend's Sunday duty, and he lent me a copy of the "English Churchman," and of Dr. Cumming's tract "Signs of the Times," which I find to be the tract of his, to which I have alluded. At the end is a notice, that the lecture to the "Young Men's Christian Association," which the tract is, was unfinished from want of time, and that a "fuller edition" would probably be published. The fulfilment of the prophecy about one of the frogs, in Tractarianism, is there : the other particulars which I have mentioned, I do not see. Probably they are in the fuller edition, which I might have read. But I am willing to concede all these; for I never take anything doubtful ; for that is most injurious to every cause. I therefore concede them all: but in addition to the Tractarian frog, there is abundance of matter in the tract before me, to justify the "mare's nest"; and I will by no means give up "the blameless seer, knowing things before, present, and to come." The tract exceeds my ideas of Dr. Cumming: for the vanity and bad taste of the whole thing are surprising to me even, who did not expect anything very good. Let me suggest, among many other things, that the "Christian shop lads" as the "Times" calls them, were not likely to be much benefitted by having their attention drawn, and doubtless their intelligent applauses directed, to the folly of the Pope dreaming, "that the pulse at a well known bishop's wrist was the beat in the heart of Old England." The young gents perhaps do not need lessons in the art of "speaking evil of dignities": certainly they do not require Revd. Drs. to teach them. Dr. Cumming's tract is as miscellaneous in it's topics as my pamphlet. Prophecy and table turning, chloroform and Miss Cunningham, and many other subjects, are served up for the edification of the Christian Young Men. On the table turning topic, I will give one extract. P. 26. "The question was asked 'Do you know the Revd. Mr. Reeve?' The table gave three gentle taps, which means in the table vernacular 'Yes.' 'Do you know the Revd. Mr. Fisk?' The table gave three gentle raps in precisely the same manner. After asking two or three questions about various persons, present or absent, and receiving similar polite and courteous replies, my friends asked the supposed spirit, 'Do you know Dr. Cumming?' The table positively forgot all the respect due to a lady's drawing room, and threw itself into a state of convulsive kicking, which made me anxious, not about my creed, but about

the table's safety." Discrimination between persons in the supposed spirit; three *taps* for Revd. Mr. Reeve, as many *raps* for Revd. Mr. Fisk, and the obstreperous impropriety for Revd. Dr. Cumming! Self respect in Dr. Cumming, retailing this testimony to his superior dignity, to the Young Men's Christian Association, at Exeter Hall! A clergyman (to his disgrace be it mentioned) published a tract about his silly proceedings with a table. Among other things, a Parishioner, lately deceased, declared that he was "in torment;" and the sagacious questioner, with his curate and schoolmaster, quietly sits down to supper, and then goes on with his old woman's questions. They were evidently not Tractarians. A Tractarian, I may hope, would have had more feeling, if he had heard and believed such a statement, than to have coolly gone to supper, and then returned to his abominable twaddle. I should like to have been that clergyman's Bishop. I would have laid aside my *nolo Episcopari*, for the chance of leaving on him such a mark of my thumb ring, as would have acted like Solomon's seal on the imprisoned genie of the Arabian Nights, and repressed his future prophesying. That accomplished exorcist, Mr. Faraday, has delivered us from the further infliction of pestilent spirits, embodied and disembodied. Dr. Cumming's whole tract is a treat; and gives an auspicious foreboding of the author's "tackling" powers. In one part I should like to try my less skilful hand in tackling him. Page 14. "In the New Testament, ministers of the Gospel are called ambassadors. If a man be an ambassador, he cannot by the very necessity of the thing be a priest. A priest is one who carries my cause to GOD, and deals for me with GOD; an ambassador is one that brings GOD'S mind to me, and deals with me from GOD. If therefore a minister be a priest, he cannot be an ambassador; if he be an ambassador, he cannot be a priest. Let" (I leave out the name from respect) "take which horn of the dilemma he pleases; impaled on one or the other he must be, and there he must be perched, until he fully renounces, or fully accepts his error." I do not think that the accomplished divine in question would consent to deliver himself from his perch, by accepting any more than Mr. Spenser did, a challenge to dispute before the Young Men at Exeter Hall. We will see if I cannot do work for him, more suitable to my humbler rank, than to his. I hold that every priest, whether of the true GOD, or of a false god, becomes so, not by his dedication of himself, but by the acceptance of him by his Deity. Let us try the case in regard to a false deity.

