

ENGLAND

AND

THE ENGLISH,

BY EDWARD LYTTON BULWER, ESQ., M.P.

AUTHOR OF

“ PELHAM,” “ EUGENE ARAM,” “ PAUL CLIFFORD,” “ PILGRIMS
OF THE RHINE,” &c.

FROM THE LONDON FIFTH EDITION.

“ Ordine gentis

“ Mores, et studia, et populos, et prelia dicam.”

VIRGIL.

“ Every now and then we should examine ourselves; self-amendment is the offspring of self-knowledge. But foreigners do not *examine* our condition; they only glance at its surface. Why should we print volumes upon other countries and be silent upon our own? Why traverse the world and neglect the phenomena around us? Why should the spirit of our researches be a lynx in Africa and a mole in England? Why, in one word, should a nation be never criticised by a native?”

MONTAGU.



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PREFACE TO FOURTH EDITION.

November 25th, 1835.

THE great and undiminished demand for these volumes has not been the most flattering part of their success. I have been yet more gratified by tracing, through a hundred channels of imitation and plagiarism, the practical influence they have exercised upon the time. Advocating no particular party, and often differing from popular views, my opinions have had to fight their own way into notice, with little, I own to recommend them, but the evidence that they were not formed in haste, nor squared to marketable purposes. In the present edition, I have abridged or omitted a few of such passages as, being of little or no permanent interest, were adapted only to the circumstances of a particular time. Had I to re-write the work, I should not, indeed, devote any of its pages to those parts of political speculation which relate merely to the day: but what is writ, is writ; and though it is true that in every work of this description much must obtain a place which the lapse of a little time suffices to divest of temporary and adventitious interest, yet a picture of England in a period so important as that succeeding the Reform Bill will have its value and importance, not less to those who come after us, than to the living generation. Doubtless, in such a picture the faults of the artist will be visible; but the main questions for posterity to decide will be, first, what opportunities had the artist to copy faithfully? what motives had he to flatter or to distort? To both of these questions I am willing to abide the answer.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION,

WRITTEN ON THE RESIGNATION OF LORD GREY.

July 21st, 1834.

It is now, my friends, nearly a year since this Work first appeared.—The wheel has not stood still!—twice it has brought the Ministry to the ground,—tearing away first the limbs—then the head—and now presenting it to us once more aloft and triumphant—whole and high-crested as before. Talk of a Hydra being a fable—no such thing—the story of the Hydra was merely a type, a symbol, a prophecy of the Cabinet of 1834!

The Cabinet has been dissolved—it is remodelled—we have lost Lord Grey—we see Lord Melbourne in his seat. Lord Althorp has lain Pirithous-like in that gloomy realm—ex-official life;—the Hades of statesmen. We, the House of Commons, have been the Hercules that restored him to the sunlight of the Treasury benches. It has not been the most difficult of our labours—may it be among our most profitable! But, before we examine the new, let us glance back at the old, Administration. For my own part, on looking at their past life, I cannot tell on what individual to fix the blame that attaches to all. I see men of splendid intellect, of long experience, of stainless character; men, who if inclined by station to preserve authority, have yet tasted the sweets of acquiring the people's love. Yet the result of all these combinations was the reverse of what any prophet would have foretold: some fatal drug seems to have been poured into the alembic, and the reward of the alchemy was not gold, but cinders! Ben Jonson has somewhat well described the mysteries of their crucible:—

SUTLE.—Name the vexations and the martyrizations of metals in the work * * *
What's cobobation?

FACE.—'Tis the pouring on your AQUA REGIS—and then drawing him off.

SUTLE.—Your magisterium, now—What's that?

FACE.—Shifting, sir, your elements—dry into cold, cold into moist, moist into hot, hot into dry!*

We did indeed believe that Mr. Stanley and his political partisans in the Cabinet were the cause of the weakness and division that we

* Alchemist, Act ii. Sc. 4.

lamented. They left the Cabinet ; but was the Cabinet more united than before? Did their resignation give us a single assurance that the Government would have been more liberal, or more energetic? The Ministers threw away their trumps to strengthen their hands, but their cards were not more of a suit ; unsorted and confused—knave—king—and deuce—all of a different colour—such cards would have puzzled the best players—and these only continued to rely, not on skill—but chance ; their hope was not in their own game, but in that of their adversaries. Is it not that these Ministers lived in a coterie—that they saw no more of the world than a hermit does—that their public opinion was that of a clique and a club ?*

While I write, still rings in the ears of England the parting valediction of a man whose monument is the new charter of her liberties ; one whom while we opposed in power we may yet honour in retirement, for his failings were precisely those which an honest politician would expose frankly, while it was time to amend them, and forget in a general reverence for a high nature and noble qualities, the moment he exchanges public life for the dignified retirement of an illustrious old age. In the same pilot whom we advised, we urged, we admonished, we rebuked, amidst the shoals and quicksands which he appeared to disregard—we remember only the great storm through which he steered us, when his rest is won, and he hangs his last chaplet in the temple whence his name will not readily be effaced. And if I have spoken plainly and openly of the errors of the late Cabinet—if I still pursue the theme, it is not without a certain reluctance ; nor from any less urgent motive than the wish that those errors should be a warning to them who come after a great man, and from whom less will be forgiven. It is easier to avoid his faults than to emulate his fame.

The great error of Lord Grey was in this—he saw not the necessary consequences of his own measure : in the loftiness of a haughty but not discerning mind, he imagined that the people owed him the gratitude of an unhesitating confidence—that they should rely implicitly

* Take one instance : they saw not how far, by preserving the stamp-duty on political intelligence, they divided one part of the community from the other—how far they created two publics appealed to by two different classes of writers ; the rich and the middle class appealed to by the safe lawful papers—the poor and the ignorant class appealed to by the contraband inflammatory journals. Fierce and wild are the discussions which hourly agitate the working classes ; no nice questions of the day, but questions searching the core of all civilised society—questions which go to sanction robbery, and legalise bloodshed. The worst doctrines of the worst schools are dinned into the ears of the vast mass, and receive no reply—how often must we repeat this truth—and in vain ! Unconscious of all that was at work below them, Ministers floated on the surface, toying with the straws. A certain quack, in the time of an earthquake, advertised pills to cure earthquakes :—the quack would have been a notable acquisition to the last Cabinet !

on his wisdom—and take at his own time whatever instalments of reform it might be convenient to afford them. And this confidence the people would have cheerfully reposed in him, but for some fatal errors at the very commencement of the Reformed Parliament. The mere selection of a Tory Speaker, trifling as the circumstance may seem, and justified as it might be by the talents, the experience, and the popularity of Sir Charles Manners Sutton, damped to a degree scarcely conceivable by many the ardour of the people. It was the first act of the Reformed Parliament. “Here,” said the electors, “have we been sacrificing a thousand private interests, to return to Parliament liberal men, and their first act is to call to the highest office in their gift one of exactly opposite opinions. True, he is able and experienced, and estimable, and so forth; but so were the Tory candidates who presented themselves to us. We have lost many a good pound a-year—displeased landlord and customer, in order to reject men, merely from their opinions—and now—what can we think? our representatives lavish in the Parliament their highest honours on the very opinions they stigmatized as atrocious on the hustings.” This was the view the people took of that election:—turn the question which way they would, they could take no other. Then came, not an act of grace—not a corollary from reform, but a Coercive Bill, that annihilated in one blow the right of petitioning—of meeting—of juries—all constitutional liberty for Ireland! The people of England, perhaps, were sufficiently revolted by the excesses of Ireland, and startled by the cry of Repeal—not to care much for the wrong to Ireland, but they cared deeply for the wrong to Liberty. Then this question took up half a session. “Where is the good of our reforming Ministers?” cried the people every week—and every week they read nothing in the papers but debates about instituting a Court-martial for a Jury-box. I need not go through the rest of the causes of discontent—the *discontent was begun*, and that was enough to take grace from many a remedial measure. What cared the people for the India Bill and the Bank Question? vast and important as those measures were, they might equally have been settled without a Reformed Parliament. And it must not be forgotten, when we speak of the gratitude of the people, that public opinion is ever a suspicious and jealous judge. The Reform Bill was a boon to the people, but it was also the destruction of the Tories. It depended upon the consequences of the Reform Bill to show, whether that measure were intended for the benefit of the people, or for the monopoly of power; for the extermination of political abuses, or the extermination of party enemies. It was therefore a necessary policy (if you desired to obtain and preserve the gratitude of the people) to give no excuse for them to question the justice of your claims to it. But what was the fact?—they felt their

taxes very little lighter ; they heard military sinecures called “ a gentlemanlike reward,” and civil pensions “ a compact with national honour.” Their burdens were much the same as before. How then had *they* benefited ? Little satisfied with this view of the question, they reverse the picture ; they see the Whigs in power, the Tories crushed and prostrate, and they exclaim immediately to each other—“ It is not *we* who are the better for the Reform Bill, it is the Ministers : we owe them no gratitude for abuses purified, and taxes taken off ; they owe *us* gratitude for having settled upon them an hereditary estate of office.” The people judged hastily : much is to be said on both sides, but you must not condemn them for want of gratitude ; it was your own fault if, instead of disdaining to be *suspected* of self-interest, you did not rather disdain to *incur* the appearance of such a motive, and place the claim to gratitude beyond a cavil or a doubt. But the Grey Cabinet is dissolved. Let us believe its errors were not of the heart : let us remember all the difficulties of situation which surrounded it ;—composed of men of all shades of opinion, but each of eminent ability, whom it was dangerous to lose ;—a Tory chamber above, a Liberal chamber below—every one who belonged to it hearing nothing in private but fears and apprehensions of going too far, and seeing only the public mind through the dim and shifting mirror of a clamorous but illogical press. As men progress by the errors of their predecessors, so may the present Cabinet grow wise by the deficiencies of the last. It is not rash, it is not revolutionary measures that the people or the friends of the people desire. Let them, if they will, leave the House of Commons as it is—with all its faults, *that* is not the chamber which now demands reform :—but let them think seriously of reducing taxation ; let them beware of all further defence of notorious abuses ; and, if they agree to conciliate any particular body—the Dissenters of England, or the Catholics of Ireland—let them not do it by halves : a little water kindles the fire, not smothers. There is only a difference in degree between that which irritates and that which conciliates.

The present Cabinet is remodelled from the last.—It was an ancient question with the Sophists whether the ship in which Theseus sailed to Crete was the same ship as that still called the ship of Theseus in the days of Demetrius Phalareus—so often had it been patched and repaired—now a new mast, now a new keel—that its identity was a matter of considerable perplexity upon which no two metaphysicians could agree.—The ship is a parallel to the present Administration. Is it or is it not the same as the last Administration ?—some say it is—some not. I am of the latter opinion ; I think it is another Administration, and a better one.—The people have gained a step—the majority of the Government are transferred from the less to the more

popular side.—Lord Duncannon and Sir John Hobhouse are worthy allies of Mr. Abercromby and Mr. Ellice. And this advance in opinion, which is for the benefit of the people, is also for the strength of the Government. The new components have neutralized many of the late elements of dissension. It is a ship not for show, but for movement.

Reader,—the book which, with some additions, I now re-present to you, and which you received at its first appearance with so much favour, is the result of the observations of a life; it embodies the political creed of one who has known something of books and men—a creed too so little fanatical, even in the freedom it asserts as holy—that many of those most disinclined to change, regarding it dispassionately and free from the influences of party, have found it differ little from their own secret articles of faith. For extreme opinions are allowable in the philosopher who goes beyond his age; but not for the politician, who rather seeks to be the companion than the prophet, and who would only precede those whom he attempts to guide so far as never to be out of sight. Every man has his theoretical models of government fixed indelibly in his mind—his ideal and his dream—but he who deals with practical life takes into consideration the various artificial systems by which he is surrounded, and does not measure all mankind by the ideal proportions of his moral Apollo. It is true, that in this age, when, thanks to the invention of printing, Nations are not easily undone—and knowledge prevents whatever errors we may commit from becoming irremediable in their effects—it is true that in this age we may laugh at those who threaten us at every false step with the eternal destruction of a great people. A violent policy—a conflict of extremes—even the fiercest revolution itself—does *not* destroy the existence of a people, but it may destroy the happiness of a generation:—To legislate wisely, we must legislate for the living as well as the unborn—nor imitate the ambitious miser, who made his children beggars for the benefit of the fourth generation. And therefore it was the wisest saying of the wisest lawgiver of old, when being asked, “if he had given the best laws to the Athenians,” he replied, “The best laws they are capable of receiving.” It is on that principle that I have written this book: whatever its faults or its deficiencies, it comes from an honest and disinterested friend. Neither here nor elsewhere have I bowed one conscientious opinion to the idols of the hour—nor made, as I might easily have done, either pen or speech an instrument in the path of ministerial favour;—taking to myself, indeed, little credit for that disinterestedness, inasmuch as the pursuits and habits of my life render me keen-sighted to the torments of political ambition—suffice to procure me far deeper and more serene enjoyments than reward the feverish avidity of petty honours

—and promise me—if a less noisy and less glittering, yet a more enduring and universal distinction, than the subalterns of a Minister can reasonably hope to see gathering around the creatures of a day.

Notes to Fourth Edition. November 27, 1835.

No man can deny that I have served the *present* Government,—no man can assert that I have ever solicited its gratitude; I know too well my own station, my own ambition. Every more interested motive that tempts other men to office, tempts me to independence. In a pecuniary point of view, no government could give me what my literary labours derive from the public; in an ambitious point of view, I value my reputation, as a man of letters, higher than any position within my reach as a man of office. For the rest, I am no orator; and if (as I have seen it intimated) *display* were an object dear to me, I should not be in parliament, where I am easily outshone by my inferiors. But, I believe, sooner or later the time will come, when every man, despite the want of eloquence, who thinks deliberately and acts honestly, will have uses far greater than his uses now: and I wait that time with patience, not deserting public duties for literary avocations; but neither relinquishing those pursuits from success in which I have already derived, even for political purposes, the power to influence the public and to serve a cause.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE FIRST EDITION.

It is only to express my thanks to certain kind correspondents for the assistance they have afforded me, that I shall delay the Reader from the work now before him. To one gentleman of the highest scientific attainments and reputation I am indebted for many suggestions, of which I have availed myself in my brief view of the "State of Science"—to another gentleman, qualified, perhaps before all men living, to judge profoundly of the philosophy of Bentham, I am also indebted for considerable aid in the sketch of that remarkable writer's moral and legislative codes which will be found in the Appendix; and to the taste and critical knowledge of a third gentleman I owe many obligations in the chapter devoted to the survey of the "State of the Arts" amongst us at this time. To the last gentleman my acknowledgments are perhaps the greater, because he has suffered me, in his general approbation of my theories, to apply a part of his knowledge to *some* conclusions with which he does not wholly agree.

LONDON, JULY 9, 1833.

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BOOK THE FIRST.

VIEW OF THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

INSCRIBED

TO HIS EXCELLENCY

THE PRINCE TALLEYRAND.

“ Before you can rectify the disorders of a state, you must examine the character of the people.—VOLTAIRE.

“ I am he
Have measured all the shires of England over,
For to these savages I was addicted
To search their natures and make odd discoveries.”

The New Inn. BEN JONSON. Act 5, Scene 5.

VIEW OF THE ENGLISH CHARACTER.

CHAPTER I.

Apology for Freedom with a great Name.—National Prejudices illustrated.—Distinctions between the Vanity of the French and English.—The Root of our Notions is the Sentiment of Property.—Anecdote of the French Patriot and the English one.—The sense of Independence.—Its Nature with us defined.—Freedom *not* the Cause of Unsociability.—Effects of Commerce upon the Disposition to Gaiety.—Story of the Dutchman and the English Merchant.

I AM about, in this portion of my work, to treat of the character of my countrymen: for when a diplomatist like your Excellency is amongst them, they may as well be put upon their guard. I shall endeavour to tell my countrymen the causes that have stamped with certain impressions the National Character, in the belief that the knowledge of self is a better precaution against deceit, than even the suspicion of others. I inscribe this portion of my work to your Excellency on the same principle as that on which the Scythian brought to Darius a mouse, a bird, a fish, and a bundle of arrows:—they were the symbols of his nation, and given as instructions to its foe. I also make up my bundle of national symbols, and I offer it to the representative of that great people with whom for eight centuries we have been making great wars, occasioned by small mistakes. Perhaps if the symbols had been rightly construed a little earlier, even a mouse and a fish might have taught us better. A quarrel is, nine times out of ten, merely the fermentation of a misunderstanding.

I have another reason for inscribing these preliminary chapters to Prince Talleyrand: this is not the first time he has been amongst us—great changes have been over the world during the wide interval between his first and his present visit to England. Those changes which have wrought such convulsions in states, have begun by revolutions in the *character* of nations;—every change in a constitution is occasioned by some change in the people. The English of the present day are not the English of twenty years ago. To whom can I dedicate my observations on the causes that influence character so fittingly as to the man who can read character at a glance? The consciousness that I set over my testimony so penetrating a judge must make me

doubly scrupulous as to its accuracy : and my presumption in appealing to such an arbiter, is an evidence, indeed, of temerity ; but it is also a proof of my honesty, and a guarantee for my caution.

I remember to have read in an ancient writer,* of a certain district in Africa, remarkable for a fearful phenomenon. “ In that climate,” says our authority, “ the air seemed filled with gigantic figures of strange and uncouth monsters fighting (or in pursuit of) each other. These apparitions were necessarily a little alarming to foreigners, but the natives looked upon them with the utmost indifference.” Is not this story an emblem of national prejudices ? The shadowy monsters that appal the stranger seem ordinary enough to us ; we have no notion of a different atmosphere, and that which is a marvel to others is but a common-place to ourselves. Yet if the native be unobservant, your Excellency will allow that the traveller is credulous ; and if sometimes the monsters are unremarked by the one, sometimes also they are invented by the other. Your Excellency remembers the story of the French Jesuit, who was astonished to find priestcraft in China ; the man who practised it in the name of the Virgin thought it a monstrous piece of impudence to practise it in the name of Fo ! In the same spirit of travel you read of an Englishwoman complaining of rudeness in America, and a German prince affecting a republican horror at an aristocracy in England.

His Excellency, Prince Talleyrand, knows better than the whole *corps* of diplomatists how small a difference there is really between man and man—the stature and limbs vary little in proportions—it is the costume that makes all the distinction. Travellers do not sufficiently analyze their surprise at the novelties they see, and they often proclaim that to be a difference in the several characters of nations, which is but a difference in their manners. One of the oldest illustrations of national prejudice is to be found in Herodotus. The Greeks in the habit of *burning* their parents were wonderfully indignant at the barbarity of the Callatii, who were accustomed to eat them. The Persian king summons the Callatii before him in the presence of the Greeks :—“ You eat your fathers and mothers—a most excellent practice—pray, for what sum will you burn them ?” The Callatii were exceedingly disgusted at the question. Burn their parents ! They uttered yells of horror at so inhuman a suggestion ! The Callatian and the Greek experienced filial affection in an equal degree ; but the man who made a dinner of his father, would have considered it the height of atrocity to have made a bonfire of him.

The passions are universally the same—the expression of them as universally varying. Your Excellency will allow that the French and

* Diodorus Siculus.

the English are both eminently vain of country—so far they are alike—yet if there be any difference between the two nations more strong than another, it is the manner in which that vanity is shown. The vanity of the Frenchman consists (as I have somewhere read) in belonging to so great a country : but the vanity of the Englishman exults in the thought that so great a country belongs to himself. The root of all our notions, as of all our laws, is to be found in the sentiment of property. It is *my* wife whom you shall not insult ; it is *my* house that you shall not enter ; it is *my* country that you shall not traduce ; and by a species of ultra-mundane appropriation, it is *my* God whom you shall not blaspheme.

We may observe the different form of the national vanity in the inhabitant of either country, by comparing the eulogia which the Frenchman lavishes on France, with the sarcastic despondency with which the Englishman touches upon England.

A few months ago I paid a visit to Paris : I fell in with a French marquis of the Bourbonite politics : he spoke to me of the present state of Paris with tears in his eyes. I thought it best to sympathize and agree with him ; my complaisance was displeasing :—he wiped his eyes with the air of a man beginning to take offence. “ Nevertheless, sir,” quoth he, “ our public buildings are superb ! ” I allowed the fact. “ We have made great advances in civilization.” There was no disputing the proposition. “ Our writers are the greatest in the world.” I was silent. “ *Enfin*—what a devil of a climate yours is, in comparison to ours ! ”

I returned to England, in company with a Frenchman, who had visited us twenty years since, and who was delighted with the improvements he witnessed in London ; I introduced him to one of our patriots.—“ What a superb street is Regent-street ! ” cried the Frenchman.

“ Pooh, sir, mere lath and plaster ! ” replied the patriot.

“ I wish to hear your debates,” said the Frenchman.

“ Not worth the trouble, sir,” groaned the patriot.

“ I shall do homage to your public men.”

“ Mere twaddlers, I assure you—nothing great now-a-days.”

“ Well, I am surprised ; but, at least, I shall see your authors and men of science.”

“ Really, sir,” answered the patriot, very gravely, “ I don’t remember that we *have any*.”

The polished Frenchman was at a loss for a moment, but recovering himself—“ Ah ! ” said he, taking a pinch of snuff, “ but you’re a very great nation—very ! ”

“ *That* is quite true,” said the Englishman, drawing himself up.

The Englishman then is vain of his country ! Wherefore ? Because

of the public buildings? he never enters them.—The laws? he abuses them eternally.—The public men? they are quacks.—The writers? he knows nothing about them. He is vain of his country for an excellent reason—IT PRODUCED HIM.

In his own mind the Englishman is the pivot of all things—the centre of the solar system. Like Virtue herself, he

“ Stands as the sun,
And all that rolls around him
Drinks light, and life, and glory, from his aspect.”

It is an old maxim enough among us that we possess the sturdy sense of independence; we value ourselves on it;—yet the sense of independence is often but the want of sympathy with others.

There was a certain merchant sojourning at an inn, whom the boots by mistake called betimes in the morning.

“ Sir,” quoth the boots, “ the day’s breaking.” The merchant turned round with a grim look—“ Let it break,” growled he, “ it owes *me* nothing!” This anecdote is rather characteristic; it shows the connexion between selfishness and independence. The trait in our character of which I speak, has been often remarked; none, however, have, to my mind, very clearly accounted for it. Your Excellency knows, to be sure, that all the Frenchmen who ever wrote a syllable about us have declared it the result of our haughty consciousness of liberty. But we are better aware now—a-days than formerly what the real effects of liberty are. The feeling I describe is entirely selfish: the feelings produced by the consciousness of liberty rather run into the wildest extremes of universal philanthropy. Union and fraternity are the favourite cant words of popular power; and unsociability may be the accompaniment, but is certainly not the characteristic, of freedom.

A Frenchman, indeed, has long enjoyed the same security of property, and the same consciousness of liberty, which are the boast of the Englishman; but this advantage has rather tended to widen than concentrate the circle of his affections. In becoming a citizen he has not ceased to mingle with his kind; perhaps, he thinks that to be at once free and unsocial would be a union less characteristic of a civilized, than a savage, condition. But your Excellency has observed, that all amongst us, save those of the highest ranks, live very much alone. Our crowded parties are not society; we assemble all our acquaintance for the pleasure of saying nothing to them. “ *Les Anglais*,” says one of your countrymen, “ *les Anglais ont une infinité de ces petits usages de convention,—pour se dispenser de parler.*” Our main element is home; and if you believe our sentimentalists, we consider it a wonderful virtue to be unhappy and disagreeable every

where else. Thus (the consequence is notable) we acquire that habit of attaching an undue importance to our own circle, and viewing with indifference all the sphere beyond, which proverbially distinguishes the recluse, or the member of a confined coterie. Your Excellency has perhaps conversed with Mr. Owen;—that benevolent man usually visits every foreigner whom he conceives worthy of conversion to parallellogrammatisation; and, since I remember the time when he considered the Duke of Wellington and the Archbishop of Canterbury among the likeliest of his proselytes, it is not out of the range of possibilities that he should imagine he may make an Owenite of the Ex-Bishop of *Autun*. If, by any accident, Mr. Owen is wrong upon that point, he is certainly right in another; he is right when, in order to render philanthropy universal, he proposes that individuals of every community should live in public together—the unsocial life is scarcely prolific of the social virtues.

But if it be not the consciousness of liberty, what causes are they that produce amongst us that passion for the Unsocial; which we dignify with the milder epithet of the Domestic? I apprehend that the main causes are two: the first may be found in our habits of trade; the second, in the long-established influence of a very peculiar form of aristocracy.

With respect to the first, I think we may grant, without much difficulty, that it is evidently the nature of Commerce to detach the mind from the pursuit of amusement: fatigued with promiscuous intercourse during the day, its votaries concentrate their desires of relaxation within their home; at night they want rest rather than amusement: hence we usually find that a certain apathy to amusement, perfectly distinct from mere gravity of disposition, is the characteristic of commercial nations. It is not less observable among the Americans, and the Dutch, than it is among the English; the last indeed have, in their social state, great counterbalances to the commercial spirit. I had the honour of being introduced the other day to a young traveller from Amsterdam. “Have you been to the play since your arrival in London?” was a natural question.

“No, sir, those amusements are very expensive.”

“True; but a man so enviably rich as yourself can afford them.”

“No, sir,” was the austere and philosophic reply, “I can afford the amusement, but *not the habit* of amusement.”

A witty countryman of your Excellency’s told me that he could win over any Englishman I pleased to select, to accompany him to a masquerade that was to be given at the Opera House. I selected for the experiment a remarkably quiet and decorous father of a family—a merchant. The Frenchman accosted him—“Monsieur never goes to masquerades, I believe?”

“Never.”

“So I thought. It would be *impossible* to induce you to go?”

“Not quite impossible,” said the merchant, smiling; “but I am too busy for such entertainments; besides, I have a moral scruple.”

“Exactly so. I have just bet my friend here three to one that he could not persuade you to go to the masquerade given to-morrow night at the Opera House.”

“Three to one!” said the merchant; “those are long odds.”

“I will offer *you* the same bet,” rejoined the Frenchman gaily, “in guineas, if you please.”

“Three to one!—done,” cried the Englishman, and he went to the Opera House in order to win his wager; the masquerade in this case had ceased to be an amusement—it had become a commercial speculation!*

But the same class that are indifferent to amusement, are yet fond of show. A spirit of general unsociability is not incompatible with the love of festivals on great occasions, with splendid entertainments, and a luxurious hospitality. Ostentation and unsociability are often effects of the same cause; for the spirit of commerce, disdaining to indulge amusement, is proud of displaying wealth; and is even more favourable to the Luxuries, than it is to the Arts.

The second cause of our unsociability is more latent than the first: so far from springing out of our liberty, it arises from the restraints on it; and is the result, not of the haughtiness of a democracy, but the peculiar influences of aristocratic power. This part of my inquiry, which is very important, deserves a chapter to itself.

* So, in the United States, a traveller tells us that he observed in the pit of the theatre, two lads of about fifteen years of age, conversing very intently between the acts. Curiosity prompted him to listen to the dialogue. Were they discussing the merits of the play—the genius of the actor—the splendour of the scene? No such thing; they were attempting to calculate the number of spectators, and the consequent profits of the manager.

See Emerson Ch. on Aristocracy p 174

CHAPTER II.

The effect of the openness of Public Honours to the Plebeian counteracted by the Patrician influences.—Mr. Hunt's *bon mot*.—Character of Lord Lachrymal.—Mistake of the People in their jealousy of the Crown.—Causes that distinguish the influence of the English, from that of any other, Aristocracy.—The numerous Grades of Society.—How created.—Spirit of Imitation and copying.—The Reserve and *Orgueil* of the English traced to their causes.—The Aristocracy operate on Character.—Character on Laws.—Want of Amusements among the Poor.

THE proverbial penetration of your Excellency has doubtless remarked, that England has long possessed this singular constitution of society—the spirit of democracy in the power of obtaining honours, and the genius of an aristocracy in the method by which they are acquired. The highest offices have been open by law to any man, no matter what his pedigree or his quarterings; but influences, stronger than laws, have determined that it is only through the aid of one portion or the other of the aristocracy that those offices can be obtained. Hence we see daily in high advancement men sprung from the people, who yet never use the power they have acquired in the people's behalf. Nay, it may be observed, even among the lawyers, who owe at least the *first* steps of promotion to their own talents or perseverance, though for the crowning honours they must look to oligarchical favour, that, as in the case of a Scott or a Sugden, the lowest plebeian by birth has only to be of importance to become the bitterest aristocrat in policy. The road to honours is apparently popular; but each person rising from the herd has endeavoured to restrain the very principle of popularity by which he has risen. So that, while the power of attaining eminent station has been open to all ranks, yet in proportion as that power bore any individual aloft, you might see it purifying itself of all democratic properties, and beautifully melting into that aristocratic atmosphere which it was permitted to attain.—Mr. Hunt, whom your Excellency may perhaps have heard of, as a *Doctrinaire*, in a school once familiar to yourself, had a peculiar faculty of uttering hard truths. “You speak,” quoth he, one evening in the House of Commons, “of the mob of demagogues whom the Reform Bill will send to parliament; be not afraid, you have one sure method of curing the wildest of them; choose your man, catch him, place him on the Treasury bench, and be assured you will never hear him accused of being a demagogue again.”

Lord Lachrymal (it is classical, and dramatic into the bargain, to

speak of the living under feigned names) is a man of plebeian extraction. He has risen through the various grades of the law, and has obtained possession of the highest. No man calls him *parvenu*—he has confounded himself with the *haute noblesse*; if you were to menace the peer's right of voting by proxy, he would burst into tears. "Good old man," cry the Lords, "how he loves the institutions of his country!" Am I asked why Lord Lachrymal is so much respected by peers—am I asked why they boast of his virtues, and think it wrong to remember his origin?—I would answer that question by another, Why is the swallow considered by the vulgar a bird that should be sacred from injury?—Because it builds under their own eaves! There is a certain class of politicians, and Lord Lachrymal is one of them, who build their fortunes in the roofs of the aristocracy, and obtain, by about an equal merit, an equal sanctity with the swallow.

In nearly all states, it is by being the tool of the great that the lowly rise. People point to the new Sejanus, and cry to their children, "See the effect of merit!"—Alas, it is the effect of servility. In despotic states, the plebeian has even a greater chance of rising than in free. In the East a common water-carrier to-day is grand vizier to-morrow. In the Roman Republic the low-born were less frequently exalted, than they were in the Roman Despotism. So with us—it was the Tories who brought forward the man of low or *mediocre* birth; the Whigs, when they came in power, had only their *grands seigneurs* to put into office. The old maxim of the political adventurer was invariably this: To rise from the people, take every opportunity to abuse them! What mattered it, then, to the plebeians that one of their number was exalted to the Cabinet? He had risen by opposing their wishes; his very characteristic was that of contempt for his brethren. A nobleman's valet is always supereminently bitter against the *canaille*: a plebeian in high station is usually valet to the whole peerage!

The time has long passed when the English people had any occasion for jealousy against the power of the Crown. Even at the period in which they directed their angry suspicions against the King, it was not to that branch of the legislature that the growing power of corruption was justly to be attributed. From the date of the aristocratic revolution of 1688, the influence of the aristocracy has spread its unseen monopoly over the affairs of state. The king, we hear it said, has the privilege to choose his ministers! Excellent delusion! The aristocracy choose them. The heads of that aristocratic party which is the most powerful *must* come into office, whether the king like it or not. Could the king choose a cabinet out of men unknown to the aristocracy—persons belonging neither to whig nor tory? Assuredly not; the aristocratic party in the two Houses would be in arms. Heavens, what a commotion there would be! Imagine the haughty indigna

tion of my Lords Grey and Harrowby! What a "prelection" we should receive from Lord Brougham, "deeply meditating these things!" Alas! *the king's* ministry would be out the next day, and the aristocracy's ministry, with all due apology, replaced. The power of the king is but the ceremonial to the power of the magnates. He enjoys the prerogative of seeing two parties fight in the lists, and of crowning the victor. Need I cite examples of this truth? Lord Chatham is the dread and disgust of George III.—the stronger of the two factions for the time being forces his majesty into receiving that minister. The Catholic question was the most unpalatable measure that could be pressed upon George IV.—To the irritability of that monarch no more is conceded than was granted to the obstinacy of his royal father, and the Catholic Relief Bill is passed amidst all the notoriety of his repugnance. In fact, your Excellency, who knows so well the juggling with which one party in politics fastens its sins upon another, may readily perceive that the monarch has only been roasting the chestnuts of the aristocracy;* and the aristocracy, cunning creature, has lately affected to look quite shocked at the quantity of chestnuts roasted.

In a certain savage country that I have read of, there is a chief supposed to be descended from the gods; all the other chiefs pay him the greatest respect; they consult him if they should go to war, or proclaim peace; but it is an understood thing, that he is to be made acquainted with their determination beforehand. His consent is merely the ratification of their decree. But the chiefs, always speaking of his power, conceal their own; and while the popular jealousy is directed to the *seeming* authority, they are enabled quietly to cement and extend the foundations of the *real*. Of a similar nature have been the relations between the English king and the English aristocracy; the often odious policy of the last has been craftily fastened on the first; and the sanctity of a king has been too frequently but the conductor of popular lightning from the more responsible aristocracy.

The supposed total of constitutional power has always consisted of three divisions; the king, the aristocracy, and the commons: but the aristocracy (until the passing of the Reform Bill), by boroughs in the one house, as by hereditary seats in the other, monopolized the whole

* The nation had begun to perceive this truth, when Burke thought fit once more to mind it. "One of the principal topics," saith he, in his *Thoughts on the Cause of the present Discontents*, "which was then, and has been since much employed by that political school, is an effectual terror of the growth of an aristocratic power, prejudicial to the rights of the Crown and the balance of the constitution," &c. He goes on to argue, that the influence of the Crown is a danger more imminent than that of the peerage. Although in the same work that brilliant writer declares himself "no friend to the aristocracy," his whole love for liberty was that of an aristocrat. His mind was eminently feudal in its vast and stately mould, and the patrician plausibilities dazzled and attracted him far more than the monarchical. He could have been a rebel more easily than a republican.

of the three divisions. They ousted the people from the commons by a majority of their own delegates; and they forced the king into their measures by the maxim, that his consent to a bill passed through *both* houses could not with safety be withheld. Thus then, in state affairs, the government of the country has been purely that of an aristocracy. Let us now examine the influence which they have exercised in social relations. It is to this, I apprehend, that we must look for those qualities which have distinguished their influence from that of other aristocracies. Without the odium of separate privileges, without the demarcation of feudal rights, the absence of those very prerogatives has been the cause of the long establishment of their power. Their authority has not been visible: held under popular names, it has deceived the popular eye;—and deluded by the notion of a Balance of Power, the people did not see that it was one of the proprietors of the power who held the scales and regulated the weights.

The social influence of the aristocracy has been exactly of a character to strengthen their legislative. Instead of keeping themselves aloof from the other classes, and “hedging their state” round with the thorny, but unsubstantial barriers of heraldic distinctions; instead of demanding half a hundred quarterings with their wives, and galling their inferiors by eternally dwelling on the inferiority, they may be said to mix more largely, and with more seeming equality, with all classes, than any other aristocracy in the savage or civilized world. Drawing their revenues from land, they have also drawn much of their more legitimate* power from the influence it gave them in elections. To increase this influence they have been in the habit of visiting the provinces much more often than any aristocracy in a monarchical state are accustomed to do. Their hospitality, their field sports, the agricultural and county meetings they attend, in order “to keep up the family interest,” mix them with all classes; and, possessing the usual urbanity of a court, they have not unfrequently added to the weight of property, and the glitter of station, the influence of a personal popularity, acquired less, perhaps, by the evidence of virtues, than the exercise of politeness.

In most other countries the middle classes, rarely possessing the riches of the nobility, have offered to the latter no incentive for seeking their alliance. But wealth is the greatest of all levellers, and the highest of the English nobles willingly repair the fortunes of hereditary extravagance by intermarriage with the families of the banker, the lawyer, and the merchant: this, be it observed, tends to extend the roots of their influence among the middle classes, which in other countries

* And yet the power that has been most frequently inveighed against, merely because it was the most evident.

are the natural barrier of the aristocracy. It is the ambition of the rich trader to obtain the alliance of nobles; and he loves, as well as respects, those honours to which himself or his children may aspire. The long-established custom of purchasing titles, either by hard money or the more circuitous influence of boroughs, has tended also to mix aristocratic feelings with the views of the trader; and the apparent openness of honours to all men makes even the humblest shopkeeper, grown rich, think of sending his son to College, not that he may become a wiser man or a better man, but that he may *perhaps* become my lord bishop or my lord chancellor.

Thus, by not preserving a strict demarcation, as the German nobles, round their order, the English aristocracy extended their moral influence throughout the whole of society, and their state might thus be said, like the city of the Lacedemonians, to be the safer in internal force, from rejecting all vulgar fortifications.

By this intermixture of the highest aristocracy with the more subaltern ranks of society, there are far finer and more numerous grades of dignity in this country than in any other. You see two gentlemen of the same birth, fortune, and estates—they are not of the same rank,—by no means!—one looks down on the other as confessedly his inferior. Would you know why? His *connexions* are much higher! Nor are connexions alone the dispensers of an ideal, but acknowledged consequence. Acquaintanceship confers also its honours: next to being related to the great, is the happiness of knowing the great: and the wife even of a *bourgeois*, who has her house filled with fine people, considers herself, and is tacitly allowed to be, of greater rank than one who, of far better birth and fortune, is not so diligent a worshipper of birth and fortune in others; in fact, this lady has but her own respectable rank to display—but that lady reflects the exalted rank of every duchess who shines upon her* card-rack.

These mystic, shifting, and various shades of graduation; these shot-silk colours of society produce this effect: That people have no exact and fixed position—that by acquaintance alone they may rise to look down on their superiors—that while the rank gained by intellect, or by interest, is open but to few, the rank that may be obtained by fashion seems delusively to be open to all. Hence, in the first place, that eternal vying with each other; that spirit of show; that lust of imitation, which characterize our countrymen and countrywomen. These qualities so invariably observed by foreigners have never yet been ascribed to their true origin. I think I have succeeded in tracing their cause as national

* It may be observed that the power of fashion has increased in proportion as the aristocracy have blended themselves more with the gentry and merchants. There was a time when the English were as remarkable among foreigners for their independence and indifference to the mode, as they are now noted for their servile obsequiousness to fashion.

characteristics to the peculiar nature of our aristocratical influences. As wealth procures the alliance and respect of nobles, wealth is affected even where not possessed; and, as fashion, which is the creature of an aristocracy, can only be obtained by resembling the fashionable; hence, each person imitates his fellow, and hopes to purchase the respectful opinion of others by renouncing the independence of opinion for himself.

And hence, also, proceeds the most noticeable trait in our national character, our reserve, and that *orgueil*, so much more expressive of discontent than of dignity, which is the displeasure, the amazement, and the proverb of our continental visiters. Nobody being really fixed in society, except the *very* great (in whom, for the most part, the characteristics vanish), in any advance you make to a seeming equal, you may either lower yourself by an acquaintance utterly devoid of the fictitious advantages which are considered respectable; or, on the other hand, you may subject your pride to the mortification of a rebut from one, who, for reasons impossible for you to discover, considers his station far more unequivocal than your own. *La Bruyère* observes, that the rank of single men being less settled than that of the married, since they *may* exalt themselves by an alliance, they are usually placed by society in one grade higher than their legitimate claim. Another French writer commenting on this passage has observed, that hence one reason why there is usually less real dignity and more factitious assumption in the single men of polished society, than in the married;—they affect an imaginary situation. With us all classes are the same as the bachelors of *La Bruyère*: all aim at some ideal situation a grade above their own, and act up to the dignity of this visionary Baratania. The ingenious author of *The Opium Eater* has said, that the family of a bishop are, for the most part, remarkable for their pride. It is because the *family* of a bishop hold an equivocal station, and are for ever fearful that they are not thought enough of; a bishop belongs to the aristocracy, but his family to the gentry. Again, natural sons are proverbial for arrogance and assumption—it is from the same cause. In fact, let us consult ourselves. Are we not all modest when we feel ourselves estimated at what we consider our just value, and all inclined to presume in proportion as we fear we are slighted?

In all other countries where an aristocracy is or has been exceedingly powerful, the distinctions its members have drawn between themselves and society have been marked and stern; they have chiefly lived, married, and visited among their own appointed circle. In Germany, the count of eighty quarterings does not fear a rivalry with the baron of six; nor does the baron of six quarterings dread the aspiring equality of the merchant or the trader; each rank is settled in its own stubborn

circumvallation: fashion in Germany is, therefore, comparatively nugatory in its influence; there is no object in vying, and no reward in imitation. With us the fusion of all classes, each with the other, is so general, that the aristocratic contagion extends from the highest towards the verge of the lowest. The tradesmen in every country town have a fashion of their own, and the wife of the mercer will stigmatize the lady of the grocer as "ungenteel." When Mr. Cobbett, so felicitous in nick-names, and so liberal in opinions, wished to assail Mr. Sadler, he found no epithet so suitable to his views or sentiments as the disdainful appellation of "*linen-drapeer!*" The same pride and the same reserve will be found everywhere; and thus slowly and surely, from the petty droppings of the well of manners, the fossilized incrustations of national character are formed.

To the importance which wealth receives from the aristocracy we must add the importance it receives from trade. What men are taught to respect, gradually acquires the distinction of a virtue—to be rich, becomes a merit; to be poor, an offence. A foreign writer has thus justly observed, that we may judge of the moral influence of this country by the simple phrase, that a man is *worth* so much; his worthiness being derived from his income, and proportioned to its amount.

In a work upon England, published at Paris in 1816, which has stolen much from the more important one of M. Ferri de St. Constant, but which, while often wrong in its facts, is, *when* right in them, usually profound in its deductions, the writer, after observing that in England, "*l'argent décide en tout,*" philosophically remarks.—"*De cette manière, quoique les richesses augmentent à certains égards la puissance d'un état, il arrive qu'elles ne servent qu'à le détruire sitôt qu'elles influent sur le choix de ceux qui sont à la tête du gouvernement.*"

In other countries poverty is a misfortune,—with us it is a crime.

The familiar meaning of a word often betrays the character of a people: with the ancient Romans virtue signified valour; with the modera, a virtuoso is a collector. The inhabitants of the Tonga Islands, with whom all morals are in a state of extraordinary confusion, have no expression for virtue in a man which is not equally applicable to an axe: they recognise virtue only in what does *them* an evident service. An axe or a man may be the instrument of murder, but each continues to be a good axe or a good man. With us the word *virtue* is seldom heard out of a moral essay; I am not sure whether it does not excite a suspicion of some unorthodox signification, something heathen and in contradistinction to religion. The favourite word is "respectability"—and the current meaning of "respectability" may

certainly exclude virtue, but never a decent sufficiency of wealth : no wonder then that every man strives to be rich—

“ Et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.”

Through the effects they thus produce on the national character, the aristocracy have insensibly been able to react upon the laws. Poverty being associated in men's minds with something disreputable, they have had little scruple in making laws unfavourable to the poor ! they have clung without shame to the severities of a barbarous criminal code—to an unequal system of civil law, which almost proscribes justice but to the wealthy—to impressment for seamen—to taxes upon knowledge—and to imprisonment by mesne process. Such consequences may be traced to such levities. The Laws of a Nation are often the terrible punishment of their foibles.

Hence also arises one of the causes* for the noticeable want of amusement for the poorer classes. Where are the cheap *guinguettes* and gardens for the labourer, which make the boast of France ? Where the consecrated greensward, formerly the theme of our own poets,

“ Where all the village train, from labour free,
Lead up their sports beneath the hawthorn tree ? ”

We are told that the Arcadians, as their climate was peculiarly chill and gloomy (in modern phrase “ English”), sought to counteract its influence by assemblies, music, and a gay and cheerful education. Thus did legislature conquer nature ; nor with unhappy effects, for the Arcadians were no less remarkable for their benevolence and piety than for their passion for music and for their gaiety of disposition.† It is reserved for us to counteract the gloomiest climate by the dullest customs !

I do not say, however, that direct legislation should provide amusement for the poor—but at least it should never forbid it. The very essence of our laws has been against the social meetings of the humble, which had been called idleness, and against the amusements of the poor, which have been stigmatized as disorder.‡ But what direct le-

* One of the causes. Another is in the growth of religious sectarianism ; but I am apt to believe, that if amusements were within the reach of the poor, there would be far less of the gloom of fanaticism. Excitement of one sort or the other must be sought for, as a counterpoise to toil ; at present the poor find it only in two sources—the conventicle or the alehouse.

† Polybius.

‡ A few half-sighted politicians, like Windham, have indeed advocated popular amusements, but of what nature ?—Bull-baiting and boxing : amusements, that brutalize. These are they who turn the people into swine, and then boast of their kindness in teaching them to be savage. Admirable philanthropists ! the object of recreation is to soften and refine men, not to render them more ferocious.

gislation itself cannot effect, could be effected by the spirit by which legislation is formed. That prejudice of respect for the wealthy, and contempt for the poor, which belongs to us, would probably soon close any institutions for popular amusements if established to-morrow; if they were cheap, they would be considered disreputable. In France, the humbler shopkeepers mix in festivity with the peasantry; the aristocratic spirit would forbid this condescension in England (unless an election were going on), and the relaxation being thus ungraced by the presence of those a little their superiors, would perhaps be despised by the labourers themselves.*

It were to be wished on many accounts that this were otherwise; amusement keeps men cheerful and contented—it engenders a spirit of urbanity—it reconciles the poor to the pleasures of their superiors which are of the same sort, though in another sphere; it removes the sense of hardship—it brings men together in those genial moments when the heart opens and care is forgotten. Deprived of more gentle relaxations, the poor are driven to the alehouse, they talk over their superiors—and whoever talks of others in order to praise them? they read the only cheap papers permitted them, not usually the most considerate and mild in spirit; their minds in one respect are benefited; for they advance, even by this intercourse, in their progress to better government; but they clog this benefit by a rancour to all its obstacles, which is at once natural and to be lamented.† Woe to the legislator who succeeds by vexatious laws and petty tyrannies, in interdicting enjoyment to those who labour!—above all, in an age when they have discovered what is due to themselves; he will, indeed, expedite reform—if that to legislators be an agreeable contemplation—but it will be by souring and exacerbating the spirit which extorts it!

* They might be licentious from the same cause. In France the amusements of the peasantry are so decently conducted, because the presence of some of the middle class produces an unconscious, but most salutary restraint.

† All passion blinds even the best-founded opinions. A passionate indignation against the aristocracy would, if once put in action, frustrate the good objects it sought to effect. The great Marius saw all the vices of the aristocracy with the wrath of a wronged plebeian. Marius was the Incarnation of Popular Passion—bescourged the Patricians for their disorders, by committing more tumultuous and deadly disorders himself.

CHAPTER III.

Story of a Chinese Emperor.—Applied to this work.—Dislike to Foreigners, how caused.—Abatement of the dislike.—One cause, however, still continues.—Anecdote of a Russian, and his two visits to England.—National Honesty and national Honour.—English Generosity.—Rather a characteristic of the People than the Nobles.—Chivalry, the attribute more of the former than the latter.—Illustrative Anecdotes.—Regard for Character.—Its consequences over-rated, wherefore?—Common Sense *not* a characteristic of the highest and the lowest Classes.—Causes and Effects of that common sense among the middle Class.—The accusation of the Ferocity of the English refuted.—Propensity to Suicide *not* a distinction of the English.—The vitality of Absurdities illustrated by the story of Archimedes.—National Spirit of Industry.—The last Adventure of Micro-megas.

THERE is a tale (your Excellency may have read it, it is to be found in the writings of a French missionary—a species of literature that must have manifold attractions for one who was once Bishop of Autun)—there is a tale of a certain Chinese emperor, who conceived great displeasure at the grand historian of the Celestial Empire, for having with too accurate and simple a fidelity narrated in his chronicle all the errors and foibles of the prince. “I admire your effrontery,” said the emperor frowning: “You dare then to keep a diary of my offences for the benefit of posterity?”

“Yes!” said the historian boldly, “I put down faithfully all that can convey to a later age a just impression of your character; accordingly, the instant your majesty dismisses me, I shall hasten to insert in my chronicle the threats and the complaints that you have made me for telling the truth.”

The emperor was startled, but the Chinese have long been in the habit of enjoying very sensible monarchs—“Go,” said he, after a short pause and with a frank smile, “Go, write down all you please; henceforth I will strive at least that Posterity shall have little to blame in me.”

Upon the principle on which the historian wrote of the sovereign, I now write of the people. Will they be indignant at my honesty in painting their foibles? No, they will not be less generous nor less wise than the Emperor of China;—if they are, I shall avenge myself like my model, by a supplement, containing their reproaches! I do not, like the herd of fault-finders, declaim vaguely on the faults of the people; I attempt in honesty, if in error, to trace their causes. This is the first time in which, in a detailed and connected shape, the attempt has been made;

the best way to find remedies for a disease is to begin by ascertaining its origin.

I think your excellency must have perceived, since your first visit to England, that there has been a great change from what formerly was a strong national characteristic;—*We no longer hate the French!* We have a greater sympathy with, than an aversion to, foreigners in general. We have enlarged the boundaries of patriotism, and are becoming Citizens of the World. Our ancient dislike to foreigners was not a vague and ignorant prejudice alone, nor was it solely the growth of an insular situation in the map of the globe; it was a legacy which was bequeathed to us by our history. The ancient record of our empire is a series of foreign conquests over the natives. The Roman, the Saxon, the Dane, the Norman, successively taught to the indigenous inhabitant a tolerably well-founded antipathy to foreigners. When the soreness of a conquered people wore off, the feeling was kept alive by the jealousy of a commercial one. Foreigners settled amongst us as traders; and the industry of the Flemish monopolized for centuries, to the great disgust of the natives, a considerable portion of our domestic manufactures. National dislikes, once formed, are slow of conversion; and a jealousy of foreigners, conceived with some cause by our forefathers, was easily retained, when the cause had ceased to exist. Our warlike aristocracy found it indeed expedient to keep alive so pugnacious a characteristic: and Nelson thought the best mode of conquering the French was seriously to inculcate, as a virtue, the necessity of detesting them. This settled hatred to our neighbours began, however, to break up from its solid surface at the close of the last century. The beginning of the French revolution—an event which your Excellency has probably forgotten—taught the more liberal of our populace that the French had no inherent desire to be slaves; they began to feel an union with their neighbours, from the common sentiment of liberty. The excesses of the Revolution checked the nascent charity, or at least confined it to the few; and a horror of the crimes of the French superseded a sympathy with their struggles. Still the surface of national antipathy was broken up; a party was formed to praise your countrymen, in opposition to the party that reviled them. By degrees the general principles of the first party came more into vogue than those of the last; and among those principles, a better estimation of the characters of foreign nations. The peace, of course, bringing us into more actual connexion with the Continent, has strengthened the kindly sentiment: and, finally, your last Revolution has removed all trace of the fearful impression left upon us by the first. On the whole, therefore, a hatred of foreigners has ceased to distinguish us; and, of the two extremes, we must guard rather against a desire of imitating our neighbours, than a horror of resembling.

To be sure, however, our toleration of foreigners is more catholic than individual. We suspect them a little when some half-a-dozen of them in braided coats and mustachios pay us a midsummer visit; a respectable lodging-house keeper would rather be excused letting them apartments. They are driven, like the Jews of old; to a settled quarter, abandoned by the rest of the world; they domicile together in a dingy spot surrounded by alleys and courts: you may see them matutinally emerging from the desolate gloom of Leicester-square, which is a sort of Petty France in itself, and where they have established a colony of hotels. But assuredly the unoffending frigidity, evinced to them in less familiar regions, is the result of no unhandsome prejudice: We do not think them, as we once did, *inherently*, but *unfortunately*, guilty!—in a word, we suspect them of being *poor*! They strike us with the unprepossessing air of the shabby genteel. Mrs. Smith is sorry her first floor is engaged—not because she thinks the foreign gentleman may cut her throat, but because she fears he may forget to pay his rent. She apprehends that he can scarcely give the “respectable reference” that she demands; for the use of her goods and chattels. Foreigners remark this suspicion, and not guessing the cause, do us injustice by supposing it is solely directed against them. No such thing; it is directed against Poverty ubiquitously; it is the abstract quality, not the material man, that excites in the Smithian breast the sentiment of distrust. Our hostess would be equally lukewarm to any Englishman she considered equivocally poor; in short, it is a commercial, not a national apprehension. A rich foreigner, as your Excellency well knows, with huge arms on his carriage, half-a-dozen valets, and a fur great-coat, is sure to be obsequiously treated enough. Hence the wealthy visiter from the Continent usually avers that we are a most civil people to foreigners; and the needy one declares that we are exactly the reverse. I hope that what I have said on this point will right us with our neighbours; and assure them that the only stories which we now believe to the practical inconvenience of Monsieur, are those which accuse him of living on a hundred Napoleons a-year, pocketing the sugar at his coffee, and giving the waiter something under a penny half-penny!

A Russian of my acquaintance visited England, with a small port-manteau, about two years ago. Good heavens! how he abused us!—never was so rude, cruel, suspicious, barbaric a people! I saw him a few months since, having just paid us a second visit: he was in raptures with all he saw; never was a people so improved; his table was crowded with cards—how hospitable we were! The master of the hotel had displaced an English family to accommodate him; what a refined consideration for a stranger! Whence rose this difference in the Russian's estimate of us? His uncle was dead, he had come into a

great property. In neither case had our good people looked at the *foreigner*; they had looked the first time at the small portmanteau, and the second time, at the three carriages and four!

But if the commercial spirit makes us attach undue importance to wealth, it keeps alive also a spirit of honesty as the best means to acquire it. Thus the same causes that produce our defects, conspire to produce many of our merits. The effect of commerce is to make men trustworthy in their ordinary dealings and their social relations. It does this, not by the sense of virtue, but that of self-interest. A trader soon discovers that honesty is the best policy. If you travel through Italy, and your carriage break down, there is perhaps but one smith in the place; he repairs your carriage at ten times the value of the labour; he takes advantage of your condition and his own monopoly of the trade. Whoever has had the misfortune to make the tour of the Netherlands in a crazy *calèche*, can speak from ample experience of the similar extortion practised also in that country, where the standard of morality is much higher than in Italy. This would rarely, if ever, be the case in England. There might be no other smith in the village for you to apply to, but there would be a public spirit, a common conscience in the village, which would insensibly deter the monopolist from acting towards you dishonestly. To this we must, to be sure, add the consideration, that population being more dense in this Country, the monopoly is more rare, and the temptation less frequent.

It is the property of an enlightened aristocracy—I mean one that is comparatively enlightened—to foster the sentiments of honour. Honour is their creed; they sacrifice even virtues to a single one of its prejudices. Thus, in our relations with foreign states, we have been less wise than honourable: and we have sustained our national character by paying with rigid punctuality the national loans.

Rogues among traders, and swindlers among gentlemen, there are in this, as in all countries; but they do not suffice to stamp the character of the People. There is no systematic mockery of principle with us—nor that sort of *maison de jeu* morality, which you find among the philosophical, *élégans* of Paris and of Vienna. A fine gentleman in London is a formidable person to young heirs; but of these fine gentlemen, thank Heaven, there are not above a dozen or two. In private character, as in the national, an English patrician is rather the dupe than the deceiver;—at least, he keeps his deceits for his parliamentary career.

The English are also an eminently generous people. I do not mean generous in the vulgar signification of the epithet, though that they would deserve, if but from the ostentatious and artificial spirit I have already described—but the loftier and more moral one. Their sympa-

thies are generous; they feel for the persecuted, and their love is for the fallen.

But it is mainly *the People* (properly so speaking), the mass—the majority—that generosity characterizes; nor do I trace this virtue to the aristocratic influences: among the aristocracy it is not commonly found. As little, perhaps, is it to be traced to the influences of trade; it is rather connected with our history and our writers—and may be considered a remnant of the chivalric spirit which departed from the nobles ere it decreased among the people. It is the multitude who preserve longest the spirit of antiquity—the aristocracy preserve only the forms.

Let us recall for a moment the trial of Queen Caroline: in my own mind, and in the minds of the majority of the public, she was guilty of the crime imputed to her. Be it so; but the people sympathized, not with the crime, but the persecution. They saw a man pampered in every species of indulgence, and repudiating his wife in the first instance without assignable cause; allowing her full licence for conduct if she consented to remain abroad, and forbore to cross the line of his imperial Sybaritism of existence; but arming against her all the humiliations, and all the terrors of law, the instant she appeared in England, and interfered with the jealous monopoly of royal solemnities. They saw at once that this was the course of conduct natural rather to a man of passion than to one of honour: to a man of honour, disgrace to his name would have seemed equally punishable whether perpetrated in Italy or in England. The queen ceased to be the defendant in a court of law, and seemed to the public the victim of a system of oppression. The zeal with which the lower orders supported her, was the zeal of Chivalry; the spirit which Burke invoked in vain from a debased nobility, leaped at once into life among a generous people. Compare the subservient and smothered disgust of the aristocracy with the loud indignation of the people;—which was the more indicative of the nobler emotions, or which preserved in the higher shape our national characteristic of generosity? Who are they that feel the most deeply for the negro slave—the people, or the nobles? The people. Who attend the meetings in behalf of Poland? the aristocracy?—some two or three of them, indeed, for the vanity of uttering orations; but it is the people who fill the assembly. The people may be right, or they may be wrong, in their zeal for either cause, but it is at least the zeal of generosity.

Poverty,—crime itself,—does not blunt this noble characteristic. In some of the workhouses the overseers devised a method to punish the refractory paupers by taking away from them the comforts permitted to the rest; the rest, out of their own slender pittance, supplied their

companions! In his work upon prisons, Mr. Buxton informs us, that in the gaol of Bristol the allowance of bread to criminals was below the ordinary modicum necessary for subsistence; to the debtors *no* allowance, however, was made,—their friends, or the charity of strangers, supported them: there have been times when these resources have failed, and some of the debtors would have literally perished for want, but that they were delivered—how? by the generosity of the criminals themselves, who voluntarily shared with them at once the food and the distress!

In the last election I remember to have heard a tory orator, opposed to the emancipation of the West Indian slaves, take advantage of the popular cry for economy, and the general impatience under taxation, and assure his audience, all composed of the labouring part of the population, that to attempt to release the slaves would be to increase the army, and consequently, the national burdens: the orator on the other side of the question, instead of refuting this assertion, was contented to grant it. "Be it so," he said; "suppose that your burdens are augmented—suppose that another shilling is monthly, or even weekly, wrung from your hard earnings—suppose all this, and I yet put it to you, whether, crippled and bowed down as you are by taxation, you would not cheerfully contribute your mite to the overthrow of slavery, though in so distant a clime—though borne by men of a different colour from yourselves, rather than even escape your burdens, grievous though they be, and know that that human suffering still exists, which you, by a self-sacrifice of your own, had the power to prevent?" The meeting rang with applause; the appeal was to generous emotions: had the generosity not been there, the appeal would have been unavailing.

It is, indeed, in popular elections, that a foreigner can alone fully learn the generous character of the English people—what threats they brave, what custom they lose, what profits they surrender, in order to act up to a motive of conscience, or a principle of honour. Could you be made aware of the frequent moral exaltation of the Constituent, your Excellency would be astonished to see the Representative so often an apostate.

Thus, then, generosity is the character of the nation; but the character rather of the people than of the nobles; and while a certain school of theorists maintain that the chief good of an aristocracy is to foster that noble quality, they advance an argument which is so easily refuted as to endanger the cause it would support.

Your Excellency, if I mistake not, is tolerably well acquainted with the weaker side of Madame de Staël, and have, doubtless, in your experience of the courtly circles of England, seen whether their "moral air" be entitled to all the panegyrics it received from that ingenious Architect on Hypotheses. A regard for character is a quality on

which we value ourselves justly ; yet it scarcely, perhaps, produces those excellent effects on morality which ought to be its offspring. The reason is possibly this : we defer, it is true, to what we consider to be a good character ; but it very often happens that our notions of the elements of a good character are any thing but just. We sometimes venerate a Saint where your Excellency would recognise a Mawworm. In the first place, as regards public character, that character has usually been considered the best, which adopts the principles most *à la mode*. Now the aristocracy influence the mode, and the best character, therefore, has been usually given to the strongest supporter of the aristocrats : the people not being educated, at least politically, and judging not for themselves, have formed their opinion from the very classes interested against them, maligned their friends, and wept tears of gratitude for the consistency of their foes. Mr. Thelwall advocated reform ; and Mr. Canning informs us, that he was pelted as he went :—*

Another fault in our judgment of public men has been, that we have confounded too often a private sobriety of life with political respectability. If a gentleman walked betimes in the park, with his seven children and a very ugly wife, the regularity of such conduct stamped him as an unexceptionable politician. Your Excellency remembers Lord Mediocre So-so—he was a cabinet minister. He ordained a vast number of taxes, and never passed one popular law ; but then he was very domestic, and the same coldness of constitution that denied him genius, preserved him from vice. He was a most pernicious statesman ; but he bore the highest of characters. His very frigidity made him considered “ a *safe politician* ;” for we often seem to imagine that the property of the mind resembles the property of sea water, and loses all its deleterious particles when once it is fairly frozen.

Sometimes in those visions of public virtue, which your Excellency knows all men now and then conceive—in their closet ; I have fancied that public character should be proportioned only to public benefits ; that the statesman should be weighed in a balance, where the laws he has assisted to frame should be thrown into the opposite scale ; and that the light of his private amiabilities should, instead of casting into shade his public character, be lost to the general eye in the wide blaze of universal utility.

* “ Thelwall and ye, that lecture as ye go,
And for your pains get pelted,” &c.

It is curious enough to observe, that while, when Tory principles were the mode—your Liberal was considered the immoral man—and the Tory was the high model of public excellence ; so now, when the Liberal Party are in fashion, the same Tory is considered the basest of beings—a creature that has fattened upon the agonies of the Public—his very loyalty, once his virtue, now his vice—and his attachment to Church and State, formerly the proof of his religion, now merely the evidence that he has some corrupt object to further by the alliance.

Approach, or at least until very lately,

Whene'er of statesmen we complain,
 They cry, 'Why raise this vulgar strife so?
 'Tis true, that tax too hard may strain;
 But then—his Lordship loves his wife so!
 That law, indeed, may gall ye rather;
 But then—his Lordship's such a father!'

I have observed, in a former chapter, that the undue regard for wealth produces a false moral standard; that respectability is the favourite word of eulogium with us, as virtue was with the ancients; and that a man may be respectable, without being entitled from his virtues to respect. Hence it follows, that a regard for character may often be nothing but the regard of popular prejudices; and that, though a virtue in itself, it may neither be directed to, nor productive of, virtue in others. Still this characteristic is a great and noble superstructure to build upon;—it is those nations who are indifferent to moral distinctions of whom Improvement may despair. A People who respect what they consider good, sooner or later discover in what good really consists. Indifference to moral character is a vice; a misunderstanding of its true components is but an error. Fortunately, the attention of our countrymen is now turned towards themselves; the spirit of *self-examination* is aroused; they laugh at the hyperbolic egotisms in which they formerly indulged; they do not take their opinions of their own excellence from ballad-singers; any more than their sentiments on the goodness of their Constitution from the common-places of Tories. "Impostors," said the acute Shaftesbury, "naturally speak the best of human nature, that they may the more easily abuse it." The Imperial Tyrant of the Roman Senate always talked of the virtues of the Senators.

But men now think for themselves. That blind submission to teachers, which belongs to the youth of Opinion, is substituted for bold examination in its maturity; and the task of the latter period is too often to unlearn the prejudices acquired in the first. When men begin to think for themselves, they will soon purify in the process of thought the errors they imbibed from others. To the boldness of the once abused and persecuted Paulicians, in judging themselves of the Gospel, we owe that spirit which, though it suffered with Huss and Wickliffe, triumphed with Zuinglius, and Luther. The scanty congregations of Armenia and Cappadocia were characterized by the desire to think freely,—they have been the unacknowledged authors of *this very era*, when men begin to think rightly. The agitation of Thought is the beginning of Truth.

If the effect of our regard for character has been a little overrated, so I apprehend that the diplomatist of a thousand cabinets must some-

times have smiled at the exaggerated estimate which we form of our Common Sense. It is that property upon which we the most value ourselves ; and every statesman, whether he propose to pass a bill for English Reform, or for Irish coercion, always trusts the consequences "to the known good sense of the British community." Let us put on our spectacles, and examine this attribute.

The "common sense" of the ancient stoics was the sense of the *common* interest ; the common sense of the modern schools is the sense of *one's own* ! All traders are very much alive to this peculiar faculty—the Dutch, the Americans, as well as the English : it is, indeed, an inevitable consequence of the habit of making bargains ; but, I think, on inquiry, we shall see that it belongs not so much to the whole nation as to the trading part of it.

That common sense, the practice of which is a sober and provident conduct, is, I fear, only visible amongst our middle classes in their domestic relations. It is possessed neither by the aristocracy nor the poor ; least of all in *foreign relations* has it hitherto been our characteristic.

Like the nobility of other civilized countries, our own are more remarkable for an extravagant recklessness of money, for an impatient ardour for frivolities, for a headlong passion for the caprices, the debaucheries, the absurdities of the day, than for any of those prudent and considerate virtues which are the offspring of common sense. How few estates that are not deeply mortgaged ! The Jews and the merchants have their grasp on more than three parts of the property of the peerage. Does this look like common sense ? But these excesses have been carried to a greater height with *our* aristocracy than with any other, partly because of their larger command of wealth, principally because they, being brought, like the rest of the world, under the control of fashion, have not, like the ancient sieurs of France, or the great names of Germany, drawn sufficient consequence from their own birth to require no further distinctions. Our nobles have had ambition, that last infirmity of noble minds, and they have been accordingly accustomed to vie with each other in those singular phantasies of daring vulgarity with which a head without culture amuses an idleness without dignity. Hence, while we have boasted of our common sense, we have sent our young noblemen over the world to keep up that enviable reputation by the most elaborate eccentricities ; and, valuing ourselves on our prudence, we have only been known to the Continent by our extravagance. Nor is this all : those who might have been pardonable as stray specimens of erratic imbecility, we have formally enrolled as the diplomatic representatives of the nation :—the oligarchical system of choosing all men to high office, not according to their fitness for the place, but according to their connexion with the

party uppermost, has made our very ambassadors frequently seem the delegates from our *maisons des fous*; and the envoy of the British nation at the imperial court of Metternich and craft, was no less a person than the present Marquis of Londonderry.

If in society, if abroad, if in our diplomatic relations, our common sense, our exquisite shrewdness, our sterling solidity, are not visibly represented by our aristocracy, they are still less represented by them in our political relations. If we look to the progress of the Reform Bill through the Lords, we shall see the most lamentable want of discretion, the most singular absence of common sense. The peers did not think the Reform Bill necessary; accordingly, they rejected it. Sensible men never do a bold thing without being prepared for its consequences. Were the peers prepared? No!—they expressed the greatest astonishment at Lord Grey's going out of office, after his declaring repeatedly, that he would do so if they rejected his proposition; and the greatest consternation at the resolution of the people to get the Bill, after their expressing that resolution uninterruptedly for nearly two years. Taken by surprise, they therefore received the Bill again, and, after refusing to conciliate the people, voluntarily placed themselves in the condition of being beat by the people. Sensible men make a virtue of necessity. The peers put themselves in the condition of granting the necessity, and losing all virtue in the grant. They paraded their weakness up and down—placed it in the most ostentatious situation, and with all the evils of concession, insisted on uniting all the odium of resistance. This might be very fine, but your Excellency need not think twice to allow that it was not very sensible.

Let us now look at our Poor. Where is their common sense? Alas! what imprudence!—Early marriages; many children; poor-rates, and the workhouse—see the history of the agricultural labourers! Of them, indeed, it may be said, in those words in which an eastern writer asserts that the chronicle of the whole Human Race is found—“They are born; they are wretched; they die.” In no foreign country, even of far less civilization than England, is there the same imprudence. In France, where there is a much greater inclination to pleasure, there is yet a much more vigorous disposition to save. The French peasants never incur the *woiched*, because voluntary, calamity of bringing children into the world whom they cannot feed; the youngest a new robber of the pittance of the eldest; brother the worst foe to brother, and each addition to the natural ties bringing nearer and more near the short and ghastly interval between Penury and Famine, Despair and Crime: nor do they—no, nor the peasants of Spain, of Germany, of Italy, of Holland—squander in the selfish vices of an hour, the produce of a week's toil. The Continental peasant is

not selfish in his pleasure; he shares his holiday with his family, and, not being selfish, he is not improvident: his family make *him* prudent—the same cause often makes the Englishman desperate.

In an account of Manchester, lately published, what a picture of the improvidence of the working classes!

“Instructed in the fatal secret of subsisting on what is barely necessary to life—yielding partly to necessity, and partly to example—the labouring classes have ceased to entertain a laudable pride in furnishing their houses, and in multiplying the decent comforts which minister to happiness. What is superfluous to the mere exigencies of nature, is too often expended at the tavern; and for the provision of old age and infirmity, they too frequently trust either to charity, to the support of their children, or to the protection of the poor-laws.”

“The artisan too seldom possesses sufficient moral dignity or intellectual or organic strength to resist the seductions of appetite. His wife and children, subjected to the same process, have little power to cheer his remaining moments of leisure. Domestic economy is neglected, domestic comforts are too frequently unknown. A meal of coarse food is hastily prepared, and devoured with precipitation. Home has little other relation to him than that of shelter—few pleasures are there—it chiefly presents to him a scene of physical exhaustion, from which he is glad to escape. His house is ill furnished, uncleanly, often ill ventilated—perhaps damp; his food, from want of forethought and domestic economy, is meagre and innutritious; he generally becomes debilitated and hypochondriacal, and unless supported by principle, falls the victim of dissipation.”

“Some idea may be formed of the influence of these establishments (gin-shops, etc.) on the health and morals of the people, from the following statement; for which we are indebted to Mr. Braidley, the borough-reeve of Manchester. He observed the number of persons entering a gin-shop in five minutes, during eight successive Saturday evenings, and at various periods from seven o'clock until ten. *The average result was 112 men and 163 women, or 275 in forty minutes, which is equal to 412 per hour.*”

Whenever a class of the people are inclined to habitual inebriety, it is evidently absurd to attribute to that class the characteristic of that clear and unclouded faculty which we call common sense. It may be enough; therefore, of proof that the English poor are *not* distinguished above their equals on the Continent for their claim to common sense,

* Kay's Manchester.—But it would be worth inquiring how many of the 412 that came one hour would to be found in the 412 that came the next.

to point to the notorious fact, that they *are* so distinguished for their addiction to inebriety.

But if this faculty does not characterize the two extremes of society, it certainly characterizes the medium? Granted:—but, even here, I suspect our interested panegyrists, have been:—“praising us that they might the more easily impose.” In fact, what they meant by common sense was, our general indifference to political theories; our quiet and respectable adherence to the things that are. I fear in the eyes of these, our flatterers, we are somewhat fallen of late. But yet this propensity has for centuries assuredly distinguished us: we have been very little alive to all speculative innovations in morals and in politics. Those Continental writings that have set the rest of the world in a blaze, have never been widely popular with us. Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, have been received with suspicion; and dismissed without examination: they were known to be innovators, and that was enough to revolt

“Our sober certainty of waking bliss.”

Even Paine, the most plausible and attractive of all popular theorists, was scarcely known to any classes but the lowest, at the moment when the government suddenly thought fit to toss him into celebrity on the horns of a prosecution. Godwin, Harrington, Sidney, how little we know of their writings! A political speculator presents nothing interesting to us, unless we behead him: even then he travels down to posterity, merely on the festive brevity of a toast. We would fight for the cause for which Sydney bled on the scaffold, but we would not for the life and soul of us read a single chapter of the book in which he informs us what the cause *was*. Through a long life the great Bentham struggled against the neglect of the British public—in vain he was consulted by foreign states—in vain he was extolled by philosophers, and pillaged by lawyers. He was an innovator, who wrote against received customs of thinking, and that was sufficient to prevent his being read. Even now, when so many quote his name as if they had his works by heart, how few have ever opened them! The limited sale of the wittiest of all his books, is a melancholy proof of our indifference to theories; and the ‘Popular Fallacies’ is a proof of the unpopularity of truths.

The indifference to theory is certainly a proof of what is ordinarily termed common sense; but it obviously has its disadvantages. It is customary for writers of a certain school to say that all truths *ought* to make their way slowly: this is praising mankind for their greatest fault, and elevating apathy into virtue. Hence, in this country, that absurd deference to what is called “practical men;” that is to say, men who, belonging to some particular calling, are imbued with all the narrow views and selfish interests that belong to it. If you want

a reform on the stage, you would be told that the best performers are the most practical men, they have all an interest in the monopoly they enjoy; poor Kean, accordingly, said before the Committee of the House of Commons that he heard the voice, and saw the play of countenance, as well at the back of the centre boxes at Covent Garden, as in the side boxes of the Haymarket. Mr. Kean's answer is the type of most answers, on whatsoever point, that you extort from practical men in opposition to thinking men; they reason according to their interests: practical men are prejudiced men; usually knowing the details of their own business well, they are astonished at the presumption of men who think to improve the principle. These are like the writing-master who would not believe Newton was a great mathematician—"He!—pooh!—he is an hour over a sum in the Rule of Three!" This unbeliever was a practical man, who could not understand the theory that mastered worlds and hesitated over the multiplication table.

The emperor Julian, whose mind was peculiarly adapted to the notions of the present age in all things but his levity in religion, and his solemnity in slovenliness, says very well upon this head, "that a man who derives experience from his own habits, rather than the principles of some great theory, is like an empiric, who, by practice, may cure one or two diseases with which he is familiar, but having no system, or theory of art, must necessarily be ignorant of all the innumerable complaints which have not fallen under his personal observation."

The practical man is one who should give you all his facts, and never reason upon them; unfortunately the English take his reasonings even more willingly than his facts, and thus, according to Julian, under the notion of avoiding quackery, they have, in their legislative changes, been peculiarly the victim of quacks.*

I think we shall discover a principal cause of our indifference to violent political speculation, and our content with "the ills that are,"—which qualities are termed common sense,—in that Pecuniary system of Credit, which is so universally carried on among the middle classes of England. People are afraid of every shock of opinion, because it is a shock on their credit. Quiet times are good for all trade, but agitated times are death to a man with a host of alarmed creditors. This makes the middle class, especially in London, a solid and compact body against such changes as seem only experiment, and they are generally pushed on by the working classes, before they stir much themselves in the question of even necessary reforms. It is from the

* Those were practical men who resisted the theory of Mr. Arkwright's machine, under pretence of throwing the poor out of employ;—those were practical men who, being wig-makers, petitioned George III. to cut off his hair and wear a peruke, in order to set the fashion of wigs. Imagine the contemptuous scorn with which the honest wig-makers must have regarded a theorist opposed to wigs!

for of a concussion with persons without property, that people with property hazard voluntarily a change.

The habits of a commercial life, also, drain off the enterprise of the mind by the speculations which belong to commerce; and the first thing a trader asks himself in a change is, "How will this affect my returns?" He is therefore always zealous for a reduction of taxes, but he is not very eager about law taxes, unless he has a suit;—and he is more anxious to cut down the pension list than to ameliorate the criminal code.

The great legislative good of admitting the poor to vote is this: It is from the poorer classes that the evils and the dangers of a state arise; their crimes are our punishments; therefore it is well, even on selfish principles of government, that they, sensible to their own grievances, should choose those who will work for their redress: as they carry an election in a populous town, so they force their opinions relating to their own condition on the middle class, and the middle class on the Representative. Thus the same vote which relieves the Poor protects the state, and the Reform which removes abuses prevents the Revolution that avenges them.

The favourite accusation with foreigners against the English is their cruelty, and the crowd round a gibbet is the supposed proof of the justice of the charge. It is astonishing how few men deem it necessary to think a little when they are writing much. The English are by no means a cruel people, and their avidity to see an execution is no evidence whatsoever against them. The one fact, that while our laws are the severest in the world, we have not for centuries been able to accustom ourselves to the severity, and our administration of them has been singularly relaxed and gentle;—the one fact that Public Opinion has snatched the sword from the hand of Law, and that the unaltered barbarism of a code of ages has not sufficed to harden our sympathies, is alone a sufficient proof that the English are not a cruel, but a mild and humane* people.