I give up Hebrew to Dr. Cumming: but of Homer I profess to know something, perhaps less than Dr. Cumming. I will take the beginning of the first book of Homer's Iliad. Apollo's wrath is excited against the Greeks, why? because their king had injured Apollo's priest and servant. Now no great stretch of imagination is needed, in our supposing him sent by his master to the Greeks, as certainly he was conveying to them his master's will; and no one can say that he was not sent by him. At all events, he came, *σεμυχλ'* εχων εν χερσιν εκηβολου Απολλωνος, and intreated that the Greeks would listen to him from respect to his master, *αξομενοι Διος νιον εκηβολον Αππολλωνα*. Was not this servant of Apollo, priest and ambassador at the same time? and was not Agamemnon's offence, that he treated the flag of truce, as the Russians treated ours at Hango? Instead of allowing an *essential* difference between priest and ambassador, I hold that a priest is *essentially* an ambassador. Cannot an ambassador do that which Dr. Cumming says is exclusively the office of a priest? Can he not, (like Dr. Cumming's priest) carry our cause to his Principal, and deal for us with him? Why, if instead of that foolish personal address to the King of Sardinia, Dr. Cumming's friends had wished some one to carry their cause to the King, and deal with him for them, to whom would they have gone but to the Sardinian ambassador? He would have carried their cause to the King, and dealt for them with him; and he also, I presume, would have brought the King's mind to Dr. Cumming and his friends, and would have dealt with them for the King: that is, he would have combined Dr. Cumming's irreconcilable offices of priest and ambassador. I think that Apollo's servant, if not *then* sent by his master, brought his master's mind to the Greeks, and dealt with them from his master; and also dealt for the Greeks with his master, so as to bring a plague upon them from his master. He also carried and recommended their repentance to his master, and obtained from his master forgiveness for them. So about the priests of the True GOD in the Old Testament, I think that Dr. Cumming very much curtails their functions, if he says that they could only carry matters *from men to GOD*: for we read that the people constantly came to them, as they were ordered to come, for instruction as to the will of GOD. Those priests did, and by GOD'S appointment, "bring GOD'S mind to the people, and deal with them from GOD": and that, Dr. Cumming says, is the office of an ambassador. Those priests then *were* ambassadors. Dr. Cumming says truly that

Christian ministers are ambassadors. He has yet to prove that they are not priests; for the analogy from the Jewish priests, the heathen priest, and the Sardinian ambassador, would rather make it probable that they are priests. Happy dilemma! I think that I am not far wrong in quoting the deceased Oxford Dr.'s remark about the two Alexanders in my dissuasion to Dr. Cumming from "tackling" the other two Oxford Drs. Tractarians are more exacting in their logic, and not so liberal of applause, as Young Men's Christian Associations. The important consideration to Dr. Cumming in the more serious view of this case is, the conscious, and only too real, want of himself and his friends in that acceptance from the Master, which makes any man a priest or ambassador. Korah and his company claimed an office; but they were told, that the Master had not given it to them, but to Aaron and his sons. St. Paul says that people cannot be ambassadors or heralds (I hope that Dr. Cumming does not object to my translation of the Greek *κηρυκες*, or *κηρυστονες*) unless they are "sent;" and common sense suggests the necessity of some better proof of a man's being "sent," than his own assertion. We have a *Rouge Sanglier* in Quentin Durward. I hold as Christianity has for the first 1500 years held, and now (with the exception of Dr. C. and his friends) holds, that the imposition of a Bishop's hand is the only proof of mission. A person who has that, is ambassador and priest; he who has not, is neither. My imaginary eases about *ad interim* offices at page 170, meet all the sentiment, that might be excited at my exposition of a matter of *bare fact*, and therefore properly not a subject for sentiment at all. Now I will give Dr. Cumming a dilemma.—Either episcopally ordained ministers are the only ministers, priests, and ambassadors of GOD; or there are no ministers priests, or ambassadors of GOD at all. I will anticipate Dr. Cumming's selection of the horns (on which he does not always perch *his* opponents) in his own words (page 40) "By and by there will be no priests, no Ultramontanes, no Franciscans, no Tractarians, but out-and-out Papists. By and by there will be no Churchmen, no Dissenters, but out-and-out Christians." I fancy that a Church and Churchmen will last to the end of this world, and the first at least somewhat longer: and to the end of the world, I think that the Church will have ministers, combining in their own persons the offices of priests and ambassadors. Christians too I hope that they will all be. I do not think that Dr. Cumming has any reason