In his "Thoughts upon Secondary Punishments" (p. 30), the distinguished Archbishop of Dublin is pleased to express himself with severity against that "misplaced compassion" for offenders, especially juvenile delinquents, which is a characteristic of the public. This remark is shallow and inconsiderate; the feeling that the punishment is disproportioned to the offence is, generally, the cause of the public sympathy with the offender, especially if young; and this very compassion,

* Another proof of this fact, is in the unwillingness of persons to prosecute when they consider the punishment may be too severe. The dearth of a prosecution, to be sure, goes some way towards this forbearance; but in civil causes we readily brave expense for revenge; it is only in criminal causes that we shudder, and draw back from the trying of the penitent.

misplaced, as Dr. Whately deems it; is a proof of the humanity of the people. In elections, during all the riot and excess which formerly disgraced those septennial saturnalia; when men were heated with drink, passion, and party animosities, it is astonishing how little cruelty or outrage mingled with the uproar and bludgeon-fights which were considered necessary to the deliberate exercise of the reasoning faculty, on one of the most important occasions in which it could be exerted. In no Continental people could the passions have been so inflamed; and instances of ferocity so miraculously rare. Our armies advance an acknowledged claim to the same character for humanity, which has so unjustly been denied to our people; and neither the French, Prussian, Spaniard, nor any European army; can compare with the humanity with which an English soldiery sack a town and traverse a country; our military outrages are conducted with the mildness of a *Duval*; and we never commit rape, arson, or murder,—unless *it is absolutely necessary!*

The superficial jest against our partiality to a newspaper tale of murder, or our passion for the *spectacle* of the gibbet, proves exactly the reverse of what it asserts. It is the tender who are the most susceptible to the excitation of terror. It is the women who hang with the deepest interest over a tale or a play of gloomy and tragic interest. Robespierre liked only stories of love. Nero was partial to the mildest airs of music. Ali Pacha abhorred all accounts of atrocity. The treacherous and bloody tribes of the South Sea islands prefer the calm strains of descriptive poetry, even to those of victory and war. If you observe a ballad-vender hawking his wares, it is the bloodiest murders that the women purchase. It is exactly from our unacquaintance with crime, viz. from the restless and mysterious curiosity it excites, that we feel a dread pleasure in marvelling at its details. This principle will suffice to prove that the avidity with which we purchase accounts of atrocity is the reverse of a proof of our own cruelty of disposition, and retorts upon the heads of our shallow assailants. What is true in books is true in sights; what is true on the mimic stage is true on the real; and, if that which I have just said be a legitimate vindication of our love for narratives of terror, it is also a vindication of our tendency to crowd round an execution. But as regards the last, I believe that the vulgar of all nations would be equally disposed to gaze at that dread solemnization of death, ever an event so fraught with dark interest to the race that is born to die, if among all nations the gloomy ceremonial were as public as it is with us, and the criminal were rendered as notorious by the comments of journals, and the minute details of the session-court and the prison-house.

Another absurd and ancient accusation against us ought, by this time, to be known by our accusers, the French, to be unfounded on

fact, viz. our unequalled propensity to suicide. That offence is far more frequent among the French themselves than it is with us. In the year 1816 the number of suicides committed in London amounted to seventy-two : in the same year, at Paris, they amounted to one hundred and eighty-eight ; the population of Paris being some 400,000 less than that of London !* But suicides, if not unequalled in number by those of other countries, are indeed frequent with us, and so they always will be in countries where men can be reduced in a day from affluence to beggary. The loss of fortune is the general cause of the voluntary loss of life. Wounded pride,—disappointment,—the schemes of an existence laid in the dust,—the insulting pity of friends,—the humbled despair of all our dearest connexions for whom perhaps we toiled and wrought,—the height from which we have fallen—the impossibility of regaining what we have lost,—the searching curiosity of the public—the petty annoyance added to the great woe,—all rushing upon a man's mind in the sudden convulsion and turbulence of its elements, what wonder that he welcomes the only escape from the abyss into which he has been hurled !

If the Spaniards rarely commit suicide, it is because they, neither a commercial nor gambling people, are not subject to such reverses. With the French it is mostly the hazard of dice, with the English the chances of trade, that are the causes of this melancholy crime ; melancholy ! for it really deserves that epithet with us. We do not set about it with the mirthful gusto which characterises the *felo de se* in your Excellency's native land. We have not yet, among our numerous clubs, instituted a club of suicides, all sworn to be the happiest dogs possible, and not to outlive the year ! These gentlemen ask you to see them "go off"—as if Death were a place in the *malle poste*.—"Will you dine with me to-morrow, my dear Dubois ?"

"With the greatest pleasure ;—yet now I think of it, I am particularly engaged to shoot myself ; I am really *au désespoir* !—but one can't get off *such* an engagement, you know."

"I would not ask such a thing, my dear fellow. Adieu !—By the way, if you should ever *come back* to Paris again, I have changed my lodgings. *Au plaisir* !"

Exeunt the two friends ; the one twirling his moustaches, the other humming an opera tune. †

* Not taking into account the number of those unfortunates exposed at the *Morgue*, one half of whom at least were probably suicides. At present the proportion is infinitely more in our favour. ×

† A writer in the *Journal des Débats* is particularly offended with this passage, and declares gravely that such a conversation never took place. I do not doubt it—If the said critic will sit to me for his picture, I shall be very happy to add him to my gallery of sketches, under the head of "The man who cannot take a joke." Such a man seldom sees truth—he is too dull for it. A matter-of-fact person is the last to comprehend all the matter-of-facts.

This gaiety of suicidalism is not the death *à la mode* with us; neither are we so sentimental in these delicate matters, as our neighbours over the water. We do not shoot each other by way of being romantic. Ladies and gentlemen forced to "part company," do not betake themselves "to a retired spot," and tempt the dread unknown, by a brace of pistols, tied up with cherry-coloured ribbons.

In a word, when we shoot ourselves, we consider it no joke; we come to the resolution in sober sadness; we have no inherent predilection for the act; no "hereditary imperfection in the nervous juices" (as Montesquieu, with all the impudence of a philosopher, has gravely asserted) forcing us on to the "funis, amnis,"—the gates out of this world into the next. No people destroy themselves with a less lively inclination; and, so generally are sudden reverses of fortune the propellers to the deed, that with us not one suicide in ten would cease to live, if it were not that he has nothing to live upon. In fact, he does not relinquish life—life relinquishes him.

But if it be true, then, that we are so far from being a suicidal people, that the French have, by *strict* calculations, been computed to kill *their five to our one*; if among no commercial people has the crime of suicide, perhaps, been not only less frequent, but committed with less levity,—the abhorrent offspring of the most intolerable reverses;—if this be true, what becomes of all those admirable books, witty and profound, which your Excellency's fellow-countrymen have written about our acknowledged propensity to ropes and razors, our inclination to kill ourselves, from the slightest causes, and out of a principle of ennui? What becomes of the ingenious systems that have been built upon that "fact;" enlivened by the gaiety of Voltaire; rendered touching by the sentimentality of De Staël—one writer accounting for it one way, one another; but, all sure to account for what they had forgotten to prove? Your Excellency may perceive, by their theories, which I think I have now for ever demolished, how necessary it is for an Englishman sometimes to write about England. I say, their theories I have for ever demolished; yet, Heaven knows if I have,—there is a wonderful vigour of constitution in a popular fallacy. When the world has once got hold of a lie, it is astonishing how hard it is to get it out of the world. You beat it about the head, till it seems to have given up the ghost; and, lo! the next day it is as healthy as ever. The best example of the vitality of a fine saying, which has the advantage of being a fallacy, is in the ever-hacknied piece of nonsense attributed to Archimedes; viz. "that he could move the earth if he had any place at a distance from it, to fix a prop for his lever." Your Excellency knows that this is one of the standard allusions, one of the necessary stock in trade for all orators, poets, and newspaper writers; and persons, whenever they meet with it, take Archimedes for an extraordinary great man, and

ery, "Lord, how wonderful!"—Now, if Archimedes had found his place, his prop, and his lever, and if he could have moved with the swiftness of a cannon-ball 480 miles every hour, it would have taken him just 44,963,540,000,000 years to have raised the earth one inch!* And yet people will go on quoting absurdity as gospel; wondering at the wisdom of Archimedes, and accounting for the unparalleled suicidalism of the English, till we grow tired of contradiction; for, when you cannot convince the Squire Thornhills of the world, you must incur the mortification of Moses, and be contented to let them out-talk you.

I think, however, that I need take no pains to prove the next characteristic of the English people,—a characteristic that I shall but just touch upon; viz. their wonderful Spirit of Industry. This has been the saving principle of the nation, counteracting the errors of our laws, and the imperfections of our constitution. We have been a great people, because we have been always active—and a moral people, because we have not left ourselves time to be vicious. Industry is, in a word, *the* distinguishing quality of our nation, the pervading genius of our riches, our grandeur, and our power!

Every great people has its main principle of greatness, some one quality, the developing and tracing, and feeding and watching of which, has *made* it great. Your Excellency remembers how finely Montesquieu has proved this important truth, in the "Grandeur et Décadence des Romains." With France, that principle is the love of glory; with America, it is the love of liberty; with England, it is the love of action;—the safest and most comprehensive principle of the three; for it gains glory, without seeking it too madly, and it requires liberty, in order to exist.

Now, I think that your Excellency (than whom, if no man sees more the folly in a statesman of over-refining, no man also, I apprehend, sees more clearly the necessity of his piercing beyond the surface, and seizing from the confused History of the Past, some one broad, though metaphysical principle, by which to guide and work out his policy) —I think, I say, that your Excellency will perceive, that when we have once discovered the national quality which has chiefly made a nation great, we cannot too warmly foster, and too largely encourage it; we should break down all barriers that oppose it; foresee, and betimes destroy, all principles that are likely to check or prevent it. It is Vestal Fire which daily and nightly we must keep alive; and we should consider all our prosperity to be coupled with its existence. Thus, then, if *industry* be the principle of our power, we cannot too

* Ferguson. Critics have said, "what a fine idea of Archimedes!" but how much finer is the fact that refutes it. One of the sublimest things in the world is, plain truth!

zealously guard it from all obstacle, or too extensively widen the sphere for its exertions; a truth which our statesmen have, to be sure, diligently cultivated, by poor-laws, that encourage idleness; and bounties, prohibitions, and monopolies, that cut away the sinews of action.

From this it would seem, that a policy that would be bad with other countries, has been preeminently bad with us.

The last time Micromegas paid us a visit, he was struck by a singular spectacle. He saw an enormous Giant laid at full length upon the ground, in the midst of a mighty orchard laden with fruit; chains were on his limbs, and weights upon his breast. The Giant kicked most lustily against these restraints, and his struggles so convulsed the ground, that every now and then they shook plenty of fruit from the neighbouring trees; the natives stood round, and seized the fruit as it fell. Nevertheless, there was far from being enough for the whole crowd, and the more hungry amongst them growled very audibly at the more fortunate and better fed. The compassionate Micromegas approached the throng—"And who art thou, most unhappy Giant?" he asked.

"Alas!" said the Giant, "my name is Industry, and I am the parent of these ungrateful children, who have tied me down in order that my struggles to get free may shake a few fruits to the ground."

"Bless me," said Micromegas, "what a singular device!—but do you not see, my good friends," turning to the crowd, "that your father, if he were free from these shackles, could reach with his mighty arms the boughs of the trees, and give you as much fruit as you wanted? Take this chain, for instance, from one arm, and try."

"That chain!" shouted some hundreds of the crowd; "impious wretch—it is Tithes!"

"Well, then, these cords."

"Idiot!—those cords are Bounties; we should be undone if *they* were destroyed."

At this instant up came a whole gang of elderly ladies, with a huge bowl of opium, which they began thrusting down the throat of the miserable Giant.

"And what the devil is that for?" said Micromegas.

"We don't like to see our good father make such violent struggles," replied the pious matrons; "we are giving him opium to lie still."

"But that is a drug to induce him to shake down *no* fruit, and then you would be starved—spare him the opium, at least."

"Barbarous monster!" cried the ladies with horror, "would you do away with the Poor-laws?"

"My children," said the poor giant, well-nigh at his last gasp, "I have done my best to maintain you all; there is food enough in the orchard for fifty times your number, but you undo yourselves by the injustice of crippling your father. You mean well by me—you com-

passionate my struggles—but, instead of giving me liberty, these good ladies would set me to sleep. Trust to nature and common sense; and we shall all live happily together; and if these orchards ever fail you, I will plant new.”

“Nature and common sense, dear father!” cried the children, “oh beware of these new-fangled names—let us trust to experience, not to theory and speculation!”

Here a vast rush was made upon those eating the fruit they had got, by those who in the late scrambles had got no fruit to eat; and Micro-megas made away as fast as he could, seeing too plainly, that if the Giant were crippled much longer, those who had laid by the most fruit would stand some chance of being robbed by the hunger and jealousy of the rest.

CHAPTER IV.

Courage of the English.—Description of English Duelling.—Valour of the English Army.—Question of flogging in the Army dispassionately considered.—Its Abolition, to be safe, must be coupled with other Reforms in the Code.

I HAVE reserved for a separate chapter a few remarks upon one of our national attributes—viz. Courage, because they will naturally involve the consideration of a certain question that has lately attracted much attention amongst us, viz. corporal punishments in the army. Your own incomparable La Bruyère has remarked, “That in France a soldier is brave and a lawyer is learned; but in Rome,” says he, “the soldier was learned and the lawyer was brave—every man was brave.” Now I think that with us every man is brave. Courage is more *universally* spread through the raw material of England than it is among that of any other people; but I do not think the manufacture is quite so highly wrought up in individual specimens as it is in France. I think that an English gentleman, from the fear of a duel, would eat his words sooner than a Frenchman. You see a proof of this every day in our newspaper accounts of these “little affairs.” The following is a very fair specimen of a duelling correspondence.

To the Editor of “The Times.”

SIR,

You will oblige us by inserting the following account of the late affair between Mr. Ham and Lord Haw.

Your obedient servants,

LIONEL VARNISH,

PETER SMOOTHAWAY.

Col. of the — Regt.

"In the election for the borough of Spoutit, Mr. Hum, being the candidate on the Whig side, was reported, in the *Spoutit and Frost Chronicle*, to have made use of the following expressions relative to Lord Haw, who is supposed to have some interest in the borough:—
 'As for a certain noble Lord, who lives not very far from Haw Castle, I confess that I cannot sufficiently express my contempt for his unworthy conduct (great applause);—it is mean, base, treacherous, and derogatory in the highest degree, for any nobleman to act in the manner that nobleman has thought proper to do.'"

On reading this extract, purporting to be from a speech by Mr. Hum, Colonel Smoothaway was deputed to wait on that gentleman by Lord Haw. Mr. Hum appointed Sir Lionel Varnish to meet Colonel Smoothaway upon the matter: the result was the following memorandum:

In applying the words, "mean, base, treacherous, and derogatory," to Lord Haw, Mr. Hum did not in the smallest degree mean to reflect upon his Lordship's character, or to wound his feelings. With this explanation, Colonel Smoothaway declares on the part of Lord Haw, that Lord H. is perfectly satisfied.

(Signed) LIONEL VARNISH.
 PETER SMOOTHAWAY.

But this epeapophogy, or word-swallowing, is only on one side in *this* specimen of correspondence. It is usually on *both* sides, and may be currently supposed to run thus:

"Mr. Hum having declared, that in calling Lord Haw 'a rascal,' he meant nothing personal to that nobleman, Lord Haw has no hesitation in saying, that he did not mean to offend Mr. Hum, when he called him 'a rogue' in reply."

Now this sort of shuffling with one's honour, as your Excellency very well knows, is never practised in France: the affront given, out at once go affronter and affrontee: they fight first, and retract afterwards. But the difference in the bilboa appetite of the gentry of the two nations depends, I suspect, rather on the advantage the French possess over the English in animal spirits, than in real courage. With your countrymen, duelling, as well as suicide, is a mere jest—an abolition of mettlesome humour: with us, it is an affair of serious will-making and religious scruples. Your courage is an impulse; our's must be made a principle. When once our blood is up, it does not descend in the thermometer very readily. The easy lubricity with which our gentlemen glide out of a duel is an understood thing with us, and neither party considers it a disgrace to the other. But if an Englishman has an affair with a foreigner, the case is very different; he is much more tenacious of apology, and ready for the field. A countryman of mine asked me once to officiate for him as second, in a quarrel he had with a Parisian *roué*: the cause was trifling, and the

Englishman to blame. I recommended a compromise. "No!" said my hero, throwing his chest open, "if my antagonist were an Englishman, I should be too happy to retract a hasty expression; but these d—d French fellows *don't understand generosity.*"

I reminded my friend of his religious scruples. "True," said he, "but how can I think of religion, when I know De—— is—an atheist?"

There is a doggedness in English courage which makes it more stubborn against adversity than that of any other people: it has in it more of the spirit of resistance, if less of the spirit of assault.

When we look to the army under Napoleon, and that under the Duke of Wellington, we are astonished at the difference of the system: in the one, the utmost conceivable encouragement is given to the soldier to distinguish himself; in the other, the least. To rise from the ranks was, in the French army, an occurrence of every day. The commonest soldier could not obey a field-marshal, scarcely his Emperor, without seeing the widest scope for personal ambition in the obedience that he rendered: if the risks were immense, so also were the rewards. But in England, a wall, rarely to be surmounted, divides the soldier from all promotion beyond that of the halberd. He is altogether of a different metal, of a different estimate from a Frenchman. He has equal punishments to deter, not equal rewards to encourage: he can scarcely be a captain, but he can be terribly flogged. The two principles of conduct, hope and terror, ought to be united.

The question of flogging in the army, however, is far more important to England, more complicated in itself, than appears at first sight. Whenever it be abolished, the abolition, to be safe, should work an entire revolution in the service. I confess I think wonderful ignorance has been shown, both in the popular cry and in the parliamentary debates on that subject. People have not, in the least, perceived the consequences to which the abolition of corporal chastisement must lead. The heads of the army are perfectly right!—If it were abolished, *as a single alteration* in the martial code, one of two consequences would infallibly ensue, viz. the loss of discipline, or the substitute of the punishment of death. You hear men and legislators say, in the plenitude of their ignorance, "Look at the French army and the Prussian army; you see no flogging there; why have flogging in the British army?" The answer to those who have studied the question is easy: in the first place, if there is not flogging in the French army there is the penalty of death. *For all the offences for which we flog a soldier, the French shoot him.* Nay, they award death to an incalculably greater number of offences than meet corporal punishment with us: there are not above four offences for which flogging is inflicted in the greater part of our regiments; and certainly not eight in any: there

are thirteen capital offences. *With the French there are above forty offences punishable with death!* Besides these, what a long catalogue in France of military faults, to which are appended the terrible awards, "*Fers 5, 6, 10 ans.*" *Boulet,—Travaux Publics*, for the same periods! The French code does not embrace flogging; but it embraces punishments much more severe, and much more lightly incurred. But the Prussian army? In the first place, the Prussian code *does* sanction corporal punishment to the amount of one hundred lashes, forty of which only can be received at a time, so that the criminal may be brought out twice or thrice to complete his sentence. In the next place, what a superior rank of moral being does a Prussian soldier hold above an English one! How, in that military nation, is he schooled, and trained, and selected from the herd! *Before* he is a soldier how necessarily is he a man of honour! Now this last consideration brings us to the true view of a question far too vitally important to be intrusted to hustings oratory and school-boy declamation. In no nation in the world is the army so thoroughly selected from the dregs and refuse of the people as it is in England: this is the real reason why flogging has been retained by us so long, and why, as a *single* measure of military reform, it would be dangerous to the last degree, to take *the power* of inflicting it out of the hands of a court martial. In France the Conscription raises the army from respectable classes: in Prussia the military system is even still more productive than in France of a superior moral soldiery;—but, in England, we have no conscription, no military schools; the soldier is culled from the sink of the peasantry; a man who runs away from a wife for whom he is too lazy to labour; who has had the misfortune of an illegitimate child; who has taken to poaching instead of to work, and fears the tread-mill; this is the hero you put into the British army, and about whom the eloquent Daniel O'Connell talks of chivalry and honour!*—“But oh!” cries one of our inconsiderate philanthropists, “if you take away flogging, you will, in the first place, have a higher class of men willing to enlist; and, in the second place, you will instil a more dignified sense of moral feeling into those already enlisted.” Stay a bit; let us consider these arguments. Certainly you will gain these advantages if the abolition of flogging be made a part of a general reform (hereafter to be specified); but, as certainly you will not gain either of these advantages by that abolition alone. Let us look to the constitution of the army! Suppose a soldier commits theft, he is given up to the civil authority, he is transported for seven years: he returns a most accomplished rascal,—where then does he go? Why back into the army again. Let a soldier be ever such a rogue, it is exceedingly dif-

* Two-thirds of the army, too, are Irish, and the lowest of them:—the dregs of an Irish populace! What a reflection!

difficult for the officer to procure his discharge from the War Office. For what reason? Why, because to discharge a soldier would be considered a premium to a man to behave ill. An excellent reason; but what does it prove? It proves that the service is felt to be such a hardship, even by the depraved and imbruted, who at present belong to it, that a discharge is a blessing, which men would (if encouraged by any hope of success) behave as ill as possible, in order to procure. Is it flogging alone that makes it a hardship? Pooh, no—scarcely one man in a whole regiment is flogged in a year. He who knows anything of the constitution of Human Nature, knows that it is not the remote chance of punishment, it is actual and constant *désagrémens* that make men discontented with their situation.* Now, how then can one rationally suppose that if you abolished corporal punishment, “a better class of persons” would voluntarily consent to herd with returned convicts, and rush open-armed into a state of existence which even returned convicts would be too happy to get discharged from?—Still less, how can one hope to institute a high sense of honour among men already selected from classes where honour is unknown? Talk of Prussia, indeed! *there* a soldier considers it not the greatest blessing, but the heaviest misfortune, to be discharged: *he was trained to think so before he went into the army*. They make the feeling of honour *first*, and *then* they appeal to it. † To deprive a Prussian soldier of his cockade, is a grievous humiliation. A certain English colonel, desirous of imitating the Prussians, took away the cockade from a soldier who he thought seemed more alive to honour than the rest of his comrades; the soldier was exceedingly grateful; it saved him the trouble of keeping it clean! But, in some regiments, flogging has been done away with? Ay, and how has it succeeded? I venture to affirm that those regiments are the most insubordinate in the army. ‡

* Thus, among the offences of an English soldier are these instances of “disgraceful conduct:”

“In wilfully maiming or injuring himself or another soldier, even at the instance of such soldier, with intent to render himself, or such soldier, unfit for the service..

“In tampering with his eyes.

“In absenting himself from hospital whilst under medical care, or other gross violation of the rules of any hospital, thereby wilfully producing or aggravating disease or infirmity; or wilfully delaying his own cure.” A pretty alluring sort of condition, in which a man is forbidden to contract diseases and to court blindness for the purpose of getting out of it!

† Even in the *civil* schools of Prussia there is a law, “That no punishment shall be inflicted which wounds the sentiment of honour.”

‡ Mr. Hume declares that in those regiments discipline is equally preserved. He has a right to his opinion; but just ask military men; nay, the very officers of those regiments in which the experiment was tried: its fruitlessness is notorious in the army. During the year 1833, in those regiments from which corporal punishment has been banished, court-martials have almost invariably multiplied and in no ordinary degree: what is most noticeable is, that the chief offence of the soldier in these regiments has been that of assaults on the civilian. With a manufacturing population, and in these inflammatory times, what lessons of caution we ought to derive from that single fact!

In some the punishment was abolished, and the commanding officer has been compelled to restore it. But am I then the advocate for this horrible punishment?—certainly not; only when we begin to reform the army, let us begin at the right end—let us begin with the system of Recruiting. If flogging be continued, we may continue to have a courageous and disciplined army under the present system—if it is to be removed, we must alter the system altogether. As we diminish the motive of fear, we must increase the motive of hope; as we diminish the severity of punishment, we must inculcate the sentiment of shame. In the first place, we should institute Military Schools for privates, where the principle of honour can be early instilled: in the second place, we ought, as in Prussia, to introduce into the army the system of *degrading*. By this system every man first enlisting, enters into a certain class, and is entitled to certain distinctions of dress; if found, in that class, incorrigible by its ordinary punishments, *then* he is degraded to another class, the distinctions are taken away from him, and he is liable to severer penalties. It is only when thus degraded that a Prussian soldier can receive corporal punishment. Amendment restores him to his former rank. In the third place, as the soldier ought at these military schools to receive a much better degree of education than at present, so he ought to be much more capable of rising from the ranks, even to the highest stations.* In the fourth place, no soldier should be enlisted without the recommendation of a good character.† In the fifth place, the system of adequate pensions after a certain service should be firmly established; nothing can be more injudicious than the recent alterations on that head;‡ but the pension should not depend solely on the date of the service—good conduct should abbreviate, bad conduct prolong it. No soldier once given up to the civil law should be allowed to return to the army. If it be practicable under the present passion for petty economies§ and niggling reforms to do all this, the power of corporal punishment may be safely denied to courts martial, and the abolition of flogging, *coupled* with such ameliorations, would indeed contribute to produce a higher sense of honour and a more generous spirit of discipline; but if that punishment be abolished, as a *single and unaccompanied* act of reform, I

¶ *; Nor ought promotion to be a matter of purchase.—What custom more discouraging to all worth, save that of wealth!

† A principal cause of the unwillingness of soldiers to serve is, that the profligate dislike restraint, and the orderly dislike companionship with the profligate; you remove both these causes by refusing to receive the profligate.

‡ It would be a great source of consolation to a soldier to be sure to receive his discharge after a certain number of years, accompanied with a competence for his old age; by this hope, you would indeed attract a better class of men. The small economists cried out on this system; they complain that there is too much fear in the military code, and yet they have taken away its most agreeable and reasonable incitement of hope!

§ For such alterations would be evidently attended with expense.

confess that I tremble for the consequences. I see before me an uneducated and reckless soldiery, proverbially addicted, before that of all other armies, to the temporary insanity of drunkenness, from whom you suddenly take one strong governing motive of fear, without substituting another of hope—from whom you remove restraint, but in whom the whole spirit of your remaining laws forbids you to instil honour. I see that there may be times, as on a march, when all the punishments you would substitute are not at hand; and I know that with a soldier, above all men, punishment to be effectual must be immediate.* I fear that, discipline once weakened, not only insubordination, but rapine and licentiousness, the absence of which has hitherto so distinguished our army, would creep in among men to whom a moral education is unknown; I fear yet more, that in any collision with the people of manufacturing towns, who at present are ever incensing, by their own animosity, that of the soldiers, the check upon armed retaliation would be found insufficient and feeble;—inhuman restraints on soldiers are a great evil—an unruly soldiery would be a far greater one. Let us hope that if such an evil should arise, it will find its cure; it can do so either in the reforms I have sketched, but which I fear the aristocracy will not propose and the people will not pay for, or in the substitution of the terror of death for that of corporal punishment†—this last is the more probable, and though the military code would be thus rendered severer by the abolition of flogging, I doubt if it would not be a more wise and a more honourable severity. It is said by very competent authorities, that if you were to poll the privates, you would find a majority against the entire abolition of the power of inflicting corporal punishment. This for two reasons: first, that when it is removed, all sorts of small and vexatious restraints, to which the soldiers are unaccustomed, are often resorted to by the officer, who, fearing that if insubordination rose to a certain point, he should lose the power to repress it, is for ever, even to frivolity, guarding against its fancied beginnings:—but the second and more powerful reason is, that many of the soldiers have the sagacity to fear, that the removal of the power to flog them would be followed by a more facile prerogative to shoot.

Observe, in conclusion, that it is to the aristocratic spirit which

* Thus on board ship, where, for want of the necessary court martial, a delinquent cannot be immediately punished, all sorts of insubordination frequently prevail. The offender knows that he may be punished when he gets on shore, but in the meanwhile he has three or four weeks of impunity. The Duke of Wellington was right if he said, as he is reported to have done, "The English soldier is always a boy."

† There are several offences not punishable at present, either with death or transportation, but which I fear must become so, if the power of corporal punishment be altogether forbidden. For instance: persuading to desert—drunkenness on duty—spreading false reports in the field—seizing supplies for the army, &c.

SIR HARRY HARGRAVE.

pervades the organization of our army, a spirit which commands order by suppressing the faculties, not by inciting the ambition; and which has substituted for a proper system of recruiting and of military schools, the barbarous but effective terror of the scourge—observe, I say, that it is to that spirit we owe the low moral standard of our army, and the consequent difficulty of abolishing corporal punishment. To one good end, our aristocracy have proceeded by the worst of means, and the nobleness of discipline has been wrought by the meanness of fear.

CHAPTER V.

SUPPLEMENTARY ILLUSTRATIONS OF CHARACTER.

The Sir Harry Hargrave of one party—The Tom Whitehead of another.—William Muscle, of the Old School of Radical.—Samuel Square, a Pseudo-philosopher of the New.—My Lord Mute, the Dandy Harmless.—Sir Paul Snarl, the Dandy Venomous.—Mr. Warm, the Respectable Man.—Mr. Cavendish Fitzroy, a corollary from the theorem of Mr. Warm.—The English Thief.—The Practical Man.

SIR HARRY HARGRAVE is an excellent gentleman; his conscience is scrupulous to the value of a pin's head; he is benevolent, hospitable, and generous. Sir Harry Hargrave is never dishonest nor inhumane, except for the best possible reasons. He has, for instance, a very worthless younger son; by dint of interest with the Bishop of——, he got the scapegrace a most beautiful living: the new rector has twenty thousand souls to take care of; and Sir Harry well knows, that so long as pointers and billiard-tables are to be met with, young Hopeful will never bestow even a thought on his own. Sir Harry Hargrave, you say, is an excellent gentleman; yet he moves heaven and earth to get his son a most responsible situation, for which he knows the rogue to be wholly unfit?—Exactly so; Sir Harry Hargrave applauds himself for it;—*taking care of his family*. Sir Harry Hargrave gives away one hundred and two loaves every winter to the poor; it is well to let the labourer have a loaf of bread now and then for nothing; would it not be as well, Sir Harry, to let him have the power always to have bread cheap? Bread cheap! what are you saying? Sir Harry thinks of his rents, and considers you a revolutionist for the question. But Sir Harry Hargrave, you answer, is a humane man, and charitable to the poor. Is this conscientious? My dear sir, to be sure; he considers it his first duty—to *take care of the landed interest*. Sir Harry Hargrave's butler has robbed him; the good gentleman has not the

heart to proceed against the rascal ; he merely discharges him. What an excellent heart he must have ! So he has ; yet last year he committed fifteen poachers to gaol. Strange inconsistency ! Not at all !—*what becomes of the country gentleman if his game is not properly protected !* Sir Harry Hargrave is a man of the strictest integrity ; his word is his bond—he might say with one of the Fathers, “ that he would not tell you a lie to gain heaven by it ; ” yet Sir Harry Hargrave has six times in his life paid five thousand pounds to three hundred electors in Cornwall, who he knew would all take the bribery-oath, that they had not received a shilling from him ! He would not tell a lie, you say ; yet he makes three hundred men forswear themselves ! Precisely so ; and when you attempt to touch this system of perjury, he opposes you to his last gasp : but he is not to be blamed for this—*he is only attached to the venerable constitution of his forefathers !* Sir Harry Hargrave is an accomplished man, and an excellent scholar ; yet he is one of the most ignorant persons you ever met with. His mind is full of the most obsolete errors ; a very Monmouth-street of threadbare prejudices : if a truth gleam for a moment upon him, it discomposes all his habits of thought, like a stray sunbeam on a cave full of bats. He enjoys the highest possible character among his friends for wisdom and virtue : he is considered the most consistent of human beings. Consistent !—yes, to his party !

Tom Whitehead is a very different person ; he is clever, sharp, shrewd, and has lived a great deal at Paris. He laughs at antiquity ; he has no poetry in his nature ; he does not believe in virtue ; with him “ all men are liars.” He has been a great gambler in his youth ; he professes the most profligate notions about women ; he has run through half his fortune ; he is a liberal politician, and swears by Lord Grey. His father was a Whig before him ; and for the last twenty years he has talked about “ the spirit of improvement.” He is a favourite at the clubs ; an honest fellow, because he laughs so openly at the honesty of other people. He is half an atheist, because he thinks it cant to be more than half a believer. But religion is a good thing for the people ; whom, while he talks of enlightenment, he thinks it the part of a statesman to blind to every thing beyond the Reform Bill. He is for advancement to a certain point—till his party come in ; he then becomes a Conservative—lest his party go out. Having had the shrewdness to dismiss old prejudices from his mind, he has never taken the trouble to supply their place with new principles : he fancies himself very enlightened, because he sees the deficiencies of other people : he is very ignorant, because he has never reflected on his own. He is a sort of patriot ; but it is for “ people of property ; ”—he has a great horror of the *canaille*. As Robert Hall said of Bishop Watson, “ He married Public Virtue in his youth, and has quarrelled with his wife

ever since." His party think him the most straightforward fellow in the world; for he has never voted against them, and never will.

William Muscle is a powerful man; he is one of the people, radical to the backbone: one of the old school of Radicals,—he hates the philosophers like poison. He thinks Thistlewood a glorious fellow; and no words can express his hatred of William Pitt. He has got at last into Parliament, which, he always declared, he could convince in a fortnight that he was the sole person in the universe fit to govern England;—whenever he speaks, he says one word about England, to fifty about America. Presidents with five thousand a-year are the visions that float for ever in his brain: he seeth not why the Speaker of the House of Commons should have more than a hundred a-year; he knoweth many an honest man among his constituents who would be Speaker for less. He accuses the aristocracy of an absolute and understood combination to cheat the good citizens of his borough. He thinketh that Lord Grey and Sir Robert Peel meet in private, to consult how they may most tax the working-classes. He hateth the Jews because they don't plough. He has no desire that the poor man should be instructed. He considereth the cry against taxes on knowledge as sheer cant. He hath a mortal hatred to museums, and asketh the utility of insects. His whole thought for the poor is how they shall get bread and bacon: he despiseth the man who preferreth tea to ale. He is thoroughly English; no other land could have produced the bones and gristle of his mind. He writeth a plain, strong style, and uttereth the most monstrous incredibilities, as if they were indisputable. He thinks fine words and good periods utter abomination. He esteemeth himself before all men. He believes that the ministers have consulted several times on the necessity of poisoning him. He is indignant if others pretend to serve the People; they are his property. He is the Incarnation of popular prejudices and natural sense. He is changeable as a weathercock, because he is all passion. He is the living representation of the old John Bull: when he dies, he will leave no like: it was the work of centuries to amalgamate so much talent, nonsense, strength, and foibles, into one man of five feet eight: he is the Old Radical—the great Aboriginal of annual parliamentarilism: he is the landmark of Reform fifty years ago: you may whitewash and put new characters on him, but he sticketh still in the same place: he is not to be moved to suit the whims of the philosophers. He hath done his work: a machine excellent at its day,—coarse, huge, massive and uncouth; not being easily put out of order, but never perfectly going right. People have invented new machines, all the better for being less rude, and regulated by a wiser principle, though wrought from a less strong material.

Samuel Square is of a new school of Radicals; he also is a Republic-

can. He is not a philosopher, but he philosophizes eternally. He liveth upon "first principles." He cannot move a step beyond them. He hath put the feet of his mind into boxes, in order that they may not grow larger, and thinks it a beauty that they are unfit for every-day walking. Whatever may be said by any man against his logic, he has but one answer—a first principle. He hath no suppleness in him. He cannot refute an error. He stateth a truism in reply, that hath no evident connexion with the matter in dispute. He thinketh men have no passions; he considereth them mere clockwork, and he taketh out his eternal first principle, as the only instrument to wind them up by. He is assured that all men of all classes, trades, and intellects, act by self-interest, and if he telleth them that their interest is so-and-so, so-and-so will they necessarily act. In vain you show him that he never yet hath convinced any man, he replieth by a first principle, to prove, in spite of your senses, that he hath. He has satisfied himself, and demands no further proof. He is of no earthly utility, though he hath walled himself with a supposed utilitarianism. He cannot write so as to be read, because he conceives that all agreeable writing is full of danger. He cannot speak so as to be understood, precisely because he never speaks but in syllogisms. He hath no pith and succulence in him:—he is as dry as a bone. He liveth by system:—he never was in love in his life. He refuseth a cheerful glass; nay, perhaps he dieteth only upon vegetable food. He hath no human sympathies with you, but is a great philanthropist for the people to be born a thousand years hence. He never relieveth any one: he never caresseth any one: he never feeleth for any one—he only reasoneth with every one—and that on the very smallest inch he can find of mutual agreement. If he was ever married I should suspect him to be the father who, advertising the other day for a runaway daughter, begged her, "if she would *not* return to her disconsolate parents, to send them back the key of the tea-chest." What is most strange about him is, that while he thinks all the rest of the world exceedingly foolish, he yet believes they are only to be governed by reason. You will find him visiting a lunatic asylum, and assuring the madman that it is not rational to be insane. He knoweth not one man from another; they seem to him as sheep or babies seem to us—exactly alike. He thinketh that he ought to have a hand in public affairs—the Almighty forbid! This is a scion from the tree of the new Radicals: he hath few brethren: he calleth himself a Philosopher, or sometimes a Benthamite. He resembleth the one or the other as the barber's block resembleth a man.—He is a block.

The spirit of coxcombry, as you find it on the Continent, would seem to be a perversion of the spirit of benevolence;—it is the dears to please, fantastically expressed. With us it is just the reverse it seems

a perversion of the spirit of malignity ;—it is the desire to *dis*-please ;—there is, however, one species of coxcombry which I shall first describe ; passive and harmless, it consists in no desire at all.

Lord Mute *is* an English *élégant*—a dandy. You know not what he *has* been. He seems as if he could never have been a boy : all appearance of nature has departed from him. He is six feet of inanity enveloped in cloth ! You cannot believe God made him—Stultz must have been his Frankenstein. He dresseth beautifully—let us allow it—there is nothing *outré* about him : you see not in him the slovenly magnificence of other nations. His characteristic is neatness. His linen—how white ! His shirt—buttons—how regularly set in ! His colours—how well chosen ! His boots are the only things splendid in his whole costume. Lord Mute has certainly excellent taste ; it appears in his horses, his livery, his cabriolet. He is great in a school of faultless simplicity. There can be no doubt that in equipage and dress, Englishmen excel all other Europeans. But Lord Mute never converses. When he is dressed there is an end of him. The clock don't tick as it goes. He and his brethren are quiet as the stars—

In solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball.

But I wrong him—he *does* speak, though he does not converse. He has a set of phrases, which he repeats every day :—“he can hum thrice, and buzz as often.” He knows nothing of Politics, Literature, Science. He reads the paper—but mechanically ; the letters present to him nothing to be remembered. He is a true philosopher : the world is agitated—he knows it not : the roars of the fierce democracy, the changes of states, the crash of thrones, never affect him. He does not even condescend to speak of such trifles. He riseth to his labour ; dresseth, goeth out, clubbeth, dineth, speaketh his verbal round, and is at the Opera brilliant and composed as ever,

“The calm of heaven reflected on his face.”

He never putteth himself into passions. He laughs not loudly. His brow wrinkles not till extreme old age. He is a spectator of life from one of the dress-boxes. Were a *coup-de-soleil* to consume her Ladyship, he would say with Major Longbow, “Bring clean glasses and sweep away your mistress.” *That* would be a long speech for him. Lord Mute is not an unpopular man : he is one of the inoffensive dandies. Lord Mute, indeed, is *not* !—it is his cabriolet and his coat that *are*. How can the most implacable person hate a coat and a cabriolet ?

But Sir Paul Snarl is of the offensive species—the wasp dandy to the drone dandy. He is a *cleverish* man : he has read books and can

quote dates, if need be, to spoil a good joke by proving an anachronism. He drawls when he speaks, and raises his eyebrows superciliously. Sir Paul is a man of second-rate family, and moderate fortune. He has had to make his way in the world—by studying to be amiable?—no:—By studying to be disagreeable. Always doubtful of his own position, he has endeavoured to impose upon you by pretending not to care a farthing about you. He has wished to rise by depreciating others, and to become a great man, by showing that he thinks *you* an exceedingly small one. Strange to say, he has succeeded. He is one, indeed, of the most numerous class of successful dandies; a specimen of a common character. People suppose a man who seems to think so little of them, must be thought a great deal of himself. The honourable mistresses say to their husbands, “We must have that odious Sir Paul to dinner; it is well to conciliate him, he says such ill-natured things; besides, as he is so very fine, he will meet, you know, my dear, the Duke of Haut-ton; and we must have Crack to dress the dinner! Thus, Sir Paul—clever dog!—is not only asked everywhere, but absolutely petted and courted, because he is so intolerably unpleasant!

Sir Paul Snarl is one of the dandies, but—mistake not the meaning of the word—dandy does not only signify a man who dresses well; a man may be a sloven, and yet a dandy. A man is called a dandy who lives much with persons *à la mode*, is intimate with *the* dandy *clique*, and being decently well-born and rich, entertains certain correct, general notions about that indefinable thing, “good taste.”* Sir Paul Snarl dresses like other people. Among very good dressers he would be called rather ill-dressed; among the *oi polloi*, he would be considered a model. At all events, he is not thorough-bred in his appearance; he lacks the *senatorius decor*; you might take him for a duke’s valet, without being much to blame for inexperience. Sir Paul and his class are the *cutters* in society. Lord Mute rarely *cuts*, unless you are *very* ill-dressed *indeed*; he knows his own station by instinct; he is not to be destroyed by “Who’s your fat friend?” But Sir Paul is on a very different footing; *his* whole position is false—he can’t afford to throw away an acquaintance—he knows no “odd people;” if he the least doubts your being *comme il faut*, he cuts you immediately. He is in perpetual fear of people finding out what he is; his existence depends on being thought something *better* than he is—a policy effected by knowing everybody higher and nobody lower

* Good taste is a very favourite phrase with the English aristocracy; they carry it to the pulpit and the House of Commons—“Such a man preached in very good taste,” or “In what excellent taste So-and-so’s speech was!”—Good taste applied to legislation and salvation!—what does the phrase mean? Heaven knows what it means in the pulpit; in the House of Commons it always means flattering the old members, and betraying impudence modestly.

than himself; that is exactly the definition of Sir Paul's consequence! Sir Paul's vanity is to throw a damp on the self-love of everybody else. If you tell a good story, he takes snuff, and turns to his neighbour with a remark about Almack's; if you fancy you have made a conquest of Miss Blank, he takes an opportunity of telling you, *par parenthèse*, that she says she can't bear you: if you have made a speech in the House of Lords, he accosts you with an exulting laugh, and a "Well, never mind, you'll do better next time:" if you have bought a new horse at an extravagant price, and are evidently vain of it, he smiles languidly, and informs you that it was offered to him for half what you gave for it, but he would not have it for nothing: when you speak, he listens with a vacant eye: when you walk, he watches you with a curled lip: if he dines with you, he sends away your best hock with a wry face. His sole aim is to wound you in the sorest place. He is a coxcomb of this age and nation peculiarly; and does that from foppery which others do from malice. There are plenty of Sir Paul Snarls in the London world; men of sense are both their fear and antipathy. They are animals easily slain—by a dose of their own insolence. Their sole rank being fictitious, they have nothing to fall back upon, if you show a public that you despise them.

But who is this elderly gentleman, with a portly figure? Hush! it is Mr. Warm, "*a most respectable man.*" His most intimate friend failed in trade, and went to prison. Mr. Warm forswore his acquaintance; *it was not respectable.* Mr. Warm, in early life, seduced a young lady; she lived with him three years; he married, and turned her off without a shilling—the connexion, for a married man, *was not respectable.* Mr. Warm is a most respectable man; he pays his bills regularly—he subscribes to six public charities—he goes to church with all his family on Sunday—he is in bed at twelve o'clock. Well, well, all that's very proper; but is Mr. Warm a good father, a good friend, an active citizen! or is he not avaricious, does he not love scandal, *is not his heart cold*, is he not vindictive, is he not unjust, is he not unfeeling? Lord! sir, I believe he *may* be all that; but what then? *everybody allows Mr. Warm is a most respectable man.*

Such a character and such a reputation are proofs of our regard for Appearances. Aware of that regard, behold a real imitating the metaphorical swindler. See that gentleman "fashionably dressed," with "a military air," and "a prepossessing exterior;" he calleth himself "Mr. Cavendish Fitzroy"—he taketh lodgings in "a genteel situation"—he ordereth jewels and silks of divers colours to be sent home to him—he elopeth with them by the back way. Mighty and manifold are the cheats he hath thus committed, and great the wailing and gnashing of teeth in Marylebone and St. James's. But, you say, surely by this time tradesmen with a grain of sense would be put on their

guard. No, my dear sir, no; in England we are never on our guard against "such *respectable appearances*." In vain are there warnings in the papers and examples in the police court. Let a man style himself Mr. Cavendish Fitzroy, and have a *prepossessing exterior*, and he sets suspicion at once to sleep. Why not? is it more foolish to be deceived by respectable appearances in Mr. Fitzroy, than by the respectable appearance of Mr. Warm?

But grandeur, in roguery, at least, has its drawbacks in happiness; the fashionable swindler with us, is not half so merry a dog as your regular thief. There is something melancholy and gentlemanlike about the Fitzroy set, in their fur coats and gold chains; they live alone, not gregariously. I should not be surprised, if they read Lord Byron. They are haunted with the fear of the tread-mill, and cannot bear low company; if they come to be hanged, they die moodily,—and often attempt prussic acid; in short, there is nothing to envy about them, except their good looks: but your regular *thief*,—ah, he is, indeed, a happy fellow! Take him all in all, I doubt if in the present state of English society he is not the lightest-hearted personage in it. Taxes afflict him not; he fears no scarcity of work. Rents may go down; labour be dirt cheap; what cares he?—A fall in the funds affects not his gay good humour; and as to the little mortifications of life,—

"If money grow scarce, and his Susan look cold,
Ah, the false hearts that we find on the shore!"

—why he changes his quarters, and Molly replaces Susan!

But, above all, he has this great happiness—he can never fall in society; that *terror of descending*, which in our complication of grades haunts all other men, never affects him; he is equally at home in the tread-mill, the hulks, Hobart's Town, as he is when playing at dominoes at the Cock and Hen, or leading the dance in St. Giles's. You must know, by the way, that the English thief has many more amusements than any other class, save the aristocracy; he has balls, hot suppers, theatres, and *affaires de cour* all at his command; and he is eminently social—a jolly fellow to the core; if he is hanged, he does not take it to heart like the Fitzroys; he has lived merrily, and he dies game. I apprehend, therefore, that if your Excellency would look for whatever gaiety may exist among the English, you must drop the "Travellers" for a short time, and go among the thieves. You might almost fancy yourself in France, they are so happy. This is perfectly true, and no caricature, as any policeman will bear witness. I know not if the superior hilarity and cheerfulness of thieves be peculiar to England; but, possibly, over-taxation (from which *our* thieves are exempted) may produce the effect of lowering the animal spirits of the rest of the Community.

Mr. Bluff is the last character I shall describe in this chapter. He is the sensible, *practical* man. He despises all speculations, but those in which he has a share. He is very intolerant to other people's hobby-horses; he hates both poets and philosophers. He has a great love of facts; if you could speak to him out of the multiplication table, he would think you a great orator. He does not observe how the facts are applied to the theory; he only wants the facts themselves. If you were to say to him thus, "When abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied," he would think you a shallow fellow—a theorist; but if you were to say to him, "One thousand pauper children are born in London; in 1823, wheat was forty-nine shillings; hop-grounds let from ten to twelve shillings an acre, and you must, *therefore*, confess that, when abuses arise to a certain pitch, they must be remedied;" Mr. Bluff would nod his wise head, and say of you to his next neighbour, "That's the man for my money; you see what a quantity of facts he puts into his speech!"

Facts like stones, are nothing in themselves, their value consists in the manner in which they are put together, and the purpose to which they are applied.

Accordingly, Mr. Bluff is always taken in. Looking only at a fact, he does not see an inch beyond it, and you might draw him into any imprudence, if you were constantly telling him "two and two make four." Mr. Bluff is wonderfully English. It is by "practical men" that we have ever been seduced into the wildest speculations; and the most preposterous of living theorists always begins his harangues with—"Now, my friends, let us look *to the facts!*" *

* The reader will perceive, I trust, the spirit of these remarks. Of course every true theory must be founded on facts; but there is a tendency in the country to suppose, that a man who knows how gloves are made, must necessarily know best by what laws glove-making should be protected; the two species of knowledge are perfectly distinct. A mind habituated to principles, can stoop to details, because it seizes and classifies them at a glance: but a mind habituated to detail is rarely capable of extending its grasp to a principle. When a man says he is no orator, he is going to make an oration. When a man says he is a plain practical man, I know he is going, by the fact that one and one make two, to prove the theory that two and two make seven!

END OF BOOK I.

Perseus, Mar. 18
W. J. S. G.

BOOK THE SECOND.

SOCIETY AND MANNERS:

INSCRIBED

TO —, Esq.

“Voilà ce que je sais par une expérience de toutes sortes de livres et de personnes.”
Pensées de Pascal.

CHAPTER I.

SOCIETY AND MANNERS.

Respect paid to Wealth.—Fable from Quevedo.—Fashion.—Distinction between Fashion and Opinion.—Contention between the Great and the Rich.—The Love of Display.—Anecdote of Lucien Bonaparte.—First blow to Parade given by a Despot.—Custom of Match-making.—Marriages for Love not very common.—Quin's *bon mot* applicable to the Herd of *Elegans*.—Open Match-making is prejudicial to Sincerity, and contributes to Dulness.—So poor an Ambition blights the Sympathy with public Virtue.—Story of the Thurstons.—A clever Woman's Excuse for the Radicalism of her Nephew.—Political Sentiment stronger among Females of the Middle and Lower Class.—Anecdote of a Scot and Lot Voter, and his affianced.—Power of Ridicule stronger with us than the French.—More dangerous in its Influence over a grave than a frivolous People.—Influence of Cliques.—Society in the Provinces more natural and courteous than in London.—Character of the Longuevilles.—Clubs; their salutary Effect.—They contain the Germ of a great social Revolution.

I ~~recomm~~ to you, my dear ——, this part of my work, which consists of sketches from the various aspects of our social system; for I know no man who can more readily judge if the likeness be correct. Your large experience of mankind, and the shrewdness of your natural faculties of observation, have furnished you with a store of facts, which the philosophy you have gleaned from no shallow meditation, and no ordinary learning, enables you most felicitously to apply. Many of the remarks in this part of my work are the result of observations we have made together; and, if now and then some deduction more accurate than the rest should please the reader, I might perhaps say, in recollecting how much my experience has profited by yours, "*ce n'est pas moi qui parle, c'est Marc Aurèle.*"

As the first impression the foreigner receives on entering England is that of the evidence of wealth, so the first thing that strikes the moral inquirer into our social system is the respect in which wealth is held: in some countries Pleasure is the idol; in others, Glory and the prouder desires of the world; but with us, Money is the mightiest of all deities.

In one of those beautiful visions of Quevedo, that mingle so singularly the grand with the grotesque, Death conducts the poet through an allegorical journey, in which he beholds three spectres, armed, and of human shape, "so like one another," says the author, "that I could not say which was which; they were engaged in fierce contest.

with a fearful and misshapen monster : “ Knowest thou these ? ” quoth Death, halting abruptly, and facing me.

“ No, indeed,” said I ;—“ and I shall insert in my Litany to be for ever delivered from the honour of their acquaintance.”

“ Fool ! ” answered Death, “ these are already thy old acquaintances ; nay, thou hast known scarcely any other since thy birth. They are the capital enemies of thy soul—the World, the Flesh, and the Devil. So much do they resemble each other, that in effect he who hath one hath all. The ambitious man clasps the World to his heart, and lo ! it is the Devil ! the lecher embraces the *Flesh*, and the Devil is in his arms ! ”

“ But who,” said I, “ is this enemy against whom they fight ? ”

“ It is the Fiend of Money,” answered Death ; “ a boastful demon, who maintains that he alone is equal to all the three ; and that where *he* comes, there is no need of *them*.”

“ Ah ! ” said I, “ the Fiend of Money hath the better end of the staff.”

This fable illustrates our social system. The World, the Flesh, and the Devil, are formidable personages ! but Lucre is a match for them all. The Fiend of Money has the better end of the staff.

The word Society is an aristocratic term ; and it is the more aristocratic bearings of its spirit which we will first consider. Let us begin with FASHION.

The Middle Classes interest themselves in grave matters : the aggregate of their sentiments is called ORIGIN. The great interest themselves in frivolities, and the aggregate of *their* sentiments is termed FASHION. The first is the moral representative of the popular mind, the last of the aristocratic.

But the legislative constitutions of a people give a colouring even to their levities : and fashion is a shadow of the national character itself. In France, fashion was gallant under Louis XIV, and severe under the Triumvirate of the Revolution : in Venice it was mercantile : in Prussia it is military : in England its coin has opposite effigies—on one side you see the respect for wealth—on the other side the disdain ! The man of titles has generally either sprung from the men of wealth (acknowledging the founder of his rank in the rich merchant, or the successful lawyer), or else he has maintained his station by intermarriages with their order : on the one hand, therefore, he is driven to respect and to seek connexion with the wealthy ; but, on the other hand, the natural exclusiveness of titular pride makes him (or rather his wife) desire to preserve some circle of acquaintanceship sacred from the aspirations even of that class from which he derives either his origin or the amount of his rent-roll. We allow the opulent to possess power, but we deny them fashion : the wheel turns round, and, in the

next generation, behold the rich *roturier* has become the titled exclusive! This sustains, at once, the spirit of a ridiculous rivalry among the low-born rich, and that of an inconsistent arrogance among the hereditary great. The merchant's family give splendid entertainments in order to prove that they are entitled to match with the nobleman's; the nobleman is unwilling to be outdone by the merchant, and ostentation becomes the order of the day. We do not strive, as should be the object of a court, to banish dulness from society. No! we strive to render dulness magnificent; and the genius of this miserable emulation spreading from one grade to another, each person improverishes himself from the anxiety not to be considered as poor.

I have somewhere read, that when Lucien Bonaparte was residing in England some years ago, he formed to himself the chimerical hope of retrenchment; he was grievously mistaken! The brother of Napoleon, who, as ambassador in Spain, as minister in France, and as prince in Italy, never maintained any further show than that which belongs to elegance, found himself in England, for the first time, compelled to ostentation. "It was not *respectable* for a man of his rank to be so plain!" Singularly enough, the first blow to the system of pomp was given by a despot. The Emperor of Russia went about London in a hackney-coach, and familiarized the London *grands seigneurs* with the dignity of simplicity.

Fashion in this country, then, is a compound of opposite qualities; it respects the rich and affects to despise them; to-day you wonder at its servility, to-morrow at its arrogance.

A notorious characteristic of English society is the universal marketing of our unmarried women;—a marketing peculiar to ourselves in Europe, and only rivalled by the slave-merchants of the East. We are a match-making nation; the lively novels of Mrs. Gore have given a just and unexaggerated picture of the intrigues, the manœuvres, the plotting and the counterplotting that make the staple of matronly ambition. We boast that in our country, young people not being affianced to each other by their parents, there are more marriages in which the heart is engaged than there are abroad. Very possibly; but, in good society, the heart is remarkably prudent, and seldom falls violently in love without a sufficient settlement: where the heart is, *there* will the *treasure* be also! Our young men possessing rather passion than sentiment, form those *liaisons*, which are the substitute of love: they may say with Quin to the fair glovemaker, "Madam, I never make love, I always buy it *ready-made*." We never go into a ball-room without feeling that we breathe the air of diplomacy. How many of these gentle *chaperons* would shame even the wisdom of a Talleyrand! What open faces and secret hearts! What schemes and ambushes in every word! If we look back to that early period in the

history of our manners, when with us, as it is still in France, parents betrothed their children, and, instead of bringing them to public sale, effected a private compact of exchange, we shall be surprised to find that marriages were not less happy nor women less domestic than at present. The custom of open match-making is productive of many consequences not sufficiently noticed: in the first place, it encourages the spirit of insincerity among all women—"Mothers and Daughters,"—a spirit that consists in perpetual scheming, and perpetual hypocrisy; it lowers the chivalric estimate of women, and damps with eternal suspicion the youthful tendency to lofty and honest love. In the next place, it assists to render the tone of society dull, low, and unintellectual; it is not talent, it is not virtue, it is not even the graces and fascination of manner that are sought by the fair dispensers of social reputation: no, it is the title and the rent-roll. You do not lavish your invitations on the most agreeable member of a family, but on the richest. The elder son is the great attraction. Nay, the more agreeable the man be, if poor and unmarried, the more dangerous he is considered; you may admit him to acquaintanceship, but you jealousy bar him from intimacy. Thus society is crowded with the insipid and beset with the insincere. The women that give the tone to society take the taste from their favourites. The rich young man is to be flattered in order that he may be won; to flatter him you seem to approve his pursuits; you talk to him of balls and races; you fear to alarm him by appearing his intellectual superior; you dread lest he should think you a blue; you trust to beauty and a graceful folly to allure him, and you harmonise your mind into "gentle dulness," that it may not jar upon his own.

The ambition of women absorbed in these petty intrigues, and debased to this paltry level, possesses but little sympathy with the great objects of a masculine and noble intellect. They have, in general, a frigid conception of public virtue: they affect not to understand politics, and measure a man's genius by his success in getting on. With the women of ancient times, a patriot was an object of admiration; with the women of ours, he is an object of horror. Speak against pensions, and they almost deem you disreputable,—become a placeman, and you are a person of consideration. Thus our women seldom exalt the ambition of public life. They are imitable, however, in their consolation under its reverses.

Mr. Thurston is a man of talent and ambition: he entered Parliament some years since, through the medium of a patron and a close borough. He is what you call a Political Adventurer. He got on tolerably well, and managed to provide, at least, for his family. He professed liberal opinions, and was, perhaps, not insincere in them, as men go. He had always advocated something like Parliamentary Reform. The Bill came,—he was startled—but half inclined to vote for it. Mrs.

Thurston was alarmed out of her senses; she besought, she wheedled, she begged her spouse to remember, that by Parliamentary Reform would fall Government Patronage;—she would say nothing of their other children, but he had a little boy two years old; what was to become of him? It was in vain to hope any thing from the Whigs; they had too many friends of their own to provide for. This Bill, too, could never be passed: the Tories would—must—come back again, and then what gratitude for his vote! So argued Mrs. Thurston; and like a very sensible woman, but as one who used no earthly arguments but those addressed to self-interest;—not a word as to what would be best for the nation; it was only, what was the best for the family. Mr. Thurston wavered—was seduced—voted against Reform, and is out of Parliament for the rest of his life. What makes matters still worse is, that his father, a merchant of moderate fortune, whose heir he was, failed almost immediately after this unfortunate vote. Thurston, with a large family, has become a poor man; he has retired into the country; he can have nothing, of course, to expect from Government. Public life is for ever closed for him, in the prime of his intellect, and just as he had begun to rise. All this may, perhaps, be borne cheerfully enough by a man who has acted according to his conscience; but the misfortune is, that Thurston was persuaded to vote against it.

But now, however, we must take another view of the picture. If Mrs. Thurston was the undoer, she is the consoler. In prosperity, vain, extravagant, and somewhat vehement in temper; in adversity, she has become a very pattern of prudence and affectionate forbearance. Go down into the country, and see the contrast in her present and her past manner: she is not the same woman. This amendment on her part is very beautiful, and very English. But has she been able really to console Thurston? No, he is a gone man; his spirit is broken; he has turned generally peevish; and if you speak to him on politics, you will soon have to look out for a *second*. Mrs. Thurston, however, is far from thinking she was the least in the wrong; all that she can possibly understand about the whole question is, "*that it turned out un-lucky.*"

A gentleman of good birth and much political promise had been voting in several divisions with the more Radical Party. A man of authority, and one of the elders, who had been a Minister in his day, expressed his regret at the bad company Mr. ——— had been keeping, to the aunt of that gentleman, a lady of remarkable talents, and of great social influence. The aunt repeated the complaint to the member— "And what said you, dear madam, in reply?"

"O! I excused you most cleverly," replied the aunt. "Leave ——— alone," said I; "nobody plays his cards better; you may be sure that his votes against the Irish Coercion Bill, etc. won't tell against him one

of these days. No, no ; — is not a rash, giddy young man, to be talked over ; be sure he has calculated that it will be best for him in the end."

" Good Heavens ! " cried the member, " what, *you—you* say this ? you insinuate that I am actuated by my own interest ? . Why not have said at once the truth, that I voted according to my conscience ? "

The lady looked at her nephew with mingled astonishment and contempt : — " Because—because, " replied she, hesitating, " *I really did not think you such a fool.* "

Yet this innocent unconsciousness of public virtue is to be found only among the women of the metropolis brought in contact with the Aristocracy ; — in the provincial towns, and in humbler life, it is just the reverse. Any man who has gone through a popular election, knows that *there* it is often by the honesty of the women that that of the men is preserved. *There* the conjugal advice is always, " Never go back from your word, John. " — " Stick true to your colours. All the gold in the world should not make you change your coat. " How many poor men have we known who would have taken a bribe but for their wives ! There is nothing, then, in English women that should prevent their comprehension of the nobleness of political honesty ; it is only the great ladies, and their imitators, who think self-interest the sole principle of public conduct. Why is this ? because all women are proud ; *station* incites their pride. The great man rats, and is greater than ever ; but the poor elector who turns his coat, loses his station altogether. The higher classes do not imagine there is a public opinion among the poor. In many boroughs a man may be bribed, and no disgrace to him ; but if *after* being bribed, he break his word, he is cut by his friends for ever.

A very handsome girl had refused many better offers for the sake of a young man, a scot and lot voter in a certain borough. Her lover, having promised in her hearing to vote one way, voted the other. She refused to marry him. Could this have happened in the higher classes ? Fancy, my dear —, how the great would laugh ; and what a good story it would be at the clubs, if a young lady just going to be married, were to say to her suitor one bright morning, — " No, sir, excuse me ; the connexion must be broken off. Your vote in the House of Commons last night was decidedly against your professions to your constituents. "

It is a remarkable fact, that with us, a grave and meditative people, Ridicule is more dangerous and powerful in its effects, than it is with our lighter neighbours, the French. With them, at no period has it been the fashion to sneer at lofty and noble motives ; they have an instantaneous perception of the Exalted — they carry their sense of it even to bombast — and they only worship the Natural when it appears with a stage effect. The lively demireps of Paris were charmed with the

adoration of virtue professed by Rousseau ;—and at an earlier period, even a Dangeau could venerate a Fenelon. At this moment, how ridiculous in our country would be the gallant enthusiasm of Chateaubriand ; his ardour, his chivalry, his quixotism, would make him the laughing-stock of the whole nation ;—in France these very qualities are the sole source of his power. Ridicule, in Paris, attaches itself to the manners ; in London, to the emotions : it sneers with us less at a vulgar tone, a bad address, an ill-chosen equipage, than at some mental enthusiasm. A man professing very exalted motives is a very ridiculous animal with us. We do not laugh at vulgar lords half so much as at the generosity of patriots, or the devotion of philosophers. Bentham was thought exceedingly ludicrous because he was a philanthropist ; and Byron fell from the admiration of fine ladies when he set out for Greece. It is the great in mind, whom a fine moral sense never suffers to be the object of a paltry wit. Francis I. forbade his courtiers to jest at Ariosto ; and Louis XIV. declared a certain general unfit for high office, because he had evinced the mental littleness of laughing at Racine.

Ridicule is always a more dangerous goddess with a sober and earnest than with a frivolous people. Persons of the former class can *be more easily made ashamed of emotion* ; hence the reason why they conceal the sentiments which lighter minds betray. We see this truth every day in actual life—the serious are more deeply moved by ridicule than the gay. A satirist laughed the Spaniards out of chivalry ; the French have never to this day been laughed out of anything more valuable than a wig or a bonnet.

One characteristic of English society is the influence of CLIQUEs. Some half a dozen little persons have, God knows how, got into a certain eminence—in some certain line ;—they pretend to the power of dispensing all kinds of reputation. Some few years ago, there was the Authors' *clique* of Albemarle Street,* a circle of gentlemen who professed to weigh out to each man his modicum of fame ; they praised each other—were *the* literary class, and thought Stewart Rose a greater man than Wordsworth.—Peace be with them !—they are no more—and fame no longer hangs from the nostrils of * * * * *

The *clique* of fine ladies and the *clique* of dandies still, however, exist ; and these are the donors of social reputation : we may say of

* This *clique*, while it lasted, made a vast number of small reputations, upon which the owners have lived very comfortably ever since. Their's was the day of literary jobbing ; they created sinecures for the worthless, and time makes them a kind of property, which it seems wrong to take away ; yet, whenever we meet any of the surviving possessors of these "unmerited pensions," such as * * * * and * * * * , we cannot help thinking with Gibbon, how often Chance is the dispenser of Reputation ; and that the tutelary saint of England, the pattern doubtless of these gentlemen, is called the noble Saint George, though, in reality, he was the worthless George of Cappadocia. O Literature, how many Georges of Cappadocia have you converted into Saint Georges of England !

them as the Irishman said of the thieves, " They are mighty generous with what does not belong to them,"—being without character themselves, we may judge of the merits which induce them to give a character to others.

It is rather strange, till we consider the cause, that society in the Provinces is often more polished, intellectual, and urbane than society in the Metropolis; when some great landed proprietor fills his country halls with a numerous circle of his friends, you see perhaps the most agreeable and charming society which England can afford. You remember (dear——) Sir Frederick Longueville and his family: you know how disagreeable we used to think them; always so afraid they were not fine enough. Sir Frederick, with his pompous air, asking you when you had last seen your uncle, the earl, and her ladyship, dying to be good-natured, but resolved to keep up her dignity; the girls out at *every* ball, and telling you invariably as a first remark that they did not see you at Almack's last Wednesday; so ashamed if you caught them at a party the wrong side of Oxford Street, and whispering, " Papa's country connexions, you know!"—You remember, in short, that the Longuevilles impressed every one with the idea of being fussy, conceited, second-rate, and wretchedly educated; they *are* all this in town. Will you believe it—they are quite the contrary if you visit them in Sussex? There Sir Frederick is no longer pompous; frank and good-humoured, he rides with you over his farm, speaks to every poor man he meets, forgets that you have an uncle an earl, and is the very pattern of a great country gentleman—hospitable and easy, dignified and natural. Lady Longueville you will fancy you have known all your life—so friendly is her nature, and so cordial her manner; and, as for the girls, to your great surprise, you will find them well read and accomplished, affectionate, simple, with a charming spice of romance in them; upon my word I do not exaggerate. What is the cause of the change? Solely this: in London they know not their own station; here it is fixed; at one place they are trying to be something they are not; here they try at nothing; they are contented with what they are.

What an enviable station is that of a great country gentleman in this beautiful garden of England! he may unite all the happiest opposites—indolence and occupation, healthful exercise and literary studies. In London, and in public life, we may improve the world—we may benefit our kind, but we never *see* the effects we produce; we get no gratitude for them; others step in and snatch the rewards; but in the country, if you exert equal industry and skill, you cannot walk out of your hall without seeing the evidence of your labours: Nature smiles in your face and thanks you! you trees you planted; you corn-fields were a common—your capital called them into existence; they feed a

thousand mouths, where, ten years ago, they scarce maintained some half a dozen starveling cows. But, above all, as you ride through your village, what satisfaction creeps around your heart! By half that attention to the administration of the Poor-laws which, in London, you gave to your clubs,* you have made industry replace sloth, and comfort dethrone pauperism. You, a single individual, have done more for your fellow-creatures than the whole legislature has done in centuries. This is true power; it approaches men to God; but the country gentleman often refuses to acknowledge this power;—he thinks much more of a certificate for killing partridges!

Clubs form a main feature of the social system of the richer classes of the Metropolis. Formerly they were merely the resort of gamblers, politicians, or *bons vivans*—now they have assumed a more intellectual character; every calling has its peculiar club—from the soldier's to the scholar's. The effect which this multiplicity of clubs has produced is salutary in the extreme; it has begun already to counteract the solitary disposition of the natives; it opens a ready intercourse with our foreign guests, who are usually admitted as honorary members; prejudices are rubbed off, and by an easy and unexpensive process, the most domestic or the most professional learn the views of the citizen of the world. At these resorts the affairs of the public make the common and natural topic of conversation, and nothing furthers the growth of public principle like the discussion of public matters. It is said that clubs render men less domestic. No, they only render them less unsocial; they form a cheap and intellectual relaxation, and (since in *most* of the recent clubs the custom turns to neither gambling nor inebriety) they unbend the mind even while improving it. But these are the least advantages of clubs: they contain the germ of a mighty improvement in the condition of the humbler classes. I foresee that those classes will, sooner or later, adopt institutions so peculiarly favourable to the poor. By this species of co-operation, the man of 200*l.* a-year can, at present, command the nobler luxuries of a man of 5000*l.*; airy and capacious apartments, the decent comforts of the table, † lights, fires, books, and intellectual society. The same principle on a humbler scale would procure the same advantages for the shopkeeper or the artisan, and the

* See the Evidence on the Poor-laws in proof of the possibility of this fact. Even in the late wretched system, a vigorous and wise management has sufficed to put down pauperism. In Stanford Rivers, Essex, one man, Andrews, a farmer, with the concurrence of the rest of the parishioners, resolved to put down pauperism: in 1825 the money expended on the poor was 884*l.*; by management and energy, in 1828 it was only 106*l.* “All capable of work were employed; the labourers improved in their habits and comforts during the four years this system was in progress; there was not a single commitment for theft, or any other offence.” Oh, if the country gentleman *would* awake to a sense of what he might be!

† At the Athenæum, for instance, the dinner, which at an hotel would cost 7*s.* or 8*s.*, costs about 3*s.*: viz. a joint, vegetables, bread, butter, cheese, &c. and half a pint of wine. I believe in some clubs the price is even less.

man of 50*l.* a-year might obtain the same comforts as a man of 500*l.* If the experiment were made by the middle and lower classes in a provincial town, it could not fail of success; and, among its advantages, would be the check to early and imprudent marriages, and the growth of that sense of moral dignity which is ever produced by a perception of the higher comforts of life.

Probably, from the success of this experiment, yet newer and more comprehensive results would arise. Mr. Morgan, (the amiable and accomplished author of "Hampden in the Nineteenth Century," and other works), in a letter to the Bishop of London, proposes the scheme of clubs, not for individuals only, but families—a plan which might include education for children and attendance in sickness. Managed by a committee, such clubs would remove the possibility of improvidence and unskilful management in individuals. For professional and literary men, for artists, and the poorer gentry, such a scheme would present the greatest advantages. But the time for its adoption is not come; two great moral checks still exist in our social habits—the aristocratic pride not of *being as well off* as our neighbours, but of *seeming better off*, and that commercial jealousy of appropriation which makes us so proverbially like to have *a home of our own*. If ever these feelings decrease among us, I have little doubt that, from the institution of clubs will be dated a vast social Revolution. But France, rather than England, is the proper arena for the first experiment of Mr. Morgan's system.

CHAPTER II.

CONVERSATION AND LITERARY MEN.

Inelegance of Conversation.—With us the Court does not cultivate the Graces of Language.—**Samples of Dialogue.**—**Literary Men;** their want of a fixed position with us.—They do not mix enough in Society to refine its Tone.—**Effect of Night Sitings in Parliament** in diminishing the intellectual Attractions of Society.—**Men of Letters** fall into three Classes.—**Characters of Nettleton, Nokes, and Lofty.**

Among the characteristics of English society, there is one, my dear —, which cannot but have seemed to you as worthy of notice, and that is "the curious felicity" which distinguishes the tone of conversation. In most countries, people of the higher stations, if they do not express their ideas with all the accuracy and formality of a treatise on logic, preserve, at least, with a certain degree of jealousy, the

habit of a clear and easy elegance in conversation. In France, to talk the language well is still the indispensable accomplishment of a gentleman. Society preserves the happy diction, and the graceful phrase, which literature has stamped with its authority, and the Court may be considered as the Master of the Ceremonies to the Muses. But in England, people even in the best and most fastidious society, are not remarkable for cultivating the more pure or brilliant order of conversation, as the evidence of *ton*, and the attribute of rank. They reject, it is true, certain vulgarities of accent, provincial phrases, and glaring violations of grammar; nay, over certain words, they now and then exercise the caprices of fashion: "James" to-day, may be "Jeemes" to-morrow; "Rom" may be softened into "Room;" and "cucumber" may receive its final exactness of pronunciation from the prosodial fiat of my Lord Hertford. But these are trifles: the regular and polished smoothness of conversation, the unpedantic and transparent preciseness of meaning, the happy choice, unpremeditated, because habitual, of the most graceful phrases and polished idioms which the language affords—these, the natural care and province of a lettered court, are utterly unheeded by the circles of the English aristocracy. Nor is there any other circle, since literary men with us are so little gregarious, that repairs their inattention; and our rational conversation is for the most part carried on in a series of the most extraordinary and rugged abbreviations—a species of talking short-hand. Hesitating, Humming, and Drawling, are the three Graces of our Conversation.

We are at dinner:—a gentleman, "a man about town," is informing us of a misfortune that has befallen his friend: "No—I assure you—now err—err—that—er—it was the most shocking accident possible—er—poor Chester was riding in the Park—er—you know that grey—er (substantive dropped, hand a little flourished instead)—of his—splendid creature!—er—well, sir, and by Jove—er—the—er—(no substantive, flourish again)—took fright, and—e—er"—Here the gentleman throws up his chin and eyes, sinks back exhausted into his chair, and after a pause adds, "Well, they took him into—the shop—there—you know—with the mahogany sashes—just by the Park—er—and the—er—man there—set his—what d'ye call it—er—collar-bone; *but* he was—er—ter—ri—bly—terribly"—a full stop. The gentleman shakes his head, and the sentence is suspended to eternity.

Another gentleman takes up the wondrous tale thus logically: "Ah! shocking, shocking!—*but* poor Chester was a very agreeable—er"—full stop.

"Oh! devilish gentlemanlike fellow!—quite shocking!—quite—did you go into the—er—to-day?"

"No, indeed; the day was so *wa*—may I take some wine with you?"

The ladies usually resort to some pet phrases, that, after the fashion of short-hand, express as much as possible in a word: "What do you think of Lady ——'s last novel?"

"Oh! they say 'tis not very natural. The characters, to be sure, are a little overdrawn; and then the style—so—so—I don't know what—you understand me—but it's a *dear* book altogether!—do you know Lady ——?"

"Oh dear yes! *nice* creature she is."

"Very *nice* person, indeed."

"What a *dear* little horse that is of Lord ——!"

"He is very vicious."

"Is he really?—*nice* little thing."

"Ah! you must not abuse poor Mrs. ——;—to be sure, she is very ill-natured, and they say she's *so* stingy—but then she really is such a *dear*——"

Nice and *dear* are the great To Prepon and To Kalon of feminine conversational moralities.

But, perhaps, the genius of our conversation is most shown in the art of explaining—

"Were you in the House last night?"

"Yes—or—Sir Robert Peel made a splendid speech!"

"Ah! and how did he justify his vote? I've not seen the papers."

"Oh, I can tell you exactly—*hem!*—he said, you see, that he disliked the ministers, and so forth! you understand—but that—or—in these times, and so forth—and with this river of blood—oh! he was very fine *there!*—you must read it—well, sir; and then he was very good against O'Connell, capital—and all this agitation *going on*—and murder, and so forth—and then, sir, he told a capital story, about a man and his wife being murdered, and putting a child in the fire-place—you see—I forget now, but it was capital: and then he wound up with—a—with—a—in his usual way, in short. Oh! he quite justified himself—you understand—in short, you see, he could not do otherwise."

Caricatured as this may seem to others, I need not assure you that it is to the life: the explainer, too, is reckoned a very sensible man; and the listener saw nothing inconclusive in the elucidation.

Women usually form the tone of conversation, having first taken the tone of mind from the men. With us, women associate with the idler portion of society—the dandies, the hangers-on; they are afraid

of being thought blue, because then these gentlemen would be afraid of them. They connect literature and wisdom with 'odd persons not in society;' senators and geniuses are little seen amongst them. It is their bore of an uncle who makes those long speeches about the malt tax. The best matches are the young men of Melton and Crookford's; (as I have before said) they must please the best matches; they borrow the tone most pleasing to them; the mothers, for the sake of the daughters, the daughters for their own sake—thus, to a slang of mind, they mould a fitting jargon of conversation. Our aristocracy does not even preserve elegance to *foh*, and, with all the affectations, *foh* none of the graces, of a court. France owes the hereditary refinement and airiness of conversation, that distinguishes her higher orders, less, however, to the courtiers than to those whom the courtiers have always sought. Men of letters and men of genius have been at Paris invariably drawn towards the upper circles, and have consumed their own dignity of character in brightening the pleasures of the great; but, in London, men of intellectual distinctions are not frequently found in that society which is termed the best, the few who do haunt that gloomy region, are but the scattered wittings of an ancient *clique*, who have survived even the faculty of premeditating good things; they do not belong to this day, but to the past, when Devonshire House and Melbourne House were for a short time and from fortuitous circumstances made the resort of genius, as well as rank; the fashion thus set was brief and evanescent, and expired with the brilliant persons who, seeking to enliven the great world, only interrupted its dulness. They have played off the fireworks, and all is once more dark.

The modern practice of Parliament to hold its discussions at night has a considerable influence in diminishing the intellectual character of general society. The House of Commons naturally drains off many of the ablest and best informed of the English gentlemen: the same cause has its action upon men of letters, whom statesmen usually desire to collect around them; the absence of one conspires to effect the absence of the other: but saloons are left solely to the uncultivated and the idle, and you seek in vain for those highly reunitons of wits and senators which distinguished the reign of Anne, and still give so noble a charm to the assemblies of Paris.

The respect we pay to wealth absorbs the respect we should pay to genius. Literary men have not with us any fixed and settled position as men of letters. In the great game of honours, none fall to their share. We may say truly with a certain political economist, "We pay best, 1st, those who destroy us, generals; 2nd, those who cheat us, politicians and quacks; 3rd, those who amuse us, singers and musicians; and, least of all, those who instruct us." It is an important truth noted by Helvetius, that the degree of public virtue in a

state depends exactly on the proper distribution of public rewards. "I am *nothing* here," said one of the most eminent men of science this country ever produced; "I am forced to go abroad sometimes to preserve my self-esteem."

Our English authors thus holding no fixed position in society, and from their very nature being covetous of reputation, often fall into one of three classes; the one class seek the fashion they cannot command, and are proud to know the great; another become irritable and suspicious, afraid that they are never sufficiently esteemed, and painfully vain out of a sense of bashfulness; the third, of a more lofty nature, stand aloof and disdainful, and never consummate their capacities, because they will not mix with a world to which they know themselves superior.

A literary man with us is often forced to be proud of something else than talent—proud of fortune, of connexion, or of birth—in order not to be looked down upon. Byron would never have set a coronet over his bed if he had not written poetry; nor the fastidious Walpole have affected to disdain the author, if he had not known that with certain circles, authorship was thought to lower the gentleman. Every one knows the anecdote of a certain professor of chemistry, who, eulogizing Boyle, thus concluded his panegyrics: "He was a great man, a very great man; he was *father* of chemistry, and—*brother* to the Earl of Cork!"

You laugh at the simplicity of the professor; after all it was no bathos in practice;—depend upon it, the majority of the world thought quite as much of the brother of Lord Cork as they did of the father of chemistry. The Professor was only the unconscious echo of the vulgar voice of Esteem.

Observe Mr. Nettleton; he is a poet of celebrity: is that all? marry come up! he is a much greater man than that comes to—*he is on the best possible terms at Holland House*. He values himself much on writing smooth verses; he values himself more on talking with a certain tone of good breeding. He is a wit—a very rare character; yes, but he does not take so much pride in being merely a wit, as *on being a wit at the best houses!* Mr. Nettleton is one of the vainest of men; but it would not please him much to hear you admired him, if he thought you a nobody. He is singularly jealous; but you might make Europe ring with your name, and he would not envy you, unless the *grands seigneurs* ran after you. "Mr. — has written a beautiful book; have you seen it, Nettleton?"

"No; *who says* it is beautiful?"

"Oh! all the world, I fancy."

"There you are mistaken. We talked over all the new works at Miss Berry's last night, and all the world said nothing about your Mr. What's-his-name, and *his* book."

“Well, you are a judge of these matters; all I know is, that the Duke of Devonshire is mad to be introduced to him.”

Nettleton, turning quite pale, “*The Duke of Devonshire introduced to him?*”

A smaller man than Mr. Nettleton in the literary world, is Mr. Nokes. Mr. Nokes is a prototype of the small gear; not exactly a poet, nor a novelist, nor an historian, but a little of all three; a literary man, in short—*homme de lettres*. In France he would enjoy a very agreeable station, mixt with other *hommes de lettres*, have no doubt of his own merit, and be perfectly persuaded of his own consequence. Very different from all this is Mr. Nokes; he has the most singular distrust of himself; he liveth in perpetual suspicion that you mean to affront him. If you are sallying out on the most urgent business, your friend dying, your motion in the House of Commons just ready to come on, your mistress waiting to see you for the last time before she returns your letters, and hopes you may be happy, though she would hate you if you were not miserable to your dying day—if, I say, on some such business you should be hurrying forth, woe to you if you meet Nokes! You pass him with a hasty nod, and a “how are you, dear sir?” Nokes never forgives you, you have hurt his feelings indelibly. He sayeth to himself, “Why was that man so eager to avoid me?” He ruminateth, he museth, he cheweth the cud upon your unmannerly accost. He would have had you stop and speak to him, and ask him after the birth of his new poem, and hope his tale in the Annual was doing as well as could be expected; he is sorely galled at your omission; he pondereth the reason; he looketh at his hat, he looketh at his garments, he is persuaded it is because his habiliments were not new, and you were ashamed to be seen with him in the street. He never hits on the right cause; he never thinketh you may have pressing business; Nokes dreameth of no business save that which to Nokes appertaineth. Nokes is the unhappiest of men; he for ever looks out for cantharides to rub into his sores. If you meet him in a literary party, you must devote the whole evening to him and his projects, or he considers you the most insolent and the most frivolous of mankind; he forgetteth that there are fifty other Nokes’s in the room. He boweth to you always with a proud humility, as if to say, “I am a great man, though *you* don’t think so.” Nokes is, at once, the most modest and the most impudent of our species. He imagines you despise him; yet he is chafed because you do not adore. You are oppressed with incalculable business; a lawyer, perhaps, in full practice; the editor of a daily newspaper; the member of a Reformed Parliament engaged in thirteen committees; yet, on the strength of a bare introduction, he sendeth you in manuscript, the next day—three plays, two novels, and thirty poems, which he bashfully requesteth you first, to read; se-

condly, to correct; and, thirdly, to interest yourself to get published. Two days after, you receive the following letter:

“ SIR,

“ When, on Wednesday last, I sent to your house my *humble* attempts, solliciting your attention in the *most respectful* language, I certainly did expect, in common courtesy, to have received, ere this, a reply. I am conscious that you have many engagements that you doubtless think of superior consequence to the task of reading *my* compositions; but there are others, sir, who have thought highly of what you apparently despise. But enough!—I beg you will *immediately* send back, by the bearer, ALL THE PAPERS which, trusting to your reported sympathy with men of letters, I had the folly to trouble you with. To me at least they are of importance.

“ I am, sir,

“ Your obedient servant,

“ JOHN SAMUEL NOKES.”

Send back the papers, by all means: Nokes would be still more offended by any apology for delay, or any excuse for not ultimately prevailing on some bookseller to ruin himself by their publication. Nokes is a vindictive man, though he knoweth it not; nay, he esteemeth himself a very reservoir of the lacteal humanities. You may have served him essentially to-day; to-morrow you may have “wounded his feelings;” and, by next Saturday, be sure of a most virulent anonymous attack on you. But Nokes is to be more pitied than blamed; he is unfit for the world, only because he has no definite position in it.

Look now at a third species of literary men. Perhaps, dear —, you recollect Mr. Lofty: what a fine creature he is,—how full of deep learning, of pure sentiment, of generous romance: how you would like him, if you could but know him—but *that* may never be!—He builds a wall between himself and other men. In the streets he walketh alone; he sitteth alone in the large arm-chair at the Athenæum; he refuseth to converse: he is a ruminative, but not a gregarious animal. His books are admirable; but, somehow or other, they are not popular—he writeth for himself, not mankind: he is not at his ease in society, even with literary men; he will not let out,—his mind is far away. He is tenderly benevolent, but frigidly unsocial: he would rather give you his fortune than take a walk with you. Hence, with all his genius, not knowing how to address mankind, and disdainful of the knowledge, he does not a tithe of the benefit that he might. Could he learn to co-operate with others, he might reform a world; but he saith with Sir Thomas Browne, “The world that I regard is myself.” Yet blame affects him sensibly—a hostile review wounds him to the quick: he telleth not his complaint, but it preys within: he knows himself to be undervalued: he is not jealous of lesser men’s success.

but he chafes at it—it is a proof of injustice to him : he is melancholic and despondent : he pines for the Ideal : he feels society is not made for the nobler aims, and sickens at the littleness of daily life : he has in him all the elements of greatness, but not of triumph : he will die with his best qualities unknown.

These are three specimens of the Literary Man, essentially different in most things, but having something in common, and formed alike by peculiarities in our social system.

Ms. A. 66

CHAPTER III.

The feeling of Melancholy and Weariness; how engendered.—We grow out of it with Age.—The Philosophy of Idleness, its Sadness.—A Reason why we are a Religious People.

FROM the tone of Society which I have attempted to describe, arise one of the most profound of our national feelings—that listless and vague melancholy which partakes both of the Philosophical and the Poetic; that sad and deep sentiment which is found only in the English and the German character, and is produced in each nation by the same causes; it is the result in both of an eager mind placed in a dull and insipid circle. (For in the small towns of Germany, society, if it possesses more wisdom than in England, does not possess more charms.) A weariness of spirit creeps over us, and the flatness of the World produces somewhat the same moral result as the vanity of Knowledge. Hence, with the more intellectual of our gentry, the roving and desultory thirst of travel. Unsatisfied desire, which they do not analyze, urges them on to escape from the “stale and unprofitable usages” of their native world. And among the rich of no other people do you so constantly find examples of the *saecularis*. This habit of mind, so unfortunate to the possessor, is not unfavourable to poetry : and though derived from the pettiest causes, often gives something of interest and nobleness to the character. But it is chiefly confined to the young; after a certain age we grow out of it; the soul becomes accustomed to the mill, and follows the track mechanically which it commenced in disgust.

But if there be one sentiment more mournful than another while it lasts, it is that conviction that All is Vanity which springs from the Philosophy of Idleness; that craving for a sympathy which we never

find, that restlessness of checked affection and crippled intellect, which belong to a circle in which neither affection nor intellect can be exerted. The little desires of petty circles irritate, but cannot absorb, the larger capacity of mind. One reason why we, above other nations, cling to the consolations of Religion is, that we have cultivated so sparingly the fascinations of the World.

As mankind only learnt the science of Navigation in proportion as they acquired the knowledge of the stars, so, in order to steer our course wisely through the seas of Life, we have fixed our hearts upon the more sublime and distant objects of Heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

Portrait of M——, an Exclusive Reformed.—Cause of his Amelioration.—Fashion has received a Shock.—Opinions travel upward, Manners downward.—View of Society in a Manufacturing Town.—The Manufacturers and the Operatives.—Cause in Customs for a Movement in Politics.—Political Unions injurious to the Popular Cause.

I BREAKFASTED the other day with M——; you recollect that two years ago he was one of the supereminent of the Dandies; silent, constrained, and insolent; very scrupulous as to the unblemished character of his friends—*for ton*; affecting to call every thing “a bore,” and, indeed, afraid to laugh, for fear of cracking himself in two. M—— is *now* the last man in the world one could thus describe. He talks, rattles, rubs his hands, affects a certain jollity of manner; wants you to think him a devilish good fellow; dresses, to be sure, as the young and the handsome are prone to dress—*selon les régles*; but you may evidently see that he does so mechanically; his soul is no longer in his clothes. He startled me, too, by quoting Bacon. You know we never suspected he had so much learning: but, between you and me, I think the quotation is a motto to one of the newspapers. However that be, M—— is evidently no longer indifferent as to whether you think he has information or not: he is anxious for your good esteem: he is overwhelmingly courteous and complimentary; he, who once extended the tip of his finger to you, now shakes you by both hands; it is not any longer M——’s fault if he is not agreeable; he strives to be so with might and main; and, in fact, he succeeds; it is impossible not to like such a gentlemanlike, good-looking, high-spirited fellow, when he once condescends to wish for your good opi-

nion. His only fault is, that he is *too* elaborately off-hand, too stupendously courteous; he has not yet learned, like Will Honeycomb, "to laugh easily;" it will take him some little time to be good-natured spontaneously; howbeit, M—— is marvellously improved. After breakfast, we walked down St. James's Street; M—— has lost his old walk entirely; you recollect that he used to carry his eyes and nose in the air, never looking on either side of him, and seeming to drop upon your existence by accident. *Now* he looks round him with a cordial air, casts a frequent glance to the opposite side of the street, and seems mortally afraid lest he should by chance overlook some passing acquaintance. We met two or three plain-dressed, respectable-looking persons, the last people in the world whom M—— (you would say) could by possibility have known; M—— stops short, his face beaming with gratulation, shakes them by the hand, pulls them by the button, whispers them in the ear, and tears himself away at last with a "recollect, my dear sir, I'm entirely at your service."

All this is very strange! what can possibly have wrought such a miracle in M——? I will tell you; M—— HAS NOW GOT CONSTITUENTS!

It is a profound observation in an Italian historian that the courtesy of nobles is in proportion to the occasions imposed on them by the constitution, of mixing among the people. We do not want to be told that the Roman nobles in the times of the Republic were polished and urbane; that they practised all the seductions of manners; we ought to know this at once, by reading the method of their elections. M—— was in the House a few years ago, when you recollect him; but he had never in his life seen the keeper, the butler, and the steward who returned him to Parliament. For the last twelve months M—— has been practising the familiar and the friendly to some three thousand electors in——shire. The effort to please, at first necessary to him, has grown agreeable. He is getting into the habit of it. He *is* *is* for a large commercial town; he is the youngest, that is, the active, member: he is compelled to mix with men of all classes; how on earth can he continue to be an Exclusive? Do you not perceive, therefore, dear ——, how much the operations of the Reform Bill will ultimately bear upon the tone of manners? Do you not perceive how much they have done so already? M—— is still the glass of fashion. Sliding, as he has done, into the temper of the times, his set imitate him now as they used to imitate him two years ago. Changed himself, he has inoculated a whole coterie. Thus laws and manners react upon each other.

We may perceive everywhere, indeed, that "Fashion" has received a material shock. If there is less fine gentlemanship than formerly, so also fine ladies are not quite so powerful as they were; they no longer fill the mouth of the gaping world with tales of triumphant insolence

and abashed servility. A graver aspect settles on the face of society. The great events that have taken place have shaken the surface of the Aristocratic Sentiment too roughly, to allow it easily to resume its former state. Fashion cannot for many years be what it has been. In political quiet, the aristocracy are the natural dictators of society, and their sentiments are the most listened to. Now, the sum of their sentiments, as we have seen, is Fashion: in agitated times, the people rise into importance, and their sentiments become the loudest and most obtrusive; the aggregate of *their* sentiments, as we have seen, is Opinion. It is *then*, that unable to lead, the aristocracy unconsciously follow the impulse, and *it becomes the fashion to be popular*. Hence may we date, if we descend to the philosophy of trifles, innovations even in costume: and the spirit of the French Revolution, which breathed vainly through the massive eloquence of Fox, succeeded at least in sweeping away from our saloons the brocaded waistcoat and the diamond buckles. At the time of the discussions on Reform, our drawing-room gossips affected the tone of Birmingham liberalism; and the *déjà* of Parliament liaped forth sturdy dogmas on the "Rights of the People." Thus, while *social* habits descend from the upper to the lowest class, *political* principles, on the contrary, are reverberations of opinion travelling from the base to the apex of society. The Aristocracy form the Manners of Life, and the People produce the Revolutions of Thought.

This reflection leads us deeper into the subject before us. Let us transport ourselves from the metropolis to a manufacturing town, and see from what cause in the habits of social life the political sentiments of one class are forced on the acceptance of another.

There is this germ of truth in the Owenite principle of co-operation: Co-operation is power; in proportion as people combine, they know their strength; civilization itself is but the effect of combining. If, then, there are two classes, supposed to be antagonists to each other, and the members of the one class combine more than those of another, the former class will be the more powerful; keep this truth in view—we shall apply it presently.

We are now at a manufacturing town; observe those respectable tradesmen—they are the master manufacturers—the aristocracy of the place. Look in that drawing-room, betraying the evidence of a decorous and honourable opulence; there is a little coterie assembled: yon short gentleman in blue is a retired captain in the navy: that portly personage, with the large bunch of seals, is the mayor of the town: yonder is a small proprietor, who has purchased a white house, and a few acres, and become a squire: that knot of confabulators is composed of the richest manufacturers of the place: at the other end of the room are the ladies, wives and daughters of the gentlemen.

Enter a visitor in the town—a stray legislator, perhaps, who has come to see the manufactories; or, perhaps, like us, to know the men who work them: the gentlemen gather round him—a conversation ensues—he is anxious for general information—he speaks of the good sense and practical knowledge of a certain manufacturer he has visited that day.

“ Ah, a good sort of a man, I believe,” says the mayor, “ and very clever at elections; but we seldom meet, except at a canvass—our wives don’t visit ———.”

There is a patronizing air about the magistrate as he says this—our stranger is surprised—he turns to the rest—he perceives that he is praising somebody whom the company decidedly consider low and ungentle; not one of their set. He finds, as conversation proceeds, that he is as much among exclusives as if he were at St. James’s. The next day he dines with the manufacturer he praised—the household appurtenances are less elegant than those he witnessed the day before—there was a man-servant at the one house—there is a footboy at the other. He turns the conversation on his entertainer of the preceding day.

“ Ay a good sort of man,” says his host, “ but set up, full of prejudice and purse-pride.”

Yes,” adds the hostess; “ yet I recollect his wife’s father kept a stall. She now has more airs than the member’s lady, who is an earl’s daughter.”

Our stranger next speaks of a manufacturer of still less wealth and consequence than his entertainer.

“ Oh,” says his host, “ a sharp fellow, but of coarse habits, and his opinions are so violent. He behaved very ill to Mr. ———, at the last election.”

“ And his wife,” adds the lady, “ is very angry with us; she wanted to go with us to the town baths—now you know, Mr. ———, that we must draw some distinction.”

The conversation at each of these places turns little upon theories of politics; the Ministers are talked over; perhaps also the history of the last election; the ladies discuss small scandals, the same as if they were at Almaek’s. Our stranger goes away; he finds these two houses a type of the general divisions of one class; yet, mark—this is one class—the Manufacturers, to which another class—the Operatives, suppose they have an antagonist interest.—

Our visitor now resolves to see something more of the other class—he attends a festive meeting of the Operatives, at the Blue Bear. It is a long room crowded to suffocation. His health is drunk—he makes a vague liberal speech—it is received with applause. An Operative is next called upon; he addresses the meeting—he begins with many

apologies for his own incapacity, but gradually becoming assured, he reconciles himself and his audience to the task, by the recollection, that whatever his own deficiencies he is one of *them*; he is strengthened by the unanimity of their cause. "*We Operatives,*" he says, (and the audience shout forth their sympathy and approbation) "*we* are oppressed with taxes and unjust laws, but let us only be firm to each other, and we shall get redress at last. The people must help themselves—our rulers won't help us—Union is our watchword."

Such are the materials with which the orator works upon the sympathy of the audience; and as he progresses, he applies himself less to the small points than to the startling theories of politics. He touches little on party politics; much upon abstract principles; the necessity of knowledge, and the effects of education. What is the conclusion forced upon our stranger's mind? This: That where the one class are divided by small jealousies into a hundred coteries, the other class are consolidated into a powerful union: that where one class think little of the theories of politics, such speculations are ever present to the other—the staple matter of their meetings—the motive and the end of their association. Thus, fastening our attention to things below the surface, we perceive the true reason why Democratic Opinion must become more and more prevalent;—*its espousers are united!*—at each ensuing election they form a sturdy body, not to be detached from each other by isolated appeals—they must be gained by addressing the whole. If the manufacturers, therefore, desire to return a representative, they must choose a candidate *professing such sentiments* as are generally pleasing to this powerful body, viz. the class below them. Thus, unconsciously to themselves, they adopt the principles of their inferiors, whom they dread, and in returning what they call "their own member," return in reality the supporter of the doctrines of the operatives.*

Two causes militate against the compact solidity of this democratic body; corruption is the first. But I apprehend that (even if the ballot be not obtained, which sooner or later it probably will be) with every succeeding election this cause will grow less and less powerful, in proportion as the truth forces itself on the mass, that each individual will gain more by the permanent reduction of taxes than by the temporary emolument of a bribe. By indisputable calculation, it can be shown

* It is absurd to suppose (yet it is the commonest of suppositions) that if you keep *only* gentlemen and noblemen's sons in parliament, parliament is therefore less democratic than if alloyed with Plebeians. It is the laws which are made, not the men who make them, that advance the democratic movement. If an earl's son pledge himself to certain measures, which act as a blow to the aristocracy, what could a mechanic do more? Does it signify whether you break down a wall by a plain pickaxe, or one with a coronet carved on the handle? The Romans obtained the power to choose plebeians, they chose patricians; but the patricians they chose destroyed the aristocracy.

that every working man is now taxed to the amount of one-third of his weekly wages; supposing the operative to obtain twelve shillings a week, he is taxed, therefore, to the amount of four shillings a week; at the end of six years (the supposed duration of parliament) he will, consequently, have contributed to the revenue, from his poor earnings, the almost incredible sum of 6*l.* 8*s.* What is any bribe that can be offered to him, in comparison to the hope of materially diminishing this mighty and constant expenditure? You may say the hope is vain—perhaps it is so—but he will always cherish and endeavour to realize it.

*Credula vitam
Spes fovet, et fore cras semper ait melius.*

Thus, the distress of the lower orders, hitherto the source of corruption, may become its preventive.

Another cause of division among the operatives, may be that which superficial politicians have considered the most dangerous cement of their power, viz. "the establishment of Political Unions." If we look to the generality of towns,* we shall find that it is a very small proportion of even the ultra liberal party that have enrolled themselves in these associations. In fact, the Unions are regarded with jealousy; the men who originate them, the boldest and most officious of their class, are often considered by their equals as arrogant pretenders, assuming a dictatorship, which the vanity of the body at large is unwilling to allow. Hence, instead of uniting the mass, they tend to introduce divisions. Another effect they produce is, from their paucity of numbers, to weaken the influence of the operatives, by showing a front of weakness, as well as an evidence of schism. The other classes are apt to judge of the strength of the party, by these its assumed host and army; and to estimate the numbers of persons professing the same opinions as Political Unions, by counting the names that these combinations have enrolled. A party to *be* strong, should always *appear* strong; the show often wins the battle; as the sultans of the East, in order to defeat rebellion, have usually found it sufficient merely to levy an army. I conceive, therefore, however excusable or useful such associations may be in a conflux of fierce and agitated events, they are, in a state of ordinary peace, as prejudicial† to the real power and so-

* Of course I do not here refer to the Unions in Birmingham and one or two other Towns—*there* they are indeed powerful in point of numbers—but I suspect they will fall by divisions among themselves.—(*Addendum to Third Edition.*) Since this work was first published many of the Political Unions have died—many more are dying—away. The Trades' Unions greatly helped to dissolve the Political Unions. The working classes would not subscribe to *both*.

† Besides these consequences, their natural effect, if successful, would be the establishment of an oligarchy in every town. Two or three, not of the wisest men,

lidity of the more popular party, as they are arrogant interferers with the proper functions of the government. There is only one just, natural, and efficacious Political Union—and that is the *State*—a State that shall at once rule and content the People;—never *yielding* to their will ~~because~~ always *providing* for their wants.

CHAPTER V.

THE SOCIAL HABITS OF THE POPULATION.

The Physical State of the Inhabitants of Manufacturing Towns.—Proportion of Deaths in a Manufacturing and Agricultural District no Standard of the Proportion of Disease.—The Childhood of the Poor.—Extract from Elia.—Evidence on the Factory Bill.—Progress to Manhood.—Artificial Stimulus.—Noble Traits of the Operatives, Desires better than their Condition.—Immorality, two Causes, Physical and Moral.—Excess of early Labour should be restricted.—National Education promoted.—Poor-laws are the History of the Poor.—Indisposition to work, not want of it, is the cause of Pauperism.—Evidence of the truth of that Proposition.—Fable of Briel and Mephistopheles.—The Aged worse off than the Able-bodied.—Relief considered a Right.—Pernicious influence of the Aristocracy.—The Clergy vindicated.—Public Charities, how prejudicial.—Present Poor-laws deaden natural Affections of Parent and Child.—Cause of Licentiousness.—Inundations of the Irish.—Remedies, difficulty of them exaggerated.—Governments should be really *executive*, not merely *executorial*.—Outline of a proposed Reform in the Poor-laws.—Concluding Remarks.

“*Man* is born to walk erect, and look upon the heavens.” So says the Poet. *Man* does not always fulfil the object of his birth; he goeth forth to his labour with a bending and despondent frame, and he lifts not his eyes from the soil whose mire hath entered into his soul. The physical condition of the Working Classes in manufacturing Towns is more wretched than we can bear to consider. It is not that the average of deaths in manufacturing towns is greater than that in the agricultural districts. The labourers in the latter are subject to violent and sudden diseases, proceeding from acute inflammation; medical assistance is remote, and negligently administered; their robust frames feed

but of the most active, and the most oratorical (the last quality is, in all popular assemblies, more dangerous than salutary—it has been ever so in Parliament) will gain possession of the assembly. In fact, these assemblies would operate by making in every town a machine for taking away the power of the many, and gratifying the ambition of the few. The greatest fear in an aristocratic country is, that the opposition of one aristocracy should be but the commencement of another. My principles are so generally known to be in favour of the people, that what I have said on this point will possibly have more weight than if I were a higher authority, but of a different party.

the disease that attacks them ; they are stricken down in the summer of their days, and die in the zenith of vigorous health. Not so with the Mechanic ; he has medical aid at hand ; acute disorders fall light on the yielding relaxation of his frame ; it is not that he ~~does~~ *lives* ~~more~~ *painfully* ; he knows not what health is ; his whole life is that of a man nourished on slow poisons ; Disease sits at his heart, and gnaws at its cruel leisure. *Dum vivat, moritur.* The close and mephitic air, the incessant labour—in some manufactories the small deleterious particles that float upon the atmosphere,* engender painful and imbittering maladies, and afflict with curses, even more dread than are the heritage of literary application, the Student of the Loom. But it is not only the diseases that he entails upon himself to which the Operative is subject ; he bears in the fibre of his nerves and the marrow of his bones the terrible bequeathments of hereditary Affliction. His parents married under age, unfit for the cares, inadequate to the labours, which a rash and hasty connexion has forced upon them ;—each perhaps having resort to ardent spirits in the short intervals of rest,—the mother engaged in the toil of a factory at the most advanced period of her pregnancy ;—every hour she so employs adding the seeds of a new infirmity to her unborn offspring !—

Observe the young mother, how wan and worn her cheek ; how squalid her attire ; how mean her home ; yet her wages and those of her partner are amply sufficient, perhaps, to smooth with decorous comforts the hours of Rest, and to provide for all the sudden necessities of toiling life. A thriftless and slattern waste converts what ought to be competence into poverty, and, amidst cheerless and unloving aspects, the young victim is ushered into light. The early years of the Poor have been drawn by the hand of a master. I quote the description not only as being wholly faithful to truth, but as one of the most touching (yet least generally known) examples of the highest order of pathetic eloquence which Modern Literature has produced.

“ The innocent prattle of his children takes out the sting of a man’s poverty. But the children of the *very* poor do not prattle ! It is none of the least frightful features in that condition, that there is no childishness in its dwellings. Poor people, said a sensible old nurse to us once, do not *bring* up their children ; they *drag* them up. The little careless darling of the wealthier nursery, in their hovel is transformed betimes into a premature reflecting person. No one has time to dandle it, no one thinks it worth while to coax it, to soothe it, to toss it up and down, to humour it. There is none to kiss away its tears. If it

* I have held correspondence on this point with some inhabitant or other in most of our manufacturing towns, and it seems that *nearly* all manufactories engender their peculiar disease.

cries, it can only be beaten. It has been prettily said that 'a babe is fed with milk and praise.' But the aliment of this poor babe was thin, un-nourishing; the return to its little baby-tricks, and efforts to engage attention, bitter, ceaseless objurcation. It never had a toy, or knew what a coral meant. It grew up without the lullaby of nurses; it was a stranger to the patient fondle, the hushing caress, the attracting novelty, the costlier plaything, or the cheaper off-hand contrivance to divert the child; the prattled nonsense (best sense to it), the wise impertinences, the wholesome lies, the apt story interposed, that puts a stop to present sufferings, and awakens the passion of young wonder. It was never sung to—no one ever told to it a tale of the nursery. It was dragged up, to live or to die, as it happened. It had no young dreams. It broke at once into the iron realities of life. A child exists not for the very poor as any object of dalliance; it is only another mouth to be fed, a pair of little hands to be betimes inured to labour. It is the rival, till it can be the co-operator, for food with the parent. It is never his mirth, his diversion, his solace; it never makes him young again, with recalling his young times. The children of the very poor have *no* young times. It makes the very heart to bleed to overhear the casual street-talk between a poor woman and her little girl, a woman of the better sort of poor, in a condition rather above the squalid beings which we have been contemplating. It is not of toys, of nursery books, of summer holidays (fitting that age); of the promised sight, or play; of praised sufficiency at school. It is of mangling and clearstarching, of the price of coals, or of potatoes. The questions of the child, that should be the very outpourings of curiosity in idleness, are marked with forecast and melancholy providence. It has come to be a woman, before it was a child. It has learned to go to market; it chaffers, it haggles, it envies, it murmurs; it is knowing, acute, sharpened; it never prattles. Had we not reason to say, that the home of the very poor is no home?" *

What homely and passionate pathos! I can do no homage to that critic who will not allow that I have quoted one of the most striking master pieces of English composition.

But if this be the ordinary state of the children of the poor, how doubly aggravated in the case of the *manufacturing* poor. What a dark and terrible history of early suffering is developed in the evidence on the Factory Bill. Let us take an instance:

* The Last Essays of Elia.

EVIDENCE OF DAVID BYWATER.

Were you afterwards taken to the steaming department?—Yes.

At what age?—I believe I was turned thirteen then.

Is that a laborious employment?—Yes; we stood on one side and turned the cloth over, and then we had to go to the other side and turn the cloth over.

Were you there some time before you worked long hours?—Yes; but there was so much work beforehand that we were obliged to start night-work.

At what age were you when you entered upon that nightwork?—I was nearly fourteen.

Will you state to this Committee the labour which you endured when you were put upon long hours and the night-work was added?—I started at one o'clock on Monday morning, and went on till twelve o'clock on Tuesday night.

What intervals had you for food and rest?—We started at one o'clock on Monday morning, and then we went on till five, and stopped for half an hour for refreshment; then we went on again till eight o'clock, at breakfast-time; then we had half an hour, and then we went on till twelve o'clock, and had an hour for dinner; and then we went on again till five o'clock, and had half an hour for drinking; and then we started at half-past five, and if we had a mind we could stop at nine and have half an hour then, but we thought it would be best to have an hour and a half together, which we might have at half-past eleven; so we went on from half-past five, and stopped at half-past eleven for refreshment for an hour and a half at midnight; then we went on from one till five again, and then we stopped for half an hour; then we went on again till breakfast-time, when we had half an hour; and then we went on again till twelve o'clock, at dinner-time, and then we had an hour; and then we stopped at five o'clock again on Tuesday afternoon, for half an hour for drinking; then we went on till half past eleven, and then we gave over till five o'clock on Wednesday morning.

You say you were taken to be a steamer; are not very stout and healthy youths usually selected for that purpose?—Yes, the overlooker said he thought I should be the strongest.

When did you commence on Wednesday morning?—At five o'clock, and then we worked till eight o'clock, and then we had half an hour again; then we went on to dinner-time, and had an hour at twelve o'clock; and then at one o'clock we went on again till five, and then we had half an hour, and then we went on till half-past eleven again; and then we started again at one o'clock on Thursday morning, and went on till five o'clock; then we had half an hour, and then we went on till eight o'clock; we had half an hour for breakfast, and then we went on till twelve and got our dinner; then at one o'clock we went on till five o'clock, and then we had half an hour; then we went on till half-past eleven, and then we gave over till five o'clock on Friday morning; then we started again at five o'clock, and went on till eight; then we went on till dinner-time, at twelve o'clock; then at one o'clock we went on till five; then we had half an hour, and then we went on till half-past eleven; then we started again at one o'clock on Saturday morning, and went on till five; then we had half an hour, and went on till eight; then we had half an hour for breakfast, and went on till twelve; then we had an hour for dinner, and then went on from one o'clock till seven, or eight, or nine o'clock; we had no drinking-time on Saturday afternoon; we could seldom get to give over on the Saturday afternoon as the other people did.

You said that you was selected as a steamer by the overlooker, on account of your being a stout and healthy boy?—Yes, he said he thought I was the strongest, and so I should go.

Were you perfect in your limbs when you undertook that long and excessive labour?—Yes, I was.

What effect did it produce upon you?—It brought a weakness on me; I felt my knees quite ache.

Had you pain in your limbs and all over your body?—Yes.

Show what effect it had upon your limbs.—It made me very crooked.—[Here the witness showed his knees and legs.]

Are your thighs also bent?—Yes, the bone is quite bent.

EVIDENCE ON THE FACTORY BELL.

How long was it after you had to endure this long labour before your limbs felt in that way?—I was very soon told of it, before I found it out myself.

What did they tell you?—They told me I was getting very crooked in my knees; my mother found it out first.

What did she say about it?—She said I should kill myself with working this long time.

If you had refused to work those long hours, and have wished to have worked a moderate length of time only, should you have been retained in your situation?—I should have had to go home; I should have been turned off directly.

EVIDENCE OF ELDIN HARGRAVE.

In attending to this machine, are you not always upon the stretch, and upon the move?—Yes, always.

Do you not use your hand a good deal in stretching it out?—Yes.

What effect had this long labour upon you?—I had a pain across my knee, and I got crooked.

Was it the back of your knee, or the side of your knee?—All round.

Will you show your limbs? [Here the witness exposed his legs and knees.]

Were your knees ever straight at any time?—They were straight before I went to Mr. Brown's mill.

You say that you worked for seventeen hours a day all the year round; did you do that without interruption?—Yes.

Could you attend any day or night school?—No.

Can you write?—No.

Can you read?—I can read a little in a spelling-book.

Where did you learn that; did you go to a Sunday-school?—No, I had not clothes to go in.

EVIDENCE OF MR. THOMAS DANIEL,

relative to the Boys called Scavengers.

You have stated that there is considerable difference in the ages of the children employed; are the younger, or older of the children employed, those that have to undergo the greatest degree of labour and exertion?—The younger.

Those you call scavengers?—Yes, scavengers and middle-piecers.

Will you state their average age?—The average age of scavengers will not be more than ten years.

Describe to the Committee the employment of those scavengers.—Their work is to keep the machines, while they are going, clean from all kinds of dust and dirt that may be flying about, and they are in all sorts of positions to come at them; I think that their bodily exertion is more than they are able to bear, for they are constantly kept in a state of activity.

Have they not to clean the machines, and to creep under, and run round them, and to change and accommodate their position in every possible manner, in order to keep those machines in proper order?—They are in all sorts of postures that the human body is capable of being put into, to come at the machines.

Are they not peculiarly liable to accidents then?—In many instances they are; but not so much now as they formerly were; spinners take more care and more notice of the children than they formerly did.

Do you think that they are capable of performing that work for the length of time that you have described?—Not without doing them a serious injury with respect to their health and their bodily strength.

State the effect that it has upon them, according to your own observation and experience.—Those children, every moment that they have to spare, will be stretched all their length upon the floor in a state of perspiration, and we are obliged to keep them up to the work by using either a strap or some harsh language, and they are kept continually in a state of agitation; I consider them to be constantly in a state

of grief, though some of them cannot shed tears; their condition greatly depresses their spirits.

They live in a state of constant apprehension, and often in one of terror?—They are always in terror; and I consider that that does them as much injury as their labour, their minds being in a constant state of agitation and fear.

You consider then, upon the whole, their state as one of extreme hardship and misery?—So much so, that I have made up my mind that my children shall never go into a factory, more especially as scavengers and piecers.

What do you mean by saying that those children are always in a state of terror and fear?—The reason of their being in a state of terror and fear is, that we are obliged to have our work done; and we are compelled therefore to use the strap, or some harsh language, which it hurts my feelings often to do, for I think it is heart-breaking to the poor child.

Do not you think that their labour is more aggravating to them at the end of the day?—I do; for we have to be more harsh with them at the latter part of the day than in the middle part of it. The greatest difficulty that we have to contend with in point of making them do their labour, is in the morning, and after four o'clock in the afternoon; the long hours that they have laboured the day before, in my opinion, cause them to be very stupid in the morning.

Have you observed them to be drowsy towards the after part of the day?—Very much so.

I could go on multiplying these examples* at random, from every page of this huge calendar of childish sufferings; but enough has been said to convince the reader's understanding, and I would fain trust, to open his heart.

Thus prepared and seasoned for the miseries of life, the boy enters upon manhood—aged while yet youthful—and compelled, by premature exhaustion, to the dread relief of artificial stimulus. Gin, not even pure spirit, but its dire adulteration—opium—narcotic drugs; these are the horrible cements with which he repairs the rents and chasms of a shattered and macerated frame. He marries; and becomes in his turn the reproducer of new sufferers. In afterlife he gets a smattering of political knowledge; legislative theories invite and lull him from himself; and with all the bitter experience of the present system, how can you wonder that he yearns for innovation?

In manufacturing towns, the intercourse between the sexes is usually depraved and gross. The number of illegitimate children is, I allow, proportionally less in a manufacturing than in an agricultural district, but a most fallacious inference has been drawn from this fact; it has been asserted by some political economists, that sensual licentiousness is therefore less common among the population of the latter than that of

* But then, cry some pseudo-economists, on the Factory Bill we want farther inquiry. We have instituted farther inquiry—for what? To prove that children can be properly worked above ten hours a day?—No, but to prove that the master manufacturers are slandered. Very well; that is quite another affair. Let us first do justice to those whom you allow to be overworked, and we will then do justice to those whom you suppose to be maligned. The great mistake of modern liberalism is, to suppose that a government is never to interfere, except through the medium of the tax-gatherer. A government should represent a parent; with us, it only represents a dun, with the bailiff at his heels!

the former—a mischievous error—the unchaste are not fruitful. The causes why illegitimate children are less numerous in manufacturing towns are manifold; of these I shall allude but to two (to the Quarterly Reviewers, so severe on Miss Martineau, a third may occur)—the inferior health of the women, and the desperate remedy of destroying the burden prematurely in the womb. The existence of these facts will be acknowledged by any one who has seen, with inquiring eyes, the *actual* state of the Manufacturing Population. The great evil of licentiousness is almost less in its influence on the Principles, than the Affections. When the passions are jaded and exhausted, the kindly feelings, which are their offspring, lie supine. The social charities, the household ties, the fond and endearing relations of wife and husband, mother and child, are not blessings compatible with a life of impure excitement. The Ancients tell us of a Nation of Harlots, who exposed their children :—the story may be false, but he who invented it, and showed how profligacy banished the natural affections, had studied with accuracy the constitution of the human mind.

Amidst these gloomier portraitures of our mechanic population, there are bright reliefs. Many of the Operatives have been warned, and not seduced, by the contagion of example; and of these I could select some who, for liberal knowledge, sound thought, kindly feeling, and true virtue, may rank among the proudest ornaments of the country. It has been my good fortune to correspond with many of the Operative Class, not only, as a member of parliament, upon political affairs, but in my prouder capacity, as a literary man, upon various schemes, which in letters and in science had occurred to their ingenuity. I have not only corresponded with these men, but I have also mixed personally with others of their tribe, and I have ever found that an acuteness of observation was even less the distinction of their character, than a certain noble and disinterested humanity of disposition. Among such persons I would seek, without a lantern, for the true Philanthropist. Deeply acquainted with the ills of their race, their main public thought is to alleviate and relieve them: they have not the jealousy common to men who have risen a little above their kind; they desire more “to raise the wretched than to rise;” their plots and their schemings are not for themselves, but for their class. Their ambition is godlike, for it is the desire to enlighten and to bless. There is a divine and sacred species of Ambition which is but another word for Benevolence. These are they who endeavour to establish Mechanics’ Institutes, and Plans of National Education; who clamour against Taxes upon Knowledge; who desire Virtue to be the foundation of Happiness. I know not, indeed, an order of men, more interesting our higher sympathies than that of which I speak; nor one that addresses more forcibly our

sadder emotions, than that wider class which they desire to relieve.

The common characteristic of the Operatives, even amidst all the miseries and excesses frequent amongst them, is that of *desires better than their condition*. They all have the wish for knowledge. They go to the gin-shop, and yet there they discuss the elements of virtue! Apprenticed to the austere trials of life, they acquire a universal sympathy with oppression. "Their country is the world." You see this tendency in all their political theories; it is from the darkness of their distress that they send forth the loud shouts which terrify Injustice. It is their voice which is heard the earliest, and dies the latest, against Wrong in every corner of the Globe; they make to themselves common cause with spoliated Poland—with Ireland, dragooned into silence*—with the slaves of Jamaica—with the human victims of Indostan: wherever there is suffering, their experience unites them to it; and their efforts, unavailing for themselves, often contribute to adjust the balance of the World. "As (in the touching Arabian proverb) the barber learns his art on the orphan's face," so Legislation sometimes acquires its wisdom by experiments on Distress.

For the demoralized social state which I have ascribed to a large proportion of the Operatives, there are two cures, the one physical, the other moral. If you bow down the frame by the excess of early labour, the sufferers must have premature recourse to the artificial remedies of infirmity. Opium and gin are the cheapest drugs: † these corrupt the mind, and take reward from labour. Of what use are high wages, if they are spent in a single night? Children, therefore, should not be worked at too early an age, nor to too great an extreme. Women in the latter stages of childbearing should not be permitted to attend the toil of the manufactories—they have no right to entail a curse on the Unborn. Legislation must not, it is true, *over* interfere; but she is a guardian, as well as an executioner: she may interfere to prevent, if she interferes to punish.

So much for the physical cure:—the moral cure is Education. National Schools, on a wide and comprehensive plan, embrace more than the elements of knowledge. (I shall enlarge upon this point in the next section of my work;) they ought to teach social, as well as individual morals; they ought to be adapted to the class to which they are dedicated; they should teach, not so much labour, as *habits* of labour; and bring up the young mind, especially the female mind, to the necessities of domestic economy. Labour schools ‡ should be

* Written at the time of the Coercion Bill.

† See the account of the number of visitors to a gin-shop, Book I. p. 28.

‡ Certain political economists opposed to the plan of labour schools have re-

united to Intellectual. So far the Government can provide a cure. Individuals may assist it. The sexes should be, in all manufactories, even at the earliest age, carefully separated; and a master should demand a good moral character with those he employs. This last precaution is too generally neglected; a drunken, disorderly character is no barrier to the obtaining work; it is therefore no misfortune—if no misfortune, it is no disgrace. The best cure for demoralization is to establish a moral standard of opinion. To these remedies, add a revision of the Poor-laws for both classes, the manufacturing and the agricultural.* After all, the remedies are less difficult than they appear to the superficial. But to a Government, nowadays, everything has grown difficult,—even the art of taxation.

The mention of the Poor-laws now links my inquiry into the social state of the manufacturing, with that of the agricultural, population. The operation of the Poor-laws is the History of the Poor. It is a singular curse in the records of our race, that the destruction of one evil is often the generation of a thousand others. The Poor-laws† were intended to prevent mendicants; they have made mendicancy a legal profession: they were established in the spirit of a noble and sublime provision, which contained all the theory of Virtue; they have produced all the consequences of Vice. Nothing differs so much from the end of institutions as their origin. Rome, the mother of warriors, was founded on a day consecrated to the goddess of shepherds. The Poor-laws, formed to relieve the distressed, have been the arch-creator of distress.

Of all popular suppositions, the most common among our philanthropical philosophers is, to believe that in England Poverty is the parent of Crime. This is not exactly the case. *Pauperism* is the parent of crime; but pauperism is not poverty. The distinction is delicate and important.

In the extracts from the information received by his Majesty's Commissioners as to the administration and operation of the Poor-laws, appears the following evidence, from Mr. Wontner, the governor of

quested me to reconsider the principle on which I recommend them. I have done so only to be the more strongly persuaded of their utility.

* Written the year before the Reform in the Poor-laws.

† The shallow politicians of the Senate tell you, with a pompous air, that the abolition of the monasteries was the only cause of Elizabeth's Poor-law. Why, did they ever read the old writers, poets, and chroniclers, before Elizabeth?—Did they ever read *Barclay's Eclogues*, descriptive of the state of the poor?—No, to be sure not. Did they ever read, then, the Acts of Parliament prior to Elizabeth?—One Act in Henry the Eighth's time, years before the monasteries were abolished, contains the germ of Poor-law, by confining the poor to their parishes, on the plea of the great increase of vagabonds and rogues. Did they ever read this?—Not they. Their province is to vote, not read.

Newgate; Mr. Chesterton, the governor of the House of Correction for Middlesex; and Mr. Gregory, the treasurer of Spitalfields parish.

Mr. Woutner—"Of the criminals who come under your care, what proportion, so far as your experience will enable you to state, were by the *immediate pressure of want* impelled to the commission of crime? by want is meant, the absence of the means of subsistence, and not the want arising from indolence and an impatience of steady labour?—According to the best of my observation, scarcely one-eighth. This is my conclusion, not only from my observations in the office of governor of this goal, where we see more than can be seen in court of the state of each case, but from six years' experience as one of the marshals of the city, having the direction of a large body of police, and seeing more than can be seen by the governor of a prison.

"Of the criminals thus impelled to the commission of crime by the immediate pressure of want, what proportion, according to the best of your experience, were previously reduced to want by heedlessness, indolence, and not by causes beyond the reach of common prudence to avert?—When we inquire into the class of cases to which the last answer refers, we generally find that the criminals have had situations and profitable labour, but have lost them in consequence of indolence, inattention, or dissipation, or habitual drunkenness, or association with bad females. *If we could thoroughly examine the whole of this class of cases, I feel confident that we should find that not one-thirtieth of the whole class of cases brought here are free from imputation of misconduct, or can be said to result entirely from blameless want.* The cases of juvenile offenders from nine to thirteen years of age arise partly from the difficulty of obtaining employment for children of those ages, partly from the want of the power of superintendence of parents, who, being in employment themselves, have not the power to look after their children; and in a far greater proportion from the criminal neglect and example of parents."

Mr. Chesterton states, "I directed a very intelligent yardsman, and one who had never, I believe, wilfully misled me, to inquire into the habits and circumstances of all in the yard (sixty prisoners), and the result was that he could not point out one who appeared to have been urged by want to commit theft. It appears, that in the House of Correction, the proportion of prisoners who have been paupers is more numerous than in the other goals."

Mr. Richard Gregory, the treasurer of Spitalfields parish, who for several years distinguished himself by his successful exertions for the prevention of crime within that district, was asked—

"We understand you have paid great attention to the state and prevention of crime; can you give us any information as to the connexion of crime with pauperism?—I can state, from experience, that they invariably go together.

"But do poverty—meaning unavoidable and irreproachable poverty—and crime invariably go together?—That is the material distinction. In the whole course of my experience, which is of twenty-five years, in a very poor neighbourhood, liable to changes subjecting the industrious to very great privations, I remember but one solitary instance of a poor but industrious man out of employment stealing any thing. I detected a working-man stealing a small piece of bacon;—he burst into tears, and said it was his poverty and not his inclination which prompted him to do this, for he was out of work, and in a state of starvation.

"Then are we to understand, as the result of your experience, that the great mass of crimes in your neighbourhood has always arisen from idleness and vice, rather than from the want of employment?—Yes, and this idleness and vicious habits are increased and fostered by pauperism, and by the readiness with which the able-bodied can obtain from parishes allowances and food without labour."

The whole of this valuable document on the Poor-laws generally bears out the evidence adduced above. Idleness and vice, then, are the chief parents of crime and distress; viz. indisposition to work, not the want of work. This is a great truth never to be lost sight of; for, upon a deduction to be drawn from it, depends the only safe principle

of Parochial Reform. But how, in so industrious a country, arises the indifference to toil? The answer is obvious—wherever idleness is better remunerated than labour, idleness becomes contagious, and labour hateful. Is this the fact with us? Let us see; the following fable shall instruct us:

“The most benevolent of the angels was Eriel. Accustomed to regard with a pitying eye the condition of Mankind, and knowing (in the generous spirit of angelic philosophy) how much circumstance is connected with crime, he had ever wept over even the sufferings of the felon, and attempted to interfere with the Arch Disposer of events for their mitigation. One day, in walking over the earth, as was his frequent wont, he perceived a poor woman, with a child in her arms, making her way through a tattered and squalid crowd that thronged around the threshold of a certain house in the centre of a large town. Something in the aspect of the woman interested the benevolent angel. He entered the house with her, and heard her apply to the overseers of the parish for relief: she stated her case as one of great hardship; to add to her distress, the infant in her arms was suffering under the fearful visitation of the small-pox. The overseers seemed ready enough to relieve her—all the overseers, save one; *he* sturdily stood out, and declared the woman an impostor.

“This is the fourth child,” quoth he, “that has been brought to us this day as suffering under the small-pox; there is not, I am sure, so much disease in the village. Come hither, my good woman, and let us look at your infant.”

The mother seemed evidently reluctant to expose the seamed and scarred features of the child—“It is maternal vanity, poor creature!” whispered the kind heart of the angel.

She showed the arm and the leg, and the stamp of the disease was evidently there, *but the face!*—it would disturb the little sufferer—it would shock the good gentleman—it might spread the disease. What was the good of it? The hard overseer was inexorable; he lifted the handkerchief from the child’s face—“I thought so!” quoth he, in triumph: “Go, my good woman—*the child is not your own!*”—The woman quailed at the overseer’s look; she would have spoken, but she only cried; she slunk into the crowd and disappeared. The fact came out, *the child was a borrowed commodity!* it had been shifted from matron to matron: now its face had been shown, now only its hand; its little pustules had been an India to the paupers. The hard overseer was a very Solomon in his suspicion.

Now, in witnessing this scene, one remarkable occurrence had excited the astonishment of the angel; he perceived standing behind the Parochial Authorities no less a personage than the celebrated demon Mephistopheles; and, instead of steeling the hearts of the official

judges, he remarked that the Fiend whispered charity and humanity to them, whenever any doubt as to the appropriate exercise of those divine virtues arose within their breasts. Struck by this inconsistency in demoniacal traits, when the assembly broke up, Eriel accosted the Fiend, and intimated his surprise and joy at his apparent conversion to the principles of benevolence. Every one knows that Mephistopheles is a devil so fond of his sneer, that he will even go out of his way to indulge it. He proposed to the angel to take a walk and chat over the sentiments of harmony; Eriel agreed, they walked on, arguing and debating, till they came to a cottage, which struck the rambles as unusually neat in its appearance; they assumed their spiritual prerogative of invisibility, and, crossing the threshold, they perceived a woman of about thirty years of age, busying herself in household matters, while her husband, a sturdy labourer, was partaking with two children a frugal meal of coarse bread and mouldy cheese. About the cottage and its inmates was a mingled air of respectability and discontent. "My poor boy," quoth the labourer to his son, "you can have no more; we must set the rest by for supper."

"It is very hard, father," grumbled the boy; "we work all day and are half starved, and Joe Higgins, who is supplied by the parish, works little and is well fed."

"Yes, boy, but thank God we are *not* on the parish yet," said the mother, turning round, with a flush of honest pride.

The father sighed and said nothing.

When the meal was done, the peasant lingered behind to speak to his wife.

"It is very true, Jane," said he, "that we have been brought up in a spirit of independence, and do not like to go to the parish, but where's the good of it? Jack's perfectly right. There's Higgins does not do half what we do, and see how comfortable he is: and, you know, we are rate-payers, and absolutely pay for *his* indolence. This is very discouraging, Jane; I see it is spoiling my boys for work; depend on't we can't be better than our neighbours; we must come on the parish, as all of them do."

So saying, the father shook his head and walked out.

The poor wife sat down and wept bitterly.

"This is a very, very sad case!" said Eriel; Mephistopheles grinned.

Our wanderers left the cottage and proceeded on their walk; they came to another cottage, of a slatternly and dirty appearance; the inmates also were at dinner, but they were much better off in point of food, though not in point of cleanliness. "I say, Joe Higgins," quoth the dame of the cottage, "this bacon is not half so good as they get at the workhouse. There's my sister and her two brats does not do no work, and they has beef every Sunday."

"And all the men," interrupted Joe, "has three pints of beer a day; s'pose we makes a push to get in?"

"With all my heart," said the wife, "and the overseers be mighty kind gemmen."

The Immortal Visitors listened no more; they resumed their journey, and they came to the Poor-house: here all was sleek indolence and lazy comfort; the parochial authorities prided themselves on *buying the best of every thing*. The Paupers had vegetables, and beer, and bread; and the children were educated at the parish pauper school. Nevertheless, as our visitors listened and looked on, they found that Discontent could enter into even this asylum of untasked felicity. They overhead a grim and stalwart pauper whispering to some three or four young and eager listeners, "Arter all, you sees we be not so well off as my brother Tom, what is a convict in the hulks yonder. And you sees, if we *do* do that ere job what I spoke to you about, we should only be sent to the hulks, and be then as well fed and as easy as brother Tom himself."

The three lads looked at each other, and the Immortals perceived by the glance, that the "job" would be soon done.

"Perhaps now, Mr. Eriel," said Mephistopheles with a sneer, "you see why I strove to soften the hearts of the overseers."

"Alas! yes," replied the Angel sorrowfully, "and I see also that there is no fiend like a mistaken principle of Charity."

This fable is but the illustration of stern fact.

The following table, drawn chiefly from official returns, will show clearly, and at a glance, the comparative condition of each class, as to food, from the honest and independent labourer to the convicted and transported felon. For better comparison, the whole of the meat is calculated as cooked.

THE SCALE. $\frac{R}{2}$

I. THE INDEPENDENT AGRICULTURAL LABOURER—

According to the returns of Labourers' Expenditure, they are unable to get, in the shape of solid food, more than an average allowance of		oz.
Bread (daily) 17 oz. = per week	.	119
Bacon, per week	4 oz.	
Loss in cooking	1 "	
		Solid Food
		3—122 oz.

II. THE SOLDIER—

		oz.
Bread (daily) 16 oz. — per week	.	112
Meat 12	84 oz.	
Loss in cooking	28 "	
		56—168

III. THE ARLÉ-BODIED PAUPER—

		oz.
Bread	per week	98
Meat	81 oz.	
Loss in cooking	10 "	Solid Food
	—	21
Cheese		16
Pudding		16—151

In addition to the above, which is an average allowance, the inmates of most workhouses have

Vegetables	48 oz.
Soup	3 quarts.
Milk Porridge	3 "
Table Beer	7 "

and many other comforts.

IV. THE SUSPECTED THIEF—

(See the Gaol returns from Lancaster.)

Bread	per week	112
Meat	24 oz.	
Loss in cooking	8 "	
	—	16
Oatmeal		40
Rice		5
Pease		4
Cheese		4—181

Winchester :

Bread	per week	193
Meat	16 oz.	
Loss in cooking	5 "	
	—	11—203

V. THE CONVICTED THIEF—

		oz.
Bread	per week	140
Meat	56 oz.	
Loss in cooking	18 "	
	—	38
Scotch Barley		28
Oatmeal		21
Cheese		12—239

VI. THE TRANSPORTED THIEF—

16½ lbs. Meat per week —	168 oz.	
Loss in cooking	56 "	
	—	112
10½ lbs. Flour, which will increase, when made into bread		218—330

“So that the industrious labourer has less than the pauper, the pauper less than the suspected thief, the suspected thief less than the convicted, the convicted less than the transported, and by the time you reach the end of the gradation, you find that the transported thief has nearly three times the allowance of the honest labourer!”

What effect then must those laws produce upon our social system, which make the labourer rise by his own degradation, which bid him be ambitious to be a pauper and aspire to be a convict!

Perhaps, however, you console yourself with the notion, that at all

events our Poor-laws provide well and comfortably for the decline of life; that whatever we throw away upon the sturdy and robust pauper, we afford at least, in the spirit of the original law, a much better provision for the aged and infirm. Alas! it is just the reserve; *it is the aged and infirm who are the worst off*. Here is one parallel, among many, between the two classes: Joseph Coster, aged thirty-four, and Anne Chapman, a widow, aged seventy-five, are of the same parish. Joseph Coster, in the prime of life, receives from the parish no less than *43l. 6s. 8d.* per year, or *16s. 8d.* per week; Anne Chapman, the *decrepit widow*, *1s. 6d. a week, or 3l. 18s. a year!* So much for the assistance really afforded to the aged.

And why does the sturdy young man obtain more than the aged and helpless?—1st, Because he may be violent; he can clamour, he can threaten, he can break machines, and he can burn ricks. The magistrates are afraid of *him*; but the old and helpless are past fearing. 2dly, Because *he* has been reckless and improvident, he has brought children into the world without the means of maintaining them, and it is well to encourage private improvidence by public pay. 3dly, Because *he* is paid his wages out of the poor-rates—the consequence of which, vitiating his industry itself, takes from labour its independence, and degrades all poverty into pauperism. It often happens that employment is given rather to the pauper than the independent labourer, because it eases the parish; and *labourers* have absolutely reduced themselves to pauperism in order to be employed.

Do not let us flatter ourselves with the notion that these laws bind the poor to the rich; that the poor consider parish relief as charity.—No, they consider it as a right,—a right which they can obtain, not by desert, but worthlessness; not by thrift, but extravagance; not by real distress, but by plausible falsehood. A shoemaker at Lambeth swore he could only earn thirteen shillings a week—he applied for parish relief—an overseer discovered that he made thirty shillings a week, and the supply was refused. “It is a d—d hard case,” quoth the shoemaker; “it was as good to me as a freehold—I’ve had it these seven years!”

And now it is my duty to point out to the reader one important truth. How far may it safely be left to individuals to administer and provide individual remedies? If ever—you would imagine at first—if ever there was an Aristocracy, which by its position ought to remedy the evils existent among the poorer population in the provinces, it is ours:—unlike the *noblesse* of other countries, they are not congregated only at the capital, they live much in the provinces; their grades of rank are numerous, from the peer to the squire; they spread throughout the whole state; they come in contact with all classes; they are involved in all country business; they have great wealth; they can easily obtain prac-

tical experience—would you not say they are the very men who would most naturally, and could most successfully, struggle against the abuses that, while they demoralize the poor, menace the rich? Alas! it is exactly the reserve: the influence of the Aristocracy, in respect to those within the operation of the Poor-laws, has only been not pernicious, where it has been supine and negative. Among the great gentry, it is mostly the latter—their influence is neglect; among the smaller gentry, it is the former—their influence has been destruction!

I take an instance of this fact in the parish of Calne. Its neighbour and main proprietor is the Marquis of Lansdowne, a man rich to excess; intelligent, able—a political economist—his example, activity, and influence, might *have done* much—his interest was *to do* much—to correct the pauperism of his neighbourhood, and to enlighten the surrounding magistrates and overseers. Well, the parish of Calne is most wretchedly, most *ignorantly*, administered; it is one of the strongest instances of abuse and mental darkness in the Evidence of the Poor-law Commissioners.

So much for the influence of your great noble. Now see, in the same borough, the far more pernicious influence of your magistrate. The magistrates have established the scale system; viz. have insisted on paying the wages of labour out of the parish; the evil effects of this we have already seen. The assistant overseer, and the other parish officers of Calne allowed that no attention whatever was paid to character; to the most notorious drunkards, swearers, and thieves, the magistrates equally insisted on the application of their blessed scale:—the demands on the parish were made with insolence and threats. The Commissioner inquires if the parish officers never took these men to the bench for punishment. “Yes, they had, but had been so often reprimanded, and triumphed over, that they had given it up.”

“Thus,” adds the Commissioner, “with the appearance of no appeal to the magistrates, the magisterial (viz. the aristocratic) influence is unbounded, complete, and *by tacit consent, always in exercise, and ever producing evils of the greatest magnitude and the worst description.*”

Wherever the magistrates interfere, the interference is always fatal;—they support, out of an ungenerous fear, or a foolish pride of authority, or at best a weak and ignorant charity, the worst and most vicious characters, in opposition to the remonstrances of the parochial officers—they appoint the scale of allowance by which they pauperize whole districts—afraid of the vengeance of the rickburner, they dare

* “The district of Sturminster Newton is the worst regulated as to poor-concerns, with the highest proportionate rates in the county;—in no district is there so much magisterial interference.”—*Mr. Okeden's Report*. I might accumulate a thousand instances in support of this general fact, but it is notorious.

not refuse (even if they wish it) allowance to the pauper. Wherever they interfere, rates rise as by a miracle, and the parish falls into decay.

It is they who, to aid a temporary policy in Pitt's time, persuaded the poor that it was no disgrace to apply to the parish—it is they who engendered and support the payment of wages from rates—the allowance of relief to the able-bodied—in other words, it is they who, in these two abuses, have produced the disease we are now called upon to cure. Wherever they do not interfere, the malady is comparatively slight.

Stratford-upon-Avon, says Mr. Villiers, is the only place in the division not subject to the jurisdiction of the county magistrates, and the only one where it is said the rate-payers are not dissatisfied. In Poole, a large and populous town, magisterial influence is unknown—all that relates to the government of the poor is excellent.* Moore Critchell, Devizes, Marlborough, are similar examples.

Enough of these facts.—I have made out my case. Individual and local influence has been usually pernicious, and it follows, therefore, that in any reform of the Poor-laws, the first principle will be to leave nothing to the *discretion* of that Influence.

Before I pass on to another view of my subject, let me pause one moment to do justice to a body of men, whom, in these days of party spirit, it requires some courage in a legislator professing liberal opinions to vindicate, and whom, in the progress of this work, it will be again my duty and my pleasure to vindicate from many ignorant aspersions—I mean the Clergy of the Establishment. I exempt them in general from the censure to be passed on the magistrates. A certain jealousy between the parson and the squire has often prevented the latter from profiting by the experience of the former, and led to combinations on the bench to thwart the superior enlightenment of the Clerical influence. We shall find various instances in which an active and intelligent minister has been the main reformer of his parish, and the chief corrector of the obstinacy of the magistrate and the sloth of the overseer. But in very few of these instances shall we find the clergyman a scion of the Aristocracy.

A book lies open before me, which ascribes to our Aristocracy many of our Public Charities. What impudence!—most of them have been founded by persons sprung from the people. The author rejoices over the fine names in the list of patrons to such institutions—Let him!—

* Some faint, though unsuccessful, attempt has been made to throw suspicion upon the Report of these Commissioners. It may be possible that the Commissioners have been mistaken in one or two details, or calculations; even so, the *principles* they have established would be still untouched. *In truth*, the Commissioners have not made a single discovery, they have only classified and enforced the discoveries we had already made. I quote *illustrations* from their Report, as being the most recent work on the subject—the facts will remain notorious, however you may wrangle with the illustrations.

One thing is perfectly clear, that Public Charities may be administered and regulated with greater sagacity than they are. Let us take a survey of these Institutions—it will perhaps interest, and certainly instruct us.

The system of Public Charities, however honourable to the humanity of a nation, requires the wisest legislative provisions not to conspire with the Poor-laws to be destructive to its morals. Nothing so nurtures virtue as the spirit of independence. The poor should be assisted undoubtedly—but in what?—*in providing for themselves*. Hence the wisdom of the Institution of Savings Banks. When taught to lean upon others, Poverty becomes only a burden upon industry. The Reverend Mr. Stone has illustrated this principle in a vein of just and felicitous humour. He supposes a young weaver of twenty-two marrying a servant-girl of nineteen. Are they provident against the prospects of a family;—do they economise—toil—retrench?—No: they live in Spitalfields, and rely upon *the Charitable Institutions*. The wife gets a ticket for the “Royal Maternity Society,”—she is delivered for nothing—she wants baby-linen—the Benevolent Society supply her. The child must be vaccinated—he goes to the Hospital for Vaccination. He is eighteen months old, “he must be got out of the way;” he goes to the Infant School;—from thence he proceeds, being “distressed,” to the Educational Clothing Society, and the Sunday Schools.—Thence he attains to the Clothing Charity Schools. He remains five years—he is apprenticed gratis to a weaver—he becomes a journeyman—the example of his parents is before his eyes—he marries a girl of his own age—his child passes the ancestral round of charities—his own work becomes precarious—but his father’s family was for years in the same circumstances, and was always saved by charity; to charity, then, he again has recourse. Parish gifts of coals, and parish gifts of bread are at his disposal. Spitalfields Associations, Soup Societies, Benevolent Societies, Pension Societies—all fostering the comfortable luxury of living gratuitously—he comes at length to the more fixed income of parish relief—“he *begs* an extract from the parish register, proves his settlement by the *charity-school indenture of apprenticeship*, and quarters his family on the parish, with an allowance of five shillings a week. In this uniform alternation of voluntary and compulsory relief he draws towards the close of his mendicant existence. Before leaving the world, he might, perhaps, return thanks to the public. He has been *born for nothing*—he has been *nursed for nothing*—he has been *clothed for nothing*—he has been *educated for nothing*—he has been *put out in the world for nothing*—he has had *medicine and medical attendance for nothing*; and he has had his children also *born, nursed, clothed, fed, educated, established, and physicked—for nothing!*

“ There is but one good office more for which he can stand indebted to society, and *that* is his Burial ! He dies a parish pauper, and, at the expense of the parish, he is provided with shroud, coffin, pall, and burial-ground ; a party of paupers from the workhouse bear his body to the grave, and a party of paupers are his mourners.”*

Thus we find, that Public Charities are too often merely a bonus to public indolence and vice. What a dark lesson of the fallacy of human wisdom does this knowledge strike into the heart ! What a waste of the materials of kindly sympathies ! What a perversion individual mistakes can cause, even in the virtues of a nation ! Charity is a feeling dear to the pride of the human heart—it is an aristocratic emotion ! Mahomet testified his deep knowledge of his kind when he allowed the vice hardest to control,—sexual licentiousness ; and encouraged the virtue easiest to practise,—charity. The effect of the last is, in the East, productive of most of the worst legislative evils in that quarter of the globe ; it encourages the dependant self-reconciliation to slavery, and fosters the most withering of theological fallacies—predestination.

The effects of the Poor-laws on the social system are then briefly these ;—they encourage improvidence, for they provide for its wants ; they engender sexual intemperance, for they rear its offspring ; by a necessary reaction the benefits conferred on the vicious pauper become a curse on the honest labourer.† They widen the breach between the wealthy and the poor, for compulsory benevolence is received with discontent ;—they deaden the social affections of the labourer, for his children become to him a matter of mercantile speculation. “ An instance,” says Mr. Villiers, speaking from his experience in the county of Gloucester, “ was mentioned, of a man who had lately lost all his children, saying publicly, that it was a sad thing for him, for he had lost his parish pay, *and that had his children lived he should have been well to do.*”

Another instance of their operation, not on paternal, but filial affection, is recorded by Dr. Chalmers, in his work on Civic Economy. “ At Bury, in Lancashire,” saith he, “ some very old out-pensioners, who had been admitted as inmates to the *poor-house*, with the families

* “ I wish it to be particularly understood,” Mr. Stone then adds, “ that in thus describing the operation of charity in my district, I have been giving an *ordinary*, and not an *extraordinary*, instance. I might have included many other details ; some of them of a far more aggravated and offensive nature. I have contented myself, however, with describing the state of the district as regards charitable relief, and the extent to which that relief *may be*, and actually *is* made to minister to *improvidence and dependence.*”

† The merit of the origin of Public Hospitals has been inconsiderately ascribed to Christianity. It was the Druids who founded hospitals—they also sacrificed human flesh !

of their own children, often preferred the workhouse," because, "on purpose to get altogether *quit of them, their children made them uncomfortable.*"

"I have been frequently at vestry-meetings," said Mr. Clarkson, some years ago, "where I have told the father, '*Your children are Yours.*' The answer has always been, '*No, they belong to the parish!*' No one can beat it into their heads that their own children belong to them, not to the parish."—The parish is mightily obliged to them!

If the Poor-laws operate thus on the social ties, they are equally prejudicial to the sexual moralities. In the rural districts, a peasant girl has a child first, and a husband afterwards. One woman in Swaffham, Norfolk, had seven illegitimate children; she received 2*s.* a-head for each: had she been a widow, with seven legitimate children, she would have received 4*s.* or 5*s.* less. An illegitimate child is thus 25 per cent. more valuable to a parent than a legitimate one. It is considered a very good speculation to marry a lady with a fortune of one or two pledges of love.

"I requested," says Mr. Brereton, of Norfolk, in an excellent pamphlet, published some time ago, on the Administration of the Poor-laws—"I requested the governor of a neighbouring hundred-house to furnish me with the number of children born within a certain period, distinguishing the legitimate from the illegitimate. The account was 77 children born:—23 legitimate, 54 illegitimate:" viz. the illegitimate children were more than double the number of the legitimate.

The Poor-laws, administered as at present through the southern parts of the Island, poison morality, independence, and exertion:—the encouragers, the propagators, and the rewarders of Pauperism. To these evils we must add those incurred by the Laws of Settlement.* At present, if there is no labour in one parish, instead of transferring the labourer to another, you chain him to the soil as a pauper. Nor must we forget the mischievous and contagious example of the itinerant vagabonds from Ireland. These Hibernian adventurers, worthy successors of the fierce colonisers of old, are transported in myriads, by the blessed contrivance of steam, into a country where "to relieve the wretched is our pride:" with much greater capacities for omnipossession than the English labourer, whom the laws of settlement chain to his parish—they spread themselves over the whole country; and wherever they are settled at last, they establish a dread example of thriftless, riotous, unimprovable habits of pauperism. They remind us of the story of a runaway couple, who were married at Gretna Green. The smith demanded five guineas for his services. "How

* See an excellent exposition of these absurd laws in an able letter to Lord Brougham on the Poor-laws, by Mr. Richardson, of Norfolk, In one parish, cited by him, the expence of trying the settlement of one pauper amounted to 7*l.* 2*s.* 4*d.*

is this?' said the bridegroom, "the gentleman you last married assured me that he only gave you a guinea."

"True," said the smith, "but *he* was an Irishman. I have married him six times. *He is a customer. You I may never see again.*"

The parish overseers adopt the principle of the smith, and are mighty lenient to the Irishman, who walks the world at his pleasure, and laughs at the parish labourer. He goes to a thousand parishes—he is relieved in all—*he is a customer.*

But what are the remedies for these growing evils? Every one allows the mischief of the present Poor-laws, puts his hands in his pockets, and says, "But what are we to do?" This is ever the case; men suffer evils to surround them, and then quarrel with every cure. There is an impatient cowardice in the spirit of Modern Legislation, which, seeing difficulties on all sides, thinks only of the difficulty of removing them. But, in fact, by a vigorous and speedy reform, the worst consequences of the Poor-laws may be arrested—the remedies are not so difficult as they seem. This truth is evident, from numerous instances in which the energy of select vestries—or even the skilful exertions of an individual—by sturdily refusing relief to able-bodied labourers without work; by a severely regulated workhouse, which no inmate might leave without an order; and by a general rejection of out-of-door relief,—have succeeded in redeeming whole parishes from pauperism; in reducing the rates in an incredibly short time, to a third of their former amount; and in raising the prostrate character of the pauper to the moral standard of the industrious and independent labourer. This is an undeniable proof, then, that remedies are neither very difficult, nor even very slow, in their operation. But—mark this—the remedies depended on the *rare* qualities of great judgment, great firmness, and great ability, of individuals.

No wise government will trust remedies so imperiously demanded to the *rare* qualities of individuals. There is a general inertness in all parochial bodies, I may add in all communities that share an evil disguised under plausible names. In some places the magistrate will not part with power, in other places the farmer deems it a convenience to pay wages from the poor-rates; in some districts the sturdy insolence and over-grown number of paupers intimidate reform; in others the well-meant charity of Lady Bountifuls perpetuates immorality under the title of benevolence. Were the evil to be left to parishes to cure, it would go on for half a century longer, and we should be startled from it at last by the fierce cries of a Servile War.*

* The slow growth of each individual and unassisted reform, is visible by comparing the instances mentioned by Dr. Chalmers seven years ago, with the recent ones specified in the Report of the Poor-law Commissioners; the proportion of reform appears even to have decreased. A curious proof of general supineness may

The principle of legislation in this country has long been that merely of punishing—the proper principle is prevention. A good government is a *directive government*. It should be in advance of the people—it should pass laws *for* them, not receive all law *from* them. At present we go on in abuses until a clamour is made against them, and the government gives way; a fatal policy, which makes a weak legislature and a turbulent people. *A government should never give way*—it should never place itself in a condition to give way*—it should provide for changes ere they are fiercely demanded, and by timely diversions of the channels of opinion prevent the possibility of an overflow. When a government acts thus, it is ever strong—it never comes in contact with the people—it is a directive government, not a conceding one, and procures the blessings of a free constitution by the vigour of a despotic one.

The Government, then, should now take the sole management of the Poor into its own hands. That the present laws of settlement must be simplified and reduced, every one grants; the next step should be the appointment of a Board intrusted with great discretionary powers, for in every parish has been adopted, perhaps, a different system requiring a different treatment—the same laws cannot be applicable to every parish. The number of commissioners cannot be too small, because the less the number the less the expense, and the greater the responsibility;—the greater the responsibility, the more vigorous the energy.†

These commissioners should of course be paid—gratuitous work is bad work, and the smallness of their number would make the whole expense of so simple a machinery extremely small. ●

Those parishes too limited in size to provide work for all the able-bodied, and in which consequently pauperism is flagrant and advancing, should be merged into larger districts. For my own part, unless (which I do not believe) a violent opposition were made to the pro-

be found in Cookham parish. By a change of system, that parish has most materially improved its condition. *It is surrounded by other parishes suffering all the agonies of the old system; yet not one of them has followed so near and unequivocal an example!*—I allow, however, that we must not suppose the whole kingdom to be in the same situation as the districts visited by the Poor-law Commissioners. In the north of the island, the worst abuses of the system are not found.—But if those abuses *did* exist everywhere, it would be of no use *writing* against them—cure would be impracticable—it is precisely *because* the evil is as yet partial, that we should legislate for it in earnest; because now we can legislate with effect.

* “Nothing destroyeth authority so much as the unequal and untimely interchange of power pressed too far and relaxed too much.”—*Bacon on Empire*.

† They might have power to obtain assistant commissioners subordinate to them, if necessary. In a conversation I have had with an eminent authority on this head, it was suggested that these assistant commissioners should be itinerant. They would thus be freed from the local prejudices of the magistrates, and enabled to compare the various modes of management in each district.

posal, I should incline to a general enlargement and consolidation of all the parishes throughout the kingdom.

The principal machinery of reform should lie in the discipline of the workhouse. It is a fact at present, that where the comforts at a workhouse exceed those of the independent labourer, pauperism increases; but where the comforts at the workhouse have been reduced below those of the independent labourer, pauperism has invariably and most rapidly diminished. On this principle all reform must mainly rest. A workhouse *must be a house of work, requiring severer labour and giving less remuneration than can be obtained by honest competition elsewhere.*

The asylums for the aged and the infirm should, on the contrary, be rendered sufficiently commodious to content, though not so luxurious as to tempt, the poor. There may well be a distinction between the house for labour to the idle, and that of rest for the exhausted.

The Board shall make and publish an Annual Report; this Report will be the best mirror of the condition of the Poor we can obtain, and the publication of their proceedings will prevent abuse and stimulate improvement. The Board, by the aid of its assistant commissioners, would supersede the expensive necessity of many special Parliamentary commissions, and would be always at hand to afford to the Government or to Parliament any information relative to the labouring classes.

That such a Board may finally be made subservient to more general purposes, is evident.* Its appointment would be popular with all classes, save, perhaps, the Paupers themselves—it would save the country immense sums—it would raise once more in England the pride of honest toil.