to flatter himself with the notion, that he can soon adapt for his own decoration, the Protestant King of Sardinia's motto, *Fortitudo Ejus Romam Tutudit*. If I had sufficient authority, I would have made the last word in it *Trituravit*, as representing a good braying process. I suppose that *Tackleavit* would be quite inadmissible, and I should like something classical for our *Malleus Tractarianorum et Tableturnantium*. The contributor of *Churchianity* to the literature of the country, should be honoured. Some might say in reference to his seemly exhibition of himself before the Christian Young Men, "What, art thou drawn among these heartless hinds?" but that would be mere prejudice. I like Goldsmith's "concatenation accordingly." So in the "mission" to the Devonshire heathens the "freedom" of the "episcopal church" is well maintained by it's "pastors." The present one must have the satisfaction of his own conviction, that he has been considerably "borne forward" in his unfettered statements in regard to the "Established Clergy." His predecessor can adduce the decision of the magistrates in proof of his having "enjoyed liberty" in his time. There is much to be said for human frailty, for

" Soft was the heart of great Tarbox, and most horrid handsome the maiden,
" Nathan J. Bowie's fair daughter, splendiferous Miss Dollarina."

I have read "Sam Slick," but I am not a competent judge of the "American taught" there. Ex-governor Tarbox, who in such matters is probably as "'eute as a bachelor beaver," will see at once whether this theft from "Punch" in it's more clever days, fairly represents the language of the diocese, from which he brought his credentials, when he came on his charitable mission to heathen Devonshire.

The "English Churchman" (December 13th,) contains an extract from a letter in the "Record," ("Record" again!) from a most ignorant and insolent letter from a Mr. George Atkinson, on the Bishop of a diocese, which we will call by the name of Careuliambro's country, Malindrania, the happier word, as wasps are in that diocese called "*appledrane*." A most stingless appledrane is Mr. George Atkinson. In the usual unlettered ignorance and presumption of his party (for when does age, dignity, worth, or talent, find consideration with it?) he "contemplates the result of a career which might well make an angel weep," utterly unconscious that for his own actual state the angels are at present weeping.

"Thousands have left and are still leaving the Church of England within the dioecese" of Malindrania, "rather than be brought under the Papistical teaching of the Tractarian Clergy." The angels do not swallow all "figments," at least not all of this size. The "many ministers overburdened," &c., because in the selection of their curates, they cannot set at nought the laws of the Church of England, and of the diocese of Malindrania, (those at least of them who are not the mere growth of overgrown figment) are sadly to be pitied, poor people! and so are the curates, who come to that diocese, seeking the immortal and certain glory of such martyrdom, as rejection gives them in the eyes of the enlightened. The "eruel tyranny" exercised by an individual, and the need of the Church's prayers in his behalf, offered the more earnestly as his death, though it may be regarded as "the period of the Church's deliverance" must be a subjeet for weeping to angels, I charitably put down to "figment;" for sure I am, that the natural feelings excited by this atrocious cant require some charity to qualify them. "No one more deeply laments the necessity" of such language than the author of it. Dry eyes and joyful countenances cannot be scarce in Malindrania. I wish to ask of Mr. Atkinson a question: he represents the aforesaid individual as "running upon the thick bosses of" Some one's displeasure. How many bucklers does Mr. Atkinson allow to one individual? how many bosses to a buckler. Would he not have done better to say *boss* instead of *bosses*? Might he not still further improve on *boss*, by leaving out the last *s*, and however he may despise a superfluous *h* in the beginning of a word, would not an *h* put in the place of that last *s*, fairly describe his letter? "High Church, Low Church, and No Church," must join me in utter abhorrence of the sentiments and language of Mr. Atkinson's letter. I hope for his sake, that he is as ignorant as I suppose him to be. In any case, such as he are no credit to any party. Even the "Record" might shrink from Mr. Atkinson.