It is time that a Government so largely paid by the people should do something in their behalf. "The Poor are with you always," are the pathetic words of the Messiah! and that some men must be poor and some rich, is a dispensation, with which, according to the lights of our present experience, no human wisdom can interfere. But if legislation cannot prevent the inequalities of poverty and wealth, it is bound to prevent the legislative *abuse* of each;—the abuse of riches is tyranny; the corruption of poverty is recklessness. Wherever either of these largely exist, talk not of the blessings of free Institutions, *there*

* I mention *Recruiting* as one. At present, as we have before seen, nothing in the army requires so much reform as the system of recruiting it. A Central Board with its branch commissioners, with its command over the able-bodied applicants for work, might be a very simple and efficacious machine for supplying our army—not, as now, from the dregs of the people—but from men of honesty and character. The expense of our present system of recruiting is enormous—it might in a great measure be saved by a Central Board. Emigration is, of course, another purpose to which it might be applied.

is the very principle that makes servitude a curse. Something is, indeed, wrong in that system in which we see "Age going to the work-house, and Youth to the gallows." But with us the evil hath arisen, not from the malice of Oppression, but the mistake of Charity. Occupied with the struggles of a splendid ambition, our rulers have legislated for the poor in the genius, not of a desire to oppress, but of an impatience to examine. At length there has dawned forth from the dark apathy of Ages a light, which has revealed to the two ranks of our social world the elements and the nature of their several conditions. That light has the properties of a more fiery material. Prudence may make it the most useful of our servants; neglect may suffer it to become the most ruthless of our destroyers. It is difficult, however, to arouse the great to a full conception of the times in which we live: the higher classes are the last to hear the note of danger. The same principle pervades the inequalities of Social Life, as that so remarkable in the laws of Physical Science: they who stand on the lofty eminence,—the high places of the world,—are deafened by the atmosphere itself, and can scarcely hear the sound of the explosion which alarms the quiet of the plains!

ADDENDUM TO THIRD EDITION.

In the interval of a year that has elapsed since the first appearance of this work and the present edition, the last recommendations of the Poor-law Commissioners have urged the necessity of a system of reform exactly similar to that I have chalked out in this chapter,—the Ministers have proceeded upon those recommendations—and thus the very plan I have advocated is about to be carried into effect. Happy for the Government, were it in all matters equally bold—equally diligent in its previous investigation of evils—equally decided in its measures of reform! I leave untouched what I have written on the abuses of the Poor-laws—although, if the appointments to the new Board be wisely filled up, those abuses will soon cease to exist. I am anxious that our children should know the state of England at the present time; and for that reason I omit nothing which can give accuracy and completeness to the picture—in ten years the canvass will be devoted to new colours and fresh designs.

*Sydney Smith on Poor Laws. Second Edition
 via Lord Darnley's Collection*

END OF BOOK II.

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BOOK THE THIRD.

**SURVEY OF THE STATE OF EDUCATION,
ARISTOCRATIC AND POPULAR,
AND OF THE GENERAL INFLUENCES OF
MORALITY AND RELIGION IN ENGLAND.**

INSCRIBED TO

THOMAS CHALMERS, D.D.

PROFESSOR OF MORAL PHILOSOPHY IN THE UNIVERSITY OF ST. ANDREW'S.

“Men generally need knowledge to overpower their passions and master their prejudices; and therefore to see your brother in ignorance is to see him unfurnished to all good works; and every master is to cause his family to be instructed; every governor is to instruct his charge, every man his brother, by all possible and just provisions. For if the people die for want of knowledge, they who are set over them shall also die for want of charity.”

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR

“*O curvæ in terras animæ et celestium inanes?*”—PERSIUS.

CHAPTER I.

THE EDUCATION OF THE HIGHER CLASSES.

Religion and Education, subjects legitimately combined.—Quintilian's Remark against learning too hastily.—*We* learn too slowly.—Reason why parents submit to a deficient Education for their Children.—Supposition that Connexions are acquired at Schools considered and confuted—Supposition that Distinctions at a Public School are of permanent Advantage to the after Man.—Its fallacy.—Abolition of Close Boroughs likely to affect the Number sent to Public Schools.—What is taught at a Public School?—the Classics only, and the Classics badly.—The abuse of Endowments thus shown.—The Principle of Endowments defended.—In vain would we *defend* them unless their Guardians will *reform*.—The Higher Classes necessitated, for Self-preservation, to establish a sounder System of Education for *themselves*.

SIR,

No man, in these days of trite materialism, and the discordant jealousies of rival sects, has been more deeply imbued than yourself with the desire of extending knowledge, and the spirit of a large and generous Christianity. It is to you that I most respectfully, and with all the reverence of political gratitude, dedicate this Survey of the present state of our Education, coupled with that of our Religion. In Prussia, that country in which, throughout the whole world, education is the most admirably administered, the authority over the Public Worship of the State is united with that over the Public Instruction. The minister of the one is minister also of the other. In the Duchy of Saxe Weimar, which has seemed as the focus of a brilliant philosophy to the eyes of abashed Europe, in which liberty of thought and piety of conduct have gone hand in hand, the whole administration of the instruction of the people may be said to be intrusted to the clergy,* and the light which has beamed over men, has been kindled at the altars of their God. A noble example for our own clergy, and which may be considered a proof, that as virtue is the sole end both of true religion and of true knowledge—so, to unite the means, is only to facilitate the object.

I shall consider that in one and the same section of my work, as subjects legitimately conjoined, the state of Education in England, and the state of Religion.

And, first, I shall treat of the general education given to the higher

* A member of the Laity has, indeed, been added to the Ecclesiastical Commissioners of Saxe Weimar; but he unites entirely with them in the ecclesiastical spirit. That ecclesiastical spirit in Saxe Weimar is benevolence.

classes. In this, sir, I must beseech your indulgence while I wrestle with the social prejudices which constitute our chief obstacle in obtaining, for the youth of the wealthier orders, a more practical and a nobler system of education than exists at present. If my argument at first seems to militate against those venerable Endowments which you so eloquently have defended, you will discover, I think, before I have completed it, that I am exactly friendly to their principle, *because* I am hostile to their abuses. Be it their task to reform themselves, it is for us to point out the necessity of that reform.

“Pour water hastily into a vessel of a narrow neck, little enters! pour it gradually, and by small quantities—and the vessel is filled!” Such is the simile employed by Quintilian to show the folly of teaching children too much at a time. But Quintilian did not mean that we should pour the water into the vase drop by drop, and cease suddenly and for ever the moment the liquid begins to conceal the surface of the bottom. Such, however, is the mode in which we affect to fill the human vessel at the present day. It can be only that people have never seriously reflected on the present academical association for the prevention of knowledge, that the association still exists. The unprejudiced reasoning of a moment is sufficient to prove the monstrous absurdities incorporated in the orthodox education of a gentleman.

Let us suppose an honest tradesman about to bind his son apprentice to some calling—that, for instance, of a jeweller, or a glovemakinger. Would not two questions be instantly suggested by common sense to his mind!—1st. Will it be useful for my son to know only jewellery or glovemaking?—2nd. And if so, will he learn *how* to set jewels, or make gloves, by being bound an apprentice to Neighbour So-and-so, since it is likely that if Neighbour So-and-so does not teach him that, he will teach him nothing else?

Why do not these plain questions force themselves into the mind of a gentleman sending his son to Eton? Why does he not ask himself—1st, Will it be useful for my son to know only Latin and Greek? and secondly, If it be, will he *learn* Latin and Greek by being sent to Dr. K——, for it is not likely that Dr. K—— will teach him any thing else?

If every gentleman asked himself those two questions previous to sending his sons to Eton, one might suspect that the head-mastership would soon be a sinecure. But before I come to examine the answers to be returned to these questions, let us dispose of some subtle and unacknowledged reasons in favour of the public school, which actuate the parent in consenting to sacrifice the intellectual improvement of his son. Writers in favour of an academical reform have not sufficiently touched upon the points I am about to refer to, for they have taken it for granted that men would allow education alone was to be

the end of scholastic discipline ; but a great proportion of those who send their children to school secretly meditate other advantages besides those of intellectual improvement.

In the first place the larger portion of the boys at a public school are the sons of what may be termed the minor aristocracy—of country gentlemen — of rich merchants — of opulent lawyers — of men belonging to the “untitled property” of the country : the smaller portion are the sons of statesmen and of nobles. Now each parent of the former class thinks in his heart of the advantages of acquaintance and connexion that his son will obtain by mixing with the children of the latter class. He looks beyond the benefits of education—to the chances of getting on in the world. “Young Howard’s father has ten livings—young Johnson may become intimate with young Howard, and obtain one of the ten livings.” So thinks old Johnson when he pays for the Greek which his son will never know. “Young Cavendish is the son of a minister—if young Smith distinguish himself, what a connexion he may form !” So says old Smith when he finds his son making excellent Latin verses, although incapable of translating Lucan without a dictionary ! Less confined, but equally aristocratic, are the views of the mother.—“My son is very intimate with little Lord John : he will get, when of age, into the best society !—who knows but that one of these days he may marry little Lady Mary ?”

It is with these notions that shrewd and worldly parents combat their conviction that their sons are better cricketers than scholars ; and so long as such advantages allure them, it is in vain that we reason and philosophize on education—we are proving only what with them is the minor part of the question, nay, which they may be willing to allow. *We* speak of educating the boy, *they* think already of advancing the man : *we* speak of the necessity of knowledge, but the Smiths and the Johnsons think of the necessity of connexions.

Now here I pause for one moment, that the reader may mark a fresh proof of the universal influence which our aristocracy obtain over every institution—every grade of our social life—from the cradle to the grave. Thus insensibly they act on the wheels of that mighty machine—the education of our youth—by which the knowledge, the morals, and the welfare of a state are wrought ; and it becomes of less consequence to be wise, than to form a connexion with the great.

But calmly considered, we shall find that even this advantage of connexion is not obtained by the education of a public school. And knowing that this prevailing notion must be answered, before the generality of parents will dispassionately take a larger view of this important subject, I shall proceed to its brief examination.

Boys at a public school are on an equality. Let us suppose any boy, plebeian or patrician,—those of his contemporaries whose pursuits

are most congenial to his, become naturally his closest friends. Boarders, perhaps, at the same house, custom and accident bring such as wish to be intimate constantly together, and a similarity of habits produces a stronger alliance than even a similarity of dispositions.

Howard, the peer's eldest, and Johnson, the commoner's younger son, leave school at the same age—they are intimate friends—we will suppose them even going up to the same University. But Howard is entered as a nobleman at Trinity, and Johnson goes a pensioner to Emanuel : their sets of acquaintance become instantly and widely different. Howard may now and then take milk punch with Johnson, and Johnson may now and then "wine" with Howard, but they have no circle in common—they are not commonly brought together. Custom no longer favours their intercourse—a similarity of pursuits no longer persuades them that they have a similarity of dispositions. For the first time, too, the difference of rank becomes markedly visible. At no place are the demarcations of birth and fortune so faintly traced as at a School—nowhere are they so broad and deep as at an University. The young noble is suddenly removed from the side of the young commoner : when he walks he is indued in a distinguishing costume : when he dines he is placed at a higher table along with the heads of his college : at chapel he addresses his Maker, or reads the Racing Calendar, in a privileged pew. At *most* colleges* the discipline to which *he* is subjected is, comparatively speaking, relaxed and lenient. Punctuality in lectures and prayers is of no vital importance to a "young man of such expectations." As regards the first, hereditary legislators have no necessity for instruction ; and as to the last, the religion of a college has no damnation for a lord. Nay, at Cambridge, to such an extent are the demarcations of ranks observed, that the eldest son of one baronet assumes a peculiarity in costume to distinguish him from the younger son of another, and is probably a greater man at college than he ever is during the rest of his life. Nor does this superstitious observance of the social grades bound itself to titular rank : it is at college that an eldest son suddenly leaps into that consequence—that elevation above his brothers—which he afterwards retains through life. It usually happens that the eldest son of a gentleman of some five thousands a year, goes up as a *Fellow† Commoner*, and his brothers as *Pensioners*. A marked distinction in dress, dinners, luxuries, and, in some colleges, discipline, shows betimes the value attached to wealth—and wealth only ; and the younger son learns, to the full extent of the lesson, that he is *worth* so many thousands less than his elder brother. It is obvious that these distinctions, so sudden and

* Chiefly, however, at the smaller colleges, and less at Oxford than at Cambridge.

† *Fellow Commoners* at Cambridge ; *Gentlemen Commoners* at Oxford.

so marked, must occasion an embarrassment and coldness, in the continuance at college of friendships formed at school. The young are commonly both shy and proud—our pensioner Johnson, chilled and struck by the new position of our nobleman Howard, is a little diffident in pressing his acquaintance on him; and our nobleman Howard, though not desirous, we will suppose, to cut his old friend—yet amidst new occupations and new faces—amidst all the schemes and amusements of the incipient man, and the self-engrossed complacency of the budding lord for the first time awakened to his station, naturally and excusably reconciles himself to the chances that so seldom bring him in contact with his early ally, and by insensible but not slow degrees he passes from the first stage of missing his friendship to the last of forgetting it. This is the common history of scholastic “connexions” where there is a disparity in station. It is the vulgar subject of wonder at the University, that “fellows the best friends in the world at Eton are never brought together at College.” And thus vanish into smoke all the hopes of the parental Johnsons!—all “the advantages of early friendship!”—all the dreams for which the shrewd father consented to sacrifice, for “little Latin and *no* Greek,” the precious—the irrevocable season—of “the sowing of good seed,” of pliant memories and ductile dispositions—the lost, the golden opportunity, of instilling into his son the elements of real wisdom and true morality—the knowledge that adorns life, and the principles that should guide it!

But suppose this friendship *does* pass the ordeal; suppose that Howard and Johnson do preserve the desired connexion; suppose that together they have broken lamps and passed the ‘little go,’ together they have “crammed” Euclid and visited Barnwell; suppose that their pursuits still remain congenial, and they enter the great world “*mutuis animis amanter*”—how little likely is it that the ‘connexion’ will continue through the different scenes in which the lot of each will probably be cast. Ball-rooms and hells, Newmarket and Crockford’s, are the natural element of the one, but scarcely so of the other. We will not suppose our young noble plunging into excesses, but merely mingling in the habitual pleasures belonging to his station; we imagine him not depraved, but dissipated; not wicked, but extravagant; not mad, but thoughtless. Now mark—Does he continue his connexion with Johnson or not? the answer is plain—If Johnson’s pursuits remain congenial—yes! if otherwise—not! How can he be intimate with one whom he never meets? How can he associate with one whom society does not throw in his way? If then Johnson continue to share his friendship, he must continue to share his occupations; the same ball-rooms and the same hells must bring them into contact, and the common love of pleasure cement their sympathy for each other. But is this exactly what the prudent father contemplated in the ad-

vantages of connexion ; was it to be a connexion in profusion and in *vice*? Was it to impair the fortunes of his son, and not to improve them? This question points to no exaggerated or uncommon picture. Look round the gay world and say if loss, and not gain, be not the ordinary result of such friendships between the peer's elder son and the gentleman's younger one, as survive the trials of school and college. The latter was to profit by the former—but the temptations of society thwart the scheme; the poor man follows the example of the rich; dresses—hunts—intrigues—games—runs in debt, and is beggared through the very connexion which the father desired, and by the very circles of society which the mother sighed that he should enter. I do not deny that there are some young adventurers more wary and more prudent, who contrive to get from their early friend, the schemed-for living or the dreamt-of place; but these instances are singularly rare, and to speculate upon such a hazard, as a probable good, is incalculably more mad than to have bought your son a ticket in the lottery by way of providing for his fortune.

The idea then of acquiring at public schools a profitable connexion, or an advantageous friendship, is utterly vain. 1st, Because few school connexions continue through college; 2nd, Because, if so continued, few college connexions continue through the world; 3rd, Because, even if they do, experience proves that a friendship between the richer man and the poorer, is more likely to ruin the last by the perpetual example of extravagance, than to enrich him by the uncommon accident of generosity. Add to these all the usual casualties of worldly life, the chances of a quarrel and a rupture, the chances that the expected living must be sold to pay a debt, the promised office transferred to keep a vote—the delays, the humiliations, the mischances, the uncertainties; and ask yourself if, whatever be the advantages of public education, a connexion with the great is not the very last to be counted upon?

“But, perhaps, my boy may distinguish himself,” says the ambitious father; “he is very clever. Distinction at Eton lasts through life; he may get into parliament; he may be a great man; why not a second Canning!”

Alas!—grant that your son be clever, and grant that he distinguish himself, how few of those who are remarkable at Eton are ever heard of in the world; their reputation “dies and makes no sign.” And this, for two reasons: first, because the distinctions of a public school are no evidence of real talent; learning by heart and the composition of Latin or Greek verse are the usual proofs to which the boy's intellect is put; the one is a mere exertion of memory—the other, a mere felicity of imitation;—and I doubt if the schoolboy's comprehensive expression of “knack” be not the just phrase to be applied to the faculty both of repeating other men's words, and stringing imitations of other

men's verses. Knack ! an ingenious faculty, indeed, but no indisputable test of genius, and affording no undeniable promise of a brilliant career ! But success, in these studies, is not only no sign of future superiority of mind ; the studies themselves scarcely tend to adapt the mind to those solid pursuits by which distinction is ordinarily won. Look at the arenas for the author or the senator ; the spheres for active or for literary distinction ; is there any thing in the half idle, and desultory, and superficial course of education pursued at public schools, which tends to secure future eminence in either ? It is a great benefit if boys learn something solid, but it is a far greater benefit if they contract the desire and the habit of acquiring solid information. But how few ever leave school with the intention and the energies to continue intellectual studies. We are not to be told of the few great men who have been distinguished as senators, or as authors, and who have been educated at public schools. The intention of general education is to form the many, and not the few ; if the many are ignorant, it is in vain you assert that the few are wise :—we have, even supposing their wisdom originated in your system, a right to consider them exceptions, and not as examples. But how much vainer is it to recite the names of these honoured few, when it is far more than doubtful even whether they owed any thing to your scholastic instruction ; when it is more than doubtful whether their talents did not rise in *spite* of your education, and *not because* of it ; whether their manhood was illustrious, not because their genius was formed by the studies of youth, but because it could not be crushed by them. All professions and all ranks have their Shakspeare and their Burns, men who are superior to the adverse influences by which inferior intellects are chilled into inaction. And this supposition is rendered far more probable when we find how few of *these* few were noted *at school* for any portion of the mental power they afterwards developed ; or, in other words, when we observe how much *the academical process stifled and repressed their genius*, so that if their future life had been (as more or less ought to be the aim of scholars) a continuation of the same pursuits and objects as those which were presented to their youth, they would actually have lived without developing their genius, and died without obtaining a name. But Chance is more merciful than men's systems, and the eternal task of Nature is that of counteracting our efforts to deteriorate ourselves.

But you think that your son shall be distinguished at Eton, and that the distinction shall continue through life ; we see, then, that the chances are against him—they are rendered every day more difficult—because, formerly the higher classes only were educated. Bad as the public schools might be, nothing better perhaps existed ; superficial knowledge was pardoned, because it was more useful than no knowledge.

But now the people are awakened ; education, not yet general, is at

least extended ; a desire for the Solid and the Useful circulates throughout mankind. Grant that your son obtains all the academical honours ; grant, even, that he enters parliament through the distinction he has obtained,—have those honours taught him the principles of jurisprudence, the business of legislation, the details of finance, the magnificent mysteries of commerce ;—perhaps, even, they have not taught him the mere and vulgar art of public speaking ! How few of the young men thus brought forward ever rise into fame !

A mediocre man, trained to the habits of discerning what is true knowledge, and the application to pursue it, will rise in any public capacity to far higher celebrity than the genius of a public school, who has learnt nothing which it is necessary to the public utility to know. As, then, the hope of acquiring connexions was a chimera, so that of obtaining permanent distinction for your son, in the usual process of public education, is a dream. What millions of ‘promising men,’ unknown, undone, have counterbalanced the success of a single Canning!

I may here observe, that the abolition of close boroughs is likely to produce a very powerful effect upon the numbers sent to a public school. As speculation is the darling passion of mankind, many, doubtless, were the embryo adventurers sent to Eton, in the hope that Eton honours would unlock the gates of a Gatton or Old Sarum. Thus, in one of Miss Edgeworth’s tales, the clever Westminster boy without fortune receives, even at school, the intimation of a future political career as an encouragement to his ambition, and the Rotten Borough closes the vista of Academical Rewards. This hope is over ; men who would cheer on their narrow fortunes by the hope of parliamentary advancement, must now appeal to the people, who have little sympathy with the successful imitator of Alcæan measures, or the honoured adept in ‘longs and shorts.’ And consequently, to those parents who choose the public school as a possible opening to public life, one great inducement is no more, and a new course of study will appear necessary to obtain the new goals of political advancement.

I have thus sought to remove the current impression that public schools are desirable, as affording opportunities for advantageous connexion and permanent distinction. And the ambitious father (what father is not ambitious for his son?) may therefore look dispassionately at the true ends of education, and ask himself if, at a public school, those ends are accomplished ? This part of the question has been so frequently and fully examined, and the faults of our academical system are so generally allowed, that a very few words will suffice to dispose of it. The only branches of learning really attempted to be taught at our public schools are the dead languages.* Assuredly there are other

* Formerly a nobleman, or rich gentleman, in sending his son to school, sent with him a private tutor, whose individual tuition was intended to supply the de-

items in the bills—French and arithmetic, geography and the use of the globes. But these, it is well known, are merely nominal instructions : the utmost acquired in geography is the art of colouring a few maps : and geography itself is only a noble and a practical science when associated with the history, the commerce, and the productions of the countries, or the cities, whose mere position it indicates. What matters it that a boy can tell us that Pova is on one side the river Douro, and Pivasende on the other ; that the dusky inhabitant of Benguela looks over the South Atlantic, or that the waters of Terek exhaust themselves in the Caspian sea? Useful, indeed, is this knowledge, combined with other branches of statistics ;—useless by itself,—another specimen of the waste of memory and the frivolity of imitation. But even this how few learn, and how few of the learners remember !

Arithmetic, with its pretended acquisitions, is, of all scholastic delusions, the most remarkable. What sixth-form ornament of Harrow or Eton has any knowledge of figures? Of all parts of education, this the most useful is, at aristocratic schools, the most neglected. As to French, at the end of eight years the pupil leaves Eton, and does not know so much as his sister has acquired from her governess in three months. Latin and Greek, then, alone remain as the branches of human wisdom to which serious attention has been paid.

I am not one of those who attach but trifling importance to the study of the Classics ; myself a devoted, though a humble student, I have not so long carried the thyrsus but that I must believe in the God. And he would indeed be the sorriest of pedants who should affect to despise the knowledge of those great works, which, at their first appearance, enlightened one age, and in their after restoration, broke the darkness of another? Surely one part of the long season of youth can scarcely be more profitably employed than in examining the claims of those who have exercised so vast and durable an influence over the human mind.

But it is obvious that even thoroughly to master the Greek and Latin tongues, would be but to comprehend a very small part of a practical education. Formerly it was obviously wise to pay more *exclusive* attention to their acquisition than at present, for formerly they contained *all* the literary treasures of the world, and now they contain only a part. The literature of France, Germany, England, is at least as necessary for a man born in the nineteenth century, as that of Rome and Athens.

But, it is said, the season of childhood is more requisite for master-

sciences of the public course of study. This custom has almost expired, and aristocratic education, therefore, instead of improving, is still more superficial than it was.

ing a skill in the dead languages than it is for the living. Even if this assertion were true, there would be no reason why the dead languages *alone* should be learnt; if the early youth of the mind be *necessary* for the acquisition of the one, it is at least a desirable period for the acquisition of the other. But the fact is, that the season of youth is at least as essential for the learning the living languages as it is for acquiring the dead; because it is necessary to speak the one and it is not necessary to speak the other: and the facile and pliant organs of childhood are indeed almost requisite for the mastery of the tones and accents in a spoken language, although the more mature understanding of future years is equally able to grasp the roots and construction of a written one.

As the sole business of life is not literature; so education ought not to be only literary. Yet what can you, the father of the boy you are about to send to a public school—what, I ask, can you think of a system which, devoting the whole period of youth to literature, not only excludes from consideration the knowledge of all continental languages—the languages of Montesquieu and Schiller, but also totally neglects any knowledge of the authors of your own country, and even the element of that native tongue in which all the business of life must be carried on? Not in Latin, nor in Greek, but in his English tongue your son must write; in that tongue, if you desire him to become great, he is to be an orator, an historian, a poet, or a philosopher. And this language is above all others the most utterly neglected, its authors never studied, even its grammar never taught. To know Latin and Greek is a great intellectual luxury, but to know one's own language is almost an intellectual-necessity.

But literature alone does not suffice for education; the aim of that grave and noble process is large and catholic: it would not be enough to make a man learned; a pedant is proverbially a useless fool. The aim of education is to make a man wise and good. Ask yourself what there is in modern education that will fulfil this end? Not a single doctrine of moral science is taught—not a single moral principle inculcated.* Even in the dead languages it is the poets and the more

* The only moral principle at a public school is that which the boys themselves tacitly inculcate and acknowledge; it is impossible to turn a large number of human beings loose upon each other, but that one of the first consequences will be the formation of a public opinion; public opinion instantly creates a silent but omnipotent code of laws. Thus, among boys there is always a dim and capricious sense of honour and of justice, which is the *only morality* that belongs to schools. It is this vague and conventional sense to which the master trusts, and with which he seldom interferes. But *how* vague it is, how confused, how erring! What cruelty, tyranny, duplicity, are compatible with it! It is no disgrace to insult the weak and to lie to the strong, to torment the fag and to deceive the master. These principles grow up with the boy, insensibly they form the matured man. Look abroad in the world, what is the most common character?—that which is at once arrogant and servile. It is this early initiation into the vices of men which with

poetical of the historians that the pupil mostly learns, rarely the philosopher and the moralist. It was, justly, I think, objected to the London University, that religion was not to be taught in its schools; but is religion taught at any of our public institutions—previous, at least, to a course of Paley at the University? Attendance at church or chapel is not religion! the life, the guidance, the strength of religion, where are these? Look round every corner of the fabric of education, still Latin and Greek and Greek and Latin are all that you can descry.

“*Mixtaque ridenti fundet colocasia acantho.*”

But the father hesitates. I see, sir, you yet think Greek and Latin are excellent things, are worth the sacrifice of all else. Well, then, on this ground let us meet you. Your boy will go to Eton to learn Greek and Latin; he will stay there eight years (having previously spent four at a preparatory school), he will come away at the end of his probation, but what Latin or Greek will he bring with him? Are you a scholar yourself? examine then the average of young men of eighteen; open a page of some author they have *not* read, have not parrot-like got by heart; open a page in the dialogues of Lucian, in the *Thebaid* of Statius. Ask the youth, you have selected from the herd, to construe it as you would ask your daughter to construe a page of some French author she has never seen before, a poem of Regnier, or an exposition in the *Esprit des Lois*. Does he not pause, does he not hesitate, does not his eye wander abroad in search of the accustomed “Crib,” does he not falter out something about lexicons and grammars, and at last throw down the book and tell you he has never learnt *that*, but as for Virgil or Herodotus, *there* he is your man? At the end then of eight years, without counting the previous four, your son has not learnt Greek and Latin, and he has learnt nothing else to atone for it. Here then we come to the result of our two inquiries.—1st. Is it necessary, to learn something else besides Latin and Greek?—It is! But even if not necessary, are Greek and Latin well taught at a public school?—They are not. With these conclusions I end this part of my inquiry.

some parents is an inducement to send their son to a public school. How often you hear the careful father say, “Tom goes to Eton to learn the world.” One word on this argument: Your boy does not accomplish your object; he learns the *vices of the world*, it is true, but not the caution which should accompany them. Who so extravagant or so thoughtless as the young man escaped from a public school;—who so easily duped,—who so fair a prey to the trading sharper and the sharpening tradesman—who runs up such bills with tailors and horse-dealers—who so notoriously the greenhorn and the bubble? Is this his boasted knowledge of the world? You may have made your boy vicious, but you will find that that is *not* making him wise.

Mr. Bentham in his *Chrestomathia* has drawn up a programme of what he considered might be fairly taught and easily acquired in the process of a complete education. There is something formidable in this list of studies, it is so vast and various, that it seems almost visionary; the leap from the 'learn nothing,' to the 'learn all,' is too wide and startling. But without going to an extent which would leave no branch of human knowledge excluded, it is perfectly clear that the education of our youth may be conveniently widened to a circle immeasurably more comprehensive than any which has yet been drawn.

It is probable that the system of Hamilton may be wrong; probable that there is a certain quackery in the System of Pestalozzi; possible that the Lancasterian System may be overrated; but let any dispassionate man compare the progress of a pupil under an able tutor in any one of these systems with the advances made at an ordinary public school.* What I complain of, and what you, sir, to whom I address these pages, must complain of also, is this: that at these schools—in which our hereditary legislators are brought up—in which those who are born to frame and remodel the mighty Mechanism of Law, and wield the Moral powers of Custom, receive the ineffaceable impressions of youth at these schools, I say, Religion is not taught—Morals are not taught—Philosophy is not taught—the light of the purer and less material Sciences never breaks upon the gaze. The intellect of the men so formed is to guide our world, and that intellect is uncultured!

In various parts of the Continent there are admirable schools for teachers, on the principle that those who teach, should themselves be taught. Still more important is it in an aristocratic constitution, that those who are to *govern* us, should be at least enlightened. Are you who now read these pages, a parent? Come—note the following sentence. Ages have rolled since it was written, but they have not dimmed

* The Monitorial System was applied with eminent success by Mr. Pillans, at the High School, Edinburgh, to the teaching of Latin, Greek, and Ancient Geography. He applied it for several years to a class of boys not less in number than 230 (ages varying from 12 to 16), without any assistance in the teaching of the above branches of learning, save what he derived from the boys themselves. Of this most important experiment of applying to the higher branches of learning a principle hitherto limited to the lower, Mr. Pillans speaks thus, in an able letter, with which he was kind enough to honour me: "When I compare the effect of the Monitorial system with my own experience of that class, both when I was a pupil of it myself, under Dr. Adam, and during the first two years after I succeeded him, I have no hesitation in saying, that it multiplied incalculably the means and resources of the teacher, both as regarded the progress of the pupils in good learning, and the forming of their minds, manners, and moral habits." Not long after he became Professor of Humanity, Mr. Pillans adopted the Monitorial System, first in his junior, next in his senior class. He thus speaks of its success: "I believe this is the only instance of the Monitorial principle being acted on within the walls of a college. In the limited application I make of it there, it has succeeded even beyond the expectations I had formed. Of this I may be tempted to say more hereafter."

the brightness of the maxim : " Intellect is more excellent than science, and a life according to intellect preferable to a life according to science," So said that ancient philosopher, whose spirit approached the nearest to the genius of Christianity. What then is that preparation to life which professes to teach learning and neglects the intellect, which loads the memory, which forgets the soul? Beautifully proceedeth Plato : —" A life according to intellect is alone free from the vulgar errors of our race, it is that mystic port of the soul, that sacred Ithaca, into which Homer conducts Ulysses after the education of life." But far different is the Port into which the modern education conducts her votaries, and the Haven of Prejudice is the only receptacle to the Ship of Fools.*

It is the errors that have thus grafted themselves on the system of our educational endowments, which have led the recent philosophy to attack with no measured violence, the principle of endowments themselves—an attack pregnant with much mischief, and which, if successful, would be nearly fatal to all the loftier and abstruser sciences in England. I desire to see preserved—I desire to see strengthened—I desire to see beloved and regenerated the principle of literary endowments, though I quarrel with the abuses of endowments that at present exist. You yourself, sir, have placed the necessity of endowments in a right and unanswerable point of view. Mankind must be invited to knowledge—the public are *not* sufficient patrons of the abstruse sciences;—there is no appetite in a commercial and bustling country to a learning which does not make money—to a philosophy which does not rise to the Woolsack, or sway the Mansion-house. The herd must be courted to knowledge. You found colleges and professorships, and you place Knowledge before their eyes—*then* they are allured to it; you clothe it with dignity, you gift it with rewards—*then* they are unconsciously disposed to venerate it. Public opinion follows what is honoured; honour knowledge, and you chain to it that opinion. Endowments at a University beget emulation in subordinate institutions; if they are nobly filled, they produce in the latter the desire of rivalry; if inadequately, the ambition to excel. They present amidst the shifts and caprices of unsettled learning a constant landmark and a steadfast example. The public will not patronize the higher sciences. Lacroix, as stated, sir, in your work, gave lessons in the higher mathematics,—to *eight* pupils! But the higher sciences *ought* to be cultivated, hence another necessity for endowments.

* If I have dwelt only on Public Schools, it is because the private schools are for the most part modelled on the same plan. Home tuition is rare. The private tutor, viz. the gentleman who takes some five or six pupils to prepare for the University, is often the best teacher our youth receive. Whatever they learn thoroughly they learn with him; but unhappily this knowledge stints itself to the classics and the physical sciences required at college;—the tutor prepares the pupil for college, and not for wisdom. At many of these academies, however, religious instruction is, perhaps, for the first time in the pupil's life, a little insisted upon.

Wherever endowments are the most flourishing, thither learning is the most attracted. Thus, you have rightly observed, and Adam Smith before you, that in whatever country the colleges are more affluent than the church, colleges exhibit the most brilliant examples of learning. Wherever, on the other hand, the church is more richly endowed than the college, the pulpit absorbs the learning of the chair. Hence in England, the learning of the clergy; and in Scotland that of the professors.* Let me add to this, the example of Germany, where there is scarce a professor who does not enjoy a well-earned celebrity—the example of France, where in Voltaire's time, when the church was so wealthy, he could only find one professor of any literary merit (and he but of mediocre claims), and where, in the present time when the church is impoverished, the most remarkable efforts of Christian philosophy have emanated from the chairs of the professional lecturer.†

I have said that the public will not so reward the professor of the higher sciences as to sanction the idea that we may safely leave him to their mercy. Let us suppose, however, that the public are more covetous of lofty knowledge than we imagine. Let us suppose that the professor of philosophy can obtain sufficient pupils to maintain him, but that by *pupils alone* he is maintained, what would be the probable result? Why, that he would naturally seek to enlarge the circle of his pupils—that in order to enlarge it, he would stoop from the starred and abstruse sphere of his research—that he would dwell on the more familiar and less toilsome elements of science—that he would fear to lose his pupils by soaring beyond the average capacity—that he would be, in one word, a teacher of rudiments of science, not an investigator of its difficult results. Thus we should have, wherever we turned, nothing but elementary knowledge and facts made easy—thus we should contract the eagle wing of philosophy to a circle of male Mrs. Marcets—ever dwelling on the threshold of Knowledge and trembling to penetrate the temple.

Endowments raise (as the philosopher *should* be raised) the lofty and investigating scholar above the necessity of humbling his intellect in order to earn his bread—they give him up to the serene meditation from which he distils the essence of the diviner—nay, even the more useful but hitherto undiscovered—wisdom. If from their shade has emanated the vast philosophy of Kant, which dwarfs into littleness the confined materialism of preceding schools, so also from amidst the

* "Half the distinguished authorship of Scotland has been professional."—*Chalmers on Endowments.*

† If in the meditated reform of the church the average revenues of the clergy be more equalized, the Professorships would gain something in learning, while the Church would still be so affluent as to lose nothing. The chair and the pulpit should be tolerably equalized in endowments in order to prevent the one abstracting from the intellectual acquirements of the other.

shelter they afford broke forth the first great regenerator of practical politics; and the origin of the *Wealth of Nations* was founded in the industrious tranquillity of a professorship at Glasgow.*

Let us then eschew all that false and mercantile liberalism of the day which would destroy the high seats and shelters of Learning, and would leave what is above the public comprehension to the chances of the public sympathy. It is possible that endowments favour many drones—granted—but if they produce one great philosopher, whose mind would otherwise have been bowed to lower spheres, that advantage counterbalances a thousand drones. How many sluggards will counterpoise an Adam Smith! “If you form but a handful of wise men,” said Julian, “you do more for the world than many kings can do.” And if it be true that he who has planted a blade of corn in the spot which was barren before is a benefactor to his species; what shall we not pardon to a system by which a nobler labourer is enabled to plant in the human mind an idea which was unknown to it till then?

But if ever endowments for the cultivators of the higher letters were required, it is now. As education is popularized, its tone grows more familiar, but its research less deep—the demand for the elements of knowledge vulgarizes scholarship to the necessity of the times—there is an impatience of that austere and vigorous toil by which alone men can extend the knowledge already in the world. As you diffuse the stream, guard well the fountains. But it is vain for us—it is in vain, sir, even for you, how influential soever your virtues and your genius, to exert yourself in behalf of our Educational Endowments, if they themselves very long continue unadapted to the growing knowledge of the world. Even the superior classes are awakened to a sense of the insufficiency of fashionable education—of the vast expense and the little profit of the system pursued at existing schools and universities.

One great advantage of diffusing knowledge among the lower classes is the necessity thus imposed on the higher of increasing knowledge among themselves. I suspect that the new modes and systems of education which succeed the most among the people will ultimately be adopted by the gentry. Seeing around them the mighty cities of a new Education—the education of the nineteenth century—they will no longer be contented to give their children the education of three hundred years ago. One of two consequences will happen: either public schools will embrace improved modes and additional branches of learning, or it will cease to be the fashion to support them. The more aristocratic families who have no interest in their foundations will desert them, and

* Dr. Chalmers eloquently complains, that they made Dr. Smith a commissioner of customs, and thereby lost to the public his projected work on Jurisprudence.

they will gradually be left as monastic reservoirs to college institutions.*

Let us hope to avert this misfortune while we may, and, by exciting among the teachers of education a wholesome and legitimate spirit of alarm, arouse in them the consequent spirit of reform. Let us interest the higher classes in the preservation of their own power : let them, while encouraging schools for the children of the poor, improve, by their natural influence, the schools adapted for their own ; the same influence that now supports a superficial education, would as easily expedite the progress of a sound one, and it would become the fashion to be educated well, as it is now the fashion to be educated ill. Will they refuse or dally with this necessity?—they cannot know its importance to themselves. If the aristocracy would remain the most powerful class, they must continue to be the most intelligent. The art of printing was explained to a savage king, the Napoleon of his tribes. “ A magnificent conception,” said he, after a pause, “ but it can never be introduced into my domains ; it would make knowledge equal, and I should fall. How can I govern my subjects, except by being wiser than they?”—Profound reflection, which contains the germ of all legislative control ! When knowledge was confined to the cloister, the monks were the most powerful part of the community ; gradually it extended to the nobles, and gradually the nobles supplanted the priests : the shadow of the orb has advanced—it is resting over the people—it is for you, who, for centuries, have drunk vigour from the beams—it is for you to say if the light shall merely extend to a more distant circle, or if it shall darken from your own. It is only by diverting the bed of the Mighty River, that your city can be taken, and your kingdom can pass away !

* For one source of advantage in the public schools will remain unchoked—they will continue to be the foundation on which certain University Emoluments are built. College scholarships, college fellowships, and college livings, will still present to the poorer gentry and clergy an honourable inducement to send their sons to the public schools ; and these will, therefore, still remain a desirable mode of disposing of children, despite of their incapacities to improve them. If we could reform the conditions on which University endowments are bestowed on individuals, a proportionate reform in the scholars ambitious to obtain them would be a necessary consequence. This may be difficult to do with the old endowments, and the readiest mode would be to found new endowments on a better principle and under better patronage, as a counterpoise to the abuses of the old. Thus, not by destroying old endowments, but by creating new, shall we best serve the purpose of the loftier knowledge.

CHAPTER II.

STATE OF EDUCATION AMONG THE MIDDLE CLASSES.

Religion more taught in Schools for the Middle Orders than those for the Higher.
—But Moral Science equally neglected.—King's College, and the London University.

A **VERY** few words will dismiss this part of my subject. The middle classes, by which I mean chiefly shopkeepers and others engaged in trade, naturally enjoy a more average and even education, than either those above or below them;—it continues a shorter time than the education of the aristocracy—it embraces fewer objects—its discipline is usually more strict: it includes Latin, but not too much of it; and arithmetic and caligraphy, merely nominal with the aristocratic teachers, are the main matters considered, where the pupils are intended for trade. English themes usually make a part of their education, instead of Latin Sapphics; but as critical lectures do not enlighten and elevate the lesson, the utmost acquired is a style tolerably grammatic. Religion is more attended to: and explanations of the Bible are sometimes a weekly lesson. Different schools give, of-course, more or less into religious knowledge; but, generally speaking, all schools intended to form the trader, pay more attention to religion than those that rear the gentleman. Religion may not be minutely explained, but it is much that its spirit is attended to; and the pupil carries a reverence for it in the abstract, throughout life, even though, in the hurry of commercial pursuits, he may neglect its principles. Hence the middle classes, with us, have a greater veneration than others for religion; hence their disposition, often erroneous, to charity, in their situation of overseers and parochial officers; hence the desire (weak in the other classes) with them so strong, of keeping holy the Sabbath-day; hence their enthusiasm for diffusing religious knowledge among the negroes; hence their easy proselytism to the stricter creeds of Dissenting Sects.

But if the spirit of religion is more maintained in their education, *the science* of morals, in its larger or abstruser principles, is equally neglected. Moral works, by which I mean the philosophy of morals, make no part of their general instruction; they are not taught, like the youth of Germany, to think—to reflect—so that goodness may

sink, as it were, into their minds and pervade their actions, as well as command their vague respect. Hence, they are often narrow and insulated in their moral views, and fall easily, in after life, into their great characteristic error, of considering Appearances as the substance of Virtues.

* * The great experiment of the day for the promotion of Education among the middle classes, has been the foundation of the London University and King's College. The first is intended for all religions, and therefore all religion is banished from it!—a main cause of the difficulties with which it has had to contend, and of the jealousy with which it has been regarded. Its real capital was 158,862*l.* 10*s.*, but this vast sum has not sufficed to set the University clear from the most grievous embarrassments. In its February report of this year (1833), it gives a view of its financial state, by which it calculates, that in October next there will be a total balance against it of 3715*l.* The Council are charmed with every thing in the progress of the University,—except the finances; they call on the proprietors to advance a further sum, or else, they drily declare, they may be “under the necessity of giving notice, that the Institution cannot be reopened upon its present footing.” And what is the sum they require?—what sum will preserve the University?—what sum will establish this Great Fountain of Intelligence, in the heart of the richest and vastest Metropolis in the world, and for the benefit of the most respectable bodies of dissent in the Christian community? One additional thousand a year!—It is for this paltry pittance that the Council are disquieted, and proprietors are appealed to.—See now the want of a paternal and providing State! In any other country, the Government would at once supply the deficiency. King's College, with a more lordly and extensive patronage, is equally mournful, when it turns to the pounds and pence part of the prospect: it has a necessity of completing the “River Front;” it calls upon the proprietors for an additional loan of ten per cent., and for their influence to obtain new subscriptions—the sum required is about 8000*l.* As they demand it merely as a loan, and promise speedy repayment, a State that watched over Education would be no less serviceable to King's College than to the London University.

At both these Universities the Medicine Class is the most numerous. At King's College the proportions are as follows (April, 1833).

Regular Students for the prescribed Course of Education,	109
Occasional ditto in various departments of Science and Literature,	196
	<hr/>
	305

Medical Department.

Regular Students for the whole Course of Medical education,	77
Occasional ditto in various branches of Medical Science,	233
	<hr/>
	310—Total 615

I am informed, too, that of the general Lectures, those upon Chemistry are the most numerously attended.

At the London University, February, 1833, the proportions are in favour of Medical Science.

Faculties of Arts and Law,	148
of Medicine,	283
	<hr/>
	431

The Medical Students have increased in number progressively.

At the London University there is a just complaint of the indifference to that class of sciences, the knowledge of which is not profitable to the possessor in a pecuniary point of view, but which exert a great influence on the “well-being of

society," viz. Moral Philosophy—Political Economy and Jurisprudence. "It was in order," say the Council, "to afford opportunities for the study of these sciences, and to confer on this country the facilities given by foreign universities, that this university was mainly founded and supported. The advantage of these studies being rather felt by their gradual operation upon society, than by any specific benefit to the possessor, *the taste for them must be created by pointing out the nature of these advantages to the public and to the student*: in other words, the study must be produced by teaching them."

This, sir, is in the spirit of your own incontrovertible argument for endowments—viz. that the higher and less worldly studies must be *obtruded* upon men—they will not seek them of themselves. This obtrusion ought not to be left to individuals—it is the proper province of the State.

At King's College there is no professorship of Moral Philosophy, that study is held to be synonymous with Divinity. In my survey of the State of Morality, I think I shall be able to show, that no doctrine can be more mischievous to accurate morals and to uncorrupted religion.

To both these Universities schools are attached, and these I apprehend will prove much more immediately successful than the Colleges.

At the school attached to King's College there are already (April, 1833) 319 pupils.

At that belonging to the London University (February, 1833) 249.

Viz. at the latter a number about equal to the number of boys at the ancient establishment of Westminster.

At King's College School, the business of each day commences with prayers and the reading of the scriptures; the ordinary educational system of the great public schools is adopted.

At the London University School there is a great, though perhaps a prudent, timidity in trying new educational systems; but there is *less learning by heart* than at other schools, and the wise and common result of all new systems, viz. the plan of a close and frequent questioning, is carefully adopted.

At both Schools (and this is a marked feature in their system) there is strict abstinence from corporal punishment.

In both these Universities the Schools answer better than the Colleges, and have immeasurably outstripped the latter in the numeral progression of students, because the majority of pupils are intended for commercial pursuits, and their education ceases at sixteen; viz. the age at which the instruction of the College commences. If this should continue, and the progressing School supplant the decaying College, the larger experiment in both Universities will have failed, and the two Colleges be merely additional cheap schools pursuing the old system, and speedily falling into the old vices of tuition.

Be it observed, that the terms at neither of these Universities, (or rather at the schools attached to them, for Universities, nowadays, can scarcely be intended for the poor, viz. the working poor*) are low enough to admit the humble, and are, therefore, solely calculated to comprehend the children of the middling orders.

* The school tuition, at King's College, is for boys, nominated by a proprietor, 15*l.* 15*s.* per annum. To boys not so nominated, 18*l.* 11*s.* per annum. The school tuition for those at the London University is 15*l.* a year.

CHAPTER III.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

Governments require Strength in order to dispense with Violence.—State of our popular Education.—Report of Lord Brougham's Committee.—The Poor defrauded of some Schools.—Ousted from others.—Ancient popular Education in England.—How corrupted.—Progress made by Sunday and Lancasterian Schools.—Beneficial Zeal of the Clergy.—Religion necessary to the Poor.—A greater Proportion of our People educated than is supposed; but *how* educated!—Evidence on this subject.—The Class-books in the Schools at Saxe Weimar.—Comparative Survey of popular Education in Prussia, &c.

I SHALL not enter into any general proofs of the advantage of general education: I shall take that advantage for granted. In my mind, the necessity of instruction was settled by one aphorism centuries ago: "Vice we can learn of ourselves; but virtue and wisdom require a tutor."* If this principle be disputed, the question yet rests upon another: "We are not debating now whether or not the people shall be instructed—that has been determined long ago—but whether they shall be *well* or *ill* taught."*

With these two sentences I shall rest this part of my case, anxious to avoid all superfluous exordium and to come at once to the pith and marrow of the subject. †

If ever, sir—a hope which I will not too sanguinely form—if ever the people of this country shall be convinced that a government should

* Seneca. †

† Lord Brougham.

‡ Persons who contend that *individuals* may not be the better for Education, as an argument against *general* Instruction, forget that, like Christianity and Civilization, it is upon the wholesale character of large masses, that it is its nature to *act*. Thus Livingstone, the American statesman, informs us, such success has attended the Schools of Boston, "that though they have been in operation more than ten years, and on an average more than 3000 have been educated at them every year, *not one of those* educated there, has been ever committed for a crime. In New York, a similar effect has been observed. Of the thousands educated in the public schools of that city, taken generally from the *poorest* classes, but one, it has been asserted, has ever been committed, and that for a trifling offence."—Livingstone's *Introductory Report to the Code of Prison Discipline for Louisiana*. Now, just as a curiosity, read the following account of a certain people many years ago: "At country-weddings, markets, burials, and other the like public occasions, both men and women are to be seen perpetually *drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together*." What people is it, thus described?—*The Scotch!* The moral, sober, orderly Scotch people—such as they were in the time of Fletcher of Saltoun, whose words these are! Is this a picture of existing Scotland? No! Existing Scotland is educated!

be strong, not feeble—that it should be a providing government and not a yielding one—that it should foresee distant emergencies and not remedy sudden evils (sudden! a word that ought not to exist for a great legislator—for nothing in the slow developement of events is sudden—all incidents are the effects of causes, and the causes should be regulated, not the effects repaired);—if ever we should establish, as our political creed, that a state should never be taken by surprise, nor the minds of its administrators be occupied in hasty shifts, in temporary expedients, in the petty policies and bolsterings up and empirical alternatives of the Hour; if ever we should learn to legislate afar off, and upon a great system—preparing the Public Mind and not obeying—masters of the vast machine and not its tools; if ever that day should arrive, I apprehend that one of the first axioms we shall establish will be this: Whatever is meant for the benefit of the people shall not be left to chance operation, but shall be administered by the guardians of the nation. Then, sir, we shall have indeed, as Prussia and Holland already enjoy—as France is about to possess—A NATIONAL EDUCATION. Without incessant watchfulness—without one unsleeping eye for ever over Public Institutions—they become like wastes and commons, open apparently to all, productive of benefit to none.

Never was this truth more clearly displayed than in the state of our popular education. Behold our numberless charities, sown throughout the land.—Where is their fruit?—What better meant, or what more abused? In no country has the education of the poor been more largely endowed by individuals—it fails—and why? Because in no country has it been less regarded by the government. Look at those voluminous Reports, the result of Lord Brougham's inquiry into Charities, some thirteen years ago. What a profusion of Endowments! What a mass of iniquities! Let me once more evoke from the ill-merited oblivion into which it hath fallen, the desolate and spectral instance of Pocklington School! Instance much canvassed, but never controverted! This school is largely endowed; it has passed into decay; its master possessed an income of 900*l.* a year! How many boys do you think were taught upon that stipend?—*One!*—positively one! Where is the school itself?—The school, sir! it is a sawpit! Where is the schoolmaster?—Lord bless you, sir, he is hiding himself from his creditors! Good Heavens! and is there no one to see to these crying abuses?—To be sure, sir, the Visitors of the school are the Master and Fellows of St. John's, Cambridge.* Now, then, just take a drive to Berk-

* It seems, however, by a letter (imputed to Dr. Ireland, Vicar of Croydon) to Sir William Scott, that the omission of the worthy Master and Fellows of St. John's in exercising their visitorial powers, originated in the uncertainty of their right rather than any neglect of duty. But uncertainty of a right, where such revenues, such public benefits were concerned! Can there be a greater evidence of abuse? What long neglect must have produced that uncertainty! Is not this a

hamstead ; that school is very richly endowed ; the schoolmaster teaches one pupil, and the usher resides in Hampshire !

These are but two out of a mass of facts that prove how idle are endowments where the nation does not appoint one general system of vigilant *surveillance*—how easily they are abused—with what lubricity they glide from neglect into decay !

But if the poor have been thus cheated of one class of schools, they have been ousted from another. Our ancestors founded certain great schools (that now ~~near~~ the nobles, the gentry, and the merchants) for the benefit of the poor. The Charter-house—Winchester—King's College, were all founded for "*pauperes et indigentes scholares,*" poor and indigent scholars. In 1562, 141 sons of the inhabitants of Shrewsbury were at that ancient school, 125 of whom were below the ranks of squires or bailiffs. From the neighbouring district there came 148 boys, of whom 122 were below the rank of squire, *so that out of 289 boys, 248 were of the lower or middle class !* Our age has no conception of the manner in which education spread and wavered ; now advancing, now receding, among the people of the *former* age. And, reverently be it said, the novels of Scott have helped to foster the most erroneous notions of the ignorance of our ancestors—a tolerable antiquarian in ballads, the great author was a most incorrect one in facts.* At that crisis of our history, a crisis, indeed, of the history of Europe, which never yet has been profoundly analyzed, I mean the reign of Richard II. the nobles wished to enact a law to repress the desire of knowledge that had begun to diffuse itself throughout the lower orders. The statute of Henry VIII. prohibits reading the Bible privately—to whom ? To lords and squires ?—No !—to husbandmen and labourers, artificers or servants of yeomen. A law that could scarcely have occurred to the legislators of the day, if husbandmen, labourers, artificers, or servants of yeomen had been *unable to read at all !* The common investigator ponders over the history of our great Church Reform : he marvels at the readiness of the people to assist the king in the destruction of the monasteries—those charitable superstitions by which such large masses of the Population were supported ; he is amazed at the power of the king—at the rapidity of the revolution. He does not see how little it was the work of the king, and how much the work of the people ; he does not see that the growth of popular education had as much to do with that Reform as the will of the grasp-

proof that educational endowments cannot be left to the inspection of distant Visitors, however respectable and honest as individuals ?

* "*Equally distinguished,*" said Lord Salisbury of Sir Walter Scott, at a meeting at the Mansion-house in aid of the Abbotsford subscription—" *equally distinguished* as a poet, an historian, and an antiquarian."—That was not saying much for him as a poet ! God defend our great men in future from the panegyrics of a marquis !

ing Tudor. Let me whisper to him a fact: Within thirty years prior to that Reformation, more grammar-schools had been established than had been known for 200 years before! Who, ignorant of that fact, shall profess to instruct us in the history of that day? The blaze is in Reform, but the train was laid in Education. As the nobles grew less warlike, they felt the necessity of intelligence for themselves; the court of the schoolmaster replaced that of the baron; their sons went to the schools originally intended for the humbler classes, the gentry followed their example, and as the school was fed from a distance, the abashed and humiliated pupils of the town diminished. Another proof how Custom weans institutions from their original purpose; how, if left to the mercy of events, the rich, by a necessary law of social nature, encroach upon the poor;—how necessary it is for the education of the people, that a government should watch over its endowments, and compel their adherence to their original object.

A great progress in popular education was made fifty years ago, by the establishment of Sunday Schools, and the efforts of the benevolent Raikes, of Gloucester; a still greater by the Bell and Lancaster systems in 1797 and 1798. The last gave an impetus to education throughout the country. And here, sir, let us do justice to the clergy of our established church. No men have been more honourably zealous in their endeavours to educate the poor. They have not, perhaps, been sufficiently eager to enlighten the poor *man*; but they have cheerfully subscribed to educate the poor *boy*. I find them supporters of the Sunday and Infant Schools, of the School Societies, etc.; but I never see them the encouragers of Mechanics' Institutes, nor the petitioners against the Taxes upon Knowledge. Why is this? the object is both is the same. Education closes not with the boy—education is the work of a life. Let us, however, be slow to blame them; it may be that, accused by indiscriminate champions of knowledge, they have not considered the natural effects of the diffusion of knowledge itself. They may imagine, that knowledge, unless chained solely to religious instruction, is hostile to religion. But, for the poor, religion must be alway; they want its consolations; they solace themselves with its balm. Revelation is their Millennium—their great Emancipation. Thus in America, † knowledge is the most diffused, and Religion is the

* Latimer complains with great bitterness, "that there are none now but great men's sons at college;" and that "the devil hath got himself to the university, and causeth great men and esquires to send their sons thither, and put out poor scholars that should be divines."

† In an oration delivered at Philadelphia by Mr. Ingersoll, in 1832, the following fine passage occurs. Speaking of the religious spirit so rife throughout the States, the orator insists on religion as a necessary result of popular power. "Even Robespierre," saith he, "in his remarkable discourse on the restoration of public worship, denounced atheism as inconsistent with equality, and a crime of the aristocracy; and asserted the existence of a Supreme Being, who protects the poor,

most fondly, and enthusiastically beloved. There you may often complain of its excess, but rarely of its absence. To America I add the instances of Holland, of Germany, and of Scotland.

I take pleasure in rendering due homage to the zeal of our country's clergy. One-third part of all the children educated in England are educated under their care; and in vindicating them, let us vindicate, from a vulgar and ignorant aspersion, a great truth: The Christian clergy throughout the world have been the great advancers and apostles of education. And even in the darker ages, when priestcraft was to be overthrown, it received its first assaults from the courageous enlightenment of priests.

A far greater proportion of the English population are now sent to school than is usually supposed, and currently stated. I see before me at this moment, a statistical work, which declares the proportion to be only one in 17 for England, one in 20 for Wales. What is the fact? Why, that our population for England and Wales amounts nearly to 14 millions, and that the number of children receiving elementary education in 1828 are, by the returns, 1,500,000. An additional 500,000 being supposed, not without reason, to be educated at independent schools, not calculated in the return. Thus, out of a population of 14 millions, we have no less than two millions of children receiving elementary education at schools.

In the number of schools and of pupils, our account, on the whole, is extremely satisfactory. Where, then, do we fail? Not in the schools, but in the instruction that is given there: a great proportion of the poorer children attend only the Sunday-schools, and the education of once a week is not very valuable; but generally throughout the primary schools, nothing is taught but a little spelling, a very little reading—still less writing—the Catechism—the Lord's Prayer, and an unexplained unelucidated chapter or two in the Bible;—add to these the nasal mastery of a Hymn, and an undecided conquest over the Multiplication table, and you behold a very finished education for the poor. The schoolmaster and the schoolmistress, in these academies, know little themselves beyond the bald and meagre knowledge that they teach; and are much more fit to go to school than to give instructions. Now the object of education is to make a reflective, moral,

and rewards the just, as a popular consolation, without which the people would despair. 'If there were no God,' said he, 'we should be obliged to invent one.' This fine sentiment bespeaks truly the sympathies of Republican governments with that faith which the author of Christianity brought into the world; laying its foundations on the corner-stones of equality, peace, good-will—it would contradict all philosophy if this country were irreligious." Robespierre is not, however, entitled to "this fine sentiment"—it is a quotation from Voltaire; the thought runs thus, and is perhaps the noblest Voltaire ever put into words: "Si Dieu n'existait pas, il faudrait l'inventer."

prudent, loyal and healthy people. A little reading and writing of themselves contribute very doubtfully to that end. Look to Ireland: does not the Archbishop of Cashel tell us, that a greater proportion of the peasantry in Ireland, yes, even in Tipperary, can read and write, than can be found amidst a similar amount of population in England? I have been favoured with some unpublished portions of the recent evidence on the Poor-laws. Just hear what Mr. Hickson, a most intelligent witness, says on this head:

Query. "Are you of opinion that an efficient system of National Education would materially improve the condition of the labouring classes?"

Answer. "Undoubtedly; but I must beg leave to observe, that something more than the mere teaching to read and write is necessary for the poorer classes. Where books and newspapers* are inaccessible, the knowledge of the art of reading avails nothing; I have met with adults who, after having been taught to read and write when young, have almost entirely forgotten those arts for want of opportunities to exercise them."

"At the Sunday-schools," observes Mr. Hickson, afterwards, "of most Dissenters, nothing is taught generally—I except rare instances—but reading the Bible and repeating Hymns,"

While we have so many schools organized, and while so little is taught there, just let me lead your attention to the four common class-books taught at all the popular schools of Saxe-Weimar.

The first class-book is destined for the youngest children; it contains, in regular gradations, the alphabet, the composition of syllables, punctuation, elementary formation of language, slight stories, sentences or proverbs of one verse upwards, divers selections, sketches, etc. "The sentences," says M. Cousin, "struck me particularly—they contain, in the most agreeable shapes, the most valuable lessons, which the author classes under systematic titles—such as our duties to ourselves, our duties to men, our duties to God—and the knowledge of his divine attributes, so that in the germ of Literature, the infant receives also the germ of Morals, and of Religion!"

The second book for the use of children from eight to ten is not only

* I am happy to find in this witness a practical evidence of the advantage of repealing the stamp duty on newspapers, an object which I have so zealously laboured to effect.—"I believe," says he, in his answer to the Commissioners, "that the Penny Magazines will work usefully, but cheap newspapers would do much more good. I have found it difficult to create an interest in the mind of an ignorant man on matters of mere general literature; but his attention is easily enlisted by a narrative of the stirring events of the day, or local intelligence.* * * The dearness of newspapers in this country is an insurmountable obstacle to the education of the poor. I could name twenty villages within a circuit of a few miles, in which a newspaper is never seen from one year's end to the other."—*Evidence of Mr. Hickson* (unpublished).

composed of amusing sketches—the author touches upon matters of general utility. He proceeds on the just idea that the knowledge of the faculties of the soul ought a little to precede the more profound explanations of religion;—under the head of dialogue between a father and his children; the Book treats first, of a man and his physical qualities; secondly, of the nature of the soul and of its faculties, with some notions of our powers of progressive improvement and our heritage of immortality; and, thirdly, it contains the earliest and simplest elements of natural history, botany, mineralogy, etc.

The third work contains two parts, each divided into two chapters: the first part is an examination of man as a rational animal—it resolves these questions: What am I? What am I able to do? What *ought* I to do? It teaches the distinction between men and brutes—insinct and reason—it endeavours to render the great moral foundations of truth clear and simple by familiar images and the most intelligible terms.

As the first chapter of this portion exercises the more reflective faculties, so the second does not neglect the more acute, and comprises songs, enigmas, fables, aphorisms, etc.

The second part of the third work contains first, the elements of natural history in all its subdivisions—notions of geography—of the natural rights of man—of his civil rights—with some lessons of general history. An Appendix comprises the geography and especial history of Saxe-Weimar. The fourth book, not adapted solely for Saxe-Weimar, is in great request throughout all Germany; it addresses itself to the more advanced pupils;—it resembles a little the work last described, but is more extensive on some points; it is equally various, but it treats in especial more minutely on the rights and duties of subjects—it proceeds to conduct the boy, already made rational as a being, to his duties as a citizen. Such are the four class-books in the popular schools of Saxe-Weimar, such are the foundation of that united, intellectual, and lofty spirit which marks the subjects of that principality.*

Pardon me if I detain you, sir, somewhat longer on the important comparison of England with other states. Pardon me, if from the petty duchy of Saxe-Weimar, which to the captious may seem so easy to regulate, I turn to the kingdom of Prussia, containing a population almost similar to our own; and like our own also broken up into a variety of religious sects. There, universal education is made a ne-

* I know nothing we more want in this country than good class-books for the use of popular schools; books that shall exercise the judgment and teach children to *reflect*. Such works should be written by a person of philosophical mind, practised in education, and linked to no *exclusive system*, the curse of knowledge in this country.

cessary, pervading, paramount principle of the state. Let us see what is there taught at the popular schools, established in every district, town, and village, throughout the kingdom.

The Prussian law, established in 1819, distinguishes two degrees in popular education, *les écoles élémentaires, et les écoles bourgeoises*.

What is the object of these two schools—the law thus nobly explains: “To develop the faculties of the soul, the reason, the senses, and the physical frame. It shall embrace religion and morals, the knowledge of size and numbers, of nature, and of man, the exercises of the body, vocal music, drawing, and writing.”

“Every elementary school includes necessarily the following objects:

“Religious instruction for the formation of Morality, according to the positive truths of Christianity.

“The language of the Country.

“The Elements of Geometry and the general principles of Drawing.

“Practical Arithmetic.

“The Elements of Physical Philosophy, of Geography, of general History; but especially of the history of the pupil's own country, These branches of knowledge (to be sparingly and drily taught? *No!* the law adds, to be taught and retaught as often as possible, by the opportunities afforded in learning to read and write, independently of the particular and special lessons given upon these subjects.

“The Art of Song—to develop the voice of children—to *elevate their minds**—to improve and ennoble both popular and sacred melodies.

“Writing and the gymnastic exercises, which fortify all our senses, especially that of sight.

“The more simple of the manual arts, and some instructions upon agricultural labour.”

Such is the programme of the education of elementary schools in Prussia; an education that exercises the reason, enlightens the morals, fortifies the body, and founds the disposition to labour and independence. Compare with that programme our Sunday-schools, our dame-schools, all our thrifty and meagre reservoirs of miserly education! But what, sir, you will admire in the Prussian system is not the laws of education only, but the spirit that framed and pervades the laws—the full appreciation of the dignity and objects of men—of the duties of citizens—of the powers, and equality, and inheritance of the human soul. And yet in that country the people are said to be less *free* than in ours!—how immeasurably more the people are *regarded*.

At the more advanced school—(*L' Ecole Bourgeoise*)—are taught,

* Fancy an English Act of Parliament gravely stating in its preamble that its object is “to elevate the mind!”

“ Religion and Morals.

“ The National tongue; Reading, composition, exercises of style and of the invention; the study of the National Classics.

“ Latin is taught in all children, under certain limitation, *in order to exercise their understanding* ;*—even whether or no they are destined to advance to the higher schools, or to proceed at once to their professions or trades.

“ The Elements of Mathematics, and an accurate and searching study of practical Arithmetic.

“ Physical Philosophy, so far as the more important phenomena of Nature are concerned.

“ Geography and History combined; so as to give the pupil a knowledge of the divisions of the Earth, and the History of the World, Prussia, its History, Laws, Constitution, shall be the object of especial study.

“ The principles of Drawing, at all occasions.

“ Writing, Singing, and Gymnastic Exercises.”

This is the education given by Prussia to all her children. Observe, here is no theory—no programme of untried experiments:—this is the actual education, actually given, and actually received. It is computed that thirteen out of fifteen children from the age of seven to that of fourteen are at the public schools: the remaining two are probably at the private schools, or educated at home; so that the *whole* are educated—and *thus* educated! Observe, this is no small and petty state easily managed and controlled—it is a country that spreads over large tracts—various tribes—different languages—multiform religions: the energy of good government has conquered all these difficulties. Observe, the account I give is taken from no old—no doubtful—no incompetent authority: it is from the work just published—not of a native, but a foreigner;—not of a credulous tourist—not of a shallow book-maker, but of an eye-witness—of an investigator;—of a man accustomed to observe, to reflect, to educate others;—in a word—of one of the profoundest and most eminent men in France—of a counsellor of state—of a professor of philosophy—of a Member of the Royal Council of Public Instruction—of a man who brings to examination the acutest sagacity—who pledges to its accuracy the authority of the highest name—it is the report of Victor Cousin! He undertakes the investigation—he publishes the account—at the request of a French minister, and to assist in the formation

* This is the great object of other studies, that may seem at first superfluous; such as the elements of geography or mathematics. It is not for themselves that they are useful—it is for the manner in which they task and exercise the faculties: the knowledge, comparatively speaking, is nothing—the *process* of acquiring it is every thing.

of a similar system in France. I have introduced some part of his evidence,* for the first time, to the notice of English readers, that they may know what *can* be done by seeing what *is* done—that they may resent and arouse the languor of their own government by a comparison with the vivifying energy of government elsewhere. I know that in so doing I have already kindled a spark that shall not die. In the phrase of Cousin himself, with the exception of one word, “It is of Prussia that I write, but it is of *England* that I think!”

As this subject is one of immense importance, (though somewhat dry, perhaps, for the ordinary reader,) I have pursued it further in detail, and those interested in the question will find in the Appendix (A) the result of my observations.—I have therein suggested the outline of a practical system of Universal Education—I have advocated the necessity of making religion a vital component of instruction—I have shown in what manner (by adopting the wise example of Prussia) we can obviate the obstacles of hostile sects, and unite them in a plan of education which shall comprehend religion, yet respect all religious differences. In giving the heads of a national education, I have shown also in what manner the expenses may be defrayed.

Before I conclude, I must make one reflection. Whatever education be established, the peace and tranquillity of social order require that in its main principles it *should be tolerably equal*, and that it should penetrate everywhere. We may observe (and this is a most important and startling truth) that nearly all social excesses arise, not from intelligence, but from *inequalities* of intelligence. When Civilization makes her efforts by starts and convulsions, her progress may be great, but it is marked by terror and disaster;—when some men possess a far better education than others of the same rank, the first are necessarily impelled to an unquiet Ambition, and the last easily misled into becoming its instruments and tools: Then vague discontents and dangerous rivalries prevail—then is the moment when demagogues are dangerous and visionaries have power. Such is the Spirit of Revolutions, in which mankind only pass to wisdom through a terrible interval of disorder. But where Intelligence is equalized—and flows harmonious and harmonizing throughout all society—then one man can possess no blinding and dangerous power over the mind of another—then demagogues are harmless and theories safe. It is this equality of knowledge, producing unity of feeling, which, if we look around, characterizes whatever nations seem to us the most safe in the present ferment of the world—no matter what their more material

* This work appeared long before M. Cousin's Report was translated into English, or any notice had been given of it in any of our Reviews; and it has therefore been the *first* to introduce to the emulation of our countrymen the educational system of Prussia.

form of constitution—whether absolute Monarchy or unqualified Republicanism. If you see safety, patriotism, and order in the loud democracy of America, you behold it equally in the despotism of Denmark, and in the subordination of Prussia. Denmark has even refused a free constitution, because in the freedom of a common knowledge she hath found content. It is with the streams that refresh and vivify the Moral World as with those in the Material Earth—*they tend and struggle to their level!* Interrupt or tamper with this great law, and city and cottage, tower and temple, may be swept away. Preserve unchecked its vast but simple operation, and the waters will glide on in fertilizing and majestic serenity, to the illimitable ocean of Human Perfectibility.

CHAPTER IV.

VIEW OF THE STATE OF RELIGION.

National Character evinced in the varying Modes of Christianity.—Religion must not be separated from the Emotions and made solely a matter of Reason—A Semi-liberalism common to every Noblesse.—Its debasing effects.—Coldness in the Pulpit.—Its Cause.—The influence of the Higher Classes on Religion—Church Patronage.—Description of Country Clergymen.—Evidence of the Bishop of London upon New Churches.—Another (a political) Cause of Weakness in the Established Church.—But the Established Church should (if reformed) be preserved.—Reasons in favour of it.—But if a State Religion it should become more a Portion of the State.

It is an acute, though fanciful observation of Gibbon's, that "in the profession of Christianity, the variety of national characters may be clearly distinguished. The natives of Syria and Egypt abandoned their lives to lazy and contemplative devotion: Rome again aspired to the dominion of the world, and the wit of the lively and loquacious Greeks was consumed in the disputes of metaphysical theology." If we apply the notion to existing times, we may suppose also that we trace in the religion of the Germans their contemplative repose, and household tenderness of sentiment; in that of the Americans, their impatience of control, and passion for novel speculations; that the vain and warlike French stamp on their rites their passion for the solemnities of show, and the graces of stage effect; while the commercial and decorous inhabitants of England manifest in their religion, their attachment to the decency of forms, and the respectability of appearances. Assuredly, at least amongst us, the outward and visible sign is esteem-

ad the best, perhaps the only, token of the inward and spiritual grace. We extend the speculations of this world to our faith in another, and give credit to our neighbour in proportion to his external respectabilities.

There is, sir, in this country, and in this age, a certain spirit of rationalism, the result of that material philosophy which I shall hereafter contend we have too blindly worshipped; a certain desire to be logical in all things; to define the illimitable, and demonstrate the undemonstrable, that is at variance with the glowing and ardent devotion which Religion, demanding eternal sacrifice of self-interests and human passions, must appear to a larger wisdom necessarily to demand. A light and depreciating habit of wit taught the people of France the desire of moderating belief by reason, till with them belief, deprived of its very essence, has almost ceased to exist at all. In England, that soberizing love of what is termed common sense, that commercial aversion from the Poetical and Imaginative, save in the fictitious alone, which characterizes this nation, tends greatly to the same result. The one people would make religion the subject of wit; the other, more reverent, but not more wise, would reduce it to a matter of business. But if we profess religion at all, if we once convince ourselves of its nobler and more exalting uses, of its powers to elevate the virtues, as well as to check the crimes, of our kind, we must be careful how we tear it from the support of the emotions, and divorce from its allegiance the empire of the heart.

To comprehend the effects, to sustain penalties, to be imbued with the ardour of religion, we must call up far more trustful and enterprising faculties than reason alone; we must enlist in its cause all the sentiment and all the poetry of our nature. To the great work of God we must apply the same order of criticism we apply to the masterpieces of men. We do not examine the designs of Raffaëlle, or the soaring genius of Milton, with mathematical analogies. We do not eternally ask, with the small intellect of the logician, "What do they prove?" We endeavour to scan them by the same imagining powers from which they themselves were wrought. We imbue our notions with the grandeur of what we survey, and we derive from, not bring to, that examination alone, the large faith of that ideal and immaterial philosophy, which we reject alone when we examine what still more demands its exercise—the works of God.

Ambition—Glory—Love—exercise so vast an influence over the affairs of earth, because they do not rest upon the calculations of reason alone; because they are supported by all that constitutes the Ideal of Life, and drink their youth and vigour from the inspiring Fountains of the Heart. If Religion is to be equally powerful in its effects—if it is to be a fair competitor with more worldly rivals—if its office

is indeed to combat and counterbalance the Titan passions which, for ever touching earth, for ever take from earth new and gigantic life—if it is to

“Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way,”

—it must call around itself all the powers we can raise; to defeat the passions, the passions must feed it; it can be no lukewarm and dormant principle, hedged in, and crippled by that reason which in our actions, fetters nothing else. It has nothing to do with rationalism; it must be a sentiment, an emotion, for ever present with us—pervading, colouring, and exalting all. Sensible of this, the elder propagators of all creeds endeavour to connect them, equally as love and glory, with the poetry of life. Religion wanes from a nation, as poetry vanishes from religion. The creeds of states, like their constitutions, to renew their youth, must return to their first principles. It is necessary for us at this time to consider deeply on these truths; for many amongst us, most anxious perhaps to preserve religion, are for ever attempting to attenuate its powers. Rationality and Religion are as much contradictions in terms as Rationality and Love. Religion is but love with a sacred name, and for a sacred object—it is the love of God. Philosophy has no middle choice; it can decide only between scepticism and ardent faith.

There is a sort of semi-liberalism, common to the aristocracies of all nations, which is favourable neither to pure religion nor to high morality; it is the result of a confined knowledge of the world, the knowledge of circles and coteries. Men who run a course of indolence and pleasure, acquire in the career an experience of smaller and more debasing motives of their kind; they apply that experience universally. They imagine that all professions are hollow, from their conviction of the hypocrisies common with the great. With them, indeed, virtue is but a name; they believe in sober earnest, the truth of Fielding's ironical definitions:

“Patriot—A candidate for place.

“Politics—The art of getting one.

“Knowledge—Knowledge of the Town.

“Love—A word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food; sometimes *methaphorically* spoken of the favourite objects of our appetites.

“Virtue }
“Vice } Subjects of discourse.

“Worth—Power, rank, wealth.

“Wisdom—The art of acquiring all three.” *

This code they propagate through the means of the influence which

we call Fashion ; and morality becomes undermined by a disbelief in its existence. Mignet has observed profoundly that "in revolutions a man soon becomes what he is believed." In ordinary times, a whole people may become what they are constantly asserted to be. The Romans preserved a species of rude and gigantic virtue, so long as they were told it was natural to Romans. The patrician *roués* preceding Cæsar's time, set the fashion of asserting the corruptibility of all men, till what was declared to be common ceased to be a disgrace.

When we once ridicule the high and the generous, the effect extends to our legislation and our religion. In Parliament, the tone is borrowed from the profligates of a club. Few venture ever to address the nobler opinions, or appeal to the purer sentiments ; and the favourite cast of oratory settles into attacks upon persons, and insinuations against the purity of parties.

A fellow-member of the present House of Commons—a man of great knowledge, and imbued with all the high philosophy we acquire in our closets, from deep meditation over settled principles, and a conviction that law-making ought to be the science of happiness—expressed to me very eloquently the disgustful surprise with which he found that the great characteristic of that assembly was the constant appeal to the lowest passions, and the incredulous ridicule that attached to all who professed the higher ones. It is not so with other popular assemblies ; but it *is* so with the members of the National one : meeting every morning at clubs, and knowing intimately the motives of each other—they catch the sort of cleverness that characterized the friends of the Regent Orleans—a cleverness that depreciates and suspects—they write upon their minds the motto, "No cant !" and what they do not comprehend they believe to be insincere,—as if there were a species of honesty which consisted in denying honesty itself !

This habit of mind vulgarises the tone of eloquence, and we may trace its effect from the senate to the pulpit. A love for decencies, and decencies alone—a conclusion that all is vice which dispenses with them, and all hypocrisy which would step beyond them—damps the zeal of the established clergy : it is something disreputable to be too eloquent ; the aristocratic world does not like either clergymen or women to make too much noise. A *very* popular preacher, who should, in the pulpit, be carried away by his fervour for the souls of his flock, who should use an extemporaneous figure of speech, or too vehement a gesticulation, would be considered as betraying the dignity of his profession.—Bossuet would have lost his character with us, and St. Paul have run the danger of being laughed at as a mountebank.