One slight ease for Mr. Atkinson's consideration. Before he favours the world with any more lugubrious protests against the *alleged* tyranny of the Bishop of Malindrania, let him ponder the *actual* proceedings some years since in the town of Bath. The happy destiny of that place put it under a rule as stringent, as that of the late Bean Nash. The Simeon trust, instituted for the laudable object of propagating the Protestant faith by means of purchasing livings, fixed upon Bath as one of it's missions. Forthwith the

Christian Knowledge Society, which had been flourishing there, was put down by a majority of one vote; the curates, who had been admirably serving the different Churches, were summarily dismissed; in short the benighted teaching of Archdeacon Daubeney, and those thinking with him, and with the Church of England, was displaced for the purer theology of the "Record": and Bath became what it is. I have heard a high character of the late Rector of Bath; but such were the acts of the freedom-loving "Record" party, all dictated doubtless by zeal to support what they considered purity of religion. That zeal of course renders holy all the means, which they consider necessary for its full working. The want of that purity of zeal leaves the acts of other people, to stand or fall by their own merits. Still I think, that the Bath case should be well considered, and it is only one out of many, one specimen of the spirit of liberty, exercised toward dissentients by the Pilgrim Fathers. The tyranny of the Bishop of Malindrania can surely wait over, till the free institutions of Bath have been explained to the satisfaction of an admiring public. The Bath proceedings form an instructive illustration of Protestant freedom. If the event, in the anticipation of which Mr. Atkinson favours us with his unctuous outpourings, and for which some of the Malindranians might be rather sorry, should introduce into that diocese the spirit, which made the root-and-branch work at Bath; the "overburdened" Malindranians will be able to form a practical estimate, between the *tyranny* under which now they groan, and the *freedom*, by which it shall then have been replaced.

I have written a good deal about Dr. Cumming and Mr. Faber, for this reason, that their (I believe and hope) excellent characters render formidable their abilities directed against us. A book altogether false in itself, and unredeemed by good qualities in the writer, is utterly powerless. People despise it, and that is quite enough. When much truth is mixed up with what is different, much earnestness, and other good qualities, the evil is disguised, and from that, and other causes, becomes really formidable. I should be glad to apologise to Dr. Cumming and Mr. Faber for my language, if I could honestly do so: but they have attacked and sneered at those, whom I greatly respect; perhaps one or more of whom, I regard with the utmost affection, gratitude, and veneration, of which my nature is capable. Their blows have been struck in aggressive hostility, mine in defence. The apology therefore is due to me, not

from me. I do not select antagonists. My cause is CHURCH AND QUEEN: and I fight with any one who assails either, from the "Times" down to the "Western Times;" from Dr. Newman down to Mr. Atkinson, and "pastors of episcopal free churches." Ηστιν το μεσον between these extremes; and in the *μεσον*, many shades of distinction.

APPENDIX.

In the 59th Page, reference is made to an article, "written for insertion in the 'Times,' but, so far as I know, offered neither to it, nor to any other paper." It is the following:—

"A curious instance of the manner, in which the 'Times' usually disposes of an obnoxious writer, is afforded in its remarks on a recent letter to the Earl of Mount Edgecumbe. His lordship had most temperately stated his views, as to the causes of our failures in the Crimea; and, among those causes, he had mentioned the undue interference of the public press, in matters, necessarily beyond it's knowledge. He had complained, that censure and ridicule had been excited against those in command, unjust to them, injurious to the public service. He had also thankfully expressed his sense of the services done by the press, in giving information, amusement, and instruction; and in the exposure, and consequent correction, of errors and abuses. Throughout the whole of his lordship's letter, a most moderate and courteous spirit may be remarked; in the comments of his critic in the "Times," is an equally remarkable absence of

such a spirit. The first lines of the “Times” writer give a fair sample of his style throughout “Lord Mount Edgcumbe is most indignant with the press of this country, and with us in particular. In the first place, we have presumed to point out the present season, as an untimely one, for a matrimonial alliance with Prussia; next, our correspondent in the Crimea noticed the fact, that while the attack upon the Redan was in progress, General Simpson sat quietly ensconced in a ditch, with a cloak drawn up about his ears; and so the General’s reputation is blasted by an ill-considered communication. Lord Mount Edgcumbe, however, reminds us of nothing so strongly, as of the prophet in the old Hebrew Chronicle, who was called in to curse the Israelites, but who, despite of himself, remained to bless them.”