Walk into that sacred and well-filled edifice,—it is a fashionable church : you observe how well cleaned and well painted it is ; how

fresh the brass nails and the red cloth in the gentlefolk's pews; how respectable the clerk looks—the curate, too, is considered a very gentlemanlike young man.—The rector is going to begin the sermon: he is a very learned man, people say he will be a bishop one of these days, for he edited a Greek play, and was private tutor to Lord Glitter.—Now observe him—his voice, how monotonous!—his manner, how cold!—his face, how composed! yet what are his words?—"Fly the wrath that is to come.—Think, of your immortal souls. Remember, oh, remember! how terrible is the responsibility of life! how strict the account! how suddenly it may be demanded!" Are *these* his words? they are certainly of passionate import, and they are doled forth in the tone of a lazy man saying, "John, how long is it to dinner?" Why, if the calmest man in the world were to ask a gamekeeper not to shoot his favourite dog, he would speak with a thousand times more energy; and yet this preacher is endeavouring to save the souls of a whole parish—of all his acquaintance—all his friends—all his relations—his wife (the lady in the purple bonnet, who sins no man doubtless knows better) and his six children, whose immortal welfare must be still dearer to him than their temporal advancement; and yet what a wonderful command over his emotions! I never saw a man so cool in my life. "But, my dear sir," says the fashionable purist, "that coolness is decorum; it is the proper characteristic of a clergyman of the established church."

Alas! Dr. Young did not think so, when, finding he could not impress his audience sufficiently, he stopped short and burst into tears.

Sir, Dr. Young was a great poet; but he was very well known not to be entirely orthodox.

This singular coldness—this absence of eloquence, almost of the appearance of human sympathy, which characterize the addresses of the Established Church, are the result of the Aristocratic influences, which, setting up Ridicule as the criminal code, produce what is termed *good taste* as the rule of conduct. The members of the Aristocracy naturally give the tone to the members of the Established Church, and thus the regard for the conventional quiet of good breeding destroys the enthusiasm that should belong to the Preacher of Religion. A certain bishop, a prelate of remarkable sense and power of mind, is so sensible of the evils that may result to religion itself from this almost ludicrous lukewarmness of manner in its pastor, that he is actually accustomed to send such young clergymen as he is acquainted with to take lessons in delivery from Mr. Jones, the celebrated actor, in order that they may learn to be warm, and study to be in earnest.

The critical axiom "to make me feel, you must seem yourself to

feel," is as applicable to the pulpit as to the rostrum—to the sermon as the drama.

The eloquent Channing has insisted forcibly upon this point. He proposes, even in his discourse on "*Increasing the Means of Theological Education*," a professorship that shall embrace for its object *sacred eloquence* and instruction in pastoral duty. "It should be designed," saith he, "to instruct candidates for the ministry in the composition and delivery of sermons, and in the best methods of impressing the human mind, and to awaken an enlightened zeal and ardour in the performance of all the offices of ministerial life. What serious and reflective man is not often reminded, on the Sabbath, of the painful truth, that some institution is needed to train our ministers for the impressive and effectual discharge of their duty?"

It often happens, when we compare the largeness of the living with the apathy of the preacher, that we cannot but exclaim with the Prince of Conti, "Alas! our good God is but very ill served for his money."

The influence of the higher classes upon religion is frequently pernicious in this—the livings of the Church are chiefly the property of the Aristocracy; and the patron of a benefice naturally and pardonably, perhaps, bestows it, in general, on his own relations or intimate acquaintances. Thus the preaching of salvation really becomes a family office, and the wildest rakes of a college are often especially devoted to the hereditary cure of souls. Any one who has received an university education, knows well how common it is to see among the noisiest and wildest students (*student a non studendo*) the future possessors of the most tempting specimens of preferment. Let me be just, however, and confess that the consequences are not so flagrantly bad as they would seem to a mere theoretical observer—the rake once made a clergyman, usually alters prodigiously in external seeming—you see very few clergymen in the English Church of known licentious habits, or notoriously prone to excesses.* The decorum which numbs the generous fervour of virtue restrains the irregular tendencies to vice—the moral air chills and controls the young pastor suddenly transplanted to it, and he puts on with his snowy surplice a correspondent external of decent life. But though the neophyte ceases to be a *bad* man, I doubt exceedingly if he can be said to become a *good* one.*

* Burnet observes, that "in his time, our clergy had less authority, and were under more contempt, than those of any other church in Europe, for they were much the most remiss in their labours and the least severe in their lives—it was not that their lives were scandalous; he entirely acquitted them of any such imputation, but they were not as exemplary as it became them to be."—*Southey's Wesley*, p. 324.

Mr. Southey himself allows the cause for the past complaint, though he would start from conceding it in the present, viz.—that the ecclesiastics, owing to individual Lay patronage, are not enough taken from the people, and too much from the gentry. Just observe the truth and logical soundness of the following passage:

He enters in the common moralities of social existence : visits feasts, plays a rubber, and reads the *John Bull*, according to the appointed orbit of hebdomadary pursuits. But where that continued self-sacrifice—where that exalted charity—where that intimate familiarity with the poor—that unwearied exertion for their comfort, their education, their improvement—that household sympathy with their wants—that tender control over their conduct, which Goldsmith might paint, but which Oberlin practised?—you find these virtues in many of our clergy, but not in that class to which I now refer. There is a wide chasm between the flock and the shepherd—the orbit of the preacher may be regular, but it throws little light or warmth upon the habitations of the poor.

It will be easily seen that this separation between the clergyman and the humbler portion of his charge, and which is so peculiar to England, is the result of the same influence, visible throughout the whole workings of the social system. The aristocratic doctrine which makes it so imperiously necessary for clergyman to be “gentlemen”—which makes the pastor a member of an aristocratic profession—renders him subject to all the notions of the aristocracy; it makes him passionless in the pulpit, but decorous in his habits, and it fits him rather, not to shock the prejudices of the drawing-room, than to win the sympathies of the cottage. Grant him the best intentions, his situation scarcely allows him to execute them; if he be rich, or well endowed, he must keep up his dignity, or his parish is too large to go all over it himself. He gives soup and coals, and ministers to public charities, but he does not make himself a household name in every poor man’s hearth.* He is respected, not influential from the very distance at which he is re-

“Under the reformed as well as under the Romish establishment, the clerical profession offered an easy and honourable provision for the younger sons of the *gentry*; but the Church of Rome had provided stations for them, where, if they were not qualified for active service, their sins of omission would be of very trivial kind. The Monasteries had always a large proportion of such persons—they went through the ceremonies of their respective rules, etc.—their lack of ability or learning brought no disgrace to themselves, for they were not in a situation where either was required, and their inefficiency was not injurious to the great establishment of which, though an inert, they were in no wise an inconvenient body. *But when such persons, instead of entering the convents which their ancestors had endowed, were settled upon family livings as parochial clergy, then indeed a serious evil was done to the character of the church, and to the religious feelings of the nation—their want of aptitude or inclination for the important office into which they had been thrust, then became a fearful thing for themselves and a miserable calamity for the people committed to their charge.*

The evil cause still exists. Believe me, Mr. Southey, that the emulation to which Wesley excited the establishment, produced but a momentary cure of the evil effect.

* The Bishop of London says truly, in his evidence before Sir A. Agnew’s Committee, that “*Mere sermons from the pulpit, with reference to the lower classes, will seldom effectually inculcate any religious duty, if the clergyman does not follow up his instruction by private conversations.*” How rare are such conversations!

spected. He is a good man, but he is too great a man. You may say of his tribe as Bacon says of the philosophers, "They are as the stars, which give little light because they are so high." Now, take the poor curate, these are not the dignified difficulties of situation which surround him, but he has his own. He is poor, but he is a gentleman; he is proud, he knows his birth and station, he cannot let himself down. *He has his very poverty to keep up.* He can preach to the poor, he can pity him, nay he will pinch himself to relieve, but he can scarcely visit him very often. Thus a certain pride attends the established preachers of humility, and feudal distinctions exist in religion while they vanish from politics. Charity ceases to be sympathy and becomes condescension. In order to see this more closely, let me here (first reminding the reader that we have remarked how much the aristocratic influences must pervade the clergy who on the aristocracy depend) state a fact which may be found in the Evidence in the Parliamentary Committee on the better Observance of the Sabbath. My Lord Bishop of London, permit me to address you, you whose clear judgment and wise piety adorn, and will, I trust, contribute to reform the Establishment. You assert in your evidence before the Committee, that you are frustrated in your benevolent desire, that in the new churches the seats of the poor should be distributed among those of the rich, in order that the former might be so enabled to hear better the common word of God;—you assert that you are frustrated by what?—*the refusal of the rich whose contributions sustain the churches*, to allow so undignified an admixture! What an exemplification of the religion of the aristocracy—they subscribe to build churches, but on condition of retaining there the distinctions which out of church separate them from the poor! This principle undermines the safety the establishment, and operates on the clergymen who are their younger sons, or were brought up at college with themselves. We unhappily direct that "The gorgeous palaces and the solemn temples" shall stand in the same street, be lighted by the same lamps, and guarded by the same watchmen!

But while many of the established preachers are thus apart from the poor, the dissenters are *amongst* them, are *of* them: vehement in the pulpit, they address the passions of their flock;—familiar at their hearths, they secure their sympathies. Thus the poor choose some dissenting, instead of the established sect, much on the same principle as in the Tonga Islands it is customary for the inhabitants to choose a foster-mother even during the life of their natural parent, "with a view," says Mariner, "of being better provided with all necessaries and comforts." The mother church is indolent in dispensing spiritual consolation, in visiting intimately, in comforting, in cheering the poor; the foster mother is sedulous and unwearied in these duties, for with-

out such care she would receive no attachment in return. And she thus gradually weans from the first parent the love that she attracts towards herself.

There is another cause of weakness in the Established Church proceeding from that aristocratic composition which appears a part of its very strength. Its members never harmonize with the people in political opinion; they often take a severe and active course in direct opposition to the wishes of the Popular Heart. As a body, they are and profess themselves to be, wound up with the anti-popular and patrician party: whereas, the greater part of dissenting sects are, more or less, favourers of the popular side; the latter thus acquire power by consulting opinion, and become the rulers of the poor by affecting to be their friends. Even where, in the case of the loyal and subordinate Wesleyan, the politics generally may incline to the powers that be, some individual point, some isolated but stirring question—to-day the Slavery Question, to-morrow the Factory Bill, occurs, on which the Wesleyan, no less than the bold and generous "Independent," is united with the most popular opinions. For I know not how it is, sir, but it seems to me, that wherever a man is very active on some point of humanity, he always finds himself suddenly surrounded by the great body of the English People.

Let me not, however, be misconceived: I would not desire the preachers of a serene and passionless Religion to mix themselves ostentatiously with the politics of the day, or to be seen amidst the roar and tumult of democratic action; but surely, if they ought not to be active in support of the people, it is like laying a mine of gunpowder beneath their spiritual efficiency and their temporal power, to be distinguished in activity *against* them. Every unpopular vote of the bishops is a blow on the foundation of the church. Religion is the empire over the human heart; alienate the heart, the empire necessarily departs. But if, sir, the composition of the church establishment were less exclusively aristocratic; if its members, as in its days of power and of purity, sprang more generally from the midst of the great multitudes they are to rule,* I apprehend that while they would

* The vulgar notion that "clergymen must be gentlemen born," is both an upstart and an insular opinion. Not so have thought the great founders of all powerful sects; not in so poor and small a policy has experience taught us that ecclesiastical influence is created. Look over the history of the world. Look how the mighty Papacy grew and spread. Her great men were chosen from the people, and so they connected and mingled themselves with the people's prejudices and love. Look (to take a lesser view of the question), look at the great divines, who are the light and galaxy of our own church. From what descent came the bold virtue of Latimer? What hereditary blood animated that unflinching tongue which preached chastity to the Eight Henry, and was eloquent with courage at the stake? Latimer was a yeoman's son! From whom came the studious thought, and the serene charity, and the copious *verses* of Barrow? Barrow was the son of a London trader. What progenitor claimed the subtle mind of Clarke, the champion of God himself?—A

be equally on the side of order and of strong government, their principles would be less exposed than at present to suspicion, and would seem to the people dictated rather by the sacred spirit of peace, than by the oligarchical and worldly influence of temporal connexions. And thus, sir, by a far-sighted and prophetic sagacity, thought the early patriarchs, and mighty men, of the Reformation. It is they who complained that general zeal and diffused learning would cease to be the characteristics of the clergy, exactly in proportion as the church should become more an established provision for the younger sons of the great. It is they who predicted that when the people saw none of their own order officiating in the ministry, the divine sympathy between flock and preacher would decay, and the multitude would seek that sympathy elsewhere, in schisms and sects. The lethargy of the Established Church is the life of Dissent.

But if the true benefit and natural influence of our Establishment be thus thwarted and diminished, let us seek to remedy, and not destroy it. Hume's aphorism, that where the support of the ecclesiastic depends wholly upon the people, he stimulates their zeal by all the quackeries of fanaticism, is, to my mind, amply borne out by the experience of America; it is not that religion is lost for want of an Establishment, but that it splits into a thousand forms, each vying with the other in heated and perverting extravagance. For the people never abandon a faith that flatters and consoles them; they are too apt, on the contrary, to carry it to excess. A mild and tolerant Establishment presents to the eye a certain standard of sober sense; and sectarianism thus rather forsakes the old abuses, than wanders with any wide success into new. I hold that an abolition of our ecclesiastical establishment would, in this country, be followed up by a darkening and gloomy austerity. For nearly all setarianism with us is indisposed to the arts, and the amusements that grace and brighten existence; and were the Church no more, one sect vying with the other in religious zeal, the result would be an emulation of severities, and mutual interference with the sunny pleasures of life. So that exactly the disposition we ought the most to discourage (in England especially, too prone to it already), we should the most strengthen and unite. The Church, with all the failings it inherits from a too violent and therefore incomplete Reform at first, and a too rigid resistance to Reform subsequently, has still, in England, been a gentle, yet unceasing, counterpoise to any undue spirit

plain citizen of Norwich. To the middle class belonged the origin of the sturdy Warburton; of the venerable Hooker; of the gentle Tillotson, once the standard of all pulpit persuasion. From amongst the ranks of the people rose Taylor, the Milton of the church, whose power and pathos, and "purple grandeur" of eloquence, beautified even piety itself. In fact the births of our great divines may be said to illustrate the principle of every powerful church, which draws its vigour from the multitude, and languishes only when confining its social influences to a court.

of fanatical hypochondria. With all its aristocratic faults, too, we may observe, that in the rural districts it has often helped to resist the aristocratic ignorance of the country gentry. More enlightened than the mere squire, you will find the clerical magistrate possessing a far clearer notion of the duties of his office than the lay one; and nine times out of ten, wherever the Poor-laws have been well administered by a neighbouring magistrate, that magistrate is a clergyman.* I leave, sir, your admirable argument untouched. I leave the reader to recall to his remembrance how wisely you have defended the establishment of churches, upon the same broad principle as that on which we defend the establishment of schools, viz. that mankind do not feel the *necessity* of religion and of knowledge so pressingly as they feel that of clothing and food; and the laws that regulate the physical supply and demand are not, therefore, applicable to those that regulate the moral; that we ought to leave men to *seek* the one, but we ought to *obtrude* upon them the other. What I insist upon is this—that an established church and sectarianism operate beneficially on each other; that a tolerated, instructed sect, incites the zeal of the establishment; and where *that* lies oppressed beneath abuses, it directs the Christian public to those abuses themselves: that, on the other hand, the sober and quiet dignity of an Establishment operates as a pressure upon the ebullitions of sectarian extravagance. Every man sees the errors of our Establishment, but few calculate the advantage of an Establishment itself. Few perceive how it carries through the heart of the nation, not only the light of the Gospel, but a certain light also of education—how it operates in founding schools for the poor, and exciting dissenters to a rivalry in the same noble benevolence—how, by emulation, it urges on the sectarian to instruct himself as well as others—how, by an habitual decorum of life in its members, it holds forth to all dissenters a steadfast example, from which they rarely swerve—and how a perpetual competition in good works tends to a perpetual action of energy and life in their execution. If this be the principle of an ecclesiastical establishment, we have only to preserve, by purifying, the principle. And if I have rightly argued, that it is from too unmixed and aristocratic composition, owing to individual patronage, that most of the present failings of the Establishment arise, we have only to transfer, as far as we safely and prudently can, the patronage of the Establishment from individuals to the state. In a free state, ever amenable to publicity, the patronage of the state, rightly administered, will become the patronage of the people; but free from the danger that would exist were it dependent on the people alone. Public opinion would watch over the appointments; they would cease to be *family concerns*; they would cease to be exclusively aristocratic. A more wise and har-

* Vide the Report of the Poor Law Commissioners (*passim*).

monious mixture of all classes, from the higher to the lower, would ensue; and the greater openness of general honour to merit, would encourage zeal, but not the zeal of fanaticism. Pastors would cease to be brought in wrangling and hostile collision with their flock, and, with a more rooted sympathy with the people than exists at present, the clergy would combine the sway of a serener dignity. In the Church, as with Education, and with the Poor-laws, the most efficacious administration of a complicated machinery, is the energy of a Free State.

CHAPTER V.

THE SABBATH.

Theological error of the Puritans.—Over-restraint produces Overlooseness.—The Preservation of the Sabbath regarded in a legislative point of view.—Two Causes of Demoralization connected with its infringement.—How amended.—Amusement better than Idleness, the French Boor and the English.—Instruction better than Amusement.—Rope-Dancer and Philosopher.—Kidulous Questions of the Sabbath Committee.—Two Deductions to be drawn from it.—The Evidence before it.—Corroboration of the Principle of this Work

THE keeping holy the sabbath-day is a question which does not seem to me to have been placed upon fair and legislative grounds of consideration. That the Sunday of the Christian is not the Sabbath of the Jews is perfectly clear; that in the early ages of the church, it was set apart as a day of recreation, as well as of rest, is equally indisputable; the first reformers of our English church continued to regard it in this light, and upon that cheerful day games were permitted to the poor, and tournaments to the rich. The spirit of puritanism distinguished from that of the established church was mainly this—the former drew its tenets and character principally from the *Old Testament*, the latter from the New. The puritans, therefore, by a gross theological error, adopted the rigid ceremonial of the Hebrew sabbath, which our Saviour in fact had abolished, and for which all His earlier followers had substituted a milder institution.* The consequence of overstraining the

* The early Christians concurred in keeping the day of the Lord (so called, previous to the introduction of Christianity, because it was the day of the *Lord the Sun*) with mirth and festivity. We learn from Justin the reason why it was thus kept; namely, because it was the first day, in which God made the world, and because on that day Christ rose from the dead. Associated with the joyous recollections of the creation of the world and the resurrection of the dead, it was natural to hallow that day with a glad and even a gay character of worship; and thus we find

ceremonial has, in England, invariably been this—as one order of persons became more rigid, another class became more relaxed in their observance of church rites and worship. When it was a matter of general understanding that the fore part of the day was set apart for worship, and the latter part for recreation, if everybody indulged in the latter, everybody also observed the former. But when one class devoted the whole day to ritual exaction and formal restraint, and this too with an ostentatious pedantry of sanctification—by a necessary reaction, and from an unavoidable result of ridicule, the other class fell into an opposite extreme. Political animosities favoured the sectarian difference, and to this day, there are two classes of reasoners on the sabbath, one asking for too much, and the other conceding too little. Perhaps nothing has more marred the proper respect that all classes should pay to the sabbath, than the absurd and monstrous propositions of Sir Andrew Agnew.

But, putting aside the religious views of the question, the spirit of good legislation requires that if any gross and evident cause of demoralization exists, we should attempt to remove it.

It appears (and this is highly satisfactory) by the evidence on Sir A. Agnew's committee, that the sabbath is generally observed by all orders except the poorest,* that churches are filled as soon as built, and that even those seats reserved for the working classes are usually thronged. The poorer part of the working classes are in large towns alone lax in their attendance—we inquire the cause, and we find it nearly always in the effects of habitual intemperence. Now having got to the root of the evil, for that only ought we to legislate. There are two causes that favour intoxication on the Sunday; these we may endeavour to remedy, not only because they injure the holiness of the sabbath, but because they taint the morality of the state.

There are two causes; the first is the custom of paying wages on

the early Councils stigmatizing the rigid cessation of work on the Sunday as an absolute heresy—in a word, as *judaising*. The reformers of our own Church adhered to the same interpretation of the Christian Sunday: and in an act passed in the reign of Edward VI., clergymen are called upon to reprove those who should abstain from work on the Lord's Day from "any grudge or scrupulosity of conscience." Who then first formally introduced the present notion of the sabbath? It was one Dr. Bound, who, 1200 years after the public establishment of the Christian worship under Constantine, proclaimed the propriety of adopting for the Christian Sunday the forms of the Jewish sabbath. Dr. Bound obtained his disciples in the Puritans, and his Tertullian in Sir Andrew Agnew!

* The greater part of the more "respectable" metropolitan tradesmen are anxious for an effectual prohibition of Sunday trading, but I suspect not so much from piety as from a jealousy of the smaller shopkeepers, who, by serving customers on Sunday either lure away the customers on Monday also (supposing the greater tradesmen rigidly decline "to oblige" on the sabbath), or, by compelling the "more respectable" to do business also, prevent their running down to their country villas and driving *their own gigs*.

a Saturday night;—a day of entire idleness ensuing, the idler and more dissipated mechanic, especially in the metropolis, goes at once to the gin-shop on the Saturday night, returns there on the Sunday morning, forgets his wife and his family, and spends on his own vices, the week's earnings that should have supported his family. Now, if he were paid on Friday night, and went to work on Saturday morning, he would have an imperious inducement not to disable himself from work; the temptation of money just received, would not be strengthened by a prospect of being drunk with impunity, because he would have the indolent next day to recover the effects. The money would probably come into the hands of his wife, and be properly spent in the maintenance of the family. He who knows any thing of the mind of the uneducated poor man, knows that it is only in the first moment of receiving money that he is tempted to spend it indiscreetly—and if he received it on Friday, by Sunday morning the novelty would be a little worn off. This alteration would be attended, I am convinced, with the most beneficial results, and where it has been tried already it has met with very general success.

The law indeed ought to legislate for Saturday rather than Sunday; for all the police agree, (and this is a singular fact,) that there are more excesses committed on a Saturday night than any night in the week, and fewer excesses of a *Sunday* night!

The second course that favours intemperance as connected with the sabbath, is the opening of gin-shops to a late hour on Saturday, and till eleven on Sunday morning: not only the temptation to excess, but the abandoned characters that throng the resort, make the gin-shop the most fatal and certain curse that can befall the poor. The husband goes to drink, the wife goes to bring him out, and the result is, that she takes a glass to keep him company or to console herself for his faults. Thus the vice spreads to both sexes, and falls betimes on their children. These resorts might, especially in the Metropolis, be imperatively shut up on Sunday, and at an early hour on Saturday. Beyond these two attempts to remedy the main causes of demoralization on the sabbath, I do not think that it would be possible to legislate with success.

But so far from shutting up whatever places of amusement are now open, it is clear, that all those which do not favour drunkenness, are so many temptations to a poor man not to get drunk. Thus, tea-gardens a little removed from towns (if *not* licensed on Sunday to sell any kind of spirits, for here the law might go to the verge of severity) would be highly beneficial to the morals of the working orders. They are so even now. We have the evidence of the police, that instances of excess or disorder at these places of recreation are very rare; and the great advantage of them is this, a poor man can take his wife and

daughters to the tea-garden though he cannot to the ginshop ; selfishness (the drunkard's vice) is counteracted, the domestic ties and affections are strengthened, and the presence of his family imposes an invisible and agreeable restraint upon himself. I consider that it is to the prevalence of amusements in France which the peasant or artisan can share with his family, that we are to ascribe the fact that he does not seek amusement *alone*, and the innocent attractions of the *guinguette* triumph over the imbruting excesses of the *cabaret*.

Riding through Normandy one beautiful Sunday evening, I overheard a French peasant decline the convivial invitation of his companion. "Why—no thank you," said he, "I must go the *guinguette* for the sake of my wife and the young people, dear souls!"

The next Sunday I was in Sussex, and as my horse ambled by a cottage, I heard a sturdy boor, who had apparently just left it, grumble forth to a big boy swinging on a gate, "You sees to the sow, Jim, there's a good un ; I be's jist a goeing to the Blue Lion to get rid o' my missus and the brats, rot 'em!"

We see by a comparison with Continental nations, that it is by making the sabbath dull that we make it dangerous. Idleness must have amusement or it falls at once into vice ; and the absence of entertainments produces the necessity of excess. So few are the harmless pleasures with us on the sabbath, that a French writer, puzzled to discover any, has called the English Sunday, with a most felicitous naïveté, "*jour qu'on distingue par un rouvage!*" Save a pudding he can find no pleasurable distinction for the Holy Day of the week!

But while, sir, I think that innocent and social pleasures are the first step toward an amelioration of the consequences produced by a day of idleness to the poor, I am perfectly prepared to concede a more lofty view of the moral reform that we may effect in the maintenance of that day. Serious contemplation and instructive reading improve the mind even more than the gentle cheerfulness of recreation. Man has high aims and immortal destinies before him ; it is well that he should sometimes ponder upon them, "commune with his own heart and be still." But this we cannot enforce by law ; we can promote it, however, by education. In proportion as the poor are enlightened, they will have higher and purer resources than mere amusement to preserve them from drunkenness and vice ; and even in pursuing amusement they will not fall readily into its occasional temptations. Give opportunities of innocence to the idle, and give opportunities of preventing idleness itself, by the resources of instruction.

In short, with the lower orders, as education advances, it will be as with the higher,—the more intellectual of whom do not indulge generally in frivolous amusements, solely because *it amuses them less than intellectual pursuits*.

“Why do you never amuse yourself?” said the rope-dancer to the philosopher.—“That is exactly the question,” answered the philosopher, astonished, “that I was going to ask you!”

But, sir, there is one very remarkable deduction, at which nearly all the witnesses on the evidence for a Sabbath Reform have arrived, and which, as nobody yet has remarked, I cannot conclude this chapter without touching upon. I pass over the extraordinary interrogatories which the legislative wisdom deemed advisable to institute, of which two may be considered a sufficient sample. Some sapient investigator asks what class of persons were in the habit of attending the beer-shops; to which the unlooked-for answer is, “The lower classes.” This seems to surprise the interrogator, for he asks immediately afterwards *if the better classes don't resort there as well?*

Again, the Committee summons before it a Mr. M'Kechney, agent to a flour-factor, and on the principle, I suppose, that you should question a man on those points with which his previous habits have made him acquainted, some gentlemen appear to have discovered a mysterious connexion between a knowledge of flour and a knowledge of beards. This witness is accordingly examined touching the expediency of Saturday shaving. His answer is bluff, and decided:—“It is **MY OWN OPINION**,” quoth he, “that a poor man can get shaved on a Saturday night; and *t. at he would have as good an appearance on Sunday morning!*”—A startling affirmation, it must be allowed, and one evincing a deep knowledge of the chins of the poor.

I pass over, however, these specimens of Phil-Agnowian acuteness, tempting and numerous as they are, and I come to the deduction I referred to. The whole of the evidence, then, is a most powerful attack upon the influence of the aristocracy—to their example is imputed all the crime of England: for first, all crime is traced to sabbath-breaking; and secondly, sabbath-breaking is imputed to the aristocratic influences of evil. Mr. Rowland, of Liverpool, affirms that divers reports of metropolitan evil-doings on the sabbath, perpetrated by the great, travel down to that distant town, and are the common excuse to the poor for sabbath-breaking. Mr. Ruell, chaplain of the Clerkenwell prison, after deposing that he did not know “a single case of capital offence where the party has not been a sabbath-breaker,” is asked, whether the prisoners of the different prisons he has known, when reprov'd for their misdemeanors, have made any observations on the habits of the higher classes of society. Mark his answer—it is very amusing. “Frequently,” saith he; “and it would be difficult for me to describe the shrewdness with which their remarks are often made. Some have been so pointed in reference to persons in the higher ranks, *as to call forth my reproof.*”—Wickedly proceedeth Mr. Ruell to observe, that “they take a peculiar pleasure in referring to any remarkable

departure from the principles of religion or morality among the great, as affording a sort of sanction to their own evil conduct." This he calls "the great barrier he has found in his ministry to impressing the minds of the lower orders with a sense of religion and moral order." But more anti-aristocratic than all, is the evidence of the philosophical and enlightened Bishop of London. "It is difficult," says he, with deliberate authoritativeness, "to estimate the degree in which the labours of the Christian ministry are impeded, especially in towns, by the evil example of the rich!" That most able prelate, insisting afterwards on the necessity of "legislating very tenderly for the poor" on offences shared with impunity by their betters, contends that "the influence of the higher classes, were their example generally exemplary, would prevent the necessity of any religious legislation for the poor." He confesses, however, "that he entertains no hope of such a state of things being speedily brought to pass."

Now, sir, observe first, that while all the evidence thus summoned imputes the fault to the great, all the legislative enactments we have been and shall be called upon to pass, are to impose coercion solely upon the poor; and observe, secondly, I pray you, the great vindication I here adduce in favour of certain tenets which I have boldly advanced. If it be true that the negligent or evil example of the aristocracy be thus powerfully pernicious (not, we will acknowledge, from a design on their part, but—we will take the mildest supposition—from a want of attention—from a want of being thoroughly aroused to the nature and extent of their own influence),—if this be true, how necessary, how called for have been the expositions of this work, how successfully have I followed out the bearings of Truth in proving that whatever moral evil has flowed downward among the people has, not according to the disciples of a rash and inconsiderate radicalism, emanated from the vices of a Monarchy or of an Established Church, but from the peculiar form and fashion of our aristocratic combinations, from the moral tone they have engendered, and the all-penetrating influence they have acquired! In so doing, without advancing a single violent doctrine, without insisting on a single levelling innovation, but rather, in the teeth of the vulgar policy, advocating an energetic State and a providing Government, I have helped to correct the mischief of a peculiar power, by summoning it to the bar of that Public Opinion, by whose verdict power exists. This is the true legislative benefit of an investigating research. Exhibit the faults of any description of moral influence, and it is impossible to calculate how far you have impaired its capacities of mischief.

June. 66.

Wm. St. 60.

CHAPTER VI.

STATE OF MORALITY.

A popular Error confuted, by tracing the origins of Morality, Religion, and Philosophy.—Importance of studying Morality as a Science.—Invariable Injury both to Religion and Morals, where Ecclesiastics *alone* have taught Morality.—Advantage to Religion in the cultivation of Moral Science.—The English backward in the Science, hence Faults in their Morality.—Erroneous Laws.—Distinction between public and private Virtue.—Regard to Appearances.—Anecdote of the Operadancer.—Abstract Science necessary to practical Results.—Religious Rules misapplied.—Bishop, the Murderer.—Public Charities.—Too much Influence assigned to Fear.—Want of Morality shown in Taxes.—Gin-drinking.—Progress of Intemperance.—Singular Evidence on that point.—Too exclusive a regard for Sexual Decorum baffles itself.—State of Licentiousness in this Country.—All our Notions vague and vacillating.—Want of Moral Science leaves the Influences to the World, hence exaggerated respect to Wealth and Station.

There are many persons who desire that we should never learn Morality as a separate science—they would confine it solely to theological expositions, and make ecclesiastics its only lecturers and professors—this is a common error in English opinion, it proceeds from the best intentions—it produces very dangerous consequences both to morality and to religion itself. These reasoners imagine and contend that religion and morality have the same origin, that they are inseparable. Right notions on this head are very important, let us see the origin of the two; I fancy we shall find by one minute's inquiry, that nothing can be more distinctly separate—we shall see the mode by which they became connected, and the inquiry will prove the vital expedience of cultivating morality as a science in itself.

When men first witness the greater or the less accustomed phenomena of Nature, they tremble, they admire, they feel the workings of a superior power, and they acknowledge a God! Behold the origin of all Religion save that of Revelation!

When men herd together, when they appoint a chief, or build a hut, or individualize property in a bow or a canoe, they feel the necessity of obligation and restraint—they form laws—they term it a duty to obey them.* In that duty (the result of utility) behold the origin of Morality! †

* If we adopt the metaphysics of certain schools, we may suppose the origin both of religion and of morality to be in inherent principles of the mind; but even so, it might be easily shown that they are the result either of different principles, or of utterly distinct operations of the same principle.

† Thus, the origin of law and morals is simultaneous, but not exactly similar.

But the Deity whom they have bodied forth from their wonder and their awe, men are naturally desirous to propitiate—they seek to guess what will the most please or the most offend their unknown Divinity. They invest Him with their own human attributes, carried only to a greater extent; by those attributes they judge him: naturally, therefore, they imagine that such violations of morality as interrupt the harmony of their own state must be displeasing to the Deity who presides over them. To the terror of the Law they add that of the anger of God. Hence the origin of the connexion between Religion and Morality.

These two great principles of social order were originally distinct, the result of utterly different operations of mind. Man, alone in the desert, would have equally conceived Religion; it is only when he mixes with others, that he conceives morality.*

But men anxious to please the Deity—to comprehend the laws by which He acts upon the physical and the mental nature—beginning first to adore—proceed shortly to examine. Behold the origin of philosophy. Survey the early tribes of the world. Philosophy is invariably the offspring of Religion. From the Theocracy of the East came the young Sciences, and Reason commenced her progress amidst the clouds and darkness gathered round the mystic creeds of Egypt, of Persia, and of Ind. But inquiring into the nature of the Creator, and the consequent duties of man, Philosophy, if the *result* of religion, becomes necessarily the *science* of morals. Examining the first, it elucidated the last; and as human wisdom is more felicitous in its dealings with the Known and Seen than with the Unexperienced and the Invisible, so the only redeemer of the ancient extravagance in religion, has been the ancient exposition of morals. The creeds are dead—the morals survive—and to this very day make the main part of our own principles, and (kneaded up with the Christian code) are the imperishable heritage that we must transmit (augmenting while we transmit) to our posterity.

Thus then have I briefly shown the distinctive origin of Religion and of Morals; how Philosophy naturally born from the first, enlightens the last, and how fortunate it hath been for the world that philosophy, not confining its speculations to theology, has cultivated also morality as a science.

How, in an artificial society, is it possible to look to religion *alone* for our *entire* comprehension of *all* morals? Religion is founded in one age, and one country; it is transmitted, with its body of laws, to

The necessity of *framing* a law originates law, the utility of *obeying* law originates morality.

* A flash of lightning may strike upon the mind the sense of a Superior Being; but man must be in fear of man before he learns the utility of moral restraint.

another age and country, in which vast and complicated relations have grown up with time, which those laws are no longer sufficient to embrace. As society has augmented its machinery, it is more than ever necessary to preserve Morality as the science that is to guide its innumerable wheels. Hence the necessity of not taking our moral knowledge only from the ecclesiastics; of not disdainng (while we ponder over truths which the religion of a different age and time transmits to us) the truths which religion has necessarily omitted; for religion could not be embraced by every tribe, if it had prescribed the minutæ necessary only to one. Consequently, we find in history, that in those ages have existed the most flagrant abuses and misconceptions in morality, wherein Religious Tuition has been the *only* elucidator of its code. Why refer you to the more distant periods of the world—to those of Egyptian and Indian, and Celtic and Gothic, priestcrafts?—take only the earlier Papacy and the Middle Ages:—Philosophy banished to the puerilities grafted upon an emasculated Aristotelism, inquiring “whether stars were animals: and, in that case, whether they were blest with an appetite, and enjoyed the luxuries of the table”—left Morality the sole appanage and monopoly of the priests. Hence, as the Priests were but human, they prostituted the science to human purposes; they made religious wars, and donations to the church, the great Shibboleth of Virtue; and the monopoly of Morality became the corruption of Religion.

It is right, therefore, that the science of moral philosophy should be pursued and cultivated in all its freedom and boldness, as the means, not to supplant, but to corroborate—to furnish and follow out—to purify and to enlarge the sphere of—religious instruction. Even such of its expounders as have militated against revealed religion, and have wandered into the Material and the Sceptical, have only tended in a twofold degree to support the life and energies of religion. For in the first place, arousing the ability, and stimulating the learning of the Church, they have called forth that great army of its defenders which constitute its pride; and without its maligners, and its foes, we should not have been enabled at this day to boast of the high names which are its ornaments, and its bulwark. In the second place, the vigilance of philosophy operates as a guardian over the purity of religion, and preserves it free from its two corruptions—the ferocity of fanaticism, and the lethargy of superstition. So that as Rome was said to preserve its virtue by the constant energy and exercise to which it was compelled by the active power of Carthage, the vigour of religion is preserved by the free and perpetual energy of philosophical science.*

* Dr. Reid has said with great beauty of language, “I consider the sceptical writers to be a set of men whose business it is to pick holes in the fabric of know-

It is, sir, I think, partly owing to some unconsidered prejudices in regard to this truth, some ignorant fear for religion, if morality should be elucidated as a distinct and individual science, that we see a fatal supineness in this country towards the exercise of metaphysical pursuits, that we feel an obstacle to the correction of public errors in the apathy of public opinion, and that at this moment we are so immeasurably behind either Germany or France in the progress of ethical science. Not so in that country which your birth and labours have adorned. While for more than a century we have remained cabined and confined in the unennobling materialism of Locke, Scotland has at least advanced some steps towards a larger and brighter principle of science; the effect of the study of philosophy has been visible in the maintenance of religion. I firmly believe that Scotland would not at this moment be so religious and reverent a community but for the thousand invisible and latent channels which have diffused through its heart the passion for moral investigation. And the love for analytical discussion that commenced with Hutcheson has produced the dematerializing philosophy of Reid.

Wherever I look around on the state of morality in this country, I see the want of the cultivation of moral science. A thousand of the most shallow and jejune observations upon every point of morality that occurs, are put forth by the press, and listened to by the legislature. Laws are made, and opinions formed, and institutions recommended upon the most erroneous views of human nature, and the necessary operations of the mind. A chasm has taken place between private and public virtue: they are supposed to be separable qualities; and a man may be called a most rascally politician, with an assurance from his aspersion "that he does not mean the smallest disrespect to his *private character*!" Propping morality merely on decorums, we suffer a low and vulgar standard of opinion to establish itself amongst us; and the levelling habits of a commercial life are wholly unrelieved and unelevated by the more spiritual and lofty notions, that a well-cultivated philosophy ever diffuses throughout a people.

I have heard an anecdote of a gentleman advertising for a governess for his daughters:—an opera-dancer applied for the situation: the father demurred at the offer: "What!" cries the lady, "am I not fit for the office? Can I not teach dancing, and music, and French, and manners?"—"Very possibly—but still—an opera-dancer—just consider!"—"Oh! if that be all," said the would-be governess, "*I can change my name!*" I admire the *saivete* of the dancer less than her

ledge wherever it is weak and faulty, and when these places are properly repaired, the whole building becomes more firm and solid than it was formerly."

segacity; she knew that nine times out of ten, when the English ask for virtues, they look only to the name!

By a blind and narrow folly, we suppose in England that the abstract knowledge and the practical knowledge are at variance. Yet just consider: every new law that will not apply itself to the people,—that fails,—that becomes a dead letter,—is a proof that the legislature were ignorant either of the spirit of law or the mind of the people upon whom it was to operate,—is a proof that the Law was not practical from the deficiency of its framers in abstract experience. In no country are so many ineffectual laws passed, and we might ask for no other proof to show that in no country is there greater ignorance of the science of moral legislation—a branch of moral philosophy.

From this want of cultivating ethical investigation we judge of morals by inapplicable religious rules. Bishop, the murderer, was considered by the newspapers to have made his peace with God, and to be entitled to a cheerful slumber, because he did—what? Why, because he confessed to the ordinary of Newgate the method in which he had murdered his victim! Public Charities, as we have seen, so fatal in their results upon the morality of the people, unless most carefully administered, are considered admirable *in themselves*; the turbulence and riot, and bribery and vice of elections are deemed *necessary* components of liberty. Some men adhere to the past without comprehending its moral; others rush forward to experiments in the future, without a single principle for their guide. Would-be improvers know not what they desire, and popular principles become the mere pander to popular delusions.

When religion is unaided by moral science, there is ever a danger that too much shall be left to the principle of *fear*. “To preach long and loud damnation,” says the shrewed Selden, “is the way to be cried up. We love a man who damns us, and we run after him again to save us.” This common principle in theology is transferred to education and laws. We train our children* by the rod. We govern our poor by coercion. We perpetually strive to debase our kind by terror instead of regulating them by reason. Yet not thus would the grand soul of Bossuet have instructed us, when in that noble sermon “*Pour la Profession de Madame de la Valliere*,” the great preacher seeks to elevate the soul to heaven. He speaks not then of terror and of punishment, but of celestial tenderness, of the absence of all dread under the Almighty wings. “What,” he cries, “is the sole way by which we approach God and are made perfect?—It is by love alone.”

* So Wesley, who often concluded his sermon with “I am about to put on the condemning cap—I am about to pass sentence upon you: ‘Depart from me ye accursed into everlasting fire,’” advises also the repeated flogging of children, and insists upon the necessity of “breaking their spirit.”—See *Southey's Life of Wesley*.

A profound truth, which in teaching us a nobler spirit of religion, instructs us also in the three principles of education, of morals, and of laws. But Bossuet's address is not of the fashion established amongst us!

I trace the same want of moral knowledge in our fiscal impositions. Some taxes are laid on which must necessarily engender vice; some taken off as if necessarily to increase it. We have taxed the diffusion of knowledge two hundred per cent.; the consequence is, the prevention of legal knowledge, and the diffusion of smuggled instruction by the most pernicious teachers. We have diminished the duty upon gin, and from that day commenced a most terrible epoch of natural demoralization. "Formerly," says the wise prelate I have so often quoted, "when I first came to London, I never saw a female coming out of a gin-shop; I have since repeatedly seen females with infants in their arms, to whom they appear to be giving some part of their liquor."

Our greatest national stain is the intemperance of the poor; to that intemperance our legislators give the greatest encouragement;—they forbid knowledge; they interfere with amusement; they are favourable only to intoxication.

For want, too, of extending our researches into morality, the light breaks only the darkness immediately round us, and embraces no ample and catholic circumference. Thus, next to our general regard for appearance, we consider morality only as operating on the connexions between the sexes. Morality, strictly translated, with us means the absence of licentiousness—it is another word for one of its properties—chastity; as the word profligacy bears only the construction of sexual intemperance. I do not deny that this virtue is one of immense importance. Wherever it is disregarded, a general looseness of all other principles usually ensues. Men rise by the prostitution of their dearest ties, and indifference to marriage becomes a means of the corruption of the State. But as the strongest eyes cannot look perpetually to one object without squinting at last, so to regard but one point of morals, however valuable, distorts our general vision for the rest. And what is very remarkable among us, out of the exclusiveness of our regard to chastity, arises the fearful amount of prostitution which exists throughout England, and for which no remedy is ever contemplated. Our extreme regard for the chaste induces a contemptuous apathy to the unchaste. We care not how many there are, what they suffer—or how far they descend into the lower abysses of crime. Thus, in many of the agricultural districts, nothing can equal the shameless abandonment of the female peasantry. Laws favouring bastardy promote licentiousness—and, as I have before shown, the pauper marries the mother of illegitimate children, in order to have a better claim on the parish. In our large towns an equally systematic contempt of the unfortunate vic-

times, less, perhaps, of sin than of ignorance and of poverty, produces consequences equally prejudicial. No regard, as in other countries, by a rigid police order, is paid to their health, or condition; the average of their career on earth is limited to *four years*. Their houses are unvisited—their haunts unwatched—and thus is engendered a fearful mass of disease, of intemperance, and of theft. Too great a contempt for one vice, rots it, as it were, into a hundred other vices yet more abandoned. And thus, by a false or partial notion of morality, we have defeated our own object, and the exclusive intolerance to the unchaste has cursed the country with an untended, unmedicated leprosy of prostitution.

To the want, too, of a cultivation of morality as a science, all its rules are with us vague, vacillating, and uncertain; they partake of the nature of personal partiality, or of personal persecution. One person is proscribed by society for some offence which another person commits with impunity. One woman elopes, and is "the abandoned creature;" another does the same, and is only "the unfortunate lady."—Miss —— is received with respect by the same audience that drove Kean to America. Lady —— is an object of interest, for the same crime as that which makes Lady —— an object of hatred. Lord —— ill uses and separates from his wife—nobody blames him. Lord Byron is discarded by his wife, and is cut by society. **** is a notorious gambler, and takes in all his acquaintance—everybody courts him—he is a man of fashion. Mr. —— imitates him, and is shunned like a pestilence—he is a pitiful knave! In vain would we attempt to discover any clue to these distinctions—all is arbitrary and capricious; often the result of a vague and unmerited personal popularity—often a sudden and fortuitous reaction in the public mind, that, feeling it has been too harsh to its last victim, is too lenient to its next. Hence, from a lack of that continuous stream of ethical meditation and instruction, which, though pursued but by a few, and on high and solitary places, flows downward, and, through invisible crevices and channels, saturates the moral soil,—Morality with us has no vigour and no fertile and organized system. It acts by starts and fits—it adheres to mere forms and names—now to a respect for appearances—now to a respect for property:—clinging solely with any enduring strength, to one material and worldly belief which the commercial and aristocratic spirits have engendered, viz. in the value of station and the worth of wealth.

CHAPTER VII

WHAT OUGHT TO BE THE AIM OF ENGLISH MORALISTS IN THIS AGE.

Influence of Moral Philosophy upon the World.—Evils of our exclusive attention to Locke.—Philosophy the Voice of a certain Intellectual Want.—What is that Want in our Day.—What should be the true Moral to inculcate.—Picture of a Moralist.

It seems, then, that owing to the natural tendencies of trade and of an imperfect and unelevating description of aristocracy, the Low and the Mercantile creep over the national character, and the more spiritual and noble faculties are little encouraged and lightly esteemed. It is the property of moral philosophy to keep alive the refining and unworldly springs of thought and action; a counter attraction to the mire and clay of earth, and drawing us insensibly upward to a higher and purer air of Intellectual Being. Civilized life with its bustle and action, the momentary and minute objects in which it engages and frets the soul, requires a perpetual stimulus to larger views and higher emotions; and where these are scant and feeble, the standard of opinion settles down to a petty and sordid level.

In metaphysical knowledge, England has not advanced since Locke. A few amongst us may have migrated to the Scotch school—a few more may have followed forth the principles of Locke into the theories of Helvetius—a very few indeed, adventuring into the mighty and mooned sea of the Kantian philosophy, may steer their solitary and unnoticed barks along its majestic deeps; but these are mere stragglers from the great and congregated herd.* The philosophy of Locke is still the *system* of the English, and all their new additions to his morality are saturated with his spirit. The beauty and daring, and integrity of his character—the association of his name with a great epoch in the Liberties of Thought, contribute to maintain his ascendancy in the English heart; and his known belief in our immortality has blinded us to the materialism of his doctrines.

Few, sir, know or conjecture the influence which one mighty mind insensibly wields over those masses of men, and that succession of time, which appear to the superficial altogether out of the circle of his con-

* Kant, too, has been only introduced to us just as Germany has got beyond him.

trol. I think it is to our exclusive attention to Locke, that I can trace much of the unspiritual and material form which our philosophy has since rigidly preserved, and which, so far from counteracting the *lessening influences of a worldly cast, has strengthened and consolidated them*. Locke, doubtless, was not aware of the results to be drawn from his theories, but the man who has declared that the soul *may be material**—that by revelation only can we be certain that it is not so—who leaves the Spiritual and the Immortal undefended by philosophy, and protected solely by theology, may well, you must allow, be the founder of a school of Materialists, and the ready oracle of those who refuse an appeal to Theology and are sceptical of Revelation: and therefore it seems to me a most remarkable error in the educational system of Cambridge, that Locke should be *the sole* metaphysician professedly studied—and that while we are obliged to pore over, and digest, and nourish ourselves with, the arguments that have led schools so powerful and scholars so numerous to pure materialism, we study *none* of those writings which have replied to his errors and elevated his system.

It is even yet more remarkable, that while Locke should be the great metaphysician of a clerical University, so Paley should be its tutelary moralist. Of all the systems of unalloyed and unveiled selfishness which human ingenuity ever devised, Paley's is, perhaps, the grossest and most sordid. Well did Mackintosh observe that his definition of Virtue, alone is an unanswerable illustration of the debasing vulgarity of his code. "Virtue is the doing good to mankind, in obedience to the will of God, and *for the sake of everlasting happiness*." So that any act of good to man in obedience to God, if it arise from any motive but *a desire of the reward which he will bestow*—if it spring from pure gratitude for past mercies, from affectionate veneration to a protecting Being—does not come under the head of virtue; nay, if influenced solely by such pure motives, the mind altogether escape from the mercenary desire of rewards—its act would violate the definition of virtue, and, according to Paley, would become a vice! † Alas for an University, that adopts materialism for its metaphysical code, and selfishness for its moral!

Philosophy ought to be the voice of a certain intellectual want in every age. Men, in one period, require toleration and liberty; their common thoughts demand an expounder and enforcer. Such was the want which Locke satisfied—such his service to mankind! In our time we require but few new theories on those points already established. Our intellectual want is to enlarge and spiritualize the liberty of thought we have acquired—the philosophy of one age advances by in-

* Essay on the Human Understanding, book iv. chap. 3.

† See Mackintosh's Dissertation in the Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

corporating the good, but correcting the error of the last. This new want, no great philosopher has appeared amongst us to fulfil.*

But there are those who feel the want they cannot supply; if the lesser Spirits and Powers of the age are not able to furnish forth that philosophy, they can expedite its appearance; and this by endeavouring to dematerialize and exalt the standard of opinion—to purify the physical and wordly influences—to decrust from the wings of Contemplation the dust that, sullyng her plumes, impedes her flight—to labour in elevating the genius of action, as exhibited in the more practical world of politics and laws—to refine the coarse, and to ennoble the low; this sir, it seems to me, is the true moral which the infirmities of this present time the most demand, and which the English writer or the English legislator, studying to benefit his country, ought to place unceasingly before him. Rejecting the petty and isolated points, the saws and maxims, which a vulgar comprehension would deem to be morals where they are only truisms, his great aim for England shall be to exalt and purify the current channels of her opinion. To effect this for others, he shall watch narrowly over himself, discarding, as far as the contaminations of custom and the drawbacks of human feebleness will allow, the selfish and grosser motives that he sees operating around him; weaning himself, as a politician, from the ambition of the adventurer, and the low desire of wealth and power; seeking, as a writer, in despite, now of the popular, now of the lordly clamour, to inculcate a venerated enthusiasm for the true and ethereal springs of Greatness and of Virtue; and breathing thus through the physical action and outward form of Freedom, the noble aspirations that belong in states as in men to the diviner excitation of the soul!

Such seems to me the spirit of that moral teaching which we now require, and such the end and destiny that the moralists of our age and nation should deem their own!

* What I principally mean to insist upon is this—Philosophy ought to counteract whatever may be the prevalent error of the Popular opinion of the time. If the error were that of a fanatical and stilted excess of the chivalric principle—Philosophy might do most good by insisting on the counteracting principles of sobriety and common sense; but if the error be that of a prevalent disposition to the sordid and worldly influences—Philosophy may be most beneficial by going even to extremes in establishing the more generous and unselfish motives of action. Hence one reason why no individual School of Philosophy can be permanent. Each age requires a new representative of its character, and a new corrector of its opinions. A material and cold philosophy may be most excellent at one period, and the very extravagance of an idealizing philosophy may be most useful at another.

END OF BOOK III.

BOOK THE FOURTH

**VIEW OF THE INTELLECTUAL SPIRIT
OF THE TIME.**

INSCRIBED TO

J. D'ISRAELI, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "THE CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE," AND "THE LITERARY CHARACTER," ETC.

— "Inter sylvas Academi querere verum."

HOR. EP.

"The Embryo in 'The Times,'"

CHAPTE

VIEW OF THE INTELLECTUAL SPIRIT OF THE TIME.

The Influence of the Press.—Is the Influence rather of Opinion than of Knowledge.—Its Voice more true with respect to Things than Persons.—The Duke of Wellington's Horse *versus* Lord Palmerston's.—The Press represents.—Whom?—Those who buy it!—Important Deduction from this Fact.—Not the Poor, but the Hangers-on of the Rich who buy the Scurrilous papers.—The Valet and the Mechanic.—If one Part of the Press *represents*, another Part *originates* Opinion.—The preservation of the anonymous in Periodicals.—Its effects.—Difference between a French Editor and an English.—Why is the Press Anti-aristocratic?—Effects of Removing the Newspaper Duties.—The Intellectual Spirit of the Times.—Eastern Tradition.

PERMIT me, my dear sir, to honour with your name that section of my various undertaking, which involves an inquiry into the Intellectual Spirit of the Time. I believe that you employ the hours of a serene and dignified leisure in the composition of a work that, when completed, will fill no inconsiderable vacuum in English Literature—namely, the History of English Literature itself. Of the arrival of that work, you wish us to consider those classical and most charming essays which you have already given to the world, merely as precursors—specimens of a great whole—which ought, in justice to your present reputation, to add a permanent glory to the letters of your country. It will, therefore, perhaps, afford you a pleasurable interest, to survey the literary aspect of these times, into which your chronicle must merge, and to wander, even with an erring guide, beside those Rivers of Light, which you have tracked to their distant source, with all the perseverance of the antiquarian, and all the enthusiasm of the scholar.

Before, however, I can invite you to the more attractive part of my subject;—before we can rove at will among the gardens of Poesy, or the not less delightful mazes of that Philosophy, which to see is to adore;—before the domains of Science and of Art can receive our exploring footsteps, we must pause awhile to examine the condition of that mighty, though ambiguous, Power by which the time receives its more vivid impressions, and conveys its more noisy opinions. As a preliminary to our criticisms on the productions of the Press, we will survey the nature of its influence;—and propitiate with due reverence the sybil who too often commits

Her prophetic mind!
To fluttering leaves, the sport of every wind,

ere we can gain admittance to the happy souls,

In groves who live, and lie on mossy beds,
By crystal streams that murmur through the meads;

————— Choro pæana canentes
Inter odoratum lauri nemus.

Hitherto I have traced, in the various branches of my inquiry, the latent and pervading influence of an aristocracy;—I am now about to examine the nature of that antagonist power which is the only formidable check that our moral relations have yet opposed to it. Much has been said in a desultory manner respecting the influence of the Press; but I am not aware of any essay on the subject which seems written with a view rather to examine than declaim. “Vous l’allez comprendre, j’espère, si vous m’écoutez,—il est jour de fête, et nous avons le temps de causer.”—I shall go at once to the heart of the question, and, with your permission, we will not throw away our time by talking much on the minor considerations.

It is the habit of some persons more ardent than profound, to lavish indiscriminate praises on the press, and to term its influence, the influence of Knowledge—it is rather the influence of Opinion. Large classes of men entertain certain views on matters of policy, trade, or morals. A newspaper supports itself by addressing those classes; it brings to light all the knowledge requisite to enforce or illustrate the views of its supporters; it embodies also the prejudice, the passion, and the sectarian bigotry that belong to one body of men engaged in active opposition to another. It is therefore the organ of opinion; expressing at once the truths and the errors, the good and the bad, of the prevalent opinion it represents.

Thus it is impossible to expect the newspaper you consider right in regard to sentiments to be fair in regard to persons. Supposing it expresses the *facts* which belong to knowledge, they are never stated with the *impartiality* that belongs to knowledge.—“Heavens! my dear sir! have you heard the report? The Duke of Wellington’s horse has run over a poor boy!” A whig paper seizes on the lamentable story—magnifies, enlarges on it—the Duke of Wellington is admonished—indifference to human life is insinuated. The tory paper replies: it grants the fact, but interprets it differently: the fool of a boy was decidedly in the way—the brute of a horse had a mouth notoriously as hard as a brickbat—the rider himself was not to blame; what unheard-of malignity, to impute as a reproach to the Duke of Wellington, a misfortune only to be attributed to the eyes of the boy, and the jaw-bone of the horse! But bless me! a new report has arisen:—it was not the Duke of Wellington’s horse than ran over the boy; it was Lord Palmerston’s. It is now the tory journal’s opportunity to triumph. What perversion in the lying whig paper!—and what atrocity in Lord Pal-

merston! All the insinuations that were so shameful against the duke are now profusely directed against the viscount. The very same interpretations that the tory paper so magisterially condemned, are now by the tory paper unreservedly applied. The offence of distortion is equally continued—it is only transferred from one person to another. This is a type of the power of the press: its very enforcement of opinions prevents its being just as to persons. Facts, indeed, are stated, but the interpretation of facts is always a matter of dispute. And thus, to the last chapter, it is easier to obtain a just criticism of the merits of the drama, than of the qualities of the actors. Long after the public mind has decided unanimously with respect to measures, it remains doubtful and divided with regard to the characters of men. In this the press is still the faithful record of Opinion, and the ephemeral Journal is the type of the everlasting History!

Newspapers being thus the organ of several opinions, the result is, the influence of opinion; because, that newspaper sells the best which addresses itself to the largest class; its becomes influential in proportion to its sale; and thence, the most popular opinion grows, at last, into the greatest power.

But from this arises a profound consideration, not hitherto sufficiently enforced. The newspaper represents opinion; but the opinion of whom?—*those persons among whom it chiefly circulates.* What follows?—why, that the price of the newspaper must have a considerable influence on the expression of opinion: because, according to the price would be the extent of its circulation; and, according to the opinion of the majority of its supporters, would be the current opinion of the paper.

Supposing it were possible to raise the price of all the daily newspapers to two shillings each, what would be the consequence?—that a vast number of the poorer subscribers would desert whatever journal they had been accustomed to read, that the circle of its supporters would become limited to those who could afford its price. It would then be to the opinions and interests of this small and wealthy class, that it could alone address itself; if it did not meet their approbation, it could not exist; their opinion would be alone represented, the opinion of the mass would be disregarded; and a newspaper, instead of being the organ of the *public*, would be the expression of the *oligarchical*, sentiment. Although the aggregate of property in England is, perhaps, equally divided among the whigs and tories, the *greater number* of reading persons, possessing property, is alleged to be tory. Supposing the calculation to be correct, the influence of the press would, by our supposed increase of price, be at once transferred to the tories; and *The Standard* and *The Albion* would be the most widely circulated of the daily journals.

If this principle be true, with respect to an increased price, the converse must be true if the price were lowered. If the sevenpenny paper were therefore to sell for twopence, what again would be the result? Why, the sale being extended from those who can afford sevenpence to those who can afford twopence, a new majority must be consulted, the sentiments and desires of poorer men than at present must be addressed; and thus, a new influence of opinion would be brought to bear on our social relations and our legislative enactments.

As the extension of the electoral franchise gave power to the middle classes, so the extended circulation of the press will give power to the operative. To those who uphold the principle, that government is instituted for the good of the greatest number, it is, of course, a matter of triumph, that the interests of the greatest number should thus force themselves into a more immediate voice.*

It is manifest, that when the eyes of the people are taught steadily to regard their own interests, the class of writing most pleasing to them will not be that of demagogues; it is probable, indeed, that the cheapest papers will seem to the indolent reader of the higher ranks, the most dry and abstruse. For a knowledge of the principles of trade, and of the truths of political economy, is of so vital an importance to the Poor, that those principles and truths will be the main staple of the journals chiefly dedicated to their use. Not engaged in the career of mere amusement that belongs to the wealthy—frivolity, scandal, and the unsatisfying pleasure derived from mere declamation, are not attractive to them. All the great principles of state morals and state policy are derived from one foundation, the *true direction of labour*;—what theme so interesting and so inexhaustible to those “who by labour live?” We may perceive already, by *The Penny Magazine*, what will be the probable character of cheap newspapers addressed to the working classes. The operative finds *The Penny Magazine* amusing; to the rich man it is the most wearisome of periodicals.

So much for the proud cry of the aristocrat, that the papers to please

* In removing the stamp duties, which check one part of the influence of the press, it would however be conservative policy to let new sources of enlightenment commence with the new sources of power. At present, what are called the taxes on knowledge are in reality, as we have seen before, taxes on opinion. To make opinion knowledge, its foundation must be laid in instruction. The act which opens the press should be immediately followed by an act to organize National Education; and while the people are yet warm with gratitude for the new boon, and full of confidence to those who give it, care should be taken to secure for the first teachers of political morals, honest and enlightened men;—men too, who, having the competent knowledge, will have the art to express it popularly; not mere grinders of saws and aphorisms, the pedants of a system. By this precaution, the appealers to passion will be met by appealers to interest; and the people will be instructed as well as warmed. Meanwhile, the system of education once begun, proceeds with wonderful rapidity; and, ere the Operative has lost his confidence in the wise government that has granted him the boon of sifting the thoughts of others, his children will have learned the art of thinking for themselves.

the rabble must descend to pande the vulgar passions. No! this is the vice of the aristocratic journals, that are supported alone by the excrescences of aristocracy, by gambling-houses, demireps, and valets. The industrious poor are not the purchasers of the *Age*.

A nobleman's valet entertained on a visit his brother, who was a mechanic from Sheffield. The nobleman, walking one Sunday by a newspaper office in the Strand, perceived the two brothers gazing on the inviting announcements on the shepboard, that proclaimed the contents of the several journals; the crowd on the spot delayed him for a moment, and he overheard the following dialogue :

"Why, Tom," said the valet, "see what lots of news there is in this paper!—'Crim. con. extraordinary between a lord and a parson's wife—Jack——'s (Jack is one of our men of fashion, you know, Tom) Adventure with the widow—Scene at Crocky's.' Oh, what fun! Tom, have you got sevenpence? I've nothing but gold about me; let's buy this here."

"Lots of news!" said Tom, surlily: "D'ye call that news? What do I care for your lords and your men of fashion? Crocky!—what the devil is Crocky to me? There's much more for my money in this here big sheet: 'Advice to the Operatives—Full report of the debate on the Property Tax—Letter from an emigrant in New South Wales.' That's what I calls news."

"Stuff!" cried the valet, astonished.

My lord walked on, somewhat edified by what he had heard.

The scandal of the saloon is news in the pantry; but it is the acts of the legislature that constitute news at the loom.

But while the main characteristic of the influence of the press is to represent opinion, it is not to be denied that it possesses also the nobler prerogative of originating it. When we consider all the great names which shed honour upon periodical literature; when we consider, that scarcely a single one of our eminent writers has not been actively engaged in one or other of our journals:—when we remember that Scott, Southey, Brougham, Mackintosh, Bentham, Mill, Macculloch, Campbell, Moore, Fonblanque, have, year after year, been pouring forth in periodical publications the rich hoard of their thoughts and knowledge; it is impossible not to perceive that the press, which they thus adorned, only represented in one part of this power the opinions originated in another.

But it is in very rare instances that a daily paper has done more than represent political opinion; it is the Reviews, quarterly or monthly (and in two instances, weekly journals), which have aspired to create it. And this for an obvious reason: the daily paper looks only to sale for its influence; the capital risked is so enormous, the fame acquired by contributions to it so small and evanescent, that it is mostly regarded

as a mere speculation. Now *new* opinions are not popular ones ; to swim with the tide, is the necessary motto of opinions that desire to sell : while the majority can see in your journal the daily mirror of themselves, their prejudices and their passions, as well as their sober sense and their true interests, they will run to look upon the reflection. Hence it follows, that the journal which most *represents*, least *originates*, opinion ; that the two tasks are performed by two separate agents ; and that the more new doctrines a journal promulgates, the less promiscuously it circulates among the public.

In this the moral light resembles the physical ; and while we gaze with pleasure on the objects which reflect the light, the eye shrinks in pain from the orb which creates it.

A type of that truth in the history of letters, which declares that the popularity of a writer consists not in proportion to his superiority over the public, but in proportion to their sympathy with his sentiments, may be found in the story of Dante and the Buffoon ; both were entertained at the court of the pedantic Scaliger, the fool sumptuously, the poet sparsely.—“ When will you be as well off as I am ? ” asked the fool triumphantly.—“ Whenever,” was Dante’s caustic reply, “ I shall find a patron who resembles *me* as much as Prince Scaliger resembles you.”

An originator of opinion precedes the time ; you cannot both precede and reflect it. Thus, the most popular journals are Plagiarists of the Past ; they live on the ideas which their more far-sighted contemporaries propagated ten years before. What then was Philosophy, is now Opinion.

A great characteristic of English periodicals is the generally strict preservation of secrecy as to the names of the writers. The principal advantages alleged in favour of this regard to the anonymous are three : First, that you can speak of public men with less reserve ; secondly, that you can review books with more attention to their real merits, and without any mixture of the personal feelings that, if you were known to the author, might bias the judgment of impartial criticism ; thirdly, that many opinions you yourself consider it desirable that the public should know, peculiar circumstances and situations, or private checks of timidity and caution, might induce you to withhold, if your name were necessarily attached to their publication. I suspect that these advantages are greatly exaggerated on the one hand, and that their counterbalancing evils have been greatly overlooked on the other.

In regard to the first of these advantages, it is clear, that if you can speak of public men with less reserve, you may speak of them also with less regard to truth. In a despotic country, where chains are the reward of free sentiments, the use of the anonymous may be a necessary precaution ; but what in this country should make a public writer

shrink from the open discharge of his duty? If his writings be within the pale of the laws, he has nothing to fear from an avowal of his name; if without the law, the use of the anonymous does not screen him. But were your name acknowledged, you could not speak of public men with the same vehement acerbity; you could not repeat charges and propagate reports with the same headlong indifference to accuracy or error. There is more shame in being an open slanderer than a concealed one: you would not, therefore, were your name on the newspaper, insert fragments of "*news*" about persons without ascertaining their foundation in truth: you would not, day after day, like to circulate the stories, which, day after day, you would have the ludicrous task of contradicting.

All this I grant; but, between you and me, dear sir, where is the harm of it? It is well to speak boldly of public men; but to speak what boldly?—not falsehood, but the truth. If the political writer ordinarily affixed his name to his lucubration, he would be brought under the wholesome influence of the same public opinion that he affects to influence or to reflect; he would be more consistent in his opinions,* and more cautious in examination. Papers would cease to be proverbial for giving easy access to the current slander and the diurnal lie; and the boldness of their tone would not be the less, because it would be also honest. I have said, to make power safe and constitutional, it must be made responsible; but anonymous power is irresponsible power.

And now, with regard to the second advantage alleged to belong to the use of the anonymous—the advantage in literary criticism: You say that being anonymous, you can review the work more impartially than if the author, perhaps your friend, were to know you to be his critic. Of all arguments in favour of the anonymous, this is the most popular and the most fallacious. Ask any man once let behind the curtain of periodical criticism, and you will find that the very partiality and *respect to persons*, which the custom of the anonymous was to prevent, the anonymous especially shields and ensures. Nearly all criticism at this day is the public effect of private acquaintance. When a work has been generally praised in the reviews, even if deservedly, nine times out of ten the author has secured a large connexion with the press. Good heavens! what machinery do we not see exerted to get a book tenderly nursed into vigour. I do not say that the critic is dishonest in this partiality; perhaps he may be actuated by feelings that, judged by the test of private sentiments, would be considered fair and praiseworthy.

* Many of the political writers, screened by the anonymous, shift and turn from all opinions, with every popular breath. The *paper* may be abused for it, but the paper is insensate; no one abuses the *unseen writer* of the paper. Thus, there is no shame, because there is no exposure; where there is no shame, there is no honesty.

“ Ah, poor So-and-so's book ; well, it is no great things ; but So-and-so is a good fellow, I must give him a helping hand.”

“ C—— has sent me his book to review ; that's a bore, as it's devilish bad ; but as he knows I shall be his critic—I must be civil.”

“ What, D.'s poems? it would be d—d unhandsome to abuse them, after all his kindness to me—after dining at his house yesterday.”

Such and a variety of a similar, private feelings, which it may be easy to censure, and which the critic himself will laughingly allow you to blame, colour the tone of the great mass of reviews. This veil, so complete to the world, is no veil to the bookwriting friends of the person who uses it. *They* know the hand which deals the blow, or lends the help ; and the critic willingly does a kind thing by his friend, because it is never known that in so doing he has done an unjust one by the public. The anonymous, to effect the object which it pretends, must be thoroughly sustained. But in how few cases is this possible! We have but one Junius in the world. At the present day there is not a journal existing in which, while the contributors are concealed indeed from the world at large, they are not known to a tolerably wide circle of publishing friends. Thus, then, in a critical point of view, the advantages supposed to spring from the anonymous vanish into smoke. The mask is worn, not to protect from the petitions of private partialities, but *to deceive the public as to the extent to which partiality is carried* ; and the very evils which secrecy was to prevent, it not only produces, but conceals, and *by concealment defrauds of a remedy*. It is clear, on more than a superficial consideration, that the bias of private feelings would be far less strong upon the tenour of criticism, if the name of the critic were known : in the first place, because the check of public opinion would operate as a preventive to any reviewer of acknowledged reputation from tampering with his own honesty ; in the second place, because there are many persons in the literary world, who would at once detect and make known to the public the chain of undue motive that binds the praise or censure of the critic to the book. Thus you would indeed, by the publication of the reviewer's name, obtain either that freedom from private bias, or that counterbalance to its exercise, of which, by withholding the name, the public have been so grossly defrauded. Were a sudden revelation of the mysteries of the craft now to be made, what—oh, what would be the rage, the astonishment, of the public!* What men of straw in the

* The influence of certain booksellers upon certain Reviews, is a cry that has been much raised by Reviews in which *those* booksellers had no share. The accusation is as old as Voltaire's time. He complains that booksellers in France and Holland guided the tone of the periodical Reviews : with us, at present, however, the abuse is one so easily detected, that I suspect it has been somewhat exaggerated. I know one instance of an influential weekly journal, which was accused, by certain of its rivals, of favouring a bookseller who had a share in its property ; yet accident

rostra, pronouncing fiat on the immortal writings of the age; what guessers at the difference between a straight line and a curve, deciding upon the highest questions of art; what stop-watch gazers lecturing on the drama; what disappointed novelists, writhing poets, saleless historians, senseless essayists, wreaking their wrath on a lucky rival; what Damons heaping impartial eulogia on their scribbling Pythias; what presumption, what falsehood, what ignorance, what deceit! what malice in censure, what dishonesty in praise! Such a revelation would be worthy a Quevedo to describe!

But this would not be the sole benefit the public would derive from the authority of divulged names. They would not only know the motives of reviewers, but their capacities also; they would see if the critic were able to judge honestly, as well as willing. And this upon many intricate matters; some relating to the arts, others to the sciences;

bringing me in contact with that bookseller, I discovered that it was a matter of the most rankling complaint in his mind, that the editor of the journal (who had an equal share himself in the journal, and could not be removed), was so anxious not to deserve the reproach, as to be unduly harsh to the books he was accused of unduly favouring: and on looking over the Review, with my curiosity excited to see which party was right, I certainly calculated that a greater proportion of books belonging to the bookseller in question had been severely treated than was consistent with the ratio of praise and censure accorded to the works appertaining to any other publisher. In fact, the moment a journal becomes influential, its annual profits are so considerable, that it would be rarely worth while in any bookseller who may possess a share in it to endanger its sale by a suspicion of dishonesty. The circumstance of his having that share in it is so well known, and the suspicion to which it exposes him so obvious, that I imagine the necessary vigilance of public opinion to be a sufficient preventive against the influence complained of. The danger to which the public are exposed is more latent; the influence of acquaintance is far greater and more difficult to guard against than that of booksellers. On looking over certain Reviews, we shall find instances in which they have puffed most unduly; but it is more frequently the work of a contributor than the publication of the bookseller who promulges the Review. The job is of a more secret character than that which a title-page can betray. It is surprising indeed to see how readily the slightest and most inferior works of a contributor to one of the Quarterlies obtain a review, while those of a stranger, however important or popular, are overlooked or unnoticed, until the favour of the public absolutely forces them on the reluctant journal. It often happens that a successful writer has been most elaborately reviewed in all the other periodicals of the civilized world, and his name has become familiar to the ears of literary men throughout the globe, before the Quarterly Reviews of this country bestow the slightest notice upon him, or condescend even to acknowledge an acquaintance with his very existence. This is a wretched effect of influence, for it attempts to create a monopoly of literature; nor is that all—it makes the judges and the judged one body, and a Quarterly Review a mere confederacy of writers united for the purpose of praising each other at all opportunities, and glancing indifferently towards the public when the greater duties of self-applause allow them leisure for the exertion. Great men contribute to these journals, and are praised—nothing more just!—but *little* men contribute also: and the jackal has his share of the bones as well as the lion. It is obvious, that if Reviews were not written anonymously, the public could not be thus cheated. If contributors put their names to their articles, they could not go on scratching each other at so indecent a rate; there would be an end to the antic system of these literary *simiæ*, who, sitting aloft on the tree of criticism, first take care to stuff themselves with the best of the fruit, and then, with the languid justice of antiety, chuck the refuse on the gazers below!

on which the public in general cannot judge for themselves, but may be easily misled by superficial notions, and think that the unknown author must be a great authority;—this, I say, in such cases would be an incalculable advantage, and would take the public at once out of the hands of a thousand invisible pretenders and impostors.

An argument has been adduced in favour of anonymous criticism so truly absurd, that it would not be worth alluding to, were it not so often alleged, and so often suffered to escape unridiculed. It is this: that the critic can thus take certain liberties with the author with impunity; that he may be witty or severe, without the penalty of being shot. Now, of what nature is that criticism which would draw down the author's cartel of war upon the critic?—it is not an age for duels on light offences and vague grounds. An author would be laughed at from one end of the kingdom to the other, for calling out a man for merely abusing his book; for saying that he wrote bad grammar, and was a wretched poet: if the author *were* such a fool as, on mere literary ground, to challenge a critic, the critic would scarcely be such a fool as to go out with him. “Ay,” says the critic, “if I only abuse his book; but what if I abuse his person? I may censure his work safely—but supposing I want to insinuate something against his character?” True, now we understand each other; that is indeed the question. I turn round at once from you, sir, the critic—I appeal to the public. I ask them where is the benefit, what the advantage, of attacking a man's person, not his book—his character, not his composition? Is criticism to be the act of personal vituperation? then, let us send to Billingsgate for our reviewers, and have something racy and idiomatic at least in the way of slang. What purpose salutary to literature is served by hearing that Hazlitt had pimples on his face? How are poor Byron's errors amended, by filthily groping among the details of his private life—by the insinuations and the misconstructions—by the muttered slanders—by the broad falsehoods which filled the anonymous channels of the press? Was is not this system of espionage more than any other cause which darkened with gloomy suspicion that mind, originally so noble? Was not the stinging of the lip the result of the stung heart? Slandered by others, his irritable mind retaliated by slander in return; the openness visible in his early character hardened into insincerity, the constant product of suspicion; and instead of correcting the author, this species of criticism contributed to deprave the man.

What did the public gain by this result of the convenience of open speaking from invisible tongues?—nothing. But why, my dear sir, (you who have studied the literary character so deeply, and portrayed so well the calamities of authors, can perhaps tell me)—why is the poor author to be singled out from the herd of men (whom he seeks to

delight or to instruct) for the sole purpose of torture? Is his nature so much less sensitive and gentle than that of others, that the utmost ingenuity is necessary to wound him? Or why is a system to be invented and encouraged, for the sole sake of persecuting him with the bitterest rancour and the most perfect impunity? Why are the rancour and the impunity to be modestly alleged as the main advantages of the system? Why are all the checks and decencies which moderate the severity of the world's censure upon its other victims, to be removed from censure upon him? Why is he to be thrust out of the pale of ordinary self-defence?—and the decorum and the fear of consequences which make the intercourse of mankind urbane and humanized, to be denied to one, whose very vanity can only be fed—whose very interests can only be promoted, by increasing the pleasures of the society which exiles him from its commonest protection—yes! by furthering the civilisation which rejects him from its safeguards?

It is not very easy, perhaps, to answer these questions; and I think, sir, that even your ingenuity can hardly discover the justice of an invention which visits with all the most elaborate and recondite severities that could be exercised against the enemy of his kind, the unfortunate victim who aspires to be their friend. Shakspeare has spoken of detraction as less excusable than theft; but there is a yet nobler fancy among certain uncivilised tribes, viz., that slander is a greater moral offence than even murder itself; for, say they, with an admirable shrewdness of distinction, “when you take a man's life, you take only what he *must*, at one time or another, have lost; but when you take a man's reputation, you take that which he might otherwise have retained for ever: nay, what is yet more important, your offence in the one is bounded and definite—murder cannot travel beyond the grave—the deed imposes at once a boundary to its own effects; but in slander, the tomb itself does not limit the malice of your wrong—your lie may pass onward to posterity, and continue, generation after generation, to blacken the memory of your victim.”