Firstly, Lord Mount Edgecumbe, in expressing indignation, when he thought it deserved, had given praise, which he thought equally deserved. In the next place, he had said nothing about the matrimonial alliance. In the third place, he had complained of censures and ridicule heaped upon a General, and in confirmation of the justice of his complaint, he had hinted, that possibly that General might be able to justify his conduct, but could not do so without injury to the public service. The comparison with the “prophet in the old Hebrew Chronicle” scarcely holds good; for the result of his lordship’s letter, and the criticism on it, is productive of no blessing on the “Times.” General Simpson, and other Generals with him, sat, where they could best witness the operations, which lie, and they under him, were to direct. A greater General is said to have sat, or stood, under a tree at Waterloo, for the same purpose. Does the “Times” hint, that General Simpson ought, sword in hand, to have been the first man in the Redan? If he had so thought, the probable consequence would have been, that the Government would have placed our army under the command of some one, less Quixotic in his chivalry, and given to General Simpson a subordinate command, where his indulgence of his gallant temperament would have been less dangerous to the safety of the army. The description, given of the General’s attire, may proceed from one, perfectly familiar with the habits and dress of English gentlemen, in their homes, and in their rural occupations and amusements; but his own Sunday spruceness can scarcely be imposed on them as a model. “Graphic descriptions” (and very good they have been) may be purchased at too dear a price; for if they, and

the remarks, suggestions, censures, accompanying them, be calculated to produce anything like the effect, dreaded by Lord Mount Edgecombe, most people would agree with his lordship, that the public ought to sacrifice their amusement; and that, if constitutional means can be taken to repress them, they ought to be taken. "Earl" though he may be, the writer in the "Times" allows him to be "an Englishman, although a testy and prejudiced one." Many others are testy and prejudiced, in the same sense of the words. Tens of thousands of Englishmen, not earls, nor yet "merely toadies to the General," will not entirely sympathise with the "Times," or entirely approve of the manner in which the "Times" discharges "it's painful (!) duty to record facts, or to make remarks." On the other hand, his lordship will find tens of thousands to second his remark, and repeat his question,—"Are British troops so lowered, that in addition to the desire of honour, and the praise of their Sovereign and their officers, the fear of the correspondents of the press should be added, to compel them to their duty?" and, "When soldiers are induced to look up to others, than their officers their Sovereign has placed over them, discipline is destroyed." If discipline be destroyed, we are better without an army; for that so-called army is nothing more than a mob. Of the "Times"-constituted commander of Her Majesty's forces, the "Times" writer says, "that by long experience the public are convinced, that what he says is generally the truth. More than a year has now elapsed, and '*The Times*' Correspondent' from the Crimea, is the friend of every family in the kingdom. Had his statements been hasty, rash, and erroneous, he would have been discarded from their confidence long ago." Not very convincing to all intellects is the argument of this paragraph. The convictions and experience of the public, in order to be of much weight, ought to be founded on sounder, and more extensive, knowledge, than the public can possibly possess. Whatever their weight, that the public would discard from their confidence a writer, who amuses them, and gratifies their vanity by his abuse of their betters, is not a necessary consequence. A person of this description may be the friend of many families; but what is his friendship worth? The "Times" claims for him the character of being "simply a letter writer:" and the ability, and what is of much greater importance, the honesty, of his letters are not now disputed; though the comments, and inferences, of the "Times" render them far from harmless. Other letter writers do say, that his tent was called the

"grumbler's tent," as the notorious resort of every subaltern, or sergeant, who might think, that he had a right to complain of tough beef being served out to his company. Other letter writers say, that the much-reviled Lord Raglan, when generally through the "correspondent" condemned for apathy and neglect, was constantly to be seen in all parts of his camp; though the gentility of his accusers had failed to recognise him, in his "shooting jacket and wide-awake."* The present article on Lord Mount Edgecumbe, furnishes an instructive comment on the well known French motto, *Noblesse oblige*. His lordship, writing under his own name, is bound by restraints, which do not always operate on an anonymous writer, how respectable soever himself, or the party, for which he writes. Lord Mount Edgecumbe's letter deserved, at least, a civil notice, if one at all. The notice given to it in the "Times" is not that: it is not clever, but very flippant, and very assuming. The many gentlemen, connected with the "Times," have no reason to be proud of their association with the person, from whom this notice proceeded: and they would do well to consider, whether they would not act wisely, in ridding themselves of him, and similar writers. Otherwise, notwithstanding the great talent and power of the "Times," it may be reduced to that class of readers, among whom its humble satellite "Punch" still finds admirers.

* "I know that Lord Raglan was in the habit of traversing the camp, in a wide-awake and shooting jacket; and was perhaps very often present, when very few had any idea of his proximity."

*Speech of the Earl of Ellesmere, at Worsley,
October 23, as reported in the "Times."*