The people of the Sandwich Islands murdered Captain Cook, but they pay his memory the highest honours which their customs acknowledge; they retain his bones (those returned were supposititious) which are considered sacred, and the priest thanks the gods for having sent them so great a man. Are you surprised at this seeming inconsistency? Alas! it is the manner in which we treat the great! We murder them by the weapons of calumny and persecution, and then we declare the relics of our victim to be sacred!

But there is a third ground for deeming the preservation of the anonymous advantageous in periodicals; namely, that there may be opinions you wish to give to the world upon public events or public

characters, which private checks of circumstance or timidity may induce you to withhold from the world, if the publication of your name be indispensably linked with that of your opinions.

Now if, from what I have said, it is plain the anonymous *system* is wrong; then the utmost use you can make of this argument would only prove that there are occasional exceptions to the justness of this rule; and this I grant readily and at once. He is but a quack who pretends that a general rule excludes all exceptions; and how few are the exceptions to *this* rule; how few the persons upon whom the checks alluded to legitimately operate! I leave to them the right of availing themselves of the skreen they consider necessary;—there will always be channels and opportunities enough for them to consult the anonymous, supposing that it were accordant with the *general system* of periodicals to give the public the names of their contributors.*

I have elsewhere, but more cursorily, put forth my opinions with regard to the customary use of the anonymous in periodicals; they have met but with little favour from periodical writers, who have continued to reiterate the old arguments, which I have already answered, rather than attacked my replies. In fact, journalists, misled by some vague notions of the convenience of a plan so long adopted and so seldom questioned, contend against a change which would be of the most incalculable advantage to themselves and their profession. It is in vain to hope that you can make the press so noble a profession as it ought to be in the eyes of men, as long as it can be associated in the public mind with every species of political apostasy and personal slander; it is in vain to hope that the many honourable exceptions will do more than win favour for themselves; they cannot exalt the character of the class. Interested as the aristocracy are against the moral authority of the press, and jealous as they are of its power, they at present endeavour to render odious the general effects of the machine, by sneering down far below the legitimate grade the station and respectability of the operatives. We cannot deny that a newspaper-writer, who, by his talents and the channel to which they are applied, exerts a far greater influence on

* It is also obvious that the arguments I have adduced in favour of the latter plan do not apply to authors publishing separate works, more especially fiction, as in the instance of Sir Walter Scott and his novels: there, no one is injured by the affectation of concealment—there is no third party (no party attacked or defended) between the author and the public; I speak solely of the periodical press, which is the most influential department of the press, and how it may be made most honest and most efficient towards the real interests of the community.

Consequently the reader will remark in any reply that may be put forth to these opinions, first—that it will be no answer to the justice of the rule I assert to enumerate the exceptions I allow: secondly—that it will be no answer to my proposition relating to the periodical press to refer to the advantages of the anonymous to authors whose writings do not come under that department. With this I leave it to the People, deeply interested in the matter, to see that I am answered, not misinterpreted.

public affairs than almost any peer in the realm, is only of importance so long as he is in the back parlour of the printing-house; in society he not only runs the risk of being confounded with all the misdemeanours, past and present, of the journal he has contributed to purify or exalt, but he is associated with the general fear of *espionage* and the feeling of insecurity which the custom of anonymous writing necessarily produces: men cannot avoid looking upon him as one who has the power of stabbing them in the dark,—and the libels—the lies—the base and filthy turpitude of certain of the Sunday papers, have an effect of casting upon all newspaper-writers a suspicion, from which not only the honourable, but the able* among them are utterly free; as at Venice, every member of the secret council, however humane and noble, received some portion of the odium and the fear which attached to the practice of unwitnessed punishment and mysterious assassination. In short, the unhappy practice of the anonymous is the only reason why the man of political power is not also the man of social rank. It is a practice which favours the ignorant at the expense of the wise, and skreens the malignant by confounding them with the honest; a practice by which talent is made obscure that folly may not be detected, and the loathsomeness of vice may be hidden beneath the customs which degrade honour.

In a Spanish novel, a cavalier and a swindler meet one another.

“Pray, sir, may I ask why you walk with a cloak?” says the swindler.

“Because I do not wish to be known for what I am,” answers the gentleman. “Let me ask you the same question.”

“Because I wish to be taken for *you*,” answered the swindler drily.

The custom of honest men is often the shelter of rogues.

It is quite clear that if every able writer affixed his name to his contributions to newspapers, the importance of his influence would soon attach to himself—

—————“Nec Phæbo gratior ulla est
Quam sibi que Vari præscripsit pagina nomen.”

He would no longer be confused with a herd—he would become marked and individualized—a public man as well as a public writer :

* For to the honour of literature be it said, that the libellous Sunday papers are rarely supported by any literary men; they are conducted chiefly by broken-down sharpers, *ci-devant* markers at gambling-houses, and the very worst description of uneducated blackguards. The only way, by the by, to check these gentlemen in their career of slander, is to be found in the first convenient opportunity of inflicting upon them that personal chastisement which is the perquisite of bullies.—Pooh! you say, they are not worthy the punishment. Pardon me, they are not worth the denying ourselves the luxury of inflicting it. You should wait, but never miss, the convenient opportunity. In the spirit of Dr. Johnson's criticism on the Hebrides, “they are worth seeing,” (said he,) “but not worth going to see;” these gentlemen are worth kicking, but not worth going to kick.

he would exalt his profession as himself—the consideration accorded to him would, if he produced the same effect on his age, be the same as to a poet, philosopher, or a statesman; and now when an entrance into public life may be the result of popular esteem, it may be the readiest way of rendering men of principle and information personally known to the country, and of transferring the knowledge which, in order to be efficient public writers, they must possess on public affairs, to that active career in which it may be the most serviceable to the country, and the most tempting to men of great acquirements and genius. Thus the profession of the Press would naturally attract the higher order of intellect—its power would become infinitely better directed, and its agents immeasurably more honoured. These considerations sooner or later must have their due weight with those from whom alone the necessary reform can spring—the journalists themselves. It is not a point in which the legislature can interfere; it must be left to a moral agency, which is the result of conviction. I am firmly persuaded, however opposed I may be now, that I shall live to see (and to feel that I have contributed to effect) the change.

Such is my hope for the future, meanwhile let me tell you an adventure that happened the other day to an acquaintance of mine.

D—— is a sharp clever man, fond of studying character, and always thrusting his nose into other people's affairs. He has wonderful curiosity, which he dignifies by the more respectable name of "a talent for observation." A little time ago D—— made an excursion of pleasure to Calais. During his short but interesting voyage, he amused himself by reconnoitring the passengers whom Providence had placed in the same boat with himself. Scarcely had his eye scanned the deck before it was irresistibly attracted towards the figure of a stranger, who sat alone, wrapped in his cloak, and his meditations. My friend's curiosity was instantly aroused: there was an inscrutable dignity in the air of the stranger; something mysterious, moodful, and majestic. He resolved to adventure upon satisfying the hungry appetite for knowledge that had sprung up in his breast: he approached the stranger, and, by way of commencing with civility, offered him the newspaper. The stranger glanced at him for a moment, and shook his head. "I thank you, sir, I have seen its contents already." '*The contents*—he did not say *the paper*,' thought D——, shrewdly. The words were not much, but the air! The stranger was evidently a great man; perhaps a diplomatist. My friend made another attempt at a better acquaintance; but about this time the motion of the steam-vessel began to affect the stranger—

And his soul sickened o'er the heaving wave.

Maladies of this sort are not favourable to the ripening of acquaint-

tance. My friend, baffled and disappointed, shrunk into himself ; and soon afterwards, amidst the tumult of landing, he lost sight of his fellow-passenger. Following his portmanteau with a jealous eye, as it rolled along in a foreign wheelbarrow, D—— came at last into the courtyard of M. Dessin's hotel, and there, sauntering leisurely to and fro, he beheld the mysterious stranger. The day was warm ; it was delightful to bask in the open air. D—— took a chair by the kitchen door, and employed himself on the very same newspaper that he had offered to the stranger, and which the cursed sea-winds had prevented his reading on the deck at that ease with which our national sense of comfort tells us that a newspaper ought to be read. Ever and anon, he took his eyes from the page and beheld the stranger still sauntering to and fro, stopping at times to gaze on a green britska with that paternal look of fondness which declared it to be an appropriation of his own.

The stranger was visibly impatient :—now he pulled out his watch—now he looked up to the heavens—now he whistled a tune—and now he muttered, “ Those d—d Frenchmen ! ” A gentleman with an eager air, and a quick gait, entered the yard. You saw at once that he was a Frenchman. The eyes of the two gentlemen met ; they recognised each other. You might tell that the Englishman had been waiting for the new comer, the “ *Bonjour, mon cher* ” of the Frenchman, the “ How do you do ” of the Englishman, were exchanged ; and D—— had the happiness of overhearing the following conversation :

French Gentleman. “ I am ravished to congratulate you on the distinguished station you hold in Europe.”

English Gentleman (bowing and blushing). “ Let me rather congratulate you on your accession to the peerage.”

French Gentleman. “ A bagatelle, sir, a mere bagatelle ; a natural compliment to my influence with the people. By the way, you of course will be a peer in the new batch that *must* be made shortly ? ”

English Gentleman (with a constrained smile, a little in contempt, and more in mortification). “ No, monsieur, no ; *we* don't make peers quite so easily.”

French Gentleman. “ Easily ! why, have they not made Sir George —— and Mr. W—— peers ? the one a mere *élégant*, the other a mere *gentilhomme de province*. You don't compare their claims with your great power and influence in Europe ! ”

English Gentleman. “ Hum—hi—hum ; they were men of great birth and landed property.”

French Gentleman (taking snuff). “ Ah ! I thought you English were getting better of your aristocratic prejudices : *Virtus est sola nobilitas.* ”

English Gentleman. “ Perhaps those prejudices are *respectable*.

By the way, to speak frankly, we were a little surprised in England at your elevation to the peerage."

French Gentleman. "Surprised;—*diable!*—why?"

English Gentleman. "Hum—really—the editor of a newspaper—chum!—hem!"

French Gentleman. "Editor of a newspaper! why, who *should* get political rank, but those who wield political power? Your newspaper, for instance, is more formidable to a minister than any duke. Now you know, with us, M. de Lalot, M. Thiers,—Guizot,—Châteaubriand, and, in short, nearly all the great men you can name, write for the newspapers."

English Gentleman. "Aha! but do they *own* it?"

French Gentleman. "Own it! to be sure; they are too proud to do so: how else do they get their reputation?"

English Gentleman. "Why, with us, if a member of parliament sends us an article, it is under a pledge of the strictest secrecy. As for Lord Brougham, the bitterest accusation ever made against him was, that he wrote for a certain newspaper."

French Gentleman. "And *did* Lord Brougham write for that newspaper?"

English Gentleman. "Sir; that is a delicate question."

French Gentleman. "Why so reserved? In France the writers of our journals are as much known as if they put their names to their articles; which indeed, they very often do."

English Gentleman. "But supposing a great man is known to write an article in my paper, all the other papers fall foul on him for demeriting himself: even *I*, while I write every day for it, should be very angry if the coxcombs of the clubs accused me of it to my face."

French Gentleman (laying his finger to his nose). "I see, I see, you have not the pride of class which we have. The nobleman with us, is proud of showing that he has power with those who address the people: the plebeian writer is willing to receive a certain respectability from the assistance of the nobleman: thus each class gives consequence to the other. But you all write under a veil; and such a number of blackguards take advantage of the concealment that the respectable man covets concealment as a skreen for himself. This is the reason that you have not—pardon me, monsieur—as high a station as you ought to have; and why you astonish me, by thinking it odd that I, who, vanity apart, can sway the minds of thousands every morning, should receive" (spoken with dignified disdain) "the trumpery honour of a peerage!"

"*Messieurs*, the dinner is served," said the *garçon*; and the two gentlemen walked into the salon, leaving D—— in a fever of agitation.

“*Garçon, garçon,*” said he, under his breath, and beckoning to the waiter, “who is that English gentleman?”

“*Meestare*——, the——vat you call him, le redacteur of——de editor of de—— paper.”

“Ha! and the French gentleman?”

“*Monsieur Bertin de V*——, pair de France, and editor of de *Journal des Débats*.”

“Bless me!” said D——, “what an adventure!”

Such is the account my friend D—— has given me of a dialogue between two great men. It is very likely that D——’s talents for observation may be eclipsed by his talent of invention: I do not, therefore, give it you as a true anecdote. Look upon it, if you please, as an imaginary conversation, and tell me whether, supposing it *had* taken place, it would not have been exceedingly natural. You must class it among the instances of the *praesemblable*, if you reject it from those of the *bras*.

But the custom of the anonymous would never have so long sustained itself with us, had it not been sanctioned by the writers of the aristocracy—it is among the other benefits literature owes to them. It is a cloak more convenient to a man moving in a large society, than to the scholar, who is mostly confined to a small circle. The rich man has no power to gain by a happy criticism, but he may have much malice to gratify by a piquant assault. Thus the aristocratic contributors to a journal have the most insisted upon secrecy, and have been accustomed to write the bitterest sallies on their friends. The unfortunate Lord Dudley dies, and we learn that one of his best compositions was a most truculent attack, in a Quarterly Review, upon his intimate companion—of course he was anxious not to be known! There are only two classes of men to whom the anonymous is really desirable. The perfidious gentleman who fears to be cut by the friend he injures, and the lying blackguard who dreads to be horsewhipped by the man he maligns.

With one more consideration I shall conclude this chapter. I intimated at the commencement of it, that the influence of the press was the great antagonist principle to that of the aristocracy. This is a hack-nied assertion, yet it is pregnant with many novel speculations.

The influence of the press is the influence of opinion; yet, until very lately, the current opinion was decidedly aristocratic:—the class mostly addressed by the press is the middle class; yet, as we have seen before, it is among the middle class that the influence of the English aristocracy has spread some of its most stubborn roots. How then has the press become the antagonist principle of the aristocratic power?

In the first place, that portion of the press which *originates* opinion has been mostly anti-aristocratic, and its reasonings, unpopular at first, have slowly gained ground. In the second place, the anonymous system, which favours all personal slander, and which, to feed the pub-

lic taste, must slander distinguished, and not obscure, station, has forwarded the progress of opinion against the aristocratic body by the most distorted exaggeration of the individual vices or foibles of its members. By the mere details of vulgar gossip, a great wholesale principle of indignation at the privileged order has been at work; just as in ripening the feelings that led to the first French revolution, the tittle-tattle of antechambers did more than the works of philosophers. The frivolity and vices of the court provoked a bitterer contempt and resentment by well-coloured anecdotes of individual courtiers, than the elaborate logic of Diderot or the polished sarcasms of Voltaire. And wandering for one moment from the periodical press to our lighter fictions, it is undeniable that the novels which of late have been so eagerly read, and which profess to give a description of the life of the higher circles, have, in our own day, nauseated the public mind with the description of men without hearts, women without chastity, polish without dignity, and existence without use.

A third reason for the hostility of the political press to the aristocracy is to be found in the circumstances of those who write for it. They live more separated from sympathy with aristocratic influences than any other class: belonging, chiefly, to the middle order, they do not, like the middle order in general, have any dependence on the custom and favour of the great; literary men, they are not, like authors in general, courted as lions, who, mixing familiarly with their superiors, are either softened by unmeaning courtesies, or imbibe the veneration which rank and wealth, personally approached, instil into the human mind, as circumstances at present form it. They mostly regard the great aloof and at a distance; they see their vices, which are always published, and rarely the virtues or the amenities, which are not known beyond the threshold. The system strikes them, unrelieved by any affection for its component parts. I have observed, with much amusement, the effect often produced on a periodical writer by being merely brought into contact with a man of considerable rank. He is charmed with his urbanity—astonished at his want of visible pride—he no longer sees the pensioned and titled apostate, but the agreeable man; and his next article becomes warped from its severity in despite of himself. One of the bitterest assailants of Lord Eldon, having occasion to wait on that nobleman, was so impressed with the mild and kindly bearing of the man he had been attacking, that he laid it down as a rule never afterwards to say a syllable against him. So shackled do men become in great duties by the smallest conventional incidents.

But the ordinary mass of newspaper-writers being thus a peculiar and separate body untouched by the influence which they examine, and often galled themselves by the necessary effects of the anonymous system, have been therefore willing to co-operate to a certain and li-

mitted extent with the originators of opinion. And thus, in those crises which constantly occur in political affairs, when the popular mind, as yet undetermined, follows the first adviser in whom it has been accustomed to confide—when, in its wavering confusion, either of two opinions may be reflected, the representative portion of the press has usually taken that opinion which is the least aristocratic; pushing the more popular, not to its full extent, but to as great an extent as was compatible with its own interest in representing rather than originating opinion. There are certain moments in all changes and transits of political power, when it makes all the difference *which* of the unsettled doubts in the public mind is expressed the first, and hastened into decision.

To these causes of the anti-aristocratic influence of the press, we must add another, broader and deeper than all. The newspaper not only discusses questions, but it gives, in its varied pages, the results of systems;—proceedings at law—convictions before magistrates—abuses in institutions—unfairness in taxation—all come before the public eye; thus, though many see not how grievances are to be redressed, all allow that the grievances exist. It is in vain to deny that the grievance is mostly on the side of the unprivileged. No preponderating power in a state can exist for many years, without (unconsciously, perhaps,) favouring itself. We have not had an aristocratic government, without having had laws passed to its own advantage—without seeing the spirit of the presiding influence enter into our taxation, bias our legislature, and fix its fangs into our pension-list; the last, though least really grievous of all—yet the most openly obnoxious to a commercial and overburdened people. Nor must it be forgotten, that while the abuses of any system are thus made evident and glaring, the reasons for supporting that system in spite of abuses are always philosophical and abstruse: so that the evil is glaring, the good unseen. This, then, is the strongest principle by which the press works against the aristocracy—the principle most constantly and most powerfully enforced. A plain recital affects more than reasoning, and seems more free from passion, and the Press, by revealing facts, exerts a far more irresistible, though less noisy sway, than by insisting on theories:—in the first it is the witness; in the last, the counsel.

And yet this spirit of Revelation is the greatest of all the blessings which the liberty of the press confers; it is of this which philosophers speak when they grow warm upon its praises—when wisdom loses its measured tone of approval, and reasoning itself assumes the language of declamation. As the nature of evidence is the comparison of facts, so to tell us all things on all sides is the sole process by which we arrive at truth. From the moment an abuse is published, we are certain that the abuse will be removed. In the sublime language of a great moralist, "Errors cease to be dangerous when it is permitted to con-

tradict them ; they are soon known to be errors ; they sink into the Abyss of forgetfulness, and Truth alone swims over the vast extent of Ages." This publicity is man's nearest approach to the omniscience of his great Creator ; it is the largest result of union yet known, for it is the expression of the Universal Mind. Thus are we enabled, knowing what *is* to be effected, to effect according to our knowledge—for to knowledge power is proportioned. Omnipotence is the necessary consequence of omniscience. Nor can we contemplate without a deep emotion, what may be the result of that great measure, which must sooner or later be granted by the legislature, and which, by the destruction of the stamp duty on political periodicals, will extend to so unbounded a circle this sublime prerogative of publicity—of conveying principles—of expressing opinion—of promulgating facts. So soon as the first confusion that attends the sudden *thawing* of a long monopoly is cleared away—when it is open to every man, rich or poor, to express the knowledge he has hoarded in his closet, or even at his loom ; when the stamp no longer confines to a few the power of legitimate instruction ; when all may pour their acquirements into the vast commonwealth of knowledge—it is impossible to calculate the ultimate results to human science, and the advancement of our race. Some faint conjecture may be made from a single glance at the crowded reports of a parliamentary committee ; works containing a vast hoard of practical knowledge, of inestimable detail, often collected from witnesses who otherwise would have been dumb for ever ; works now unread, scarce known, confined to those who want them least, by them not rendered profitable : when we recollect that in popular and familiar shapes that knowledge and those details will ultimately find a natural vent, we may form some slight groundwork of no irrational guesses towards the future ; when the means of knowledge shall be open to all who read, and its expression to all who think. Nor must we forget, that from the mechanic, the mechanic will more easily learn ; as it has been discovered in the Lancaster schools, that by boys, boys can be best instructed. Half the success of the pupil depends on his familiarity and sympathy with the master. Reflections thus opened to us, expand into hopes, not vague, not unfounded, but which no dreams of imaginary optimism have yet excelled. What triumph for him, who, in that divine spirit of prophecy which foresees in future happiness the result of present legislation, has been a disciple—a worker for the saving truth, that enlightenment furthers amelioration—who has built the port and launched the ship, and suffered the obstacles of nature and the boundaries of the world to be the only bar and limit to the commerce of the mind : he may look forward into time, and see his own name graven upon a thousand landmarks of the progress of the human intellect. Such men are, to all wisdom, what

Bacon was only to a part of it. It is better to allow philosophy to be universal, than to become a philosopher. The wreath that belongs to a fame of this order will be woven from the best affections of mankind: its glory will be the accumulated gratitude of generations. It is said, that in the Indian plain of Dahia, the Creator drew forth from the loins of Adam his whole posterity: assembled together in the size and semblance of small ants, these pre-existent nations acknowledged God, and confessed their origin in his power. Even so in some great and living project for the welfare of mankind—the progenitor of benefits, uncounted and unborn, we may trace the seeds of its offspring even to the confines of eternity; we may pass before us, though in a dwarfed and inglorious shape, the mighty and multiplied blessings to which it shall give birth, all springing from one principle, all honouring Him, who of that principle was the Vivifier and the Maker!

CHAPTER II.

LITERATURE.

Observation of a German.—Great Writers and no great Works.—The poverty of our present Literature in all Departments, save the Imaginative.—History.—Political Composition.—The Belles Lettres peculiarly barren.—Remarks on the Writings of D'Israeli, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, Walter Landor, Southey, and Moore.—Causes of the Decline of the Belles Lettres, and the undiminished Eminence of fictitious Literature alone.—The Revolution that has been wrought by Periodicals.—The Imaginative Faculty has reflected the Philosophy of the Age.—Why did Scott and Byron represent the Mind of their Generation?—The merit of Lord Byron's earlier Poems exaggerated.—Want of Grandeur in their Conception.—The Merit of his Tragedies undervalued.—Brief Analysis in support of these Opinions.—Why did the Tragedies disappoint the World?—The Assertion that Byron wanted Variety in dramatic Character contradicted.—The Cause of the public Disappointment.—The Age identified itself with him *alone*.—Recollections of the Sensations produced by his Death.—Transition of the Intellectual Spirit of the Period from the ideal to the actual.—Cause of the craving for fashionable Novels.—Their Influence.—Necessity of cultivating the Imagination.—Present intellectual Disposition and Tendency of the Age.

“This is a great literary epoch with your nation,” said a German to me the other day. “You have magnificent *writers* amongst you at this day, their names are known all over Europe; but (putting the poets out of the question) where, to ask a simple question, are their writings?—which are the great prose works of your contemporaries that you recommend me to read? What, especially, are the recent masterpieces in criticism and the *belles lettres*?”

This question, and the lame answer that I confess I gave to it, set

me upon considering why we had undoubtedly at this day many great writers in the Humane Letters, and yet very few great books. For the last twenty years the intellectual faculties have been in full foliage, but have borne no fruit, save on one tree alone; the remarkable fertility of which forcibly contrast the barrenness of the rest, and may be considered among the most startling of the literary phenomena of the times—I mean the faculty of the Imagination. I am asked for the great books we have produced during the last twenty years, and my memory instantly reverts to the *chefs-d'œuvres* of poets and writers of fiction. The works of Byron, Wordsworth, Scott, Moore, Shelley, Campbell, rush at once to my tongue: nay, I should refer to later writers in imaginative literature, whose celebrity is, as yet, unmellowed, and whose influence limited, long ere the contemporary works of a graver nature would force themselves on my recollection: debar me the imaginative writings, and I could more easily close my catalogue of great works than begin it.

In imaginative literature, then, we are peculiarly rich; in the graver letters we are as singularly barren.

In History we have surely not even secondary names; we have commentators on history, rather than historians: and the general dimness of the atmosphere may be at once acknowledged, when we point as luminaries to a * * * * * and a * * * * *.

In Moral Philosophy, a subject which I shall reserve for a separate chapter, the reputation of one or two high names does not detract from the general sterility. Few indeed are the works in this noble department of knowledge, that have been, if published, *made known to the public* for a period inconceivably long, when we consider that we live in an age when the jargon of moral philosophy is so popularly affected.

In that part of political literature which does not embrace political economy, we are also without any great works: but yet, singularly enough, not without many perhaps unequalled writers—Southey, Wilson, Cobbett, Sydney Smith, the profound and vigorous editor of the *Examiner*, the original and humorous author of the *Corn Law Catechism*, and many others whom I can name (but that almost every influential Journal betrays the eminent talent that supports it), are men who have developed some of the highest powers of composition, in a series of writings intended only for the hour. In miscellaneous literature, or what is commonly termed the *belles lettres*, we have not very remarkably enriched the collection bequeathed to us by the Johnsonian era. The name of one writer I must, however, single from the rest, as that of the most elegant gossip from the learned letters, not only of his time, but, perhaps, his country; and I select it the more gladly, because, popular as he is, I do not think he has ever obtained from criticism a fair acknowledgment of the eminent station he is en-

titled to claim. The reader has already discovered that I speak of yourself, the author of *The Curiosities of Literature*, *The Calamities of Authors*, and, above all, the *Essay upon the Literary Character*. In the two first of these works you have seemed to me to be to literature what Horace Walpole was to a court;—drawing from minutiae, which you are too wise to deem frivolities, the most novel deductions, and the most graceful truths; and seeming to gossip, where in reality you philosophize. But you have that which Horace Walpole never possessed—that which is necessary to the Court of Letters, but forbidden to the Court of Kings: a deep and tender vein of sentiment runs, at no unfrequent times, through your charming lucubrations; and I might instance, as one of the most touching, yet unexaggerated conceptions of human character, that even a novelist ever formed, the beautiful *Essay upon Shenstone*. That, indeed, which particularly distinguishes your writings, is your marvellous and keen sympathy with the literary character in all its intricate mazes and multiplied varieties of colour. You identify yourself wholly with the persons on whom you speculate; you enter into their heart, their mind, their caprices, their habits, and their eccentricities; and this quality, so rare even in a dramatist, is entirely new in an essayist. I know of no other lucubator who possesses it: with a subtile versatility you glide from one character to another, and by examination re-create;—drawing from research all those new views and bold deductions which the poet borrows from imagination. The gallant and crafty Raleigh, the melancholy Shenstone, the antiquarian Oldys—each how different, each how profoundly analyzed, each how peculiarly the author's own! Even of the least and lowest, you say something new. Your art is like that which Fontaine would attribute to a more vulgar mastery:—

——— Un roi prudent et sage,
De ses moindres sujets sait tirer quelque usage.

But the finest of all your works, to my mind, is the *Essay on the Literary Character*; a book, which he who has once read, ever recurs to with delight: it is one of those rare works, in which every part is adorned, yet subordinate to the whole—in which every page displays a beauty, and none an impertinence.

You recollect the vigorous assault made at one time against a peculiar school of writers; years have passed, and on looking back over the additions those years have brought to our *belles lettres*, the authors of that calumniated school immediately occur to us. The first of these writers is Mr. Hazlitt, a man of a nervous and original mind, of great powers of expression, of a cool reason, of a warm imagination, of imperfect learning, and of capricious and unsettled taste. The chief fault of his essays is, that they are vague and desultory; they leave no clear

conclusion on the mind; they are a series of brilliant observations, without a result. If you are wiser when you have concluded one of them, it seems as if you were made so by accident; some aphorism, half an impertinence, in the middle of the essay, has struck on the truth, which the peroration, probably, will again carefully wrap in obscurity. Hazlitt has aspired to be the universal critic; he has commented on art and letters, philosophy, manners, and men: in regard to the last, for my own part, I would esteem him a far more questionable authority than upon the rest; for he is more occupied in saying shrewd things of character, than in giving you the character itself. He wanted, perhaps, a various and actual experience of mankind in all its grades; and if he had the sympathy which compensates for experience, it was not a catholic sympathy, it was bestowed on particular tenets and their professors, and was erring, because it was sectarian. But in letters and in art, prejudice blinds less than it does in character; and in these the metaphysical bias of his mind renders him often profound, and always ingenuous; while the constant play of his fancy redeems and brightens even the occasional inaccuracy of his taste.

Mr. Leigh Hunt's *Indicator* contains some of the most delicate and subtle criticisms in the language. His kindly and cheerful sympathy with Nature—his perception of the minuter and more latent sources of the beautiful—spread an irresistible charm over his compositions,—but he has not as yet done full justice to himself in his prose writings, and must rest his main reputation upon those exquisite poems which the age is beginning to appreciate.

The Essays of Elia, in considering the recent additions to our *belles lettres*, cannot be passed over in silence. Their beauty is in their delicacy of sentiment. Since Addison, no writer has displayed an equal refinement of humour; and if no single one of Mr. Lamb's conceptions equals the elaborate painting of Sir Roger de Coverley, yet his range of character is more extensive than Addison's, and in his humour there is a deeper pathos. His compositions are so perfectly elaborate, and so minutely finished, that they partake rather of the character of poetry than of prose; they are as perfect in their way as the Odes of Horace, and at times, as when commencing his invocation to "the Shade of Elliston" he breaks forth with

"Joyousest of once-embodied spirits, whither at length hast thou flown?" &c.

we might almost fancy that he had set Horace before him as a model.

Among the most remarkable men of the day in command of language—in scholastic copiousness of learning—in deep and laborious thought—in elevation of sentiment—I would place Walter Landor. Few men were better calculated to lead the literature of the age,—unhappily for all, he has not entered into that ambition—he has

thrown the mighty wealth of his thoughts into frigid and unpopular channels. His "Imaginary Conversations" are replete with every beauty of intellect—every grace of composition; but "Imaginary Conversations" must ever want the irresistible charm of truth. Dialogue, so admirable a method of investigation in the actual world when living witnesses are confronted, and truth elicited through all the windings of cross-examination,—becomes cold and unreal when the Author summons the actors at his caprice, and pours his own language from their lips—he has it then "all his own way"—makes giants at his whim—to kill them at his caprice. The wisdom, which if uttered in his own person would be irresistible—uttered by another seems only an emanation from a peculiar character—we ask whether or not it be appropriate—not whether it be true. As philosophy, it becomes dubious, and as fiction, it is uninteresting; like the long speeches on the French stage, it is the Drama without events—a declamation answered by a declamation. Had Landor put forward the pith and matter of his dialogues as essays—the results of his individual opinions—they would have carried with them far more weight and obtained a wider and more unmingled admiration. But his peculiar genius lies, perhaps, in History. His acute penetration into character—his extensive knowledge—his generous and lofty views—qualified in the closet only by his experience of mankind, render him, above most men living, worthy to redeem our age from that singular barrenness in historical literature, which Schlegel has not perhaps unjustly attributed to our neglect of Moral Philosophy. Yet in the vigour of life, and with all the resources of retirement, amidst the shades which Dante inhabited and Boccaccio celebrated, he has it still in his power to do the amplest justice to his magnificent intellect. But after all, leisure is not the best nurse to exertion. What an addition to the Curiosities of Literature might be made from the inquiry into those books which have never been written—because, living apart from the world, men, the best fitted for the task, have escaped those incentives to vanity which are the usual ministrants of Ambition. When we cease to be jostled by little men, we are apt to forget the desire to be great.

But the most various, scholastic, and accomplished of such of our literary contemporaries as have written works as well as articles, and prose as well as poetry—is, incontestably, Dr. Southey. "The Life of Nelson" is acknowledged to be the best biography of the day. "The Life of Wesley" and "The Book of the Church," however adulterated by certain prepossessions and prejudices, are, as mere compositions, characterized by an equal simplicity and richness of style,—an equal dignity and an equal ease. No writer blends more happily the academical graces of the style of the last century, with the popular vigour of that which distinguishes the present. His Colloquies are, I suspect, the

work on which he chiefly prides himself, but they do not seem to me to contain the best characteristics of his genius. The work is overloaded with quotation and allusion, and, like Tarpeia, seems crushed beneath the weight of its ornaments; it wants the great charm of that simple verve which is so peculiarly Southeyian. Were I to do justice to Southey's cast of mind—to analyse its properties and explain its apparent contradictions, I should fill the two volumes of this work with Southey alone. Suffice it *now* (another occasion to do him ampler justice may occur elsewhere), to make two remarks in answer to the common charges against this accomplished writer. He is alleged to be grossly inconsistent in politics, and wholly unphilosophical in morals. I hold both these charges to spring from the coarse injustice of party. If ever a man wrote a complete vindication of himself—that vindication is to be found in Southey's celebrated Letter to a certain Member of Parliament; the triumphant dignity with which he puts aside each successive aspersion—the clearness with which, in that Letter, his bright integrity shines out through all the mists amidst which it voluntarily passes, no dispassionate man can mark and not admire. But he is not philosophical?—No,—rather say he is not logical; his philosophy is large and learned, but it is founded on hypothesis, and is poetical, not metaphysical. What I shall afterwards say of Wordsworth would be equally applicable to Southey, had the last been less passionate and less of a political partisan.

The brilliancy of Moore so radiant in verse, assumes a tinsel and meretricious character when he enters upon prose. In his "Captain Rock," and in his "Life of Sheridan," he covers his style with a profusion of ornaments which have no other effect than that of wearying at once by their impertinence and frivolity. His sense walks about like one of the eunuchs of the Roman Empire, painted and emasculate; he seems to forget that the great use of illustration is either to render thought more clear or more elevated: when it accomplishes either of these objects, it matters little how often it occurs—abundance is not necessarily superfluity. Mr. Fonblanque in the "Examiner" indulges still more in metaphor and illustration, than Moore does in the most rhetorical of his passages; but who would ever complain of Fonblanque as an over-ornamented or redundant writer? In the one author the thought is subservient to the embellishment, in the other the embellishment to the thought:—the one only weaves the holyday garlands which the later Romans adapted, formed rather of silken imitations than of natural flowers; but the flowers of the other, like those of the ancient thyrsus, are genuine in themselves, and yet serving only to decorate the sword beneath them. The fault of Mr. Moore in the works I refer to, is not then so much that the ornament is abundant, as that it is disproportioned to the meaning, and artificial rather than

artful in itself. His "Epicurean," as well as his farce of the "Blue Stocking," proves his deficiency in dramatic genius—the story fails in interest; it evinces considerable talent, but talent in fiction is wasted when it neither touches the passions, nor improves the mind—*merely* to amuse is unworthy the efforts of a great writer; yet the "Epicurean" scarcely attains even that object—short as it is, it wearies. A fault in this work in common with most of Mr. Moore's prose works, is an unnecessary affectation of learning—a learning that savours of the common-place-book, and not silently embuing, pervading, penetrating, the whole body of thought,—he stains his materials with the colour of the cedar-wood; but where is the invisible perfume? In his later productions, as the lives of Lord Edward Fitzgerald and Lord Byron, this eminent poet is more successful because more simple; and the last especially will be one of the most standard and enduring biographies in the English language. It is true that it is deficient in that subtle discernment of character which nothing but a deep philosophy can attain; but it is full of brilliant painting, of vivid feeling, of those nameless fascinations by which Genius is enabled to redeem its faults: and Byron's own letters supply the errors of the biographer, and preserve us from adopting the misconception of the latter as to the mingled and singular character he undertook to analyze and decipher. As a poet, Moore must stand unrivalled and inimitable in his own line. No man has ever attained to his power of blending the simplest feeling with the richest imagery. His "Irish Melodies"—a thousand times more valuable and more perfect than the "Lalla Rookh"—make the noblest monument that any modern poet has reared to the minstrelsy of his nation. It is perfectly national—formed for all time—but suited to the character of one land. You read in those beautiful poems the very soul of the Irish people:—their fancy—their patriotism—their high sense of honour—their melancholy pride of wrong (for they who have received injustice become proud at last of their sufferings)—their tenderness of heart, and their exaggeration of language, are all depicted in the words which illustrate and immortalize their music. Scott has fixed into life the ballad spirit, not of Scotland only, but the whole North. But the "Irish Melodies" breathe of Ireland alone—they pourtray, indeed, feelings that are universal and eternal—but in those shapes and colours in which they clothe themselves to the imagination of a particular people. The temples of Athens, the pyramids of Egypt, are not more purely national than they are. And, therefore, in considering, in this book, writers, not so much in proportion to their own merits, as in proportion to their influence on their time—it is the Irish Melodies above all the other works of Moore that have represented peculiar classes of people and certain habits of sentiment and thought—almost alone of all the writings of a man whose genius has been

equalled by few since the creation of literature itself—they have possessed that enviable power, without which Genius fulfils not its proper end—of influencing the destinies of mankind, and directing the currents of opinion. They have tended incalculably to increase throughout England—throughout Europe—a sympathy for Ireland, and a compassion for her wrongs. As whatever fully gains the heart, guides the operations of the mind, so it is impossible to say how much of every legislative measure for the relief of Ireland has been indebted unconsciously to the muse of the greatest of her bards—the Popular Poet is among the most effective of Legislators.

It would be no unpleasant task to pursue yet farther the line of individual criticism; but in a work of this nature, single instances of literary merit are only cited as illustrations of a particular state of letters; and the mention of authors must be regarded merely in the same light as quotations from books, in which some compliment is indeed rendered to the passage quoted, but assuredly without disrespect to those which do not recur so easily to our memory, or which seem less apposite to our purpose.

Still, recurring to my first remark, we cannot but feel impressed, while adducing some names in the non-inventive classes of literature, with the paucity of those that remain. It is a great literary age—we have great literary men—but where are their works? a moment's reflection gives us a reply to the question) we must seek them not in detached and avowed and standard publications, but in periodical miscellanies. It is in these journals that the most eminent of our recent men of letters have chiefly obtained their renown—it is here that we find the sparkling and sarcastic Jeffrey—the incomparable humour and transparent logic of Sidney Smith—the rich and glowing criticism of Wilson—the nervous vigour and brilliant imagination of Macauley, (who, if he had not been among the greatest of English orators, would have been among the most commanding of English authors); it is in periodicals that many of the most beautiful evidences of Southey's rich taste and antique stateliness of mind are to be sought, and that the admirable editor of *The Examiner* has embodied the benevolence of Bentham in the wit of Courier. Nay, even a main portion of the essays, which now collected in a separate shape,* have become a permanent addition to our literature, first appeared amidst a crowd of articles of fugitive interest in the journals of the day, and owe to the accident of republication their claims to the attention of posterity. From this singular circumstance, as the fittest fact whereon to build our deductions, we may commence our survey of the general Intellectual Spirit of the Time.

* *Ælia*, many of the *Essays of Hazlitt*, &c.

The revolution that has been effected by Periodical Literature is, like all revolutions, the result of no immediate cause; it commenced so far back as the reign of Anne. The success of the *Tatler* and *Spectator* opened a new field to the emulation of literary men,* and in the natural sympathy between literature and politics, the same channels into which the one was directed afforded equal temptation to the other; men of the highest intellect and rank were delighted to resort to a constant and frequent means of addressing the public; the political opinions of Addison, Steele, Swift, Bolingbroke, and the fitful ambition of Wharton himself, found vent in periodical composition. The fashion once set, its advantages were too obvious for it not to continue; and thus the examples of Chesterfield and Pulteney, of Johnson, Goldsmith, and Mackenzie, sustained the dignity of this species of writing, so unpretending in its outward appearance, and demanding therefore so much excellence to preserve its importance. The fame acquired by periodical essays gave consequence and weight to periodical miscellanies—criticism became a vocation as books multiplied. The *Journal des Savans* of the French begat imitators in England; similar journals rose and increased in number and influence, and the reviewers soon grew a corporate body and a formidable tribunal. The abuses consequent, as we have shown, on an anonymous system, began to be early apparent in these periodicals, which were generally feeble in proportion to their bulk, and of the less value according to their greater ostentation. The public sickened of *The Monthly Review*, and the *Edinburgh Quarterly* arose. From the appearance of this latter work, which was the crown and apex of periodical reviews, commences the deterioration of our standard literature;—and the dimness and scantiness of isolated works on politics, criticism, and the *belles lettres*, may be found exactly in proportion to the brilliancy of this new focus, and the rapidity with which it attracted to itself the talent and knowledge of the time. The effect which this work produced, its showy and philosophical tone of criticism, the mystery that attached to it, the excellence of its composition, soon made it an honour to be ranked among its contributors. The length of time intervening between the publication of its numbers was favourable to the habits and taste of the more elaborate and scholastic order of writers; what otherwise they would have published in a volume, they willingly condensed into an essay; and found for the first time in miscellaneous writings, that with a less risk of failure than in an isolated publication, they obtained, for the hour at least, an equal

* The "Review" of De Foe, commencing in 1704 and continued till 1718, embraced not only matters on politics and trade, but also what he termed a *scandal club*, which treating on poetry, criticism, &c. contained the probable germ of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*.

reputation. They enjoyed indeed a double sort of fame, for the article not only obtained praise for its own merit, but caught no feeble reflection from the general esteem conferred upon the Miscellany itself; add to this the high terms of pecuniary remuneration, till then unknown in periodicals, so tempting to the immediate wants of the younger order of writers, by which an author was sure of obtaining for an essay in the *belles lettres* a sum almost equal to that which he would have gleaned from a respectable degree of success if the essay had been separately given to the world; and this by a mode of publication which saved him from all chances of loss, and the dread of responsibility;—the certain anxiety, the probable mortification. In few years the *Quarterly Review* divided the public with the *Edinburgh*, and the opportunities afforded to the best writers of the day to express, periodically, their opinions, were thus doubled. The consequence was unavoidable; instead of writing volumes, authors began pretty generally to write articles, and a literary excrescence monopolized the nourishment that should have extended to the whole body: hence talent, however great; taste, however exquisite; knowledge, however enlarged, were directed to fugitive purposes. Literary works, in the magnificent thought of Bacon, are the Ships of Time; precious was the cargo wasted upon vessels which sunk for ever in a three months' voyage! What might not Jeffrey and Sidney Smith, in the vigour of their age, have produced as authors, if they had been less industrious as reviewers. The evil increased by degrees; the profoundest writers, began to perceive that the period allotted to the duration of an article was scarcely sufficient inducement to extensive and exhausting labour; (even in a quarterly review the brilliant article dazzled more than the deep: for true wisdom requires time for appreciation), and though still continuing the mode of publication which proffered so many conveniences, they became less elaborate in their reasonings, and less accurate in their facts.

Thus, by a natural reaction, a temporary form of publication produced a bias to a superficial order of composition; and, while intellectual labour was still attracted towards one quarter, it was deteriorated, as monopolies are wont to be, by the effects of monopoly itself. But, happily, there was one faculty of genius which these miscellanies could not materially attract, and that was the **IMAGINATIVE**. The poet and the novelist had no temptation to fritter away their conceptions in the grave and scholastic pages of the Quarterly Journals; they were still compelled, if they exceeded the slender limits allotted to them in magazines, to put forth separate works; to incur individual responsibility; to appeal to Time, as their tribunal; to meditate—to prepare—to perfect. Hence one principal reason, among others, why the Imaginative Literature of the day has been so much more widely and

successfully cultivated than any other branch of intellectual exertion. The best writers in other branches write the reviews, and leave only the inferior ones to write the books.

The imaginative Faculty thus left to its natural and matured tendencies, we may conceive that the spirit and agitation of the age exercised upon the efforts it produced the most direct and permanent influence. And it is in the poetry and the poetic prose of our time that we are chiefly to seek for that sympathy which always exists between the intellectual and the social changes in the prevalent character and sentiment of a People. Oct. 65.

There is a certain period of civilization, ere yet men have begun to disconnect the principles to be applied to future changes from a vague reference to former precedents; when amendment is not orthodox, if considered a novelty; and an improvement is only imagined a return to some ancient and dormant excellence. At that period all are willing to listen with reverential interest to every detail of the Past; the customs of their ancestors have for them a superstitious attraction, and even the spirit of innovation is content to feed itself from the devotion to antiquity. It was at this precise period that the genius of Walter Scott brought into vivid portraiture the very images to which Inquiry was willing to recur, satisfied the half unconscious desire of the age, and represented its scarcely expressed opinion. At that period, too, a distaste to the literature immediately preceding the time had grown up; a vague feeling that our poetry, become frigid and tame by echoed gallicisms, required some return to the national and more primitive tone. Percy's *Ballads* had produced a latent suspicion of the value of re-working forgotten mines: and, above all, perhaps, purer and deeper notions of Shakspeare had succeeded the vulgar criticism that had long depreciated his greatest merits; he had become studied, as well as admired; an affection had grown up not only for the creations of his poetry, but the stately and antique language in which they were clothed. These feelings in the popular mind, which was in that state when both Poetry and Philosophy were disposed to look favourably on any able and deliberate recurrence to the manners and the spirit of a past age, Sir Walter Scott was the first vividly and popularly to represent; and, therefore, it is to his pages that the wise historian will look not only for an epoch in poetical literature, but the reflection of the moral sentiment of an age. The prose of that great author is but a continuation of the effect produced by his verse, only cast in a more familiar mould, and adapted to a wider range;—a reverberation of the same tone, carrying the sound to a greater distance.

A yet more deep and enduring sentiment of the time was a few years afterwards embodied by the dark and meditative genius of Byron; but I apprehend that Criticism, amidst all the inquiries it directed towards

the causes of the sensation produced by that poet, did not give sufficient importance to those in reality the most effective.*

Let us consider :—

In the earlier portion of this work, in attempting to trace the causes operating on the National Character of the English, I ascribed to the peculiar tone and cast of our aristocracy much of that reserved and unsocial spirit which proverbially pervades all classes of our countrymen. To the same causes, combined with the ostentation of commerce, I ascribed also much of that hollowness and glitter which belong to the occupations of the great world, and that fretfulness and pride, that uneasy and dissatisfied temper, which are engendered by a variety of small social distinctions, and the eternal *vying*, and consequent mortification, which those distinctions produce. These feelings, the slow growth of centuries, became more and more developed as the effects of civilization and wealth rendered the aristocratic influences more general upon the subordinate classes. In the indolent luxuries of a court, what more natural than satiety among the great, and a proud discontent among their emulators? The Peace just concluded, and the pause in continental excitement, allowed these pampered, yet not unpoetical springs of sentiment, to be more deeply and sensibly felt; and the public, no longer compelled by War and the mighty career of Napoleon to turn their attention to the action of life, could give their sympathies undivided to the first who should represent their thoughts. And these very thoughts, these very sources of sentiment—this very satiety—this very discontent—this profound and melancholy temperament, the result of certain social systems—the first two cantos of *Childe Harold* suddenly appeared to represent. They touched the most sensitive chord in the public heart—they expressed what every one felt. The position of the author once attracting curiosity, was found singularly correspondent with the sentiment he embodied. His rank, his supposed melancholy, even his reputed beauty, added a natural interest to his genius. He became the Type, the Ideal of the state of mind he represented, and the world willingly associated his person with his works, because they thus seemed actually to incorporate, and in no undignified or ungraceful shape, the principle of their own long-nursed sentiments and most common emotions. Sir Philip Sidney represented the popular sentiment in Elizabeth's day—Byron

* I do not here stop to trace the manner in which the genius of Scott or Byron was formed by the writings of less popular authors: Wordsworth and Coleridge assisted greatly towards the ripening of those feelings which produced the *Lay of the Last Minstrel* and *Childe Harold*:—my present object is, however, mainly to show the sentiment of the age as embodied in the most popular and acknowledged shapes. If my limits allowed me to go somewhat more backward in the critical history of our literature, I could trace the first origin, or rather revival of our (modern) romantic poetry to an earlier founder than Coleridge, who is usually considered its parent.

that in our own. Each became the poetry of a particular age put into action—each, incorporated with the feelings he had addressed, attracted towards himself an enthusiasm which his genius alone did not deserve. It is in vain, therefore, that we would now coolly criticise the merits of the first Cantos of *Childe Harold*, or those Eastern Tales by which they were succeeded, and in which another sentiment of the age was addressed, namely, that craving for adventure and wild incident which the habit of watching for many years the events of a portentous War, and the meteoric career of the modern Alexander, naturally engendered. We may wonder, when we now return to those poems, at our early admiration at their supposed philosophy of tone and grandeur of thought. In order to judge them fairly, we must recall the feelings they addressed. With nations, as with individuals, it is necessary to return to past emotions in order to judge of the merits of past appeals to them. We attributed truth and depth to Lord Byron's poetry in proportion as it expressed our own thoughts; just as in the affairs of life, or in the speeches of orators, we esteem those men the most sensible who agree the most with ourselves—embellishing and exalting only (not controverting) our own impressions. And in tracing the career of this remarkable poet, we may find that he became less and less popular in proportion, not as his genius waned, but as he addressed more feebly the prevalent sentiment of his times: for I suspect that future critics will agree that there is in his tragedies, which were never popular, a far higher order of genius than in his Eastern Tales or the *first* two cantos of *Childe Harold*. The highest order of poetical genius is usually evinced by the conception rather than the execution; and this often makes the main difference between Melodrame and Tragedy. There is in the early poems of Lord Byron scarcely any clear conception at all; there is no harmonious plan, comprising one great, consistent, systematic whole; no epic of events artfully wrought, progressing through a rich variety of character, and through the struggles of contending passions, to one mighty and inevitable end. If we take the most elaborate and most admired of his tales, *The Corsair*, we shall recognize in its conception an evident want of elevation. A pirate taken prisoner—released by a favourite of the harem—escaping—and finding his mistress dead; there is surely nothing beyond melodrame in the design of this story, nor do the incidents evince any great fertility of invention to counterbalance the want of greatness in the conception. In this too, as in all his tales, though full of passion—and this is worth considering, since it is for his delineations of passion that the vulgar laud him—we may observe that he describes a passion, not the *struggles* of passions. But it is in the last that a master is displayed: it is contending emotions, not the prevalence of one emotion, that call forth all the subtle comprehension, or

deep research, or giant grasp of man's intricate nature, in which consists the highest order of that poetic genius which works out its result by character and fiction. Thus the struggles of *Modea* are more dread than the determination; the conflicting passions of *Dido* evince the most triumphant effect of Virgil's skill;—to describe a murder is the daily task of the melodramatist—the irresolution, the horror, the *struggle* of *Macbeth*, belong to Shakspeare alone. When Byron's heroes commit a crime, they march at once to it: we see not the pause—the self-counsel—the agony settling into resolve; he enters not into that delicate and subtle analysis of human motives which excites so absorbing a dread, and demands so exquisite a skill. Had Shakspeare conceived a *Gulnare*, he would probably have presented to us in terrible detail her pause over the couch of her sleeping lord: we should have seen the woman's weakness contesting with the bloody purpose; she would have remembered, though even with loathing, that on the breast she was about to strike, her head had been pillowed;—she would have turned aside—shrunk from her design—again raised the dagger: you would have heard the sleeping man breathe—she would have quailed—and, quailing, struck! But the death-chamber—which would have been the scene in which, above all others, Shakspeare would have displayed himself—is barred and locked to Byron. He gives us the crime, but not all the wild and fearful preparation to it. So again in *Parisina*:—from what opportunities of exercising his art does the poet carefully exclude himself! With what minute, and yet stern analysis, would Sophocles have exhibited the contest in the breast of the adulteress!—the love—the honour—the grief—the dread—the horror of the incest, and the violence of the passion!—but Byron proceeds at once to the guilty meeting, and the tragic history is, as much as can be compatible with the materials, merged into the amorous fragment. If Byron had, in his early poems, conceived the history of *Othello*, he would have given us the murder of *Desdemona*, but never the interviews with *Iago*. Thus, neither in the conception of the plot, nor the fertile invention of incident, nor, above all, in the dissection of passions, can the early poems of Lord Byron rank with the higher masterpieces of Poetical Art.

But at a later period of his life more exalted and thoughtful notions of his calling were revealed to him, and I imagine that his acquaintance with Shelley induced him to devote his meditative and brooding mind to those metaphysical inquiries into the motives and actions of men which lead to deep and hidden sources of character, and a more entire comprehension of the science of poetical analysis.

Hence his tragedies evince a much higher order of conception, and a much greater mastery in art, than his more celebrated poems. What more pure or more lofty than his character of *Angiolina*, in *The Doge*

of Venice! I know not in the circle of Shakspeare's women, one more true, not only to nature—that is a slight merit—but to the highest and rarest order of nature. Let us pause here for one moment—we are in no hacknied ground. The character has never yet been fully understood. An insulting libel on the virtue of Angiolina, by Steno, a young patrician, is inscribed on the ducal throne; the Doge demands the head of the libeller;—the Tribunal of the Forty award *a month's imprisonment!* What are Angiolina's feelings on the first insult—let her speak for herself:

“ I heed it not
For the rash scorner's falsehood in itself,
But for the effect, the deadly deep impression
Which it has made upon Faliero's soul.

MARIANNA.

Assuredly
The Doge can not suspect you? —

ANGIOLINA.

Suspect me!
Why Steno dared not.—

MARIANNA.

'Twere fit
He should be punish'd grievously.

ANGIOLINA.

He is so.

MARIANNA.

What! is the sentence pass'd?—is he condemn'd?

ANGIOLINA.

I know not that—but *he has been detected.*

MARIANNA.

Some sacrifice is due to slander'd virtue.

ANGIOLINA.

Why, what is virtue if it needs a victim?
Or if it must depend upon men's words?
The dying Roman said, “ 'twas but a name:”
It were indeed no more, if human breath
Could make or mar it.—

What deep comprehension of the dignity of virtue! Angiolina will not even conceive that she *can* be suspected; or, that an insult upon her should need other justice than the indignation of opinion! Marianna subsequently asks, if, when Angiolina gave her hand to the Doge,

With this strange disproportion in your years,
And, let me add, disparity of tempers,

she yet loved her father's friend—her spouse: if

— Previous to this marriage, had your heart
 Ne'er beat for any of the noble youth,
 Such as in years had been more meet to match
 Beauty like yours? or since have you ne'er seen
 One, who, if your fair hand were still to give,
 Might now pretend to Loredano's daughter?

ANGIOLINA.

I answer'd your *first* question when I said
 I married.

MARIANNA.

And the second?

ANGIOLINA.

Needs no answer!

Is not this conception even equal to that of the "gentle lady wedded to the Moor?" The same pure, serene, tender, yet scarce impassioned heart, that loves the abstract, not the actual; that, like Plato, incorporates virtue in a visible shape, and then allows it no rival; — yet this lofty and proud woman has no sternness in her nature; she forgives Steno, not from the calm haughtiness of her high chastity alone.

"Had," she says to the angry Doge,

"Oh! had this false and flippant libeller
 Shed his young blood for his absurd lampoon,
 Ne'er from that moment could this breast have known
 A joyous hour, or dreamless slumber more."

Here the reader will note with how delicate an art the sex's tenderness and charity relieve and warm the snowy coldness of her ethereal superiority. What a union of woman's best qualities! the pride that disdains reproach, the meekness that forgives it! Nothing can be more simply grand than the whole of this character, and the history which it exalts. The old man of eighty years wedded to the young wife; her heart never wandering, no episode of love disturbing its serene orbit, no impure or dishonouring jealousy casting its shadow upon her bright name; she moves through the dread scene, all angelic in her qualities, yet all human in the guise they assume. In his earlier years Byron would, as he intimates, have lowered and hacknied the antique dignity of this Ideal, by an imitation of the Moor's jealousy: nay, *in yet earlier years*, he would, I believe, have made Angiolina guilty; he would have mingled, perhaps, more passionate interest with the stern pathos of the story; but interest of how much less elevated a cast! Who can compare the ideal of Parisina with that of Angiolina? I content myself with merely pointing out the majesty and truth with which the character of the Doge himself is conceived; his fiery and headlong wrath against the libeller, frozen at once by the paltry sentence on his crime; and transferred to the tribunal that adjudged it; his ire at the insult of the libel, merged in a deeper passion at that of the punishment; his patrician self-scorn at his new fellowship with plebeian con-

spirators; his paternal and patriarchal tenderness for Angelina—devoid of all uxoriousness and doting; the tragic decorum with which his love is invested; and the consummate and even sublime skill, which, allowing equal scope for passion with that manifested in Othello, makes the passion yet more lofty and refined; for in the Moor, the human and the sexual are, perhaps, too strongly marked—in the Duke, they seem utterly merged.

Again, what beautiful conception in the tale of the *Foscari*! how original, how tender, the love of soil in Jacopo—Greek in its outline, but Ausonian in its colouring: you see the very patriotism natural to the sweet south;—the heart

Which never beat
For Venice, but with such a yearning as
The dove has for her distant nest—

the conception of this peculiar patriotism, which is for the air, the breath of Venice; which makes a bodify and visible mistress of the sea-girt city; which courts torture, death, dishonour, for one hour alone of her presence—~~all~~ this is at once thoroughly original and deeply tragic. In vain they give him life—he asks for liberty: in vain they give him liberty, he asks for Venice—he cannot dissociate the two:

I could endure my dungeon, for 'twas Venice;
I could support the torture, there was something
In my native air that buoy'd my spirits up—

* * * * *

But afar—
My very soul seem'd mouldering in my bosom.

In vain Marina, the brave, the passionate wife, exclaims,

This love of thine
For an ungrateful and tyrannic soil
Is passion, and not patriotism.—

In this truth is the originality and Euripidean pathos of the conception. In vain she reminds him of the “lot of millions,”

The hereditary exiles that have been.

He answers,

Who can number
The hearts which broke in silence of that parting,
Or after that departure; of that malady,
Which calls up green and native fields to view
From the rough deep?

* * * * *

—You call this weakness! It is strength,
I say,—the parent of all honest feeling.
He who loves not his country, can love nothing.

In vain again, with seemingly unanswerable logic, Marina replies,

Obey her, then; 'tis *she* that puts thee forth.

With what sudden sinking of the heart he replies,

Ay, there it is: 'tis like a mother's curse
Upon my soul.

Mark, too, how wonderfully the character of the austere old father, hardened and marbled by the peculiar and unnatural systems of Venetian policy, contrasts that of the son: in both patriotism is the ruling passion; yet how differently developed!

First at the board in this unhappy process
Against his last and only son!—

But what glimpses reveal to you the anguish of the father! With what skill your sympathy is enlisted in his behalf; and repugnance at his severity converted into admiration of his devotion!

MARINA.

What shall I say
To Foscari from his father?

DOGE.

That he obey
The laws.

MARINA.

And nothing more? Will you not see him
Ere he depart? It may be the last time.

DOGE.

The last!—my boy!—the last time I shall see
My last of children! *Tell him I will come.*

The same deep and accurate knowledge of the purest sources of effect which taught the great poet to relieve the sternness of the father, makes him also elevate the weakness of the son. Jacopo hath no cowardice, save in leaving Venice. Torture appals him not; he smiles at death. And how tragic is the death!

Enter an Officer and Guards.

Signor! the boat is at the shore—the wind
Is rising—we are ready to attend you.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

And I to be attended. Once more, father,
Your hand!

DOGE.

Take it. Alas! how thine own tremble

JACOPO FOSCARI.

No—you mistake; 'tis yours that shakes, my father.
Farewell!

DOGE.

Is there aught else?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

No—nothing.
Lend me your arm, good signor. (*To the officer.*)

OFFICER.

You turn pale,
Let me support you—paler—ho! some aid there!
Some water!

MARINA.

Ah, he is dying!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Now, I'm ready—
My eyes swim strangely—where 's the door?

MARINA.

Away!
Let *me* support him—my best love! Oh, God!
How faintly beats this heart—this pulse!

JACOPO FOSCARI.

The light—
Is it the light?—I am faint.

[*Officer presents him with water.*]

OFFICER.

He will be better,
Perhaps, in the air.

JACOPO FOSCARI.

I doubt not. Father—wife—
Your hands!

MARINA.

There 's death in that damp clammy clasp.
Oh, God!—My Foscarì, how fare you?

JACOPO FOSCARI.

Well! [*He dies.*]

He dies; but where? In Venice—in the light of that beloved sky—in the air of that delicious climate! He dies; but when? At the moment he is about to leave that climate, that sky, for ever! He might have said with another and a less glorious patriot of a later age, "Il mio cadavere almeno non cadrà fra braccia straniera; e le mie ossa poseranno su la terra de' miei padri." Mark now, how the pathos augments by the agency of the bereft survivors.

OFFICER.

He 's gone!

DOGE.

He 's free.

MARINA.

No—no, he is not dead;
There must be life yet in that heart—he could not
Thus leave me.

DOGE.

Daughter!

MARINA.

Hold thy peace, old man!

I am no daughter now—thou hast no son.

Oh, Foscari!

* * * * *

And how dreadly the whole force of the catastrophe is summed up, a few lines afterwards, when, amidst the wailings of the widowed mother, the old Doge breaks forth—

My unhappy children!

MARINA.

What!

You feel it then at last—you!—Where is now

The Stoic of the State?

How you thrill at the savage yet natural taunt!—how visibly you see the start of the wife!—how audibly you hear the wild laugh and the bitter words—

What!

Where is now

The Stoic of the State?

And how entirely the character of the Doge is revealed; how utter and dread becomes the anguish of the scene in the next *one* word:

DOGE (*throwing himself down by the body*).

HERE.

And at that word I doubt if the tragedy should not have been concluded. The vengeance of Loredano—the completion of which makes the catastrophe—is not so grand a termination as the broken heart of the patriot exile, and the broken pride of the patriot judge.

The same high notions of art which characterize these great dramas, are equally evinced in the *Cain* and the *Sardanapalus*: the first, which has more of the early stamp of Byron's mind, is, for that reason perhaps, so well known, and its merit so universally allowed, that I shall not delay the reader by praising the Hercules none have blamed. One word only on the *Sardanapalus*.

The genius developed in this tragedy is more gorgeous and varied than in any other of Byron's works: the magnificent effeminacy, the unsettled courage, the regal generosity of Sardanapalus; the bold and hardy fervour of Arbaces the soldier, and the hoary craft of Beleses the priest, exhibit more extensive knowledge, and afford more glowing contrasts, than even the classic stateliness of Marino Faliero, or the deep pathos of the Foscari. But the chief beauty of this play is in the conception of Myrrha's character. This Greek girl, at once brave and tender, enamoured of her lord, yet yearning to be free; worshipping

alike her distant land and the soft barbarian :—what new, and what dramatic combinations of feeling! It is in this *struggle* of emotions, as I have said before, that the master-hand paints with the happiest triumph.

“ Why,” says Myrrha, reasoning with herself—

Why do I love this man? My country's daughters
Love none but heroes. *But I have no country!*
The slave hath lost all save her bonds. I love him;
And that 's the heaviest link of the long chain—
To love whom we esteem not.

He loves me, and I love him; the slave loves
Her master, and would free him from his vices.
If not, I have a means of freedom still,
And if I cannot teach him how to reign,
May show him how alone a king can leave
His throne.

The heroism of this fair Ionian is never above nature, yet always on its highest verge. The proud melancholy that mingles with her character, recalling her father-land—her warm and generous love, “ without self-love ”—her passionate and Greek desire to elevate the nature of Sardanapalus, that she may the better justify her own devotion—the grave and yet sweet sternness that pervades her gentler qualities, exhibiting itself in fidelity without fear, and enabling her to hold with a steady hand the torch that shall consume on the pyre (made sacred to her religion by the memory of its own Alcides) both the Assyrian and the Greek; all these combinations are the result of the purest sentiment and the noblest art. Her last words at the pyre sustain the great conception of her character. With the natural yearning of the Ionian, her thoughts in that moment revert to her distant clime, recalled, however, at once to her perishing lord beside her, and uniting, almost in one breath, the two contending affections.

Farewell, thou earth!
And loveliest spot of earth! farewell, Ionia!
Be thou still free and beautiful, and far
Aloof from desolation! My last prayer
Was for thee,—my last thoughts, save *one* were of thee!—

SARDANAPALUS.

And that?—

MYRRA.

Is yours!

The plot of the drama is worthy the creation of its heroine. The fall of a mighty Empire; the vivid incarnation of a dark and remote time; the primeval craft of the priest conspiring with the rough ambition of the soldier (main origin of great changes in the world's earlier years); the splendid and august catastrophe; the most magnificent suicide the

earth ever knew!—what a field for genius! what a conception worthy of its toils!

Nothing has been more constantly asserted of Byron than his want of variety in character. Every criticism tells us that he never paints but one person, in whatever costume; that the dress may vary, but the lay figure remains the same. Never was any popular fallacy more absurd! It is true that the dogma holds good with the early poems, but is entirely contradicted in the later plays. Where, in the whole range of fiction, are there any characters more strongly contrasted, more essentially various and dissimilar, than Sardanapalus, the Assyrian king, and Marino Faliero, the Venetian Doge;—than Belesces, the rugged priest, cut out of the marble of nature; and Jacopo Foscari, moulded from the kindest of the southern elements;—than the passionate Marina, the delicate and queenly Angiolina, the heroic Myrrha—the beautiful incarnation of her own mythology? To name these is sufficient to refute an assertion hitherto so credulously believed, and which may serve as an illustration of the philosophy of popular criticism. From the first works of an author the standard is drawn by which he is compared; and in no instance are the sins of the parents more unfortunately visited on the children.

Yet why, since the tragedies evince so matured and profound a genius, are they so incalculably less popular than the early poems? It may be said, that the dramatic form itself is an obstacle to popularity; yet scarcely so, for I am just old enough distinctly to remember the intense and universal curiosity with which the public awaited the appearance of *The Doge of Venice*; the eagerness with which it was read, and the disappointment which it occasioned. Had the dramatic form been the cause of its unpopularity, it would have occasioned for it at the first a cool and lukewarm reception: the welcome which greeted its announcement is a proof that the disappointment was occasioned by the materials of the play, and not *because* it was a play. Besides, *Manfred*, one of the most admired of all Byron's works, was cast in the dramatic mould. One cause of the comparative unpopularity of the plays is, perhaps, that the *style* is less rich and musical than that of the poems; but the principal cause is *in that very versatility, that very coming out from self, the want of which has been so superficially complained of*. The characters were beautifully conceived; but they represented not that character which we expected, and yearned to see. That mystic and idealized shape, in which we beheld ourselves, had receded from the scene—we missed that touching egotism which was the expression of the Universal Heart—across the enchanted mirror new shadows passed, but it was our own likeness that we desired—the likeness of those deep and cherished feelings with which the poet had identified himself! True, that he still held the

glass to human nature; but it was no longer to that aspect of nature which we most coveted to behold, and to which custom had not yet brought satiety. This was the true cause of our disappointment. Byron now addressed the passion, and the sentiment and the thought, common to *all* time, but no longer those peculiar to the temper of the age—

Our friend was to the dead,
To us he died when first he parted from us.

He stood beside us, like our youth,
Transform'd for us the real to a dream,
Clothing the palpable and the familiar
With golden exhalations of the dawn.*

The disappointment we experienced when Byron departed from the one ideal image, in which alone our egotism loved to view him, is made yet more visible in examining his character than in analyzing his works. We grow indignant against him in proportion, not as we find him unworthy as a man, but departing from the attributes in which our imagination had clothed him. He was to the Public as a lover to his mistress, who forgives a crime more easily than a foible, and in whom the judgment becomes acute only in proportion as the imagination is undeceived. Had the lives, the sketches, the details, which have appeared subsequently to his early and poetical death, but sustained our own illusions—had they preserved “the shadow and the majesty” with which we had enveloped his image, they might have represented him as far more erring than he appears to have been, and we should have forgiven whatever crimes were consistent with the dark but lofty nature we ascribed to him. But weakness, insincerity, the petty caprice, the womanish passion, the vulgar pride, or even the coarse habit—these we forgave not, for they shocked and mocked our own self-love; they were as sardonic reproaches on the blind fallacy of our own judgment; they lowered the ideal in our own breasts; they humbled the vanity of our own nature; we had associated the poet with ourselves; we had felt *his* emotions as the refining, the exalted expression of *ours*, and whatever debased our likeness, debased ourselves! through his foibles our self-love was wounded: he was the great Representative of the Poetry of our own hearts; and, wherever he seemed unfaithful to his trust, we resented it as a treason to the majesty of our common cause.

But perhaps the hour in which we most deeply felt how entirely we had wound and wrapt our own poetry in himself, was that in which the news of his death reached this country. Never shall I forget the singular, the stunning sensation, which the intelligence produced. I was exact-

ly at that age, half man half boy, in which the poetical sympathies are most keen—among the youth of that day a growing diversion from Byron to Shelley and Wordsworth had just commenced—but the moment in which we heard he was no more, united him to us at once, without a rival. We could not believe that the bright race was run. So much of us died with him, that the notion of his death had something of the unnatural, of the impossible. It was as if a part of the mechanism of the very world stood still;—that we had ever questioned—that we had ever blamed him, was a thought of absolute remorse, and all our worship of his genius was not half so strongly felt as our love for himself.

When he went down to dust, it was as the abrupt close of some history of deep passion in our actual lives,—the interest—the excitement of years came to a gloomy pause—

His last sigh

Dissolved the charm—the disenchanted earth
Lost all her lustrè—Where her glittering towers,
Her golden mountains, where? all darken'd down
To naked waste—a dreary vale of years!
THE GREAT MAGICIAN'S DEAD!

Exaggerated as this language may appear to our children, our contemporaries know that all words are feeble to express the universal feeling of England at that lonely death-bed in a foreign land, amidst wild and savage strangers, far from the sister, the wife, the child, whose names faltered on the lips of the dying man,—closing in desolation a career of sadness—rendering his latest sigh to the immemorial land which had received his earliest song, and where henceforth and for ever

Shall Death and Glory a joint sabbath keep.

Even now, at this distance of time, all the feelings that then rushed upon us melt upon me once more. Dissenting as I now do from much of the vague admiration his more popular works receive, and seeing in himself much that Virtue must lament and even Wisdom contemn, I cannot but think of him as of some early friend, associating with himself all the brightest reminiscences of youth, burying in his grave a poetry of existence that can never be restored, and of whom every harsh sentence, even while not unfaithful to truth, is dishonouring to the fidelity of love—

“THE BEAUTIFUL IS VANISHED AND RETURNS NOT.”

I have dwelt thus much upon Byron, partly because though the theme

is hacknied, it is not exhausted*—partly because I perceive an unjust and indiscriminate spirit of depreciation springing up against that great poet (and I hold it the duty of a critic to oppose zealously the caprice and change of mere fashions in opinion)—and principally, because, in reviewing the intellectual spirit of the age, it is necessary to point out at some length the manner in which its most celebrated representative illustrated and identified it with himself.

But while my main task is with the more popular influences of the intellectual spirit of the present day, I must not pass over in silence that deep under-current which in all ages is formed by some writers whose influence floats not on the surface. The sound of their lyres, not loud to the near listener, travels into distance, enduring, deep, and through prolonged vibrations, buoying itself along the immeasurable waves of space. From amidst writers of this class I single out but two, Wordsworth and Shelley. I believe that both these poets have been influential to a degree perfectly unguessed by those who look only to their popularity; and, above all, I believe that of Wordsworth, especially, to have been an influence of a more noble and purely intellectual character than any writer of our age and nation has exercised. Wordsworth's genius is peculiarly German. This assertion may startle those who have been accustomed to believe the German genius only evinced by extravagant tales, bombastic passion, and mystical *diableries*. Wordsworth is German from his singular householdness of feeling—from the minute and accurate manner with which he follows his ardour for Nature into the smaller links and harmonies which may be considered as her details. He has not, it is true, “the many-sidedness” of Goëthe; but he closely resembles a *certain* portion of Goëthe's mind, viz. the reverential, contemplative, self-tasking disposition to the study of all things appertaining to THE NATURAL: his ideas, too, fall into that refined and refining *toricism*, the result of a mingled veneration for the past—of a disdain for the pettier cries which float over that vast abyss which we call the public, and of a firm desire for Peace as the best nurse to high and undiurnal thoughts, which so remarkably distinguishes the great artist of Tasso and Wilhelm Meister. This *toricism*—(I so call it for want of a better name)—is one of which only very high minds are capable; it is the product of a most deep if untrue philosophy: no common Past-worshippers can understand or share it, just as no vulgar sceptics can comprehend the ethereal scepticism of a Spinoza. That Wordsworth's peculiar dogmas should lead him into occasional, (nay, to my taste, frequent) error, is saying of him what we must say of every man of enthusiasm who adopts a

* In advancing, too, the doctrine, which if not quite new, is at least unpopular, that his Dramas are better than his early poems, it was necessary to go somewhat into the conception of those Dramas.

system ; but, be it observed, it only misleads him in that part of his writings which arrogates "simplicity," and in which, studying to be simple, he becomes often artificial ; it never misleads him in his advances to "sublimity : " here he is always natural ; he rises without effort, and the circumfusing holiness of his mind bathes with a certain religious grandeur the commonest words and the most familiar thoughts. But what temper of the times does Wordsworth represent, and in what is he a teacher ? Let us reflect. Whenever there is a fierce contest between opposing parties, it usually happens that to each party there is a small and scarce-calculated band inspired and led by far more spiritualized and refining thoughts than the rest, who share not the passion, nor the feud, nor the human and coarser motives which actuate the noisier herd. Of one of these parties Wordsworth is the representative ; of the other, Shelley. Wordsworth is the apostle, the spiritualizer of those who cling to the most idealized part of things that are—Religion and her houses, Loyalty and her monuments—the tokens of the Sanctity which overshadows the Past : these are of him, and he of them. Shelley, on the other hand, in his more impetuous, but equally intellectual and unworldly mind, is the spiritualizer of all who forsake the past and the present, and with lofty hopes and a bold philanthropy, rush forward into the future, attaching themselves not only to things unborn, but to speculations on unborn things. Both are representatives of a class of thought, refined, remote, belonging to the age, but not to the louder wranglers of the age. Scott and Byron are poets representing a philosophy resulting from the passions, or, at least, the action, of life ; Shelley and Wordsworth represent that which arises from the intellect, and belongs to the Contemplative or the Ideal. It is natural that the first two should have a large audience, and the two latter a select one ; for so far have they (the last) gone into remoter and more abstract ideas, and wrought poetry from science, that they may be said to appeal to us less as poets than as metaphysicians, and have therefore obtained the homage and the circle which belong to the reasoner rather than the wider worship of the bard ; but each appertains emphatically to a time of visible and violent transition—the one preserving all the beauty of the time past, the other with a more youthful genius bodying forth the beauty of a time to be. Each is an equal servitor to knowledge, if we may trust to the truth of Wordsworth's simile, the sublimest in recent poetry—

" Past and Future are the wings
On whose support harmoniously conjoin'd,
Moves the great Spirit of Human Knowledge ;—"

But I think, of the two, that Wordsworth has exercised on the present day the more beneficial influence : for if, as I have held, and shall again have occasion to repeat,

“ The world is too much with us ;”

if the vice of the time leans to the Material, and produces a low-born taste and an appetite for coarse excitement,—Wordsworth’s poetry is of all existing in the world the most calculated to refine—to etherealize—to exalt ; to offer the most correspondent counterpoise to the scale that inclines to earth. It is for this that I consider his influence mainly beneficial. His poetry has repaired to us the want of an immaterial philosophy—nay, it *is* philosophy, and it is of the immaterial school. No writer more unvulgarises the mind. His circle is small—but for that very reason the votaries are more attached. They preserve in the working-day world the holy sabbath of his muse—and doubtless they will perpetuate that tranquillizing worship from generation to generation, till the devotion of the few shall grow into the custom of the many.

Shelley, with a more daring and dramatic* genius, with greater mastery of language, and the true Lucretian soul, for ever aspiring *extra flammantia mœnia mundi*, is equally intellectual in his creations ; and despite the young audacity which led him into denying a God, his poetry is of a remarkably ethereal and spiritualizing cast. It is steeped in veneration—it is for ever thirsting for the Heavenly and the Immortal—and the Deity he questioned avenges Himself only by impressing His image upon all that the poet undertook. But Shelley at present has subjected himself to be misunderstood ; he has become the apologist for would-be mystics, and dreamers of foolish dreams,—for an excellent master may obtain worthless disciples, just as the young voluptuaries of the Garden imagined vice was sanctioned by Epicurus, and the juvenile casuists of schools have learned Pyrrhonism from Berkeley. The blinding glitter of his diction, the confusion produced on an unsteady mind by the rapid whirl of his dazzling thoughts, have assisted in the formation of a false school of poetry—a school of sounding words and unintelligible metaphysics—a school of crude and bewildered jargonists, who talk of “ the everlasting heart of things,” and the “ genius of the world,” and such phrases, which are the terms of a system with Shelley, and are merely fine expressions with his followers. An imitator of Wordsworth must come at once to Nature : he may be puerile, he may be prosaic—but he cannot go far from the Natural. The yearning of Wordsworth’s genius is like the patriotism of certain travellers, who in their remotest wanderings carry with them a portion

* Had Shelley lived, I understand from his friends that he would probably have devoted himself especially to the drama. The *Cenci* is the only one of his writings which contains human interest—and if Shelley’s metaphysical flights had been once tamed down to the actual flesh and blood characters which the drama exacts, there is little doubt but that, as his judgment improved in the choice of subject and the conception of plot, he would have been our greatest dramatist since Shakspeare. But

“ Gemuit sub pondere cymba.”

of their native earth. But Shelley's less settled and more presuming faculty deals little with the Seen and Known—it is ever with the spectral images of things, chasing the invisible Echo, and grasping at the bodiless Shadow. Whether he gives language to Pan, to Asia, to Demurgus;—or song to the Cloud;—or paints the river love of Alpheus for Arethusa;—or follows, through all the gorgeous windings of his most wondrous diction, the spirit of Poesy in Alastor, or that of Liberty in the Revolt of Islaam—he is still tasking our interest for things that are not mundane or familiar—things which he alone had power to bind to Nature, and which those who imitate him leave utterly severed from her control. They, too, deal with demigods and phantoms—the beautiful Invisibles of creation; but they forget the chain by which the Jupiter of their creed linked each, the highest to the lowest, in one indissoluble connexion, that united even the highest heaven to the bosom of our common earth.

I think, then, that so far as this age is considered (although for posterity, when true worshippers are substituted for false disciples, it may be otherwise), Shelley's influence, both poetical and moral, has been far less chastening and less salutary than Wordsworth's. But both are men of a purer, perhaps a higher, intellectual order than either Byron or Scott, and although not possessing the same mastery over the more daily emotions, and far more limited in their range of power than their rival "Kings of Verse," they have yet been the rulers of more unworldly subjects, and the founders of a more profound and high-wrought dynasty of opinion.

It seems, then, that in each of these four great poets the Imaginative Literature has arrogated the due place of the Philosophical.

In the several characters of their genius, embodying the truth of the times, will the moral investigator search for the expression of those thoughts which make the aspect of an era, and, while they reflect the present age, prepare the next. It is thus that, from time to time, the Imagination assumes the natural office of the Reason, and is the parent of Revolutions, because the organ of Opinion: and to this, the loftiest, moral effect of imaginative literature, many of its superficial decriers have been blind. "The mind," saith the Stagyrte, "has over the body the control which a master exercises over his slave: but the Reason has over the Imagination that control which a magistrate possesses over a freeman"—"who," adds Bacon in his noble comment on the passage, "*may come to rule in his turn.*" At the same time that Lycurgus reformed Sparta, he introduced into Greece the poems of Homer;—which act was the more productive of heroes?—which wrought the more important results upon the standard of legislative morals, or exercised the more permanent influence upon the destiny of states?

I return to the more wide, and popular, and important impression, made upon the times. Goëthe has told us, that when he had written *Werter*, he felt like a sinner relieved from the burden of his errors by a general confession; and he became, as it were, inspired with energy to enter on a new existence. The mind of a great writer is the type of the general mind. The public, at certain periods, oppressed with a peculiar weight of passion, or of thought, require to throw it off by expression; once expressed, they rarely return to it again: they pass into a fresh intellectual gradation; they enter with Goëthe into a new existence; hence one reason of the ill-success of imitators—they repeat a tone we no longer have a desire to hear. When Byron passed away, the feeling he had represented craved utterance no more. With a sigh we turned to the actual and practical career of life: we awoke from the morbid, the passionate, the dreaming, “the moonlight and the dimness of the mind,” and by a natural reaction addressed ourselves to the active and daily objects which lay before us. And this with the more intenseness, because the death of a great poet invariably produces an indifference to the art itself. We can neither bear to see him imitated, nor yet contrasted; we preserve the impression, but we break the mould. Hence that strong attachment to the Practical, which became so visible a little time after the death of Byron, and which continues (unabated, or rather increased) to characterize the temper of the time. Insensibly acted upon by the doctrine of the Utilitarians, we desired to see Utility in every branch of intellectual labour.] Byron, in his severe comments upon England, and his satire on our social system, had done much that has not yet been observed, in shaking off from the popular mind certain of its strongest national prejudices; and the long Peace, and the pressure of financial difficulties, naturally inclined us to look narrowly at our real state: to examine the laws we had only boasted of, and dissect the constitution we had hitherto deemed it only our duty to admire. We were in the situation of a man who, having run a certain career of dreams and extravagance, begins to be prudent and saving, to calculate his conduct, and to look to his estate. Politics thus gradually and commonly absorbed our attention, and we grew to identify ourselves, our feelings, and our cause, with statesmen and economists instead of with poets and refiners. Thus, first Canning, and then Brougham, may be said, for a certain time, to have represented, more than any other individuals, the common Intellectual Spirit; and the interest usually devoted to the Imaginative was transferred to the Real.]

In the meanwhile, the more than natural distaste for poetry that succeeded the death of Byron had increased the appetite for prose fictions; the excitement of the fancy, pampered by the melodramatic tales which had become the rage in verse, required food even when verse grew out

of fashion. The new career that Walter Scott had commenced tended also somewhat to elevate with the vulgar a class of composition that, with the educated, required no factitious elevation; for, with the latter, what new dignity could be thrown upon a branch of letters that Cervantes, Fielding, Le Sage, Voltaire, and Fenelon had already made only less than epic? It was not, however, as in former times, the great novel alone, that was read among the more refined circles, but novels of all sorts. Unlike poetry, the name itself was an attraction. In these works, even to the lightest and most ephemeral, something of the moral spirit of the age betrayed itself. The novels of fashionable life illustrate feelings very deeply rooted, and productive of no common revolution. In proportion as the aristocracy had become social, and fashion allowed the members of the more mediocre classes a hope to outstep the boundaries of fortune, and be quasi-aristocrats themselves, people eagerly sought for representations of the manners which they aspired to imitate, and the circles to which it was not impossible to belong. But as with emulation discontent also was mixed, as many hoped to be called and few found themselves chosen, so a satire on the follies and vices of the great gave additional piquancy to the description of their lives. There was a sort of social fagging established; the fag loathed his master, but not the system by which one day or other he himself might be permitted to fag. What the world would not have dared to gaze upon, had it been gravely exhibited by a philosopher (so revolting a picture of the aristocracy would it have seemed), they praised with avidity in the light sketches of a novelist. Hence the three-years' run of the fashionable novels was a shrewd sign of the times; straws they were, but they showed the up gathering of the storm. Those novels were the most successful which hit off one or the other of the popular cravings—the desire to dissect fashion, or the wish to convey utility—those which affected to combine both, as the novels of Mr. Ward, were the most successful of all.

Few writers ever produced so great an effect on the political spirit of their generation as some of these novelists, who, without any other merit, unconsciously exposed the falsehood, the hypocrisy, the arrogant and vulgar insolence of patrician life. Read by all classes, in every town, in every village, these works, as I have before stated, could not but engender a mingled indignation and disgust at the parade of frivolity, the ridiculous disdain of truth, nature and mankind, the self-consequence and absurdity, which, falsely or truly, these novels exhibited as a picture of aristocratic society. The Utilitarians railed against them, and they were effecting with unspeakable rapidity the very purposes the Utilitarians desired.

While these light works were converting the multitude, graver writers were soberly confirming their effect, society itself knew not the

change in feeling which had crept over it; till a sudden flash, as it were, revealed the change electrically to itself. Just at the time when with George the Fourth an *old* era expired, the excitement of a popular election at home concurred with the Three Days of July in France to give a decisive tone to the *new*. The question of Reform came on, and to the astonishment of the nation itself, it was hailed at once by the national heart. From that moment, the intellectual spirit hitherto partially directed to, became *wholly* absorbed in, politics; and whatever lighter works have since obtained a warm and general hearing, have either developed the errors of the social system, or the vices of the legislative. Of the first, I refrain from giving an example; of the last, I instance, as a sign of the times, the searching fictions of Miss Martineau, and the wide reputation they have acquired.

A description of the mere frivolities of fashion is no longer coveted; for the public mind, once settled towards an examination of the aristocracy, has pierced from the surface to the depth; it has *probed* the wound, and it now desires to *cure*.

It is in this state that the Intellectual Spirit of the age rests, demanding the Useful, but prepared to receive it through familiar shapes: a state at present favourable to ordinary knowledge, to narrow views, or to mediocre genius; but adapted to prepare the way and to found success for the coming triumphs of a bold philosophy, or a profound and subtle imagination. Some cause, indeed, there is of fear, lest the desire for immediate and palpable utility should stint the capacities of genius to the trite and familiar truths. But as Criticism takes a more wide and liberal view of the true and unbounded sphere of the Beneficial, we may trust that this cause of fear will be removed. The passions of men are the most useful field for the metaphysics of the imagination, and yet the grandest and the most inexhaustible. Let us take care that we do not, as in the old Greek fable, cut the wings of our bees and set flowers before them, as the most sensible mode of filling the Hives of Truth!

But the great prevailing characteristic of the present intellectual spirit is one most encouraging to human hopes; it is Benevolence. There has grown up among us a sympathy with the great mass of mankind. For this we are indebted in no small measure to the philosophers (with whom Benevolence is, in all times, the foundation of philosophy); and that more decided and emphatic expression of the sentiment which was common, despite of their errors, to the French moralists of the last century, has been kept alive and applied to immediate legislation by the English moralists of the present. We owe also the popularity of the growing principle to the writings of Miss Edgeworth and of Scott, who sought their characters among the people, and who interested us by a picture of (and not a declamation

upon) their life and its humble vicissitudes, their errors and their virtues. We owe it also, though unconsciously, to the gloomy misanthropy of Byron; for proportioned to the intenseness with which we shared that feeling was the reaction from which we awoke from it; and amongst the more select and poetical of us, we owe it yet more to the dreaming philanthropy of Sholley, and the patriarchal tenderness of Wordsworth. It is this feeling that we should unite to sustain and to develope. It has comē to us pure and bright from the ordeal of years—the result of a thousand errors—but born, if we preserve it, as their healer and redemption.

Diodorus Siculus tells us, that the forest of the Pyrenean mountains being set on fire, and the heat penetrating to the soil, a pure stream of silver gushed forth from the earth's bosom, and revealed for the first time the existence of those mines afterwards so celebrated.

It is thus from causes apparently the most remote, and often amidst the fires that convey to us, at their first outbreaking, images only of terror and desolation, that we deduce the most precious effects, and discover the treasures to enrich the generations that are to come!

CHAPTER III.

Cheap Works.—Diffusion of Knowledge.—Its necessary Consequences.—Writers are less profound in proportion as the public are more numerous.—Anecdote of Dr.——. —Suggestions how to fill the Fountain while we diffuse the Stream.—; Story of the Italian Master.

I THINK, sir, that when our ingenious countryman, Joshua Barnes, gave us so notable an account of the Pigmies, he must, in the spirit of prophecy, have intended to allegorize the empire of the Penny Periodicals. For, in the first place, these little strangers seem, Pigmy-like, of a marvellous ferocity and valour; they make great head against their foes—they spread themselves incontinently—they possess the land—they live but a short time, yet are plenteously prolific; they owe much to what the learned Joshua terms “the royal Lescha,” viz. a certain society (evidently the foretype of that lately established under the patronage of my Lord Brougham)—set up as he showeth “for the increase and propagation of experimental knowledge;” above all, and a most blissful peculiarity it is, “*for taxes, they are wholly unacquainted with them!*” they make vigilant war against the cranes, who I take it are palpably designed for tax-gatherers in general, *quocunque gaudentes nomine*—a fact rendered clear to the plainest understanding by the following description of these predatory birds:

“The cranes being the only causers of famine in the land, by reason they are so numerous that they can devour the most plentiful harvest, both by eating the seeds beforehand, and then picking the ears that remain.”

Certes, however, these little gentry seem of a more general ambition than their Pigmæan types; for the latter confined themselves to a limited territory “from Gadazalia to Elysiana;” but these, the pigmies of our time, overrun us altogether, and push, with the rude insolence of innovation, our most venerable folios from their stools. The rage for cheap publications is not limited to Penny Periodicals; family libraries of all sorts have been instituted, with the captivating profession of teaching all things useful—bound in cloth, for the sum of five shillings a month! Excellent inventions, which, after showing us the illimitable ingenuity of compilation, have at length fallen the prey of their own numbers, and buried themselves amongst the corpses of the native quartos which they so successfully invaded.

Cheap publications are excellent things in themselves. Whatever increases the reading public, tends necessarily to equalize the knowledge already in the world; but the process by which knowledge is equalized is not altogether that by which the degree of knowledge is heightened. Cheap publications of themselves are sufficient for the *diffusion* of knowledge, but not for its *advancement*. The schoolmaster equalizes information, by giving that which he possesses to others, and for that very reason can devote but little time to increasing his own stock.

Let me make this more familiar by telling you an anecdote of our friend Dr. —. You know that he is a man of the very highest scientific attainments? You know also that he is not overburdened with those same precious metals on the history of which he can so learnedly descant. He took a book some months ago to a publisher of enterprise and capital: it was full of the profoundest research; the bookseller shook his head, and—

“Pray, sir,” said he, musingly, “how many persons in England are acquainted with the ultimate principles by which you come to your result?”

“Not fifty, sir,” cried the doctor, with all the enthusiasm of a discoverer.

“And how many can understand the elementary principles which occupy your first chapter?”

“Oh!” said the doctor, with indifference, “*those* principles are merely plain truths in mechanics, which most manufacturers ought to know, and which many literary dandies think it shows learning to allude to; perhaps, therefore, several thousands may be familiar with

the contents of the first chapter; but, I assure you, sir, you don't get far before"—

"Pardon me, doctor," interrupted the bookseller, shortly—"if you address the fifty persons, you must publish this work on your own account; if you address the thousands, why it is quite another matter. Here is your MS.; burn all but the first chapter: as a commercial speculation, the rest is mere rubbish. If you will then spin out the first chapter into a volume, and call it *The Elements of—Familiarly Explained*—why, I think, sir, with your name, I could afford you three hundred pounds for it."

Necessity knows no law. *The Elements* are published to teach new thousands what other thousands knew before, and the *Discoveries* lie in the doctor's desk, where they will only become lucrative, when some richer man shall invent and propagate them, and the public will call on the poor doctor "to make them familiar."

Now observe a very curious consequence from this story: Suppose a certain science is *only* cultivated by five hundred men, and that they have all cultivated the science to a certain height. A book that should tell them what they knew already, they would naturally not purchase, and a book that told them more than they knew they would eagerly buy; in such a case, the doctor's position would have been reversed, and his *Discoveries* would have been much more lucrative to him than his *Elements*.—Thus we may observe, that the tone of knowledge is usually more scholastic in proportion as the circle of readers is confined. When scholars are your audience, you address them after the fashion of a scholar. Hence, formerly, every man thought it necessary, when he wrote a book, to bestow upon its composition the most scrupulous care; to fill its pages with the product of a studious life; to polish its style with the classic file, and to ornament its periods with the academical allusion. He knew that the majority of those who read his work would be able to appreciate labour or to detect neglect; but, as the circle of readers increased, the mind of the writer became less fastidious; the superficial readers had outnumbered the profounder critics. He still addressed the majority, but the taste of the majority was no longer so scrupulous as to the fashion of the address. Since the Revival of Letters itself, the more confined the public, the more laborious the student. Ascham is more scholastic than Raleigh; Raleigh than Addison; and Addison than Scott.

The spirit of a popular assembly can enter into the crowd you write for, as well as the crowd you address; and a familiar frankness, or a superficial eloquence, charms the assembly when full, which a measured wisdom and a copious knowledge were necessary to win, when its numbers were scattered and select.

It is natural that writers should be ambitious of creating a sensation : a sensation is produced by gaining the ear, not of the few, but the many ; it is natural, therefore, that they should address the many ; the style pleasing to the many becomes, of course, the style most frequently aimed at : hence the profusion of amusing, familiar, and superficial writings. People complain of it, as if it were a proof of degeneracy in the knowledge of authors—it is a proof of the increased number of readers. The time is come when nobody will fit out a ship for the intellectual Columbus to discover new worlds, but when everybody will subscribe for his setting up a steam-boat between Calais and Dover. You observe then, sir, (consequences which the fine talkers of the day have wholly overlooked) that the immense superficialities of the public operates two ways in deteriorating from the profundity of writers : in the first place, it renders it no longer necessary for an author to make himself profound before he writes ; and in the next place, it encourages those authors who *are* profound, by every inducement, not of lucre alone, but of fame, to exchange deep writing for agreeable writing : the voice which animates the man ambitious of wide fame, does not, according to the beautiful line in Rogers, whisper to him “ASPIRE,” but “DESCEND.” “He stoops to conquer.” Thus, if we look abroad, in France, where the reading public is less numerous than in England,* a more subtle and refining tone is more fashionable in literature ; and in America, where it is infinitely larger, the tone of literature is infinitely more superficial. It is possible, that the high-souled among literary men, desirous rather of truth than fame, or willing to traverse their trial to posterity, are actuated, *unconsciously*, by the spirit of the times ; but actuated they necessarily are, just (to return to my former comparison) as the wisest orator, who uttered only philosophy to a thin audience of sages, mechanically abandons his refinements and his reasoning, and expands into a louder tone and more familiar manner as the assembly increases ;—the temper of the popular meeting is unavoidably caught by the mind that addresses it. †

From these remarks we may perceive, then, that in order to increase the height of knowledge, it is not sufficient to diffuse its extent ; nay, that in that very diffusion there is a tendency to the superficial, which requires to be counteracted. And this, sir, it seems to me that we can

* In France, the proportion of those educated in schools is but one in twenty-eight.

† M. Cousin, speaking of professors who, in despair of a serious audience, wish at least for a numerous one, has well illustrated this principle. “Dans ce cas c'en est fait de la science, car on a beau faire, on se proportionne à son auditoire. Il y a dans les grandes foules je ne sais quel ascendant presque magnétique, qui subjugué les ames les plus fermes ; et tel qui eût été un professeur sérieux et instructif pour une centaine d'étudiants attentifs, devient léger et superficiel avec un auditoire superficiel et léger.”

only thoroughly effect by the Endowments of which I have before spoken. For since the government of knowledge is like that of states, and instituted, not for the power of the few, but the enjoyment of the many, so this *diffusion* of information amongst the ignorant is greatly to be commended and encouraged, even though it operate unfavourably on the *increase* of information amongst the learned. We ought not therefore, to resist, even were we able, which we are not, the circulation of intelligence; but by other means we should seek to supply the reservoirs, from which, aloft and remote, the fertilizing waters are supplied. I see not that this can be done by any other means than the establishment of such professorships, and salaries for the cultivators of the highest branches of literature and science, as may be adequate, both in the number and in the income allotted to each, to excite ambition. Thus a tribunal for high endeavour will be established, independent of the court of the larger public—independent indeed, yet each acting upon the other. The main difficulty would be that of appointing fit electors to these offices. I cannot help thinking that there should, for the sake of emulation, and the prevention of corruption or prejudice, be different electoral bodies, that should promote to vacancies in rotation; and these might be the three branches of the legislature, the different national universities, and, above all (though the notion may seem extravagant at first sight), foreign academics, which being wholly free from sectarian or party prejudices, would, I am convinced, nine times out of ten (until at least they had aroused our emulation by exciting our shame), choose the most fitting persons; For foreign nations are to the higher efforts of genius, the Representatives of Posterity itself. This, to be sure, is not a scheme ever likely to be realised; neither, I confess, is it wholly free from objections: but unless some such incitement to the loftier branches of knowledge be devised, the increasing demand will only introduce adulteration in the supply. So wide a popularity, and so alluring a remuneration, being given to the superficial, whoever is ambitious, and whoever is poor, will naturally either suit his commodity to the market, or renounce his calling altogether. At present, a popular instructor is very much like a certain master in Italian, who has thriven prodigiously upon a new experiment on his pupils. J—— was a clever fellow, and full of knowledge which nobody wanted to know. After seeing him in rags for some years, I met him the other day most sprucely attired, and with the complacent and sanguine air of a prosperous gentleman:—

“I am glad to see, my dear sir,” said I, “that the world wags well with you.”

“It does.”

“Doubtless, your books sell famously.”

“Bah! no bookseller will buy them: no, sir, I have hit on a better *métier* than that of writing books—I am giving lessons in Italian.”

“Italian? why I thought when I last saw you told me Italian was the very language you knew nothing about?”

“Nor did I, sir; but directly I had procured scholars, I began to teach myself. I bought a dictionary; I learnt that lesson in the morning which I taught my pupils at noon. I found I was more familiar and explanatory, thus *fresh from knowing little*, than if I had been confused and over deep by knowing much. I am a most popular teacher, sir;—and my whole art consists in being just one lesson in advance of my scholars!”

Nov. 55.

CHAPTER IV.

STYLE.

More clear, natural, and warm than formerly—but less erudite, and polished.—
More warm, but more liable to extravagance.—Cause of the success of fiction.—
Mr. Starch and his dogmas.—Every great writer corrupts his language.—The
Classic School and the Romantic.—Our writers have united the two.

If the observations in my last chapter be correct, and books become less learned in proportion as the reading community becomes more numerous, it is evident that in the same proportion, and for the same cause, style will become less elaborate and polished than when the author, addressing only the scholastic few, found a critic in every reader. Writings addressed to the multitude must be clear and concise: the style of the present day has therefore gained in clearness what it has lost in erudition.

A numerous audience require also, before all things, a natural and frank manner in him who addresses them; they have no toleration for the didascalical affectations in which academicians delight. “Speak out, and like a man!” is their first exclamation to one who seems about to be mincing and pedantic in his accost, or set and prepared in the fashion of his periods. Style, therefore, at the present day, is generally more plain and straightforward than heretofore, and tells its unvarnished tale with little respect to the balanced cadence and the elaborate sentence. It has less of the harmony of the prepared, and more of the vigour of the extempore. At the same time it is to be regretted that the higher and more refining beauties should be neglected—the delicate allusion—the subtle grace. It would be well could we preserve *both* the simplicity and the richness—aiming at an eloquence

like that of the Roman orator, which, while seeming to flow most freely, harmonized every accent to an accompanying music.

From the same cause which gives plainness to the modern style, it receives also warmth, and seems entirely to have escaped from the solemn frigidity of Johnson, and the silver fetters that clanked on the graceful movements of Goldsmith, or the measured elegance of Hume. But, on the other hand, this warmth frequently runs into extravagance, and as the orator to a crowd says that with vehemence which to a few he would say with composure, so the main fault of the present style, especially of the younger writers, is often in an exaggerated tone and a superfluous and gratuitous assumption of energy and passion. It is this failing, carried with them to a greater extent than it is with us, which burlesques the romantic French writers of the present day, and from which *we* are only preserved by a more manly and sturdy audience.

As with the increase of the crowd, appeals to passion become more successful, so in the enlargement of the reading public I see one great cause of the unprecedented success of fiction. Some inconsiderate critics prophesy that the taste for novels and romances will wear itself out; it is, on the contrary, more likely to increase as the circle of the public widens. Fiction, with its graphic delineations and appeals to the familiar emotions, is adapted to the crowd—for it is the oratory of literature.

You are acquainted with Mr. Starch. He is a man who professes a vast regard for what he calls *the original purity of the language*. He is bitterly opposed to new words. He hath made two bug-bears to his mind—the one hight ‘Latinity,’ the other ‘Gallicism.’ He seeth these spectres in every modern composition. He valueth himself upon writing Saxon, and his style walketh about as naked as a Pict. In fact, nothing can be more graceless and bald than his compositions, and yet he calls *them* only “the true English.” But he is very much mistaken; they are not such English as any English writer, worth reading at least, ever wrote. At what period, sir, would the critics of Starch’s order stop the progress of our language? to what elements would they reduce it? The language is like the land,—restore it to what it was for the aboriginals, and you would reduce beauty, pomp, and fertility to a desert. Go beyond a certain point of restitution, and to restore is to destroy. Every great literary age with us has been that in which the language has the most largely borrowed from the spirit of some foreign tongue—a startling proposition, but borne out by facts. The spirit of Ancient Letters passing into our language, as yet virgin of all offspring, begat literature itself. In Elizabeth’s day, besides Greek and Latin, we borrowed most largely from the Italian. The genius of that day is Italian poetry transfused and sublimed by the transition into

a rougher tongue. In the reign of Queen Anne we were equally indebted to the French, and nothing can be more Gallic than the prose of Addison and the verse of Pope. In the day immediately preceding our own, besides returning to our old writers, viz. the borrowers from the Italian and French, we have caught much of the moonlight and dreamy character of romance—much of the mingled chivalry and mysticism that marked the favourite productions of the time, from the masterpieces of Germany.* In fact, I suspect that every great writer of a nation a little *corrupts*† its tongue. His knowledge suggests additions and graces from other tongues; his genius applies and makes them popular. Milton was the greatest poet of our country, and there is scarcely an English idiom which he has not violated, or a foreign one which he has not borrowed. Voltaire accuses the simple La Fontaine of having corrupted the language; the same charge was made against Voltaire himself. Rousseau was yet more open to the accusation than Voltaire. Châteaubriand and De Staël are the corruptors of the style of Rousseau, and Courier his grafted new licences on the liberties arrogated by Voltaire. Nothing could be more simple and unpretending than the style of Scott, yet he is perpetually accused of having tainted the purity of our idioms; so that the language may be said to acquire its chief triumphs by those who seem the least to have paid deference to its forms.

It is some comfort, amidst the declamations of Starch, to think that the system of intellectual commerce with foreign languages is somewhat like the more vulgar trade, and if it corrupts, must be allowed at least to enrich.

You know, my dear sir, that in France, that lively country, where they always get up a dispute for the amusement of the spectators,—where the nobles encouraged a democracy, for the pleasurable excitement of the controversy; and religion itself has been played like a game at shuttlecock, which is lost the moment the antagonists cease their blows;—in France, the good people still divert themselves with disputing the several merits of the Classical school, and the Romantic.

* It is not often very easy to trace the manner in which an author is indebted to the spirit of a foreign literature, which he may not even know in the original. Wordsworth, Coleridge and Scott knew German, and their knowledge is manifest in their own writings. Byron was unacquainted with German; yet he was deeply imbued with the German intellectual spirit. A vast number of German fictions had been translated at the beginning of the century. They ran the round of the circulating libraries, and coloured and prepared the minds of the ordinary reading public, unknown to themselves, for the favourable reception of the first English writer in a similar school. I have heard from a relation of Byron's, that he had read these fictions largely in his youth, and that which swayed his mind in its cast of sentiment, laid the train in the general mind for the effect that he produced.

† I use the word 'corrupts' in compliance with the critical canons of those who think that to enrich one language from the peculiarities of another, is to corrupt the national style. I use the word—I dissent from the criticism.

They have the two schools—*that* is certain—let us be permitted to question the excellence of the scholars in either.

The English have not disputed on the matter, and the consequence is, that their writers have contrived to amalgamate the chief qualities of *both* schools. Thus, the style of Byron is at once classical and romantic; and, the Edinburgh reviewers have well observed, may please either a Gifford or a Shelley. And even a Shelley, whom some would style emphatically of the Romantic School, has formed himself on the model of the Classic. His genius is eminently Greek: he has become romantic, by being peculiarly classical.*

Thus, while the two schools abroad have been declaring an union incompatible, we have united them quietly, without saying a word on the matter. Heaven only knows to what extremes of absurdity we should have gone in the spirit of emulation, if we had thought fit to set up a couple of parties, to prove which was best! †

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CHAPTER V.

THE DRAMA.

The Public do not always pay for their Amusement.—The State of the French Theatre.—The French Drama murders and the English robs.—Vulgar Plagiarism from the old Dramatists.—Jack Old-Crib.—The Influence of the Laws.—Want of able Dramas, but not of Dramatic Talent.—Should Political Allusions be banished from the Stage?—Inquiry into what should be the true Sources of Dramatic Interest.—The Simple and the Magnificent.—The Simple considered.—Kings no longer the fitting agents of the Tragic emotion.—Ancient Rules of Tragic Criticism are therefore not applicable to Modern Times.—Second Source of Dramatic Interest.—The Magnificent considered.—In Melo-drame are the Seeds of the new Tragedy, as in Ballads lay the Seeds of Modern Poetry.

“ONE may always leave the amusements to the care of the public; they are sure to pay for *those* well:” thus said a mathematician to me, the other day, with the air of a man who wished benevolently to

* This observation will extend even to Keats himself, the last of the new school. ‘Endymion’ and ‘Saturn’ are both modelled from the casts of antiquity.

† The question of the difference between the Romantic School and the Classic, has been merely that of forms. What, in the name of common sense, signify disputes about the Unities and such stuff,—the ceremonies of the Muses? The *Medea* would have been equally Greek if all the unities had been disregarded; the *Faust* equally romantic, if all the unities had been preserved. It is among the poems of Homer and Pindar, of Æschylus and Hesiod, that you must look for the spirit of antiquity; but these gentlemen look to the rules of Aristotle: it is as if a sculptor, instead of studying the statue of the Apollo, should study the yard measure that takes its proportions.

insinuate, that one made too much by one's novels, and that the king ought to give such a good mathematician as he was, five thousand a year at the least.

"The deuce you may, sir!—What then do you say to the drama?—Actors, authors, managers, singers, painters, jugglers, lions from Mysore, and elephants from Siam, all are working night and day to amuse you. And I fancy that the theatres are nevertheless but a poor speculation."

"Yes, but in this country—monopoly; no protection to the authors—theatres too big,—free trade," mumbled the mathematician.

"Certainly, you are quite right—but look to France. No legislature can be more polite to the drama, than is the legislature of France. Authors protected, a Dramatic Board, plenty of theatres, no censor; and yet the poor Drama is in a very bad way even there. The Government are forced to allow the theatres several thousands a year; without that assistance they would be shut up. Messieurs the Public pay something to the piper, but not all the requisite salary; so that you see it is not quite true, that the public will always pay well for their own amusements."

If this be the case in France, I fear it must be still more the case in England. For in France, amusement is a necessary, while here it is scarcely even a luxury. "L'amusement est un des besoins de l'homme," said Voltaire. *Oui, Monsieur de Voltaire,—de l'homme Français!* In England, thanks to our taxes, we have not yet come to reckon amusements among our *absolute* wants.

But everywhere throughout Europe the glory of the theatre is beginning to grow dim, as if there were certain arts in the world which blaze and have their day, and then die off in silence and darkness, like an exhausted volcano. In France it is not only that the theatre is not prosperous, but that, with every advantage and stimulus, the talent for the theatre is degenerate. The French authors have started a new era in Art, by putting an end to Nature. They now try only to write something eccentric. They want to excite terror, by showing you bugbears that cannot exist. When Garrick wished to awe you, he had merely to change the expression of his countenance; a child wishing to terrify you, puts on a mask. The French authors put on a mask.

The French dramatists have now pretty nearly run through the whole catalogue of out-of-the-way crimes; and when that is completed, there will be an end of their materials. After the *Tour de Nesle*, what more can they think of in the way of atrocity? In this play, the heroine poisons her father, stabs and drowns all the lovers she can get (number unknown); intrigues with one son, and assassinate the other! After such a selection from the fair sex, it is difficult

to guess, from what female conception of the Beautiful the French Poets will form their next fashionable heroine!

The French Theatre is wretched; it has been made the field for the two schools to fight in, and the combatants have left all their dead bodies on the stage.

If the French Theatre lives upon murders, the English exists upon robberies; it steals every thing it can lay its hands upon; to-day it filches a French farce, to-morrow it becomes sacrilegious, and commits a burglary on the Bible. The most honest of our writers turn up their noses at the rogues who steal from foreigners, and with a spirit of lofty patriotism confine their robberies to the literature of their own country. These are they who think that to steal old goods is no theft: they are the brokers of books, and their avowed trade is second-hand. They hunt among the Heywoods and Deckers, pillage a plot from Fletcher or Shirley; and as for their language, they steal *that* everywhere; these are they who fill every page with "go to" and "peradventure." If a lady asks her visitors to be seated, it is

"Pray ye, sit down, good gentles;"

if a lover admires the fashion of his mistress's gown, she answereth:—

"Ay, by my faith, 'tis quaint!"

if a gentleman complains of a wound,

"It shall be look'd to, sir, right heedfully."

A dramatic author of this nature is the very Autolycus of plagiarists: "an admirable conceited fellow, and hath ribbons of all the colours of the rainbow;" he sayeth, indeed, that he derives *assistance only* from the elder dramatists—he robbeth not; no! *he catcheth the spirit!* Verily this he doth in all the true genius of Autolycus, when he assists himself with the Clown, as thus:—

CLOWN.

How now! Canst stand?

AUTOLYCUS.

Softly, dear sir, (*picks his pocket* :) good sir, softly. You ha' done me a charitable office.

Jack Old-Crib is a dramatic author of this class: you never heard a man so bitter against the frivolity of those who filch from the French vaudevilles. Their want of magnanimity displeases him sadly. He is mightily bitter on the success of Tom Fribble, who lives by translating one-act farces from Scribe; he calls *that* plagiarism: meanwhile, Jack Old-Crib steals with all the loftiness of a five-act poet, and, worse than Fribble—does not even acknowledge the offence. No; he steals plot,

character, diction, and all, from Dodsley's Collection, but calls *that*, with a majestic smile, "reviving the Ancient Drama."

Certainly there have been many reasons for the present deterioration of dramatic literature to be ascribed solely to the state of the law. In the first place, what men that can write popularly anything else, would write for the stage, so long as, while they were damned if they might fail, they could get nothing if they succeeded? Does any fruit, even a crab-apple, flourish in that land where there is no security for property? The drama has been that land. In the second place, the two large theatres, having once gorged the public with show, have rendered themselves unfit for dignified comedy and sober entertainments, because they have created a public unfit to relish them. The minor theatres exhibit against the law, few persons of capital are disposed to embark property in illegal speculations. The sites of many of these theatres, too, are ill-chosen, and the audience not sufficiently guided in their tastes by persons of literary refinement. Some of these evils we may hope to reform. You know, sir, that I have introduced into Parliament two bills, one of which will give protection to authors, and the other encourage competition in theatres. The first has received the royal assent, and become law: I trust for the same good fortune for the second.* Doubtless these improvements in legislation may be extremely beneficial in their ultimate consequences.

But there are causes of deterioration which the law cannot control; and, looking to the state of the drama abroad, while our experiment ought to be adventured, we must confess its success to be doubtful. Still more doubtful is it when we recollect that, if the state of the law were the only cause of the deterioration of the drama, by removing the cause you cannot always remove the effect which the cause has engendered. The public being once spoiled by show, it is not easy to bring them back to a patient love of chaste composition. The public, also, being once rendered indifferent to the drama, it is not easy to restore the taste. "Tardiora sunt remedia quàm mala, et, ut corpora lente augescunt, cito exstinguuntur, sic ingenia studiaque oppresseris, facilius quàm revocaris." A very profound remark, which means simply, that when the Drama has once gone to the dogs, it will be a matter of time to heal the marks of their teeth. It is easier to create a taste than to revive one. Most of us, how simple men soever, can beget life without any extraordinary exertion; but it requires a very able physician to restore the dying. At present let us remove the obstacles to the operations of Nature, and trust that *she* will be the physician at last. And, at least, we must admit that the present age

* Since the first edition of this work, the Bill here referred to has been lost in the Lords, after having passed the Commons by a majority of four to one. Very well!—We must try again.

has shown no lack of dramatic talent. Of dramatic talent suited to *the taste of the day*, it assuredly has; but not of dramatic talent examined by the criteria of high art. I have already spoken of the magnificent tragedies of Byron: I may add to those the stern and terrible conception of the Cenci. Nor ought we to forget the Mirandòla of Barry Cornwall, or the Evadne of Sheil—both works that, if written at an earlier period, would have retained a permanent and high station on the stage. The plays of Mr. Knowles, though at one time overlauded by the critics, and somewhat perhaps disfigured by imitations of the elder dramatists, testify considerable mastery of effect, and, with the exception of Victor Hugo's *chefs-d'œuvre*, are undeniably superior to the contemporaneous dramas of France.

The greater proportion of prose fictions with us, too, have been written by the dramatic rules, rather than the epic, and evince an amplitude of talent for the stage, had their authors been encouraged so to apply it. In fine, then, the theatre wants good dramas; but the age shows no want of dramatic ability. Let us hope for the best, but not expect too speedy a realization of the hope. The political agitation of the times is peculiarly unfavourable to the arts: when people are busy they are not eager to be amused. The great reason why the Athenians, always in a sea of politics, were nevertheless always willing to crowd the theatre, was this—*the theatre with them was political*; tragedy embodied the sentiment, and comedy represented the characters, of the times. Thus theatrical performance was to the Athenian a newspaper as well as a play. We banish the Political from the stage, and we therefore deprive the stage of the most vivid of its actual sources of interest. At present the English, instead of finding politics on the stage, find their stage in politics. In the testimony of the witnesses examined before the Dramatic Committee, it is universally allowed that a censor is not required to keep immorality from the stage, but to prevent political allusions. I grant that in too great a breadth of political allusions there is a certain mischief: politics addressed to the people should not come before the tribunal of their imagination, but that of their reason; in the one you only excite by convincing—in the other you begin at the wrong end, and convince by exciting. At the same time, I doubt if the drama will become thoroughly popular until it is permitted to embody the most popular emotions. In these times the public mind is absorbed in politics; and yet the stage, which should represent the times, especially banishes appeals to the most general feelings. To see our modern plays, you would imagine there were no politicians among us: the national theatre, to use a hacknied but appropriate jest, is like the play of Hamlet “with the part of Hamlet left out by the particular desire”——of the nobility!

But as the censor will be retained, and politics will still be banished

from the stage, let us endeavour to content ourselves with the great benefits that, ere the end of another year, I trust we shall have effected for the advancement of the Stage. By the one law already enacted, authors will have nothing material to complain of; a successful and standard play, bestowing on them some emolument every time it is performed, will be a source of permanent income. Some of the best writers of the age (for the best are often the poorest) will therefore be encouraged to write plays, and to write not for the hour only, but for permanent fame. By the second law, which I trust will soon be passed, every theatre will be permitted to act the legitimate drama: there will therefore be no want of competition in the number of theatres, no just ground of complaint as to their disproportionate size. There will be theatres, enough, and theatres of all dimensions. I imagine the two large theatres, will, however, continue to be the most important and influential. Monopoly misguided their efforts,—emulation will rectify the direction. These are great reforms. Let us make the most of them, and see, if despite the languor of the drama abroad, we cannot revive its national vigour at home.

And to effect this restoration, let us examine what are the true sources of dramatic interest which belong to this age. Let us borrow the divining rod, and see to what new fountains it will lead us.

Heaven and yourself, dear sir, know how many years ago it is since the members of the poetical world cried out, "Let us go back to the old poets." Back to the old poets accordingly they went—the inspiration revived them. Poetry bathed in the youth of the language, and became once more young. But the most sacred inspiration never lasts above a generation or two, and the power of achieving wonders wears itself out after the death of the first disciples. Just when the rest of the literary world began to think the new poets had made quite enough of the old, just when they had grown weary of transfusing the spirit of chivalry and ballads into the genius of modern times, just when they had begun to allow that what was a good thing once, was beginning to grow too much of a good thing now, up starts our friend the Drama, with the wise look of a man who has suddenly perceived the meaning of a *bon mot*, that all the rest of the company have already admired and done with, and says, "Go back to the old poets." What an excellent idea! The Drama, which ought to be the first intellectual representative to reflect every important change in the literary spirit of the world, has with us been the last, and is now going back to Elizabeth's day for an inspiration which a more alert species of poetry has already exhausted of the charm of freshness. It seizes on what is most hacknied, and announces its treasure as most new. When we are all palled with the *bon mot*, it begins to dia it into our ears as a capital new story. This will never do.

To revive the Stage we must now go forward, the golden bridge behind us is broken down by the multitude of passengers who have crossed it. The darkness closes once more over the lovely Spirit of the departed Poetry, and like the fairy of her own wells and waterfalls, the oftener she has revisited the earth, the fainter has become her beauty, and the less powerful her charm.

“ Like to a child o'erwearied with sweet toil,
 On its own folded wings and wavy hair
 The spirit of the earth is laid asleep.”

There are two sources from which we should now seek the tragic influence, viz. the Simple and the Magnificent. Tales of a household nature, that find their echo in the hearts of the people—the materials of the village tragedy, awaking an interest common to us all; intense yet homely, actual—earnest—the pathos and passion of every-day life; such as the stories of Jeannie Deans or of Carwell, in prose fiction;— behold one great source of those emotions to which the dramatic author of this generation ought to apply his genius! Originally the personages of tragedy were rightly taken from the great. With a just propriety, Kings stalked the scenic boards; the heroine was a queen, the lover a warrior:—*for in those days there was no people!* Emotions were supposed to be more tragic in proportion as the station of their victims was elevated. This notion was believed in common life, and to represent it was therefore natural and decorous to the Stage. But we have now learnt another faith in the actual world, and to that faith, if we desire to interest the spectator, we must appeal upon the stage. We have learnt to consider that emotions are *not* the most passionately experienced in a court; that the feelings of Kings are not more intense than those of persons who are more roused by the stern excitements of life, nor the passions of a Queen less freed from frivolity, than the maiden of humbler fortunes, who loves from the depths of a heart which hath no occupation but love. We know the great now as persons assuredly whom it is wise and fitting to respect; incarnations of the august ceremonies in which a nation parades its own grandeur and pleases its own pride. For my part I do not profess a vulgar intolerance of belief that Kings must be worse than other men;* but we know at least, amidst a round of forms, and an etiquette of frivolities, that their souls cannot be so large, nor their passions so powerful, nor their emotions so intensely tragic, as those of men in whom the active enterprises of life constantly stimulate the desires and nerve the powers. The passions are the elements of tragedy. What-over renders the passions weak and regulated is serviceable to morals, and unfitted for the Stage. A good man who never sins against rea-

* Nay, if they were so, they would be—terrible scourges, it is true, to the world—but *quelque chose de bon* for the Stage. It really is because Kings are now so rarely guilty of gigantic crimes, that they cease to awe and terrify us on the Stage.

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son is an excellent character, but a tame hero. But morals alone do not check the passions; frivolities check them also. And the nature of a King is controlled and circumscribed to limits too narrow for the Tragic (which demands excess), not perhaps by the virtues that subdue, but the ceremonies which restrain, him. Kings of old were the appropriate heroes of the stage; for all the vastest of human ideas circled and enshrined them. The heroic and the early Christian age alike agreed in attributing to the Crowned Head a mysterious and solemn sanctity. Delegates of supernatural agents, they were the gods or dæmons of the earth; the hearts of mankind were compelled to a dread and irresistible interest in their actions. They were the earthly repositories of human fate; when their representatives appeared upon the stage, habited and attended as *they* were, it was impossible that the interest of the spectator, so highly wrought at the reality, should not be prepared to transfer itself to the likeness. Then indeed that interest itself assumed a grand and tragic dignity. What vivid and awful emotions must those have experienced who surveyed the fate of beings who were the arch dispensers of the fates themselves!*

The belief which attached to a Sovereign something of the power and the sanctity of a god, necessarily beheld a superhuman dignity in his love, and a terrible sublimity in his woe. The misfortunes that happened to the monarch were as punishments upon the people; the spectators felt themselves involved in the consequences of his triumph or his fall. Thus kings were the most appropriate heroes of the tragic muse, because their very appearance on the stage appealed to the Sublime—the superstition of the beholder stamped a gigantic grandeur on the august sufferer—and united with the pathos of human interest the awe of religion itself. The habits of monarchy in the elder age strengthened this delusion. For both in the remote classic and the later feudal time, the people did not represent themselves so much as they were represented in their chief. And when Shakspeare introduces Henry V. upon the stage, the spectators beheld not a king only, but the type of their own triumphs—the breathing personification of the trophies of Agincourt, and the abasement of France. To add yet more to the interest that encircled the tragic hero—the people, as I have just said, were *not*—Wisdom, Education, and Glory were alike the monopoly of the great. Then knowledge had not taught to the mass of mankind the mighty sources of interest which lay, untouched, by the poet, in their own condition. The popular heart was only known in its great convulsions—it was the high-born and the knightly who were alone represented as faithful in love—generous in triumph—and magnanimous in adversity. The people were painted as a mob

* "Princes are like to heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times."—BACON.

—fickle, insolent, and cruel ; perhaps in that state of civilisation they were nothing more. It may be that the great, being the best educated, were really the noblest part of the community.

In former times, then, there were reasons which do not exist at present—that rendered the Great the fitting heroes of the tragic stage. Kings do not awaken the same awful and mysterious emotions that they once inspired—if not without the theatre, neither will they within its walls. You may go back to the old time, you may present to us an OEdipus and Agamemnon, a Richard or a Henry ; but you will not revive in us the same feelings with which their representatives were once beheld. Our reason tacitly allows that these names were clothed with associations different from those which surround modern Sovereigns. But our feelings do not obey our reason—we cannot place ourselves in the condition of those who would have felt their blood thrill as the crowned shadows moved across the stage. We cannot fill our bosoms with the emotions that sleep in the dust of our departed fathers. We gaze upon the purple of past kings with the irreverent apathy of modern times. Kings are no longer Destinies. And the interest they excited has departed with their power. Whither?—to the People ! Among the people, then, must the tragic author invoke the genius of Modern Tragedy, and learn its springs.

If this principle be true, down falls at once all the old fabric of criticism upon the tragic art ! Down falls the pile of reasonings built to tell us why Kings, Princesses, Generals, and “the nobility in general,” must be the characters of a true tragedy ! Down go the barriers which so rigidly shut out from the representation of elevated nature—the classes in which her elements are the most impassioned and their operations the most various ! A new order of things has arisen in the actual world, and the old rules* instituted for the purpose of illustrating the actual world by the ideal, crumble to the dust !

In Shelley’s noble thought, the Spirit of Power and Poesy passes into the Universal Heart :

“ It interpenetrates the granite mass,—”

beings are called forth “ less mighty but more mild,” and

“ Familiar acts grow beautiful through Love !”

* I grant that the stage must not only represent but ennoble Nature—its likenesses must be spiritualized ; but this it can effect equally from whatever grade its characters are drawn. Clarissa Harlowe is taken from the middle ranks—could the character of any queen have been more spiritualized ? Goldsmith’s Country Clergyman is nature—but nature ennobled. Faust is a German scholar ; but partakes more largely of the grand ideal than any Prince (save Hamlet) idealized by the magic of Shakspeare himself.

The SIMPLE, then, is one legitimate (and I hold the *principal*) source of the modern tragedy—its materials being woven from the weaves—the passions—the various and multiform characters—that are to be found in the different grades of an educated and highly civilized people ;—materials a thousand times more rich, subtle, and complex, than those sought only in the region of royal existence, the paucity of which we may perceive by the monotonous sameness of the characters into which, in the regal tragedy, they are moulded. The eternal prince, and his eternal confidant ; the ambitious traitor, and the jealous tyrant ; the fair captive, and her female friend !—we should not have had these *dramatis personæ* so often, if authors had not conceived themselves limited to the intrigues, the events, and the creations of a court.

Another and totally distinct source of modern tragedy may be sought in the MAGNIFICENT. True art never rejects the materials which are within its reach. The Stage has gained a vast acquisition in pomp and show—utterly unknown to any period of its former history. The most elaborate devices of machinery, the most exquisite delusions of scene, may indeed be said to snatch us

“ From Thebes to Athens when and where you will.”

The public have grown wedded to this magnificence. Be it so. Let the dramatist effect, then, what Voltaire did under a similar passion of the public, and* marry the scenic pomp “ to immortal verse.” Instead of abusing and carping at the public for liking the more gorgeous attractions, be it the task of our dramatists to elevate the attractions themselves. Let them borrow all they can from the sister arts (in this they have the advantage of other poets, who must depend on the one art alone), but let them make their magnificent allies subservient to the one great art they profess. In short, let them employ an equal gorgeousness of effect ; but instead of wasting it on a spectacle, or a melodrama, make it instrumental to the achievements of tragedy herself. The astonishing richness and copiousness of modern stage illusion opens to the poet a mighty field, which his predecessors could not enter. For him are indeed “ the treasures of earth, and air, and sea.” The gorgeous Ind with her mighty forests and glittering spires ; “ Fanatic Egypt and her priests ;” the stern superstitions of the North—its wizard pine-glens—its hills of snow and lucid air

“ Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars :—”

whatever Nature hath created, whatever history hath bequeathed,

* Helvetius complains, however, that in his day, their full effect could not be given to magnificence and display, on account of the fashion of the spectators to crowd the stage.

whatever fancy can devise—all are now within the power of the artist to summon upon the Stage. The poet of the drama hath no restrictions on his imagination from the deficiency of skill to embody corporeally his creations, and that which the epic poet can only describe by words, the tragic poet can fix into palpable and visible life. The **MAGNIFICENT**, then, is the second source of modern dramatic inspiration, combining all the attractions of scenery, embracing the vastest superstitions and most glowing dreams of an unbounded imagination. We may see that these two are the real sources of modern dramatic art, by the evidence, that even performances below the mediocre which have resorted to either source, have been the most successful with the public,—have struck the most powerfully on the sentiment of the age. The play of “The Gamblers,” or “The Soldier’s Wife,” or of “Clari,” or “The Maid and the Magpie”—all, however differing each from each, partake of the one attribute of the popular or domestic tragedy; and though of a very inferior order of poetical talent, invariably excite a vivid emotion in the audience. So, on the other hand, the splendour of an Easter spectacle, or the decorations of an almost pantomimic melodrama, produce an admiration which wins forgiveness to the baldness of the dialogue and the absurdity of the plot. How then would performances of either class attract, supposing their effect were aided by proportionate skill in the formation of character, the melody of language, and the conception of design;—by the witchery of a true poet, and the execution of a consummate artist! Not then by pondering over inapplicable rules,—not by recurring to past models, not by recasting hacknied images,—but by a bold and masterly adaptation of modern materials in modern taste, will an author revive the glories of the drama. In this, he will in reality profit by the study of Shakspeare, who addressed *his* age, and so won the future. He will do as all the master-minds of his own day have done in other regions of poetry. Byron and Scott, Goëthe and Schiller, all took the germ of a popular impulse, and breathed into it a finished and glorious life, by the spirit of their own genius. Instead of decrying the public opinion which first manifested itself in a love for the lower and more frivolous portion of a certain taste, those great masters cultivated that taste to the highest, and so at once conciliated and exalted the public mind. What the ballads of Monk Lewis were to Scott, the melodramas, whether simple or gorgeous, should be to the future Scott of the drama.

A true genius, however elevated, is refreshed by the streams that intersect the popular heart, just as, by the mysterious attraction of Nature, high peaks and mountains draw up, through a thousand invisible tubes, the waters that play amidst the plains below!

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CHAPTER VI.

MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

Each great Movement has its philosophy.—The philosophy of our time is that of the Economists.—Moralists not silenced but affected by the tone of general speculative research.—Ours are therefore of the material school.—Bailey.—Mill.—Hazlitt.—Bentham.—Character of Bentham's Philosophy, &c.—Bentham greater as a Legislator than Moralist.—Insufficiency of the greatest happiness principle.—Singular that no ideal school has sprung up amongst us.—Professorships the best means to advance those studies which the Public cannot reward.

EVERY great Movement in a civilized age has its reflexion—that reflexion is the Philosophy of the period. The Movement which in England commenced by the Church Reformation, and slowly progressed during the reigns of Elizabeth and James, till it acquired energy for the gigantic impulse and mighty rush of the Republican Revolution, had (as the consequence of the *one* part of its progress, and the prophet of the *other*)—its great philosophical representative—in the profound, inquisitive, and innovating soul of Bacon. The Movement which restored Charles II. to the throne, which filled the Court—whose threshold had been so lately darkened by the sombre majesty of Cromwell—with men without honour and women without shame—demanded a likeness of itself; it exacted its own philosophy; a moral mirror of the growing reaction from the turbulence of a fanatical freedom to the lethargy and base contentment of a profligate despotism;—a system that should invent slavery as the standard of legislation, and selfishness as the criterion of morals:—that philosophy, that reflection, and that system, had their representative in Hobbes. The Leviathan which charmed the Court, and was even studied by the King, was the moral of the Restoration—it embodied the feelings that first produced and afterwards coloured that event. A sterner era advanced. A bolder thought demanded a new likeness—the Movement advanced from the Restoration to the Revolution—the Movement once more required its philosophy, and received that philosophy in Locke. In his mind lay the type of the sentiments that produced the Revolution—in his philosophy, referring all things to Reason only, its voice was heard. As diverted from the theory of governments—the Spirit of Research was stimulated by a multiplied and increasing commerce, as the middle class increased into power; and the activity of Trade, dis-

daining the theories of the closet, demanded a philosophy for the mart ; a more extensive if less visible Movement in civilisation required also its reflection, and the representative of the new movement was the author of the Wealth of Nations.

Each philosophy, vast and profound enough to represent its epoch, endures for a certain time, and entails upon us a succession of spirits more or less brilliant, that either by attacking or defending, by imitating or illustrating that peculiar philosophy, continue its influential prevalence amongst us for a longer or shorter period—when at last it darkens away from the actual and outer world, banished like the scenes of a by-gone play from the glare of the lamps and the gaze of the audience, falling into the silence of neglected lumber, and replaced by some new system, which a new necessity of the age has called into existence. We as yet live under the influence of the philosophy of Adam Smith. The minds that formerly would have devoted themselves to metaphysical and moral research, are given up to inquiries into a more material study. Political economy replaces ethics ; and we have treatises on the theory of rents, instead of essays on the theory of motives. It is the age of political economists ; and while we see with regret the lamp of a purer naphtha almost entirely extinct in England, we must confess that foreigners have been unjust to us when they contend that for the last century we have been producing little or nothing to the service of the human mind. —We have produced Ricardo !—When they accuse us of the want of speculative industry, let us confront them with the pamphlets upon pamphlets that issue monthly from the press, upon speculative points alone. As in the three celebrated springs in Iceland, the stream rushes at once into one only, leaving the others dry ; so the copiousness of investigation upon Political Science, leaves exhausted and unrefreshed the fountains of Metaphysics and of Ethics. The spirit of the age demands political economy now, as it demanded moral theories before. Whoever will desire to know hereafter the character of our times, must find it in the philosophy of the Economists.

But the influence of a prevailing monopoly of speculative inquiry, while it deadens the general tendency towards the other branches of intellectual commerce, cannot wholly silence the few devoted and earnest minds which refuse to follow in the common current, and pursue apart and alone their independent meditations. It cannot silence—but I apprehend it will *affect* them ;—the fashion of materialism in one branch of inquiry will materialize the thought that may be exercised in another. Thus all our *few* recent English moralists are of the Material School. Not touching now upon the *Scotch* schools, from which the spirit of Adam Smith has (comparatively speaking) passed, and grown naturalized with us ; nor commenting on the beautiful

philosophizing rather than philosophy of Dugald Stewart—the most exquisite critic upon the systems of others that our language has produced—fulfilling to philosophy the office that Schlegel fulfilled to literature,—I shall just point out, in my way to the most celebrated moralist of the time, the few that have dignified similar pursuits. Mr. Bailey of Sheffield has produced some graceful speculations upon Truth, and the Formation of Opinions, written in a liberal spirit and a style of peculiar purity. Mr. Mill has, in a work of remarkable acuteness, but written in so compressed and Spartan a form that to abridge it would be almost to anatomize a skeleton—followed out certain theories of Hartley into a new analysis of the Human Mind. His work requires a minute and painful study—it partakes of the severe logic of his more famous treatises on Government and Education; it is the *only* purely metaphysical book attracting any notice, which to my knowledge has been published in England for the last fifteen years.*

Mr. Hazlitt has also left behind him an early work, entitled “An Essay on the Principles of Human Action;” little known, and rarely to be met with, but full of original remarks, and worthy a diligent perusal.†

In the science of Jurisprudence, Mr. Austen has thrown considerable light upon many intricate questions, and has illustrated a sterile subject with passages of a lofty eloquence—another proof, be it observed, of the value of Professorships;—the work is the republication of lectures, and might never have been composed in these days, but for the *necessity* of composing it.

But in legislative and moral philosophy, Bentham must assuredly be considered the most celebrated and influential teacher of the age—a master, indeed, whom few have acknowledged, but from whom thousands have, mediately and unconsciously, imbibed their opinions.

The same causes which gave so great a fertility to the school of the Economists, had their effect upon the philosophy of Bentham; they drew his genius mainly towards examinations of men rather than of man—of the defects of Law, and of the hypocrisies and fallacies of our Social System; they contributed to the material form and genus of his code, and to those notions of Utility which he considered his own invention, but which had been incorporated with half the systems that

* See some additional remarks upon this eminent writer in Appendix C.

† I do not here comment on the writings of Mr. Godwin; they belong, in their character and their influence, rather to the last century than the present. Mr. Hope (the author of Anastasius) left behind him a philosophical work, which has since been suppressed—it may be difficult to say whether the style or the sense of it be the less worthy the fine genius of the author. Lady Mary Shepherd has shown no ordinary acuteness in her Essay upon “The Relation of Cause and Effect.”

had risen in Europe since the sensualism of Condillac had been grafted upon the reflection of Locke. But causes far more latent, and perhaps more powerful, contributed also to form the mind and philosophy of Bentham. He had preceded the great French Revolution—the materials of his thoughts had been compounded from the same foundations of opinion as those on which the more enlightened advocates of the Revolution would have built up that edifice which was to defy a second deluge, and which is but a record of the confusion of the workmen. With the philosophy of the eighteenth century, which first adopted what the French reasoners term the Principle of Humanity—(that is, the principle of philanthropy—a paramount regard for multitudes rather than for sectarian interests),—with this philosophy, I say, the whole mind of Bentham was imbued and saturate. He had no mercy, no toleration for the knots and companies of men whom he considered interrupters or monopolists of the power of the many—to his mind they were invariably actuated by base and designing motives, and such motives, according to his philosophy, they were even *compelled* to entertain. His intellect was as the aqueduct which bore aloft, and over the wastes and wrecks below, the stream of the philosophy of one century to the generations of the other. His code of morals, original in its results, is in many parts (unconsciously to himself) an eclecticism of nearly all the best parts of the various theories of a century. “The system of Condillac required its ‘moral’ code, and Helvetius supplied it.” The moral code of Helvetius required its legislative, and in Bentham it obtained it. I consider, then, that two series of causes conspired to produce Bentham—the one national, the other belonging to all Europe; the same causes on the one hand which produced with us the Economists—the same causes on the other hand which produced in France, Helvetius and Diderot, Volney, Condorcet and Voltaire. He combined what had not been yet done, the spirit of the Philanthropic with that of the Practical. He did not declaim about abuses; he went at once to their root: he did not idly penetrate the sophistries of Corruption; he smote Corruption herself. He was the very Theseus of legislative reform,—he not only pierced the labyrinth—he destroyed the monster.

As he drew his vigour from the stream of Change, all his writings tended to their original source. He collected from the Past the scattered remnants of a defeated innovation, and led them on against the Future. Every age may be called an age of transition—the passing on, as it were, from one state to another never ceases; but in our age the transition is *visible*, and Bentham’s philosophy is the philosophy of a visible transition. Much has already happened, much is already happening every instant, in this country—throughout Europe,—throughout the world, which might not have occurred if Bentham had not been; yet

of all his works, none have been read by great numbers; and most of them, from their difficulties of style and subject, have little chance of ever being generally popular. He acted upon the destinies of his race by influencing the thoughts of a minute fraction of the few who think—from them the broad principles travelled onward—became known—(their source unknown)—became familiar and successful. I have said that we live in an age of visible transition—an age of disquietude and doubt—of the removal of time-worn landmarks, and the breaking up of the hereditary elements of society—old opinions, feelings—ancestral customs and institutions are crumbling away, and both the spiritual and temporal worlds are darkened by the shadow of change. The commencement of one of these epochs—periodical in the history of mankind—is hailed by the sanguine as the coming of a new Millennium—a great iconoclastic reformation, by which all false gods shall be overthrown. To me such epochs appear but as the dark passages in the appointed progress of mankind—the times of greatest unhappiness to our species—passages into which we have no reason to rejoice at our entrance, save from the hope of being sooner landed on the opposite side. Uncertainty is the greatest of all our evils. And I know of no happiness where there is not a firm unwavering belief in its duration.

The age, then, is one of *destruction*! disguise it as we will, it must be so characterized; miserable would be our lot were it not also an age of preparation for reconstructing. What has been the influence of Bentham upon his age?—it has been twofold—he has helped to destroy and also to rebuild. No one has done so much to forward, at least in this country, the work of destruction, as Mr. Bentham. The spirit of examination and questioning has become through him, more than through any one person besides, the prevailing spirit of the age. For he questioned all things. The tendencies of a mind at once sceptical and systematic (and both in the utmost possible degree), made him endeavour to trace all speculative phenomena back to their primitive elements, and to reconsider not only the received conclusions, but the received premises. He treated all subjects as if they were virgin subjects, never before embraced or approached by man. He did not set up an established doctrine as a thesis to be disputed about, but put it aside altogether, commenced from first principles, and deliberately tasked himself systematically to discover the truth, or to re-discover it if it were already known. By this process, if he ever annihilated a received opinion, he was sure of having something either good or bad to offer as a substitute for it; and in this he was most favourably distinguished, from those French philosophers who preceded and even surpassed him, as destroyers of established institutions on the continent of Europe. And we shall owe largely to one who

reconstructed while he destroyed, if our country is destined to pass more smoothly through this crisis of transition than the nations of the Continent, and to lose less of the good it already enjoys in working itself free from the evil;—his be the merit, if while the wreck of the old vessel is still navigable, the masts of the new one which brings relief are dimly showing themselves above the horizon! For it is certain, and will be seen every day more clearly, that the initiation of all the changes which are now making in opinions and in institutions, may be claimed chiefly by men who have been indebted to his writings, and to the spirit of his philosophy, for the most important part of their intellectual cultivation.

I had originally proposed in this part of my work to give a slight sketch of the principal tenets of Bentham, with an exposition of what I conceive to be his errors; pointing out at once the benefits he has conferred, and also the mischief he has effected. But slight as would be that sketch, it must necessarily be somewhat abstract; and I have therefore, for the sake of the general reader, added it to this volume in the form of an Appendix.* I have there, regarding Bentham as a legislator and a moralist, ventured to estimate him much more highly in the former capacity than the latter; endeavouring to combat the infallibility of his application of the principle of Utility, and to show the dangerous and debasing theories, which may be, and are, deduced from it. Even, however, in legislation, his greatest happiness principle is not so clear and undeniable as it is usually conceded to be. "The greatest happiness of the greatest number" is to be our invariable guide! Is it so?—the greatest happiness of the greatest number of men living, I suppose, not of men to come; for if of all posterity, what legislator can be our guide? who can prejudge the future? Of men living, then?—well—how often would *their* greatest happiness consist in concession to their greatest errors?

In the dark ages (said once to me very happily the wittiest writer of the day, and one who has perhaps done more to familiarize Bentham's general doctrines to the public than any other individual), in the dark ages, it would have been for the greatest happiness of the greatest number to burn the witches; it must have made the greatest number (all credulous of wizardry) very uncomfortable to refuse their request for so reasonable a conflagration; they would have been given up to fear and disquietude—they would have imagined their safety disregarded and their cattle despised—if witches were to live with impunity, riding on broomsticks, and sailing in oyster-shells;—*their happiness* demanded a bonfire of old women. To grant such a bonfire would have been really to consult the greatest happiness of the

* See Appendix B.

greatest number, yet ought it to have been the principle of wise, nay, of perfect (for so the dogma states), of unimpugnable legislation? In fact, the greatest happiness principle is an excellent general rule, but it is not an undeniable axiom.

We may observe, that whatever have been the workings of English philosophy in this age, they have assumed as their characteristic a *material* shape. No new idealizing school has sprung up amongst us, to confute and combat with the successors of Locke; to counterbalance the attraction towards schools, dealing only with the unelevating practices of the world—the science of money-making, and the passionate warfare with social abuses. And this is the more remarkable, because, both in Scotland and in Germany, the light of the Material Schools has already waxed dim and faint, and Philosophy directs her gaze to more lofty stars, out of the reach of this earth's attraction.

But what is it that in Germany sustains the undying study of pure ethical philosophy? and what is it that in Scotland has kept alive the metaphysical researches so torpid here? It is the system of professorships and endowments. And, indeed, such a system is far more necessary in the loud and busy action of a free commercial people, than it is in the deep quiet of a German state. With us it is the sole means by which we shall be able to advance a science that *cannot* by any possible chance remunerate or maintain its poorer disciples in all its speculative dignity, preserved from sinking into the more physical or more material studies which to a noisier fame attach greater rewards. Professorships compel a constant demand for ethical research, while they afford a serene leisure for its supply; insensibly they *create* the taste upon which they are *forced*, and maintain the moral glories of the nation abroad, while they contribute to rectify and to elevate its character at home.

* Since writing the above, I have had great pleasure in reading a Petition from Glasgow, praying for endowed Lectureships in Mechanics' Institutes. I consider such a Petition more indicative of a profound and considerate spirit of liberalism than almost any other which, for the last three years, has been presented to the Legislative Assembly.

CHAPTER VII.

PATRONAGE.

Patronage as influencing Art and Science.—Two sorts of Patronage—that of Individuals, that of the State.—Individual Patronage in certain cases pernicious.—Individual Patronage is often subserviency to Individual Taste.—Domestic Habits influence Art.—Small Houses.—The Nobleman and his two Pictures.—Jobbing.—What is the Patronage of a State? That which operates in elevating the people, and s; encouraging Genius.—The qualities that obtain Honours are the Barometers of the respect in which Intellect, Virtue, Wealth, or Birth are held.—The Remark of Helvetius.—Story of a Man of Expectations.—Deductions of the chapter summed up.

BEFORE touching upon the state of science, and the state of art in England, it may be as well to settle one point, important to just views of either. It is this—What is the real influence of patronage? Now, Sir, I hold that this question has not been properly considered. Some attribute every efficacy to patronage, others refuse it all; to my judgment, two distinct sorts of patronage are commonly confounded: there is the patronage of individuals, and there is the patronage of the State. I consider the patronage of individuals hurtful *whenever it is neither supported nor corrected by diffused knowledge among the public at large*—but that of the state is usually beneficial. In England, we have no want of patronage, in art at least, however common the complaint; we have abundant patronage, but it is all of one kind; it is individual patronage, the State patronizes nothing.

Now, Sir, I think that where the Public is supine, the patronage of individuals is injurious; first, because wherever, in such a case, there is individual patronage, must come the operation of individual taste. George the Fourth (for with us a king is as an individual, not as the state) admired the low Dutch school of painting, and Boors and candlesticks became universally the rage. In the second place, and this has never been enough insisted upon, the domestic habits of a nation exercise great influence upon its arts. If people do not live in large houses, they cannot ordinarily purchase large pictures. The English aristocracy, wealthy as they are, like to live in angular drawing-rooms thirty feet by twenty-eight, they have no vast halls and long-drawn galleries; if they buy large pictures, they have no place wherein to hang them. It is absurd to expect them to patronize the grand historical school, until we insist upon their living in grand his-

torical houses. Commodiousness of size is therefore the first great requisite in a marketable picture. Hence, one very plain reason why the Historical School of painting does not flourish amongst us. Individuals are the patrons of painting; individuals buy pictures for private houses, as the State would buy them for public buildings. An artist painted an historical picture for a nobleman, who owned one of the few large houses in London; two years afterwards the nobleman asked him to exchange it for a little cabinet picture, half its value. "Your Lordship must have discovered some great faults in my great picture," said the piqued artist. "Not in the least," replied the nobleman very innocently, "but the fact is, *I have changed my house.*"

There was no longer any room for the historical picture, and the ornament in one house had become lumber in the other.

Individual patronage in England is not therefore at this time advantageous to high art: we hear artists crying out for patronage to support art: they have had patronage enough, and it has crippled and attenuated art as much as it possibly could do; add to this that individual patronage leads to jobbing; the fashionable patron does everything for the fashionable artist. And the job of the Royal Academy at this day, claims the National Gallery as a jobbing appendix to itself!—Sir Martin Shee asks for patronage, and owns in the same breath, that it would be the creature of "interest or intrigue." But if it promote jobbing among fashionable artists, individual patronage is likely to pervert the genius of great ones—it commands, it bows, it moulds its protégé to whims and caprices; it set Michael Angelo to make roads, and employed Holbein in designs for forks and salt-cellar.

No! individual patronage is not advantageous to art, but there is a patronage which is—the patronage of the State, and this only to a certain extent. Supposing there were in the mass of this country a deep love and veneration for art or for science, the State could do nothing more than attempt to perpetuate those feelings; but if that love and veneration do not exist, the State can probably assist to create or impel them. The great body of the people must be filled with the sentiments that produce science or art, in order to make art and science become thoroughly naturalized among us. The spirit of a state can form those sentiments among its citizens. This is the sole beneficial patronage it can bestow. How is the favour of the people to be obtained? by suiting the public taste. If, therefore, you demand the public encouragement of the higher art and loftier science, you must accordingly train up the public taste. Can kings effect this—can individual patrons? They can at times, when the public taste has been long forming, and requires only development or an impetus; not

otherwise. It has been well observed, that Francis I, a true patron of art, preceded his time; he established patronage at the court, but could not diffuse a taste among the people; therefore his influence withered away, producing no national result; fostering foreigners, but not stimulating the native genius. But a succession of Francis the Firsts, that is, the perpetuating effect and disposition of a *State*, would probably have produced the result at last of directing the public mind towards an admiration of art; and that admiration would have created a discriminating taste which would have made the people *willing* to cultivate whatever of science or art should appear amongst them.

Art is the result of inquiry into the Beautiful, Science into that of the True. You must diffuse throughout a people the cultivation of Truth and the love of Beauty, before Science and Art will be generally understood.

This would be the natural tendency of a better and loftier education—and education will thus improve the influence of patronage, and probably act upon the disposition of the State. But if what I have said of endowments be true, viz. that men must be courted to knowledge—that knowledge must be obtruded on them: it is true also that Science should have its stimulants and rewards. I do not agree with Mr. Babbage, that places in the Ministry would be the exact rewards appropriate to men of science. I should be sorry to see our Newtons made Secretaries for Ireland, and our Herschels turned into whippers-in of the Treasury. I would rather that honours should grow out of the natural situation in which such men are placed, than transplant them from that situation to one demanding far less exertion of genius in general, and far less adapted in itself to the peculiar genius they have displayed. What I assert is this,—that the State should not seem insensible to the services and distinction of any class of men—that it should have a lively sympathy with the honour it receives from the triumphant achievements either of art or science,—and that if it grant reward to any other species of merit, it should (not for the sake of distinguishing immortality, but for the sake of elevating public opinion) grant honours to those who have enforced the love of the beautiful, or the knowledge of the true. I agree with certain economists—that patronage alone cannot produce a great artist or a great philosopher; I agree with them that it is only through a superficial knowledge of history, that seeing at the same time an age of patrons and an age of art and science, vain enthusiasts have asserted that patronage produced the art; I agree with them that Phidias was celebrated through Greece *before* he was honoured by Pericles; I agree with them that to make Sir Isaac Newton Master of the Mint was by no means an advancement to Astronomy; I agree with them that no vulgar hope of patronage can produce a great discovery or a great picture;

that so poor and mercenary an inspiration is not even present to the conceiving thought of those majestic minds that are alone endowed with the power of creation. But it is not to produce a few great men, but to diffuse throughout a whole country a respect and veneration for the purer distinctions of the human mind, that I desire to see a State bestowing honours upon the promoters of her science and art; it is not for the sake of stimulating the lofty, but refining the vulgar, mind, that we should accustom ourselves to behold rank become the natural consequence of triumphant intellect. If it were the custom of this country to promote and honour art and science, I believe we should probably not create either a Newton or a Michael Angelo; but we should by degrees imbue the public mind with a respect for the unworldly greatness which yet acquires worldly distinction (for it is the want of the commercial spirit to regard most those qualities which enable the possessor to get on the most in the world); and we should diffuse throughout the community a respect for intellect, just as, if we honoured virtue, we should diffuse throughout a community a respect for virtue. That Humboldt should be a Minister of State has not produced new Humboldts, but it has created throughout the circles around him (which in their turn act upon general society,) an attention to and culture of the science which Humboldt adorns. The King of Bavaria is attached to art: he may not make great artists, but he circulates through his court a general knowledge of art itself. I repeat, the true object of a State is less to produce a few elevated men, than to diffuse a respect for all principles that serve to elevate. If it were possible, which in the present state of feeling must be merely a philosophical theory and suggestion, to confer peerages merely for life upon men of eminent intellectual distinction, it would gradually exalt the character of the peerage; it would popularize it with the people, who would see in it a reward for all classes of intellect, and not for military, legal and political adventurers only; it would diminish, in some respect, the vulgar and exclusive veneration for mere birth and mere wealth, and though it would not stimulate the few self-dependent minds to follow art or science for itself, it would create among the mass, (which is a far more important principle of the two,) that general cultivation of art and science which we find is ever the consequence of affixing to any branch of human acquirement high worldly rewards.* The best part of the celebrated book of Helvetius is that which proves that

* "Oh," but say some, "these peerages would become the result of mere Court favour." I doubt it. Wherever talent forces itself into our aristocracy, not having wealth to support it, the talent, however prostituted, is usually the most eminent of its class. Whatever soldiers, whatever sailors, whatever lawyers, or whatever orators, climbing, not buying their way upward, ascend to the Hereditary Chamber, are usually the best soldiers, sailors, lawyers, and orators of the day. This would probably be yet more the case with men whose intellect dabbles less in the stirring interests of the world, and of whose merits Europe is the arbiter.

the honours of a state direct the esteem of the people, and that according to the esteem of the people is the *general* direction of mental energy and genius: "the same desire of glory," says the philosopher, "which in the early ages of the Republic produced such men as Curtius and Decius, must have formed a Marius and Octavius, when glory, as in the latter days of the republic, was only connected with tyranny and power; the love of esteem is a diminutive of the love of glory;" the last actuates the few, the first the multitude. But whatever stimulates in a nation the love of glory, acts also on the love of esteem, and the honours granted to the greater passion direct the motives of the lesser one.

A Minister was asked why he did not promote merit: "Because," replied the statesman drily, "merit did not promote *me*!" It is ridiculous to expect honours for men of genius in states where honours are showered upon the men of accident;—men of accident indeed amongst us especially,—for it is not to be high-born alone that secures the dignified emoluments of state,—but to be born in a *certain set*. A gentleman without a shilling proposed the other day to an heiress. Her father delicately asked his pretensions.

"I have little at present," said he, "but my expectations are very great."

"Ah! indeed—expectations!"

"Yes, you may easily conceive their extent, when I tell you that I have one cousin a Grenville and another a Grey."

To conclude, it seems, then, that the patronage of wealthy individuals (when the public is so far unenlightened that it receives a fashion without examining its merits), a patronage, which cannot confer honours, but only confers money, is not advantageous to art or science,—that the patronage of the State is advantageous, not in creating great ornaments in either, but in producing a general taste and a public respect for their cultivation: for the minds of great men in a civilized age are superior to the influence of laws and customs; they are not to be made by ribands and titles—their world is in themselves, and the only openings in that world look out upon immortality. But it is in the power of law and custom to bring those minds into more extensive operation—to give a wider and more ready sphere to their influence; not to create the orators, but to enlarge and still the assembly, and to conduct, as it were, through an invisible ether of popular esteem, the sound of the diviner voices amidst a listening and reverent audience.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STATE OF SCIENCE.

The public only reward in Science that which is addressed to their wants.—The higher science cannot, therefore, be left to their encouragement.—Examples of one man accomplishing the invention of another, often through want of mechanical means in the inventor.—If the Public cannot reward the higher sciences, the State should.—How encouraged here.—Comparison between the Continent and England in this respect.—Three classes of scientific men: the first nothing can discourage; the last the public reward; the intermediate class disheartened by indifference.—Aristocratic influence deleterious by means of the Royal Society.—Number of lesser societies on *branches* of knowledge —The nature of Ambition.—Its motives and objects common to philosophers as to other men.

I SHALL follow out through this chapter a principle advanced in the last :

Whatever is addressed to man's wants, man's wants will pay for ; hence the true wisdom of that doctrine in political economy which leaves the useful to be remunerated by the public.

Because, 1st. Those who consume the article are better judges of its merit than a Government.

2nd. The profit derived from the sale of the commodity is proportioned to the number of persons who derive advantage from it. It is thus naturally remunerated according to its utility.

3rd. The inventor will have a much greater inducement to improve his invention, and adapt it to the taste or want of his customers than he would have were he rewarded by a Government which pays for the invention, but not for each subsequent improvement. Whatever, therefore, addresses the necessities of the people, the Government may safely trust to the public requital.

But it so happens that that part of science which addresses itself to immediate utility is not the highest. Science depends on some few great principles of a wide and general nature; from these arise secondary principles, the partial application of whose laws to the arts of life improves the factory and creates the machine. The secondary principles are therefore the parents of the Useful.

For the comprehension, the discovery, or the full establishment of the primary and general principles, are required habits of mind and modes of inquiry only obtained by long years of profound thought and abstract meditation. What the alchemist imagined of the great secret applies to all the arcana of nature. "The glorified spirit," "the mastery

of masterships," are to be won but by that absorbed and devout attention of which the greater souls are alone capable; and the mooned loveliness and divinity of Nature reveals itself only to the rapt dreamer upon lofty and remote places.

But minds of this class are rare—the principles to which they are applied are few. No national encouragement could perhaps greatly increase the number of such minds or of such principles.

There is a second class of intellect which applies itself to the discovery of less general principles.

There is a third class of intellect, which applies successfully principles already discovered to purposes of practical utility. For this last a moderate acquaintance with science, aided by a combining mind, and a knowledge of the details of the workshop, joined perhaps to a manual dexterity in mechanic or chemical arts, are, if essential, commonly sufficient.

The third class of intellect is rarely joined to the second, still more rarely to the first; but *though the lowest, it is the only one that the public remunerate, and the only one therefore safely to be left to public encouragement.*

Supposing, too, a man discover some striking and most useful theory, the want of capital, or the imperfect state of the mechanical arts, may render it impossible for him to apply his invention to practical purposes. This is proved by the whole history of scientific discovery. I adduce a few examples.

The doctrine of latent heat, on which the great improvement of the steam-engine rested, was the discovery of a chemist, Dr. Black. Its successful application to the steam-engine required vast mechanical resources, and was reserved for the industry of Watt and the large capital of Mr. Boulton.

The principle of the hydrostatic paradox was known for two centuries before it was applied to the practical purposes of manufactures.

The press of Bramah, by which almost all the great pressures required in our arts are given, was suggested by that principle, but the imperfect state of the art of making machinery prevented its application until very recently.

The gas called chlorine was discovered by a Swedish chemist about the year 1770. In a few years another philosopher found out that it possessed the property of destroying infection, and it has since formed the basis of most of the substances employed for disinfecting. In later times another philosopher found out its property of whitening the fibre of linen and woollen goods, and it shortly became in the hands of practical men a new basis of the art of bleaching.

The fact that fluids will boil at a lower temperature in a vacuum than when exposed to the pressure of the air, has long been known, but

the application of that principle to boiling sugar produced a fortune to its inventor.

It is needless to multiply similar instances; they are of frequent occurrence.

The application of science to useful purposes may then be left to the public for reward; not so the *discovery* of the theories on which the application is founded. Here, then, there should be something in the constitution of society or the state, which, by honouring science in its higher grades, shall produce a constant supply to its principal results in the lower. What encouragement of this nature is afforded to Englishmen? Let us consider.

In every wealthy community, a considerable number of persons will be found possessed of means sufficient to command the usual luxuries of their station in society, without the necessity of employing their time in the acquisition of wealth. Pleasures of various kinds will form the occupations of the greater part of this class, and it is obviously desirable to direct, as far as possible, that which constitutes the pleasures of one class to the advantage of all. Amongst the occupations of persons so situated, literature and science will occasionally find a place, and the stimulus of vanity or ambition will urge them to excel in the line they have chosen. The cultivators of the lighter elements of literature will soon find that a profit arises from the sale of their works, and the new stimulus will convert that which was taken up as an amusement into a more serious occupation. Those who pursue science will find in the demand for elementary books a similar source of profit, although to a far less extent. But it is evident that the highest walks both in literature and science can derive no stimulus from this source. In the mean time, the profits thus made will induce a few persons of another class to enter the field. These will consist of men possessing more moderate means, whose tastes are decidedly and strongly directed either to literature or to science, and who thus hope to make some small addition to their income. If any Institutions exist in the country, such as lectureships or professorships, or if there are any official situations, which are only bestowed on persons possessing literary or scientific reputation, then there will naturally arise a class of persons, whose education is directed towards fitting them for such duties; and the number of this class will depend in some measure on the number of those official situations, and on the fairness with which they are filled up. If such appointments are numerous, and if they lead to wealth or rank in society, then literature or science, as the case may be, will be considered as a profession. In England, the higher departments of science are pursued by a few who possess independent fortune, by a few more who hope to make a moderate addition to an income itself but moderate, arising from a small private fortune, and by a few who

occupy the very small number of official situations, dedicated to the abstract sciences; such are the chairs at our universities: but in England the cultivation of science is not a profession. In France, the institutions of the country open a considerable field of ambition to the cultivators of science; in Prussia the range of employments is still wider, and the policy of the state, as well as the personal disposition of the sovereign, gives additional effect to those institutions. In both those countries science is considered a profession; and in both, its most successful cultivators rarely fail to be rewarded with wealth and honours.

The contrast between England and the Continent is in one respect most singular. In our own country, we occasionally meet with persons in the station of private gentlemen, ardently pursuing science for its own sake, and sometimes even acquiring a European reputation, whilst scarcely a similar instance can be produced throughout the Continent.

As the annual income received by men of science in France has been questioned, I shall select the names of some of the most eminent, and give, from official documents, the places they hold, and the salaries attached to them. Alterations may have taken place, but about two years* ago this list was correct.

M. Le Baron Cuvier (Pair de France).

	Francs	£
Conseiller d'état	10,000	400
Membre du Conseil Royal	12,000	480
Professeur au Collège de France	5,000	200
Professeur au Jardin des Plantes, with a house	5,000	200
Secrétaire Perpétuel de l'Académie des Sciences	6,000	240
Directeur des Cultes Protestans	unknown	
	<hr/> 38,000	<hr/> 1520

M. Le Baron Thenard (Pair de France).

	Francs	£
Membre du Conseil Royal	12,000	480
Professeur à l'Ecole Polytechnique	5,000	200
Doyen de la Faculté des Sciences	6,000	240
Professeur au Collège de France	5,000	200
Membre du Comité des Arts et Manufactures	2,400	96
Membre de l'Institut	1,500	60
	<hr/> 31,900	<hr/> 1276

M. Gay Lussac.

	Francs	£
Professeur à l'Ecole Polytechnique	5,000	200
————— à la Faculté	4,500	180
————— aux Tabacs	2,000	80
	<hr/> 11,500	<hr/> 460

* Written in 1833.

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	Brought forward,	12,500	500
Membre du Comité des Arts et Manufactures		2,400	96
— du Conseil des Poudres et Salpêtres, with a house at the Arsenal		4,000	160
Essayeur à la Monnaie		20,000	800
Membre de l'Institut		1,500	60

40,400 1616

M. Le Baron Poisson.

	Francs	£
Membre du Conseil Royal	12,000	480
Examinateur à l'École Polytechnique	6,000	240
Membre du Bureau des Longitudes	6,000	240
Professeur de Mécanique à la Faculté Membre de l'Institut	1,500	60
	<u>25,500</u>	<u>1020</u>

These are the fixed sources of income of some of the most eminent men of science in France; they receive some additions from being named as members of various temporary commissions, and it appears that these four persons were two years back paid annually 5A32*l.*, and that two of them had houses attached to their offices.

Without meaning to compare their merits with those of our countrymen, let us take four names well known in England for their discoveries in science, Professor Airey, Mr. Babbage, Sir David Brewster, and Sir John Herschel: without entering into detail, the amount of the salaries of all the official situations, which any of them hold, is 700*l.*—and a residence is attached to one of the offices!

Having thus contrasted the pecuniary encouragement given to science in the two countries, let us glance at the social position it enjoys in each.* The whole tone of public opinion in either country, is different upon the subject of science. In France, two of the persons alluded to were peers, and in the late law relative to the peerage, amongst the classes out of whom it must be recruited, members of the Institute, who are distinguished by their discoveries, are included. The legion of honour is also open to distinguished merit, in the sciences as well as in civil life; and the views of Napoleon in the institutions of that order are remarkable as coming from the military head of a nation whose attachment to military glory is proverbial.

The following extracts from the speech of the First Consul in 1802, to the Council of State, deserve attention:—

“ La découverte de la poudre à canon eut aussi une influence pro-

* The sordid and commercial spirit of our aristocracy may be remarked in the disposition of its honours. Supposing it were necessary to make a numerous creation of Peers:—in France, such a creation would be rendered popular and respectable, by selecting the most distinguished men of the necessary politics;—*here*, I do not say the Government, but the *Public* itself, would never dream of such a thing—we should choose the *richest men*!

digieuse sur le changement du système militaire et sur toutes les conséquences qu'il entraînera. Depuis cette révolution, qui est-ce qui a fait la force d'un général? Ses qualités civiles, le coup-d'œil, le calcul, l'esprit, les connaissances administratives, l'éloquence, non pas celle du jurisconsulte, mais celle qui convient à la tête des armées, et enfin la connaissance des hommes: tout cela est civil. Ce n'est pas maintenant un homme de cinq pieds dix pouces qui fera de grandes choses. S'il suffisait pour être général d'avoir de la force et de la bravoure, chaque soldat pourrait prétendre au commandement. Le général qui fait de grandes choses est celui qui réunit les qualités civiles. C'est parce qu'il passe pour avoir le plus d'esprit, que le soldat lui obéit et le respecte. Il faut l'entendre raisonner au bivouac; il estime plus le général qui sait calculer, que celui qui a le plus de bravoure. Ce n'est pas que le soldat n'estime la bravoure, car il mépriserait le général qui n'en aurait pas. Mourad-Bey était l'homme le plus fort et le plus adroit parmi les Mamelucks; sans cela il n'aurait pas été Bey. Quand il me vit, il ne concevait pas comment je pouvais commander à mes troupes; il ne le comprit que lorsqu'il connut notre système de guerre. * * * Dans tous les pays, la force cède aux qualités civiles. Les baïonnettes se baissent devant le prêtre qui parle au nom du Ciel, et devant l'homme qui en impose par sa science. * * * Ce n'est pas comme général que je gouverne, mais parce que la nation croit que j'ai les qualités civiles propres au gouvernement; si elle n'avait pas cette opinion, le gouvernement ne se soutiendrait pas. Je savais bien ce que je faisais, lorsque, général d'armée, je prenais la qualité de *membre de l'Institut*; j'étais sûr d'être compris, même par le dernier tambour.

“ Le propre des militaires est de tout vouloir despotiquement; celui de l'homme civil est de tout soumettre à la discussion, à la vérité, à la raison. Elles ont leurs prismes divers, ils sont souvent trompeurs: cependant la discussion produit la lumière. Si l'on distinguait les hommes en militaires et en civils, on établirait deux ordres, tandis qu'il n'y a qu'une nation. Si l'on ne décernait des honneurs qu'aux militaires, cette préférence serait encore pire, car dès-lors la nation ne serait plus rien.”

It is needless to remark, that these opinions are quite at variance with those which prevail in England, and that military merit is almost the only kind which our institutions recognize.

Neither then by station nor by wealth do the practice and custom of the State reward the English student of the higher sciences; the comparison between England and the Continent in this point is startling and decisive. Two consequences follow;—the one is, that science is the most cultivated by the first order of mind, which no discouragement can check; and by the third order of intellect, which, applied merely to useful purposes, or the more elementary and popular

knowledge, is rewarded sufficiently by the necessities of the Public; by that intermediate class of intellect which pursues the discovery of the lesser speculative principles, science is the most disregarded. On men of this class the influences of society have a natural operation; they do not follow a pursuit which gives them neither a respected station, nor the prospect of even a decent maintenance. The second consequence is, that theoretical science amongst us has great luminaries, but their light is not generally diffused; science is not higher on the Continent than with us, but being more honoured, it is more generally cultivated. Thus when we hear some complaining of the decline of science in England, others asserting its prosperity, we have only to keep these consequences in view, in order to reconcile the apparent contradiction. We have great names in science: a Babbage, an Herschel, a Brewster, an Airey, prove that the highest walks of science are not uncultured; the continuous improvement in machinery adapted to the social arts, proves also that practical and popular science is not disproportioned to the wants of a great commercial people. But it is nevertheless perfectly true, that the circle of *speculative science* is narrow and contracted; and that useful applications of science would be far *more* numerous, if theoretical speculators were more common. This deficiency we can repair, only (in my mind) by increasing the number and value of endowed professorships, and by that vigilant respect from the honours of the State, which improves and elevates the tone of public opinion, makes science a profession, and allures to its rewards a more general ambition by attaching to them a more external dignity.

We may observe too, that the aristocratic influence in England has greatly adulterated the destined Reservoir of science, and the natural Fountain of its honorary distinctions—I speak of the Royal Society. In order to make the Society “respectable”—it has been considered, in the first place, necessary to pay no trifling subscription for admission. “It should be observed,” says Mr. Babbage, “that all members contribute equally, and that the sum now required is fifty pounds; it used until lately to be ten pounds on entrance, and four pounds annually.” Now men of science have not yet found the philosopher’s stone, and many whom the society ought most to seek for its members, would the most shrink from its expense. In the second place, to make it “respectable,” the aristocratic spirit ordains that we should crowd the society as full as possible with men of rank and property. Imagine seven hundred and fourteen fellows of the Royal Society! How can it possibly be an honour to a man of science to be one of seven hundred and fourteen men; * five-sixths of whom, too, have never contributed

* But the most remarkable thing, according to Mr. Babbage, is, that a candidate of moderate scientific distinction is pretty sure of being blackballed, whilst a gen-

papers to the Transactions!—the number takes away emulation, the admittance of rank and station indiscriminately, and for themselves alone, lowers and vulgarises the standard whereby merit is judged. Mr. Davies Gilbert is a man at most of respectable endowments, but he is of large fortune—the Council declare him “*by far* the most fit person for president.” An agreeable compliment to the great men in that society, to whom Mr. Gilbert in science was as a child! But perhaps you may imagine it an honour to the country, that so many men of rank are desirous of belonging to a scientific society? Perhaps you may deem it a proof that they cultivate science?—as well might you say they cultivate fish-selling, because by a similar courtesy they belong to the Fishmongers’ Company; they know as much of science as of fishmongery: judge for yourself. In 1827, out of one hundred and nine members *who had contributed* to the Transactions, there were—how many peers, think you?—there was—ONE!

“A sun-beam that had gone astray!”

I have said that the more popular and more useful sciences are encouraged amongst us, while speculations in the higher and more abstruse are confined only to the few whom, in all ages, no difficulties can discourage. A proof of this is in the number and flourishing state of societies which are supported chiefly by the middle classes, and which mere vanity could not suffice therefore to create. In the metropolis, even in provincial towns, numerous societies for cultivating Botany, Geology, Horticulture, etc. assemble together those of similar tastes; and elementary tracts of all sizes upon all sciences, are a part of fashionable literature. But what I have said of letters generally, is applicable yet more to science,—viz. that encouragement to new, to lofty, and to abstruse learning is more than ever necessary, when the old learning becomes popularized and diffused.

Ambition is of a more various nature than the shallow suppose. All biography tells us that men of great powers will turn early from one pursuit not encouraged, to other pursuits that are. It is impossible to calculate how much Science may lose if to all its own obstacles are added all social deterrents. Thus we find that the same daring inventor who has ennobled our age with the construction of the celebrated calculating machine,* after loudly avowing his dissatisfaction at the

tleman of good fortune, perfectly unknown, is sure to be accepted. Thus is a society of science the mimic of a fashionable club!

* One word upon this,—the most remarkable discovery of the time.

The object of the calculating machine is not to answer individual questions, but to produce multitudes of results following given laws. It differs remarkably from all former attempts of the kind in two points:

1. It proposes to construct mathematical tables by the *Method of Differences*.
2. It proposes to print on plates of copper the tables so computed.

honours awarded to science, has proclaimed practically his discontent at those honours, by courting the votes of a metropolitan district. Absolute monarchs have been wise in gratifying the ambition that is devoted to *peaceful* pursuits; it diverts the aspirations of many working and brooding minds from more stirring courses, and steepens in the contented leisure of philosophy the faculties that might otherwise have devoted the same process of intrepid questioning and daring thought to the more dangerous career of action.

It is not within my present plan to attempt even briefly any explanation of its mechanical principles, but the views which mechanism has thus opened respecting the future progress of mathematical science, are too striking to be passed over.

In this first attempt at substituting the untiring efforts of machinery, for some of the more simple, but laborious exertions of the human mind, the author proposed to make an engine which should tabulate any function whose sixth difference is constant. Regarding it merely in this light, it would have been a vast acquisition by giving to mathematical tables a degree of accuracy which might vainly have been sought by any other means; but in that small portion which has yet been put together, other powers are combined—tables can be computed by it, having no difference constant; and other tables have been produced by it, so complicated in their nature, that mathematical analysis must itself be improved before it can grasp their laws. The existence of the engine in its present stage, gives just reason to expect that in its finished form, instead of tabulating the *single* equation of differences, which its author proposed, it will tabulate large classes of that species comprised in the general form of *linear equations with constant co-efficients*.

The future steps of machinery of this nature are not so improbable, now that we see realised before us the anticipations of the past. One extensive portion of mathematical analysis has already fallen within the control of wheels. Can it be esteemed visionary to suppose that the increasing demands of civilized man, and the constantly improving nature of the tools he constructs, shall ultimately bring within his power the whole of that most refined instrument of human thought—the pure analysis?

See *Tuckermans Death in England.*

CHAPTER IX.

THE STATE OF THE ARTS.

Late rise of the Art of Painting in England.—Commencement of Royal Academy.—Its character and influence.—Pictorial art higher in this country, and more generally cultivated, than in any other.—But there is an absence of sentiment in our Painters.—The influence of the Material extends from Philosophy to Art.—True cause of the inspiring effect of Religion upon Art.—Sculpture.—Canova and his faults.—Chantrey.—Gibson.—Wyatt, &c.—Historical painting.—Haydon, &c.—Martin.—His wonderful genius.—New source of religious inspiration from which he draws.—His early hardships.—Portrait Painting.—Its general badness.—Fancy Pictures.—Wilkie characterized.—Landscape Painting.—Turner.—Miscellaneous.—E. Landseer.—Water colours.—Engraving.—Arts applied to Manufactures.—The caprices of Fashion.—Silk-working.—Anecdote of Court Patriotism.—Architecture—Introduction of the Greek School—Corrupted, not corrected it.—The unoriginal always the inappropriate in Architecture as in Poetry.—We must find the first Principles in the first Monuments—Not of other nations, but our own.—Summing up of the above remarks.

EVERY one knows that the Art of Painting cannot be said to have taken root among us before the last century;—till then we believed ourselves to be deficient in the necessary imagination.—*We* who had produced a Milton and a Shakspeare! But the art commencing with Thoruhill, took a vigorous stride to perfection, and to popular cultivation, from the time of Hogarth; and, corrupted on the Continent during the eighteenth century, it found in that era its regeneration in England.

From 1734, the number of English artists increased with so great a rapidity, that in 1760 we far surpassed our contemporaries in Italy and France, both in the higher excellence of painting and the general cultivation of the art. The application of the fine arts to manufactures popularized and domesticated them amongst us. And the delf ware manufactured by the celebrated Wedgewood, carried notions of grace and beauty to every village throughout the kingdom. Many of Flaxman's first designs were composed for Wedgewood; and, adapting his conceptions to the pure and exquisite shapes of Grecian art, he at once formed his own taste, and created that of the public. Never did Art present fairer promise in any land than when Reynolds presided over Portraiture, Barry ennobled the Historical School, and Flaxman breathed its old and lofty majesty into Sculpture. Just at that time the Royal Academy (subsequent to the Chartered Society of Artists) was established. The attacks on that Institution have been

just!—The more we examine the history, whether of art, of science, or of literature, the more we must convince ourselves that nothing is more prejudicial to the full expansion of intellect in each—to enlarged and liberal competition free from professional jealousy and sectarian prejudice—than those close corporations of intelligence, nicknamed “Royal Societies.” If ever the principle on which such institutions are founded received a fair experiment, it was in the celebrated Academy of France. Established by a wise and mighty statesman—its patrons were liberal and sympathizing kings—its associates among the most eminent names of France—but what single benefit on literature or the world did it ever confer? It was but a formidable coterie of exclusives—an Almack’s of literary faction—it exerted every effort to crush the fame of Corneille—it was half a century before it acknowledged the reputation of Voltaire—in vain was its administration altered—its fatal principle in all administrations was the same:—mean and servile under the Government of the Court—mean and insolent under that of the philosophers. The Academy of Arts in England has been less injurious than the Academy of Letters in France, only because it has been less powerful. We are about now to unite this private society, governed by irresponsible dictators and secret laws, to the National Gallery—paid for by the public;—without the greatest vigilance—we shall establish under the name of protection to art, a permanent and stubborn obstacle to whatever is great, daring, and original in genius. Since the Academy has been instituted, it has not fulfilled either of its avowed objects—it has not educated the mass of our Artists*—nor expounded with diligent science on the principles of Art.—With regard to the last, its lectures have been delivered with the most notorious imbecility and the most slovenly negligence. With regard to the first, what men of genius has it educated? not Martin, nor Turner, nor Bonnington, nor Stanfield—nor Chantrey, nor Gibson.—It refused Flaxman the gold medal, and Lawrence admission to its schools. When some of these men became established in fame and had progressed alike beyond jealousy and improvement—they were indeed made free of the Corporation: because the Academy thus obtained the sanction of that genius in renown which it had alighted in obscurity. The Royal Academy has not educated a single one of its own presidents—even Sir M. Shee boasts himself a pupil of the Academy

* Martin was a pupil of Musso. Flaxman studied with his father, and at the Duke of Richmond’s gallery. He studied, indeed, a short time at the Academy, where he was refused the gold medal. Chantrey learned carving at Sheffield; Gibson was a ship-carver at Liverpool. When Sir Thomas Lawrence became a probationer for admission to the schools of the Academy, his claims were not allowed. The Academy taught not Bonnington—no—nor Danby, nor Stanfield. Dr. Monro directed the taste of Turner.—See an article in the New Monthly Magazine, on the Royal Academy, May, 1838.

of Dublin. What name has it not slimed with its jealousy? what efforts has it not obstructed by its malice? so must it be always with private societies. Imagine a Royal Society of Literature—imagine all its political, critical, aristocratic and individual biases—feel how inevitably it would have proscribed Byron and admitted Sotheby—and own that so great a curse could not have been devised against the comfort, the independence, and the fame of literary men! Why should we establish this curse for Artists?—But perhaps the very jobbing, mean and disgraceful as it is, by which the Academy has been suffered to incorporate itself with the National Gallery, will lead to the only reform of which the nature of the Academy is susceptible, and the moment the people are called upon to pay for its support, they will insist upon making it a Public Institution. In that hope let us wait awhile in patient vigilance.

But, bad though the principle of the Academy, and worse than useless though its effect, the immense range of that cultivated and wealthy public, over which it has not hitherto been enabled to extend an entire or unmitigated control, has allowed a sufficient competition to baffle in great measure its sectarian influence, and not on account of the Academy, but, in despite of it, the Pictorial Art is at present in this country (as it was just *prior* to the Institution of Somerset House),—at least as high in England as in any other state of Europe—not shrinking from the rivalry even of Munich or of Paris. I call to witness the names of Martin, Haydon, Wilkie, Landseer, Turner, Stanfield. It is also more generally cultivated and encouraged. Witness the numbers of artists and the general prices of pictures. It is rather a singular fact, that in France you do not see many pictures in the houses of the gentry or lesser nobles. But with us they are a necessary part of furniture. A house-agent taking a friend of mine over a London house the other day, and praising it to the skies, concluded with, “And when, sir, the dining-room is completely furnished—handsome red curtains, sir—and twelve good ‘furniture pictures’—it will be a perfect nonpareil.” The pictures were as necessary as the red curtains.

But as in the connexion between literature, art, and science, whatever affects the one affects also the other, so the prevalent characteristic of the English school of painting at this moment is the MATERIAL. You see bold execution and glaring colours, but there is an absence of sentiment—nothing raises, elevates, touches, or addresses the soul, in the vast majority of our artists. I attribute this, indeed, mainly to the little sway that Religion in these days exercises over the imagination. It is perfectly clear that Religion must, in painting and in sculpture, inspire the most ideal conception; for the artist seeking to represent the images of Heaven, must necessarily raise himself beyond the earth.

He is not painting a mere mortal—he cannot look only to physical forms—he must darken the chamber of his mind, and in meditation and fancy image for something beyond the Visible and Diurnal. It is this which imparts the unutterable majesty to the Capitolian Jove, the voluptuous modesty to the Venus de' Medici, and breathes over the angry beauty of the Apollo, the mystery and the glory of the God. Equally in the Italian schools, the sentiment of Religion inspired and exalted the soul of the artist, and gave the solemn terror to Michael Angelo, and the dreamlike harmony to Raffaele. In fact, it is not Religion alone that inspires the sentiment, but it is the habit of rousing the thought, of nurturing the imagination, which he who has to paint some being not "of earth earthy," is forced to create and to sustain. And this sentiment, thus formed by the severe tasking of the intellect, is peculiarly intellectual; and once acquired, accompanies the artist even to more common subjects. His imagination having caught a glory from the sphere which it has reached, retains and reflects it everywhere, even on its return to earth.* Thus, even in our time, the most striking and powerful painter we possess owes his inspiration to a deep and fervid sentiment of the Religious. And the dark and solemn shadow of the Hebrew God rests over the towers of Babylon, the valleys of Eden, and the awful desolation of the Universal Deluge.

If our houses are too small for the Historical School, they are yet still more unfitted for SCULPTURE: these two branches of art are necessarily the least generally encouraged. It is said, indeed, that sculpture is too cold for us,—it is just the reverse; we are too cold for sculpture!

Among the sculptors of the present day, Chantrey and Gibson are pre-eminent: the first for portraits, the other for fancy subjects. The busts of Chantrey possess all those qualities that captivate the originals, and content their friends. He embellishes at once nature and art. If, however, the costume of his whole-length figures is in most cases appropriate and picturesque (witness the statue of James Watt), the statue of Pitt, in Hanover-square, is a remarkable exception, in which common-place drapery sits heavy on a disagreeable figure. It is much to be regretted that since this eminent artist has been loaded with orders for portraits, the monuments that issue from his factory possess none of that simple beauty which distinguishes his early productions,—such as the Sleeping Children at Lichfield Cathedral, and the Lady L. Russel. The intention and execution of those performances raised him at once to a pitch of fame that *mere* portraits, however beautiful, cannot maintain. The highest meed of praise is, therefore, fast settling

* Omnia profecto cum se à cœlestibus rebus referet ad humanas, excelsius magnificentiusque et dicet et sentiet.—CICERO.

on Gibson, who now and then sends to our Exhibition, from Rome, the most classical specimens of sculpture that modern times have produced : they possess the grace—they sometimes approach the grandeur—of the Past.

If you pass abruptly from the ancient masterpieces of the Vatican to the works of Canova, you feel as if you had quitted the Gods of Olympus for the figurantes of the Opera : Canova has turned Mythology into a *ballet* ! Eternally copying the sharp though symmetrical features of Pauline Borghese, there is something inexpressibly French in his personifications of ideal beauty. You have seen all his faces before in the print-shops of the *Rue Vivienne*. His dancing-girls, with their angular arms and affected postures, are the perfect antipodes of the simple calm of the antique grace. He borrows from the ancients ; but it is to translate them into French. His Perseus and his Venus, intended to replace the Apollo and the Venus transplanted by the Imperial Mummius to the French capital—are necessarily copies from those immortal dreams of celestial beauty—but how earthly they are ! where is the divine grandeur of the one—the intoxicating modesty of the other ? Perseus is a Parisian *élégant*, and Venus a Parisian *belle*. It is true, however, that the art owes an infinite obligation to the Venetian. He took it from the clumsy exaggeration of Michael Angelo and Bernini, and re-established much of its more legitimate* proportions and many of its purer principles. His main fault was the pursuit of elegance rather than grace. He idealized not the Beautiful, but the Pretty. But pass from the treasures of the Vatican to the studio of Gibson, and nothing shocks you in the transit—the same elevation, the same simplicity, the same sentiment pervade both. Gibson combines much of the beauty of Thorwaldsen, with much of the stern grandeur of Flaxman—the last a sculptor who has not yet received all the honours which are his due—for, at least equal to Canova in genius, he is immeasurably his superior in elevation of sentiment and accuracy of taste—and future times will acknowledge in that wonderful Englishman, the great reformer of Italian art. Perhaps, in his anxiety to avoid the cumbrous power of the imitators of Michael Angelo and Bernini, Gibson may err a little in the opposite extreme. I am not sure that both Gibson and Thorwaldsen are not somewhat too minute in the faces of their women, and too slender in the proportions of their men ; if they do not adopt too generally the principle of The Delicate, so

* Nothing could be more averse from the ideal of Sculpture than the massive flesh and cumbrous drapery of Michael Angelo. He portrayed strength to a miracle, but it was the strength of a drayman, not a hero. It is a thousand pities that he did not confine himself to Painting, his proper *forte*. Bernini, a man of mighty genius and atrocious taste, contributed still more to the formation of a distorted and unnatural school, which, until the time of Canova, received all the artists of Italy as its pupils.

neglected before the time of Canova ; but, with *them*, that principle is never debased by affections of the Elegant or the Pretty—and Gibson, still young, and, in his noble enthusiasm for his art, far above those more sordid temptations which urge meaner natures to make time the measure of profit, not renown, continues yearly to improve his execution and elevate his designs—when all that is of mortal of Thorwaldsen shall have passed away, our countryman will be, without a rival, the master of the most intellectual and lofty of the arts. May it be long before he descends from the sublime inspirations of Rome to the cabals and jealousies of the circles of London—to mix with academicians, and be knighted by the King !

At Rome, Gibson is not without worthy associates from England. Mr. Wyatt—not the man “ who did the Dog” for Lord Dudley—gives promise of a singular excellence. ‘ A Nymph Bathing,’ which has lately been purchased by Lord Pembroke, and will, I trust, be soon transplanted to the admiration of this country, is a statue of which the greatest artist of old might have been proud. You may gaze upon it for hours—face, form, attitude, all are of the day, when the earth was poetry—and the prodigal divinities of nature were made actual and life-like by the beautiful credulities of the soul. In designs adapted to the size of our rooms in England, Mr. Gott, also residing in Rome, has greatly distinguished himself. Nothing can be more exquisitely beautiful than his groupes of dogs and children—the popularity and novelty of these smaller works eclipse those he has attempted on a larger scale. But even the latter, especially the statue of a flower-girl, are of exceeding merit—wanting only to attract our unmingled admiration, that nameless purity of taste, the result of severe and intense study, which characterize the works of Gibson and the Nymph of Wyatt. Besides these artists, England may justly pride herself on the names of Westmacot, Baily, Behnes, Campbell, Carew, Nicholl, Lough, Pitts, and Rossi.* And, with the solitary exception of Thorwaldsen, Sculpture

* One hint, however, to some of the artists I have here enumerated ! Let them beware how they attempt to extend the range of Sculpture to the limits of Painting. A connected group of two or three dozen figures is a monster in Sculpture, or at least only legitimately effective in a frieze. If there be one arbitrary rule more properly despotic than another, it is that which limits the group to three figures. The peculiar excellence of the sculptor is, that his range is inconceivably narrow. It is this which renders his art so purely intellectual—which calls forth his whole soul in the attempt to make an epic history of the scanty characteristics within his reach. Mercury playing to Argus in order to lull him into sleep, that he may destroy him—how much and how intensely must Thorwaldsen have studied the elements of expression, to convey this legend in a single figure ! How entirely he has succeeded ! We want no addition—no Argus—no Io transformed into a heifer—in order to comprehend the full tale ; and this is the merit of that magnificent statue. But a bungler in the art would have endeavoured to convey in stone what the painter might have expressed in a picture—given us Argus dozing, Io grazing, with Jupiter and Juno perhaps in the background ! As you extend the range of sculpture, you diminish its intense sentiment. A sculptor who advertises a group of Samson slaying the Phi-

among the artists of this country is cultivated with immeasurably greater success than by those of the Continent. Had not the ancients lived before us, we should rival the ancients in all but about six master-pieces of Greece, which must ever convert emulation into despair.*

In hurrying over the catalogue of names that have enriched the HISTORICAL department of PAINTING, I can only indicate, not criticise. The vehement action, the strength of colour, and the individualising character of Haydon, are well known. Hilton, more successful in pictures of half-size life than the colossal, exhibits in the former an unusual correctness of outline. A certain delicacy, and a romance of mind, are the characteristics of Westall. But a dangerous facility in composition, and a vagueness of execution, make us regret that very luck of the artist which, by too great a prosperity in youth, forced and forestalled the fruits his natural genius, by slow and more painful culture, would have produced. Etty, practised in the colours of the Venetian painters, if not strictly of the Historical School, can be classed in no other. His beauties are in a vigorous and fluent drawing, and bursts of brilliancy and light, amidst an imitative affectation of the errors as well as excellence of the Venetian School.

But I hasten to Martin,—the greatest, the most lofty, the most permanent, the most original genius of his age. I see in him, as I have before said, the presence of a spirit which is not of the world—the divine intoxication of a great soul lapped in majestic and unearthly dreams. He has taken a range, if not wholly new, at least rarely traversed, in the vast air of religious contemplation; he has gone back into the drear Antiquo; he has made the *Old Testament*, with its stern traditional grandeur—its solemn shadows and ancestral terrors—his own element and appanage. He has looked upon “the ebon throne of Eld,” and imbued a mind destined to reproduce what it surveyed, with

“A mighty darkness
Filling the Seat of Power—as rays of gloom
Dart round.”

Vastness is his sphere—yet he has not lost or circumfused his genius in its space; he has chained, and wielded, and measured it, at his will; he has transfused its character into narrow limits; he has compassed the Infinite itself with mathematical precision. He is not, it is true,

listines, or the battle of the Lapithæ and Centaurs, advertises his own utter misconception—not only of the principles, but of the very soul and element of his art.

* And among these I rank the lately-discovered fragment at Naples, called, I think erroneously, the Psyche. In sentiment of expression, as well as harmony of feature, it greatly excels the Medicean Venus.

a Raffaele, delineating and varying human passion, or arresting the sympathy of passion itself in a profound and sacred calm ; he is not a Michael Angelo, the creator of gigantic and preternatural powers,—the Titans of the ideal heaven. But he is more original, more self-dependent than either : they perfected the style of others : of Massaccio of Signorelli ;—*they* perfected others ;—Martin has borrowed from none. Alone and guideless, he has penetrated the remotest caverns of the past, and gazed on the primæval shapes of the gone world.

Look at his DELUGE—it is the most simple of his works,—it is, perhaps, also the most awful. Poussin had represented before him the dreary waste of inundation ; but not the inundation of a world. With an imagination that pierces from effects to the ghastly and sublime agency, Martin gives, in the same picture, a possible solution to the phenomenon he records, and in the gloomy and perturbed heaven you see the conjunction of the sun, the moon, and a comet ! I consider this the most magnificent alliance of philosophy and art of which the history of painting can boast. Look, again, at the Fall of Nineveh ; observe how the pencil seems dipped in the various fountains of light itself : here the moon, there the electric flash ; here torch upon torch, and there “ the smouldering dreariment ” of the advancing conflagration ;—the crashing wall—the rushing foe—the dismay of some, the resignation of others ;—in front, the pomp, the life, the brilliant assemblage, the doomed and devoted beauty gathered round the monarch, in the proud exultation of his immortalising death ! I stop not to touch upon the possible faults, upon the disproportionate height of these figures, or upon the theatrical effect of those ; upon the want of some point of contrasting repose to augment the general animation, yet to blend with it a softer sympathy ; or upon occasional errors in the drawing, so fiercely denounced by rival jealousies ;—I speak to the effect which the picture produces on all,—an effect derived from the sublimest causes,—the most august and authentic inspiration. They tell us of the genius that the Royal Institution may form—it thrust this man from its bosom : they tell us of the advantage to be found in the patronizing smiles of aristocratic favour—let them ask the early history of Martin ! If you would know the victorious power of enthusiasm, regard the great artist of his age immersed in difficulty, on the verge of starvation, prying in the nooks and corners of an old trunk for one remaining crust to satisfy his hunger, returning with unsubdued energy to his easel, and finding in his own rapt meditations of heaven and heaven’s imaginings, every thing that could reconcile him to earth ! Ask you why *he* is supported, and why the lesser genii droop and whine for the patronage of Lords ? it is because *they* have no rapt meditations !

I have heard that one of Martin’s pictures was undertaken when his

pecuniary resources could not bear him through the expenses of the task. One after one his coins diminished; at length he came to a single bright shilling, which *from* its brightness he had, in that sort of playfulness which belongs to genius, kept to the last. The shilling was unfaithful as it was bright—it was taken with a sigh to the baker's, declared to be a counterfeit, and the loaf just grasped, plucked back from the hand of the immortal artist.

In PORTRAIT-PAINTING—Lawrence, Owen, and Jackson are gone; the ablest of their successors (in oil) are Pickersgill and Philips: but it may show the rottenness of individual patronage to note, that while this department is far the most encouraged, it has produced amongst us far fewer painters of worth and eminence. The habit, perhaps, of painting so many vulgar faces in white cravats, or velvet gowns, has toned down the minds of the artists to a correspondent vulgarity.

In FANCY-PAINTING we have the light grace and romantic fancy of Parris; the high-wrought elegance and chaste humour of Leslie (that Washington Irving of the easel); the pleasant wit of Webster; the elaborate yet easy charm of Newton. In Boxall, there is a tender and melancholy sentiment, which excels in the aspect of his women. Howard reminds us of Flaxman's compositions in a similar school—more the pity for Howard; and Clint, though employed in scenic representation, is dramatic—not theatrical. The most rising painter of this class, is Mr. Maclise:* his picture, "Mokanna raising the veil," is full of talent; but the face wants the sublimity of ugliness: it is grotesque, not terrible; it is the hideousness of an ape, not a demon.

But when touching on this department of the art, who does not feel the name of Wilkie rush to his most familiar thoughts? Who does not feel that the pathos and the humour of that most remarkable painter have left on him recollections as strong and enduring as the *chef-d'œuvre* of literature itself; and that every new picture of Wilkie—in Wilkie's own vein—constitutes an era in enjoyment? More various, more extensive in his grasp than even Hogarth, his genius sweeps from the dignity of history to the verge of caricature itself. Humour is the prevalent trait of all minds capable of variety in character; from Shakespeare and Cervantes, to Goldsmith and Smollett. But of what shades and differences is not Humour capable? Now it loses itself in terror—now it broadens into laughter. What a distance from the Mephistopheles of Goëthe to the Sir Roger de Coverley of Addison, or from Sir Roger de Coverley to Humphrey Clinker! What an illimitable space from the dark power of Hogarth to the graceful tenderness of Wilkie! And which can we say with certainty is the higher of the two? Can we place even the "Harlot's Progress" beyond the "Distraint for

* Whose reputation has greatly and deservedly increased since this work first appeared.

Rent," or the exquisite beauty of "Duncan Grey?" And if, indeed, upon mature and critical consideration, we must give at length the palm to the more profound, analytic, and epic grandeur of Hogarth's fearful humour, we have again to recollect that Wilkie reigns also in the graver domain to which Hogarth aspired only to record the limit of his genius. The Sigismunda of Hogarth, if not indeed so poor a performance as Lord Orford esteems it, is at least immeasurably beneath the fame of its wonderful artist. But who shall say that "Knox," if also below the breadth and truth of character which Wilkie carries into a more familiar school, is not, for boldness of conception, and skill in composition, an effort of which any master might be proud? Wilkie is the Goldsmith of painters, in the amiable and pathetic humour, in the combination of smiles and tears, of the familiar and the beautiful; but he has a stronger hold, both over the more secret sympathies and the springs of a broader laughter, than Goldsmith himself. If the Drama could obtain a Wilkie, we should hear no more of its decline. He is the exact illustration of the doctrine I have advanced—of the power and dignity of the popular school, in the hands of a master; dignified, for truth never loses a certain majesty, even in her most familiar shapes.

In LANDSCAPE-PAINTING, England stands pre-eminent in the present age: for here no academic dictation, no dogma of that criticism which is born of plagiarism, the theft of a theft, has warped the tendency of genius, or interfered with the simple advice of Nature, *whose face teaches*. Turner, Danby, and Martin, Stanfield, Copley Fielding, Dewint, Collins, Lee, Callcott, John Wilson, Harding, and Stanley, are true pastoralists of the art. Turner was once without a rival; all that his fancy whispered his skill executed. Of late, he has forsaken the beautiful and married the fantastic. His genius meant him for the Wordsworth of description, he has spoilt himself to the Cowley! he no longer sympathizes with Nature, he coquets with her. In Danby, a soft transparency of light and shade floating over his pictures accords well with a fancy almost Spenserian in its cast of poetical creation. In Stanfield, who does not acknowledge the precision of sight, the power of execution, the amazing scope and variety of design?

In MISCELLANEOUS PAINTINGS—I pass over the names of Roberts, Prout, Mackenzie, eminent for architectural drawings; of Lance and Derby, who almost rival the Dutch painters in the line of dead game, fruits, etc.; of Cooper, Hancock, Davis, distinguished in the line of Edwin Landseer, in order to come to Landseer himself. The extreme facility of this singular artist renders his inferior works too sketchy, and of a texture not sufficiently characteristic; but in his best, we have little if anything to desire. He reminds us of those metaphysicians, who have given animals a soul. He breathes into the brute world a

spiritual eloquence of expression beyond all literary power to describe. He is worth to the "Voice of Humanity" all the societies in England. You cannot gaze on his pictures and ill-use an animal for months afterwards. He elevates your sympathies for them to the level of human interest. He throws a poetry over the most unpoetical; nay, he has given a pathos even to "a widowed duck;" he is a sort of link to the genius of Wilkie, carrying down the sentiment of humane humour from man to man's great dependent family, and binding all creation together in one common sentiment of that affection whose wisdom comprehends all things. Wilkie and Landseer are the great benevolists of painting; as in the quaint sublimity of the *Lexicon of Suidas*, Aristotle is termed "the Secretary of Nature, who dipped his pen in intellect," so each of these artists may be called, in his several line, the Secretary also of Nature, who dips his pencil in sympathy: for both have more, in their genius, of the philosophy of the heart than that of the mind.

PAINTING IN WATER-COLOURS forms a most distinguishing part of English art. About the end of the last century, a new style of water-colour drawing or painting was adopted: till then, whatever talent was observable in the works of Sandby, Hearne, etc. there was no particular difference in their method and the works of foreign artists. At the period above mentioned, Dr. Monro, of the *Adelphi*, an eminent amateur in that peculiar line, invited several young men to study from the drawings in his valuable collection, and under his guidance: Turner, Girtin, Varley, and others acquired a power of depicting nature in transparent water-colours, that far outstrips every thing previously produced. Depth of tone, without blackness; aerial distances, "the glow of sunshine and the cool of shade," have been accomplished in a surprising degree, not only by the three artists above mentioned, but also by Glover, Fielding, Barret, Heaphy, Richter, Stanfield, Cox, Holland, Harding, and the German and wild and mystic pencil of Cattermole. But in many respects, the large heads of expression, etc. by Sir Charles Bell are the most extraordinary works in this department; and it is not a little remarkable that in this style, a medical gentleman should have pointed the goal to excellence, and an anatomist have obtained it.

The art of ENGRAVING was in its infancy among us a century ago; in the course of a few years, Strange, Woollett, Earlom, and Sharp carried it to its utmost vigour; but in our time, the application of machinery, and the system of division of labour, give to the practice perfection of line at the expense of sentiment and variety; the same means being applied on all occasions. This is observable in the *Annuals* and other works by the majority of our engravers. The sacrifice of the nobler qualities to mechanism reduces engraving to a trade; for the higher denomination of art can only be allowed where the uncon-

strained mind pervades the whole, keeping each part subordinate to and in character with the subject. John Landseer, Doo, the elder Englehart, etc. etc. still, however, support engraving as an art. The like may be said of Reynolds the mezzotinto engraver. But this century may boast of having, in Bewick of Newcastle, brought wood-engraving to perfection; his pupil Harvey continues the profession with reputation.

One word on the ARTS applied to MANUFACTURES. There have for some time past been various complaints of a deficiency of artists capable of designing for our manufactures of porcelain, silk, and other articles of luxury in general use: we are told, that public schools are required to supply the want. It may be so; yet Wedgewood, Rundell, and Hellicot the watchmaker, found no such difficulty, and now that a Royal Academy has existed three-quarters of a century, the complaint has become universal. One would imagine that the main capacity of such institutions was to create that decent and general mediocrity of talent, which appeals to trade and fashion for encouragement. In truth, the complaint is not just. How did Wedgewood manage without a public school for designers? In 1760, our porcelain wares could not stand competition with those of France. Necessity prompts, or, what is quite as good, allows, the exertions of genius. Wedgewood applied chemistry to the improvement of the material of his pottery, sought the most beautiful and convenient specimens of antiquity, and caused them to be imitated with scrupulous nicety; he *then had recourse to the greatest genius of the day for designs and advice*. He was of course successful. But now the manufacturers of a far more costly material, without availing themselves of the example of Wedgewood, complain of want of talent in those whom they never sought, and whom they might as easily command, if they were as willing to reward. But the worst of fashion in its operation on art is its sudden caprices. China-painting was at its height about 1806. Mr. Charles Muss, afterwards celebrated for his enamelling, was at that time a painter on porcelain: this application of colours was then a fashion, and ladies willingly gave him a guinea or more per lesson for his instructions. Within three years the taste subsided; ladies not only purchased less, but to a fashion for painting on china had succeeded the fashion for painting on velvet. Thence the fair students progressed to jappanning, and at length settled with incredible ardour on the more feminine mysteries of shoe-making.

“ With varying vanities from every part,
They shift the moving toy-shop of the heart.”

Trembling at his approaching fate, Muss by a vigorous effort turned from china to glass (the art of painting on which was then little cultivated or understood), but ere he could taste the fruits of his ingenuity, his family was in want of bread. On a stormy night, drenched

with rain, he anxiously pursued his way from Adam-street to Kensington, in the hope of borrowing a shilling. His friend was in a nearly similar state of destitution; fortunately the latter, however, had still the blessed and English refuge of credit; and by this last remaining possession, he procured a loaf, with which the victim of these sudden reverses in feminine taste returned to his half-starved children. But, alas! the destinies of nations have their influence upon porcelain! Peace triumphed on the Continent, and

“The tottering china shook without a wind!”

Compared with the foreign ground of china, that on which we paint is too coarse to allow equal beauty, whatever artist we employ: the fault is not with the painter, but in those who have not energy to ascertain and remedy the imperfection.

A man whose service of plate is refashioned every ten years, will scarcely allow the silver-smith to expend the same price for designing and modelling, that was obtained when Rundell and Bridge, by employing the ablest designers in this country, supplanted competition. “Something handsome must be got up,” and a meretricious and overloaded display is cheaper than exquisite execution; in some cases drawings have been sent abroad, to be there got up in metal at a cheaper rate.

With regard to silk-working: a few years ago a committee of gentlemen of rank and distinction, who took an active interest in the productions of British manufactures, obtained from France a sample of figured silk representing the departure of a young soldier; they felt confident that our own manufacturers could equal, or even surpass its excellence; but where could they procure a pattern with similar beauty and of national interest? They applied to a foreign gentleman in London, who immediately called on an English artist whom he considered adequate to the performance. The subject undertaken was a young sailor returned from a successful cruise: he hears that an old and valued friend is in prison for debt; he hastens to the gaol; he finds his friend, tended by one only visiter (his young daughter), in sickness and despair. The composition gave great and general satisfaction; but will it be believed that the idea of a British tar in a prison (even though visiting it for so noble a purpose) appeared to our sages in silk to be shockingly ominous? they therefore wished the back-ground to be changed into a *cottage*! The artist insisted very properly on the prison, and heard no more of the patronage of the committee. It is an anecdote that for many years an aristocratic feeling prevented Wilkie’s “Distraint for rent” being engraved—*lest it should excite an unpleasant feeling towards the country gentlemen!*

In nothing, Sir, to my mind, is the material and unelevated cha-

racter which belongs generally to the intellectual spirit of our times more developed than in our national ARCHITECTURE. A stranger in our streets is struck with the wealth, the gaud, the comfort, the bustle, the animation. But how rarely is he impressed with the vast and august simplicity, that is the result in architecture, as in letters, of a lofty taste, and the witness of a people penetrated with a passion for the *great!* The first thing that strikes us in England is the lowness of all the public buildings—they appear uncompleted; you would imagine a scythe had been drawn across them in the middle: they seem dedicated to St. Denis, after he had lost his head. The next thing that strikes you in them is the want of originality—they are odd, but unoriginal. Now, wherever an architecture is not original, it is sure to be inappropriate: we transplant what belongs to one climate to another wholly distinct from it—what is associated with one history or religion, to a site in which the history and religion are ludicrously opposed to it.

The celebrated Steuart, who sought to introduce amongst us the knowledge of the Grecian principles of architectural elegance, has in reality corrupted rather than corrected taste. Even he himself, laying down "The Appropriate," as a necessary foundation in the theory of architecture, neglects it in his practice. Look at yonder chapel, it is perfectly unconnected and inharmonious with the character of the building attached to it; assuredly it is the most elegant chapel we can boast of—but you would imagine it must be designed for the devotions of some fastidious literary institution, or the "daintie oratoire" of a Queen. No! it is designed for our jolly tars, and the most refined temple is dedicated to the rudest worshippers. The followers of Steuart have made this want of suiting the design to the purpose still more ridiculous. On a church dedicated to St. Philip we behold the ox-heads typical of a heathen deity; and on the frieze of a building consecrated to a quiet literary society, with whom prancing horses and panting riders have certainly no connexion, we see the bustling and fiery procession of a Grecian cavalcade. The Greek architecture, even in its purity, is not adapted to a gloomy and chilling climate; all our associations connect it with bright skies and "a garden life;" but when its grand proportions are omitted, and its minute details of alien and *unnaturalizable* mythology are carefully preserved, we cannot but think that we have adopted one at least of the ancient deities, and consecrated all our plagiarised blunders in stucco to—the Goddess of Laughter!

Few, indeed, amidst the wilderness of houses in which common sense wanders distracted, are the exceptions of a better taste in imitation. But the portico of St. Pancras and the London University are beautiful copies from ancient temples, if nothing more, and it is impos-

sible not to point out to the favour of foreigners the small Ionic chapel in North Audley Street, and the entrance to Exeter Hall, in which last there is even a lofty as well as an accurate taste.

But as a proof of the sudden progress which art makes, when divorced from imitation, I instance to you our bridges: Waterloo and Southwark bridges are both admirable in their way—they are English; we may reasonably be proud of them, for they are our own.

For my part I candidly confess, however I may draw down on myself the languid contempt of the would-be amateurs of the portfolio—that I think, in architecture as in poetry, we should seek the germ of beauty in the associations that belong to the peculiar people it is addressed to. Every thing great in art must be national. Wherever we are at a loss for invention, let us not go back to the past of other countries, but the past of our own—not to intimate, not to renew, but to adapt, to improve; to take the old spirit, but to direct it to new uses. If a great architectural genius were to arise among us, a genius that should combine the Beautiful with the Appropriate, satisfy the wants, suit the character, adapt itself to the life, and command, by an irresistible sympathy, the admiration of the people, I am convinced that his inspiration would be derived from a profound study of *our own* national monuments of architecture from the Saxon to the Elizabethan. He should copy neither, but produce a school from both,—allied at once to our history, our poetry, our religion, and our climate. Nothing is so essentially patriotic as the arts; they only permanently flourish amongst a people, when they spring from an indigenous soil.

From this slight and rapid survey of the state of the arts in England, we may observe, first, that there is no cause to complain of their decline;—secondly, that as those efforts of art most adapted to private favour have succeeded far more amongst us than those adapted to the public purposes of a state; so the absence of state encouragement, and the preponderance of individual patronage, have operated prejudicially on the grander schools. Even (with a few distinguished exceptions) our finest historical paintings, such as those of Martin, are on a small scale of size, adapted more for the private house than the public hall. And it is mostly on achievements which appeal not to great passions, or to pure intellect—but to the household and domestic interests—that our higher artists have lavished their genius. We see Turner in landscape, and Landseer in animals, Stanfield in scenes, and Wilkie, whose sentiment is purer, loftier, and deeper than all (save Martin's), addressing himself, in the more popular of his paintings, to the most fire-side and familiar associations. The rarer and more latent, the more intellectual and immaterial sources of interest, are not those to which English genius applies itself. We may note also a curious coincidence between the Royal Academy for Art, and the Royal Aca-

demy for Science; both ridiculous for their pretensions, but eminent for their inutility—the creatures of the worst social foibles of jealousy and exclusiveness—severe to genius, and uxorious to dotage upon the Mediocrity which has produced them so numerous a family.

But as I consider that the architecture of a nation is one of the most visible types of its prevalent character, so in that department all with us is comfortable and nothing vast. A sense of poetry is usually the best corrector and inspiration of prose—so a correspondent poetry in the national mind not only elevates the more graceful, but preserves also a noble and appropriate harmony in the more useful arts. It is that **POETRY OF MIND** which every commercial people should be careful to preserve and refresh.

C. H. C.

1789

CHAPTER X.

SUPPLEMENTARY CHARACTERS.

Lord Plume.—**Sneak.**—**Mendlehon.**—**St. Malo, the young Poet.**—**His Opposite, Saap, the Philosopherring.**—**Gloss Crimson, the Royal Academician.**

LORD PLUME is one of those writers of the old school of whom so few are at present existing—writers who have a great notion of care in composition—who polish, who elaborate, who are hours over a sentence, which, after all, is, nine times out of ten, either a fallacy or a truism. He writes a stiff, upright hand, and values himself upon being a witty correspondent. He has established an unfortunate target in every court in Europe, at which he shoots a monthly despatch. He is deep read in memoirs, and has Grammont at his fingers'—ends: he swears by Horace Walpole, who would have made a capital butt of him. He reads the Latin poets, and styles himself F.R.S. He asks you how you would translate '*simplex munditiis*' and '*copia narium*'—takes out his handkerchief while you consider the novel question, sighs, and owns the phrases are indeed untranslatable. He is full of anecdotes of the by-gone scandal of our grandmothers: he will give you the history of every crim. con. which took place between a wig and a farthingale. He passes for a man of most elegant mind—sets up for a Mæcenas, and has a new portrait of himself painted every year, out of a tender mindfulness, I suppose, for the convenience of some future Grammont. Lord Plume has dabbled greatly in reviews—not a friend of his ever wrote a book that he did not write to him a letter

of compliment, and *against* him an article of satire : he thinks he has the Voltaire turn, and can say a sharp thing or two. He looks out for every new book written by a friend with the alacrity of a wit looking out for a repartee. Of late years, indeed, he has not, however, written much in the Quarterlies, for he was found out in a squib on his uncle, and lost a legacy in consequence : besides, he is editing memoirs of his own ancestors. Lord Plume thinks it elegant to write, but low to confess it ; the anonymous, therefore, has great charms for him : he throws off his jealousy and his wit at the same time, and bathes in the Castalian stream with as much secrecy as if he were one of its nymphs. He believes, indeed, that it would be too great a condescension in his genius to appear in the glare of day—it would create too great a sensation—he thinks men would stop each other in the street to exclaim, “ Good God ! have you heard the news ?—Plume has turned author ! ” Delightedly, then, in his younger day, crept he, nameless and secret, into the literary world. He is suspected of having written politics as well as criticism, and retailed all the tattle of the court by way of enlightening the people. Plume is a great man.

From this gentle supporter of the anonymous press, turn for one moment to gaze on the most dirty of its disgraces. Sneak “ keeps a Sunday newspaper ” as a reservoir for the filth of the week ; he lets out a *cabinet d’aisance* for any man who wishes to be delivered of a lie. No trader of the kind can be more obliging or more ill-savoured : his soul stinks of his profession, and you spit when you hear his name. Sneak has run through all the circle of scoundrelism : whatever is most base, distardly, and contemptible, Sneak has committed. Is a lie to be told of any man ? Sneak tells it. Is a Countess to be slandered ? Sneak slanders her. Is theft to be committed ? Sneak writes to you—“ Sir, I have received some anecdotes about you, which I would not publish for the world if you will give me ten pounds for them.” Sneak would declare his own mother a drab, and his father a hangman, for sixpence-halfpenny. Sneak sets up for a sort of Beau Sneak—crawls behind the scenes, and chats with the candle-snuffer : when he gets drunk, Sneak forgets himself, and speaks to a gentleman ; the gentleman knocks him down. No man has been so often kicked as Sneak—no man so often horsewhipped ; his whole carcass is branded with the contumely of castigation :—methinks there is, nevertheless, another chastisement in reserve for him at the first convenient opportunity. It is a pity to beat one so often beaten, to break bones that have been so often broken ; but why deny oneself a luxury at so trifling an expense ?—it will be some honour to beat him worse than he has been beaten yet ! Sneak is at heart the most miserable of men ; he is poisoned by the stench of his own disgrace : he knows that every man loathes him ; he strives to buoy himself front

“the graveolent abyss” of his infamy by grasping at some scamp of a lord. One lord, with one shred of character left to his back, promised to dine with him, and has been stark naked of character ever since. Sneak has stuck up a wooden box in a nursery garden between Richmond and London, exactly of that description of architecture you would suppose him to favour: it is for all the world like the temple which a CIt erects to the Roman Goddess of Sewers: here “his soul still sits at squat.” The little house stares you in the face, and reminds you at once of the nightman its owner. In vain would ingenuity dissociate the name of Sneak from the thought of the scavenger. This beautiful effect of the anonymous system I have thus honoured with mention, in order that posterity may learn to what degree of rottenness rascality can be corrupted.

Mendlehon is a man of remarkable talent, and of that biting wit which tempts the possessor into satire. Mendlehon set up a journal, the vein of which ran into personal abuse; Mendlehon then went nowhere, and himself and his authorship were alike unknown: he became courted—he went into society, his journalism was discovered and avowed. Since then the gossips say that the journal has grown dull, for it runs no longer into scurrility. When the anonymous was dropped, the writer came under the eye of public opinion, and his respectability forbids him to be abusive.

Of all melancholy and disappointed persons, a young poet in this day is perhaps the most so. Observe that pale and discontented countenance, that air at once shy and proud. St. Malo is a poet of considerable genius; he gives himself altogether up to the Muse—he is consumed with the desire of fame; the loud celebrity of Byron yet rings in his ears; he asketh himself why he should not be equally famous; he has no pleasure in the social world: he feels himself not sufficiently made of: he thinketh “by and by they will run after my genius:” he is awkward and gloomy; for he lives not in the present: he plunges into an imaginary future never to be realized. He goes into the world thinking the world must admire him, and ask “Who is that interesting young man?” He has no sympathy with other men’s amusements, unless they either write poetry themselves or read *his* own: he expects all men to have sympathy with *him*; his ear and taste were formed early in the school of Byron; he has now advanced to the schools of Wordsworth and Shelley. He imitates the two last unconsciously, and then wonders why his books do not sell: if the original did not sell, why should the copy? He never read philosophy, yet he affects to write metaphysics, and gives with considerable enthusiasm into the Unintelligible. Verse-writing is the serious occupation of his life; he publishes his poems, and expects them in his heart to have an enormous sale. He cannot believe that the world has gone round;

that every time has its genius; that the genius of *this* time is wholly antipoetic. He throws away thought and energy, and indomitable perseverance, and the enviable faculty of concentrating ambition, upon a barren and unprofitable pursuit. His talents whisper him "success,"—their direction ensures him "disappointment." How many St. Malos have I known!—but half of them, poor fellows, have married their first cousins, gone into the church, and are now cultivating a flower-garden!

But who is this dry and austere young man, with sneer on lip and spectacle on nose? He is the opposite to the poet—he is Snap, the academical *philosopherling*. Sent up to Cambridge to learn theology, he has studied Locke, and become materialist. I blame him not for that; doubtless he has a right to his opinion, but he thinks nobody else has a right to any *other* opinion than *his*: he says with a sneering smile, "Oh, of course, Locke was too clever a man not to know what his principles must lead to; but he did not dare to speak out for fear of the bigots." You demur—he curls his lip at you—he has no toleration for a believer; he comprehends not the vast philosophy of faith; he cannot get beyond Hume upon Miracles; he looks down if you utter the word "soul," and laughs in his sleeve; he is the most intolerant of men; he cannot think how you can possibly believe what seems to him such evident nonsense. He carries his materialism into all his studies: he is very fond of political economy, and applies its principles to all things; he does not think that government should interfere with education, because it should not interfere about money. He is incapable of seeing that men must be induced to be good, but that they require no inducement to get rich; that a poor man will strive for wealth, that an immoral man will *not* strive for morality; that an ignorant man will *not* run after knowledge; that governments should tempt to virtue, but human passions will tend to wealth. If our philosopherling enters the House of Commons, he sets up for a *man of business*; he begs to be put upon the dullest committees; he would not lose an hour of twaddle for the world; he affects to despise eloquence, but he never speaks without having learnt every sentence by heart. And oh! such sentences, and such delivery! for the Snaps have no enthusiasm! It is the nature of the material philosophy to forbid that beautiful prodigality of heart; he unites in his agreeable style the pomp of apathy with the solemnity of dulness. Nine times out of ten our philosopherling is the son of a merchant, his very pulse seems to enter its account in the ledger-book. Ah, Plato! Ah, Milton! did you mean the lute of philosophy for hands like these!

"And how, Sir, do you like this engraving of Martin's?" Go, my dear reader, put that question to yon gentleman with the powdered head—that gentleman is a Royal Academician. I never met with an Academician who did not seem to think you insulted him by an eulogy on

Martin. Mr. Gloss Crimson is one of those who measure all art by the Somerset-house Exhibition. He ekes out his talk from Sir Joshua Reynolds's discourses—he is very fond of insisting on the necessity of study and labour and of copying the antique. "Sir," quoth he, one day, "painting is the synonym of perseverance." He likes not the company of young artists; he is angry if invited to meet them; he calls them indiscriminately "shallow coxcombs." He is a great worshipper of Dr. Johnson, and tells you that Dr. Johnson extolled the project of the Academy. Alas! he little knows that the good doctor somewhere wonders what people can be thinking of to talk of such trifles as an Academy for Painting! He is intensely jealous, and more exclusive than a second-rate Countess; he laments the decay of patronage in this country; he believes everything in art depends upon lords; he bows to the ground when he sees an earl; and thinks of Pericles and Leo X. His colours are bright and gaudy as a Dutchman's flower-garden, for they are put on with an eye to the Exhibition, in which everything goes by glare. He has a great notion of the dignity of portrait-painting. He would like to say to you, "Sir, I have painted four Earls this year, and a Marchioness, and if that's not a high school of painting, tell me what is!" He has a great contempt for Haydon, and is sure "the nobility won't employ him." He thinks the National Gallery a necessary perquisite of the Royal Academicians. "Lord, Sir," saith he, "if *we* did not manage the matter, there would be no discrimination, and you might see Mr. Howard's pictures in no better a situation than"—

"Mr. Martin's—that *would* be a shame!"

And so much, dear Sir, for characters that may serve to illustrate a few of the intellectual influences of the time.

END OF BOOK IV.

Ed. A. H. 59

BOOK THE FIFTH.

A VIEW OF OUR POLITICAL STATE.

INSCRIBED TO

THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

“ Since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.”

SHAKSPEARE.

“ Si quid novisti rectius istis,
Candidus imperti—si non, his utere mecum.”

HORAT.

CHAPTER I.

Address to the People.—Résumé of the principal bearings of former portions of this work.—Our social errors or abuses not attributable either to a Monarchy or an Established Church.

IF, my dear countrymen, you can spare a few minutes from the very great bustle in which you all seem to be at present; if you can cease for awhile from the agreeable duties of abusing the Ministry, reckoning up your bad debts, deploring the state of the markets, and wondering what is to become of you; if you can spare a few minutes to listen to your neighbour, who has your interest always at heart; he flatters himself that you will possibly find you have not entirely thrown away your time.

I inscribe to you this, my fifth book, which comprehends a survey of our political state, because, between you and me, I shrewdly suspect that the condition of the country is more your concern than that of any one else. Certain politicians, it is true, are of opinion that patriotism is an oligarchical virtue, and that the people are only anxious to go to the Devil as fast as they possibly can. To hear them, one must suppose that you are the greatest fools in existence, and that every piece of advice you are in the habit of giving to your rulers tends only to implore them to ruin you with all convenient dispatch. For my part, I do not believe these gentlemen; without thinking you either saints or sages, you have always seemed to me sensible persons, who have a very quick eye to your interests, and seldom insist much upon anything that, if granted, would operate greatly to your disadvantage. I inscribe this book to you, and we will now proceed to its contents.

I am obliged to suppose that you have read the preceding sections of this work—it is a bold hypothesis, I know, but we reasoners cannot get on without taking something for granted. Now, in all states, there is some one predominant influence, either monarchical, or sacerdotal, or popular, or aristocratic. What is the influence which, throughout the previous sections of this work, I have traced and proved to be the dominating influence of England: colouring the national character, pervading every grade of our social system, ruling our education, governing our religion, operating on our literature, our philosophy, our sciences, our arts? You answer at once, that it is the **ARISTOCRATIC**. It is so. Now then observe, many of your (perhaps) inconsiderate friends insinuate the disadvantages of a Mo-

narchy and the vices of an Established Church—*those* are the influences which they assert to be hostile to your welfare. You perceive by the examination *into* which we have entered, that this is not the fact; whatever be the faults in any part of our moral, social, or intellectual system, we have not traced the causes of those faults to the monarchical influences. I grant that, in some respects (but those chiefly the effects of a clumsy machinery), we have something to complain of in certain workings of the Established Church. Tithes are unpleasant messengers between our pastors and ourselves, but, as we are about to substitute for these a more agreeable agency, we will not talk any longer of the old grievance: in the true English spirit, when the offence is over, we will forget and forgive. The custom of Squirearchical patronage in the Church, of making the cure of souls a provision for younger sons, gives us, as I have attempted to prove, many inactive and ineffective pastors. But this, you will observe, is not the necessary consequence of an establishment itself, but of the aristocratic influence which is brought to bear on the establishment: just as those vast expenses, which we have managed to incur, have not been the fault of the representative system, but of the aristocracy by which the system has been corrupted: the two instances are parallel. In penetrating every corner of the island, in colonizing every village with the agents of civilisation, in founding schools, in enlightening squires, in operating unconsciously on the moral character and spiritual teaching of dissenters; in curbing to a certain limit the gloomy excesses of fanaticism—in all this you behold the redeeming effects of an ecclesiastical establishment,—effects which are sufficient, let us acknowledge, to atone tenfold for all its abuses, and which even the aristocratic deteriorations have not been baneful enough to destroy.

It is not therefore, my friends, against a Monarchy or against an Ecclesiastical Establishment, that it becomes us, as thinking and dispassionate men, to direct the liberalism of the age. No, it is against a very peculiar and all-penetrative organization of the aristocratic spirit! This is very important for us thoroughly to understand and fully to acknowledge. This is a first principle, to be firmly established if we do not desire to fight in the dark against imaginary thieves while the real marauders are robbing us with impunity.

Between ourselves, I see a large portion of the aristocracy ready at any opportunity to throw the blame of their own misdeeds upon the king or the unfortunate bishops. Be on your guard against them!

CHAPTER II.

The King has no interest counter to that of the People.—Corruption lucrative only to the Aristocracy.—The last scarcely less enemies to the King than to the People.—The assertion, that to weaken the Aristocracy weakens the Crown, contradicted.—The assertion, that an Aristocracy protects the People from the Crown, equally false.—Ancient dogmas inapplicable to modern times.—The art of Printing divides, with a mighty gulf, the two great periods of civilization.—A Republic in this country would be an unrelieved Aristocracy.—The feeling of the People's aristocratic.—A certain Senator's boast.—The destruction of Titles would not destroy the Aristocratic Power.—The advantage of Monarchy.

In examining the national character and our various social system, we do not find the monarchical influence pernicious; I might venture to say more,—we shall not unoften find the monarch the most efficient check to the anti-popular interests. And upon the most democratic of modern reforms it was the concurrence of two branches of the legislature—the executive and the representative—which compelled the reluctant assent of the hereditary chamber. What interest has a monarch in the perpetuation of abuses? He, unlike the aristocracy, has nothing to lose by concession to the popular advantage. What interest has he in the preservation of game laws and corn laws—of corporations and monopolies, or of the vast and complicated ramifications from which aristocratic nepotism raises a forest of corruption out of a single banyan?—An easy people makes a powerful King, but a weak Noblesse. No my friends, no—a king has nothing to gain by impoverishing his people; but every lord has a mortgage to pay off, or a younger son to provide for, and it is for the aristocracy, not the king, that corruption is a lucrative system. Compare, at this moment, that which a prime minister* “does for his family” with that which his royal master can do for his own. Heavens! what a storm was raised when the King's son obtained the appointment of the Tower! Was he not compelled to resign that petty command—so great was the popular clamour—so silent the ministerial eloquence? But, my Lord Grey! what son—what brother—what nephew—what cousin—what remote and un conjectured relative in the Genesis of the Greys has not fastened his limpet to the rock of the national expenditure? Attack the propriety of these appointments, and what haughty rebukes from

* Written when Lord Grey was prime minister.—With all the high qualities of that statesman, it is impossible not to regret that he should have left so illustrious an example of the ease with which the patronage of the state may be converted into jobs for a family. Lord Grey's excuse, that other ministers did it before him, is almost worse than the offence.

the Minister will you not receive! The tongue so mute for the King's son rolls in thunder about the revered heads of the innumerable and unimpugnable Greyides. A king (if he be moderately wise) stands aloof and apart from the feuds and the jealousies—the sordid avarice—the place-hunting ambition—which belong to those only a little above the people. The aristocracy have been no less his enemies than ours—they have crippled his power while they have encroached on our resources. For the nature of that freedom which results from a privileged order partakes rather of the pride of arrogance than the passion for liberty.

“ Ah, but,” cry some, “ if you weaken the aristocracy, you weaken the crown.” Is that necessarily the case? Is a powerful aristocracy necessary to the safety of the throne? Look round the world, and see. Are not those monarchies the most powerful and the most settled in which the influence of the aristocracy is least strong, in which the people and the king form one state, and the aristocracy are the ornaments of the fabric, not the foundations? Look at Prussia, the best governed country in the world; and one in which the happiness of the people reconciles us to despotism itself. Believe me, my friends, where a people are highly educated, absolute monarchy is more safe and less corrupting than a grasping nobility.

Look again to the history of the states around you; so far from a king deriving strength from an aristocracy, it is the vices of an aristocracy, and not of a monarch, that usually destroy a kingdom: it is the nobles that take popularity from a court—their scandal and their gossip—their backstairs creeping and gliding, their ridicule of their master behind his back, their adulation to his face—these are the causes that dim the lustre of royalty in man's eyes, and vulgarize the divinity that should hedge a king. Impatient of the abuses of authority, the people do not examine nicely from *what quarter of authority* the abuses proceed, and they concentrate on the most prominent object the odium which belongs of right to objects more subordinate and less seen. I say, that an aristocracy, when corrupted, destroys, and does not preserve a monarchy, and I point to France for an example: had the French aristocracy been less strong and less odious, Louis XVI. would not have fallen a victim to that fearful glamour which conjured a scaffold from a throne. That unfortunate king may justly be called a martyr;—he was a martyr to the vices of his *noblesse!*

I deny, then, the assertion of those who term it dangerous to weaken the aristocracy on the ground that by so doing we should weaken the monarchy. Henry VII. and Louis XI. may teach us wiser notions of the foundations of monarchical sway. I deny still more strongly that we require the undiminished power of the aristocracy as a check to the prerogative of the king. My good friends, you all know the old dogma, that a strong nobility prevents monarchical encroachment. Now, tell

me candidly, do you not think we can take care of ourselves? Do we want these disinterested proxies to attend to our interests? For my part, I fear that we can but imperfectly afford such very expensive stewards. When we were minors in education, they might have been necessary evils; but now we are grown up, and can take care of our own concerns. Can you fancy, my dear friends, that if the aristocracy were not, "if it had bowed the head and broke the stalk, and fallen into the portion of weeds and worn-out faces,"* can you fancy that you would not be equally vigilant against any very dangerous assumptions on the part of the monarch? Trust me, while the looms of Manchester are at work—while the forges of Sheffield ring upon our ears—while morning and night the mass unfolds her broad banner, visible from John o' Groat's to the Land's-end, there is but little fear that the stout heart of England should fall into so lethargic a slumber that a king could gather armies without her consent, construct dungeons without her knowledge, raise taxes without her connivance, and wake her at last to behold a sudden tyranny, and mourn for the departed vigilance of incorruptible courtiers!

In truth, my friends, all those ancient arguments on the necessity of a strong aristocracy, to check the king on the one side, and the commons on the other, are utterly inapplicable now. The checking power is not content to be a check alone; it is like the sea, and gains in every place where it does not recede: as we have seen, it has entered, penetrated, suffused every part of the very influences which ought to have opposed it; and I tell you once for all, my friends, that most of the ancient maxims of polity dragged forth from garbled extracts of half-read classics—maxims of polity which were applicable to the world before the invention of printing, are for that very reason inapplicable now. Perfectly right, perhaps, were the statesmen of old in their scoffs and declamations against the people: the people were then uneducated, a mere brute physical force: but the magic of Guttenburg and Füst hath conjured a wide chasm between the past and the future history of mankind: the people of one side the gulf are not the people of the other; the physical force is no longer separated from the moral; Mind has by slow degrees crept into the mighty mass—the popular Cymon has received a soul! In the primal and restless consciousness of the new spirit, Luther appealed to the people—the first, since Christ, who so adventured. From that moment all the codes of classic dogmatists were worthless—the expired leases to an estate just let to new tenants, and upon new conditions.

There is an era in civilisation, when an aristocracy may be safely allowed a disproportionate strength, because an aristocracy is then

composed of the best educated men ; and because their very haughtiness which fears liberty resists servitude.

In that era, men set apart from the baser drudgeries of life, and devoted to the pursuit of arms, which in all times links itself with certain principles of honour, can scarcely fail of inspiring somewhat of refinement and of gallantry into the stubborn masses of an unenlightened society ; their very ostentation promotes industry ;—and industry, in diffusing wealth, expedites civilisation. But, as it is profoundly laid down by Montesquieu, “ there is a very great difference between a system which *makes* a state great, and a system which *preserves* its greatness.” The era in which it is wise to promote a dominant aristocracy ceases when monarchs are not military chiefs, and the people of themselves can check whatever excess of power in the sovereign they may deem dangerous ; it ceases when nobles become weak, but the spirit of aristocracy becomes strong ; (two consequences, the result of a *numerous* peerage, which leaves half of the order mendicants upon corruption, but confirms the spirit which the order has engendered, by insensibly extending its influence throughout the subordinate grades with which it seeks intermarriage, and from which it receives its supplies ; at that time chivalry has abandoned the nobles, and corruption has supplied its place ;)—it ceases when an aristocracy is no longer in advance of the people, and a king and his subjects require no obstacle to their confidence in each other.

Thus then, neither for the safety of the king nor for that of the people, is it incumbent upon us to preserve undiminished, or rather uncorrected, the Aristocratic power. But while both people and king can even do without an aristocracy, could you, my friends, do equally well without a king? Come, let us suppose that the wish of certain politicians were gratified ; let us suppose that a republic were established to-morrow? I will tell you what would be the result—Your republic would be the very worst of aristocracies !

Do not fancy, as some contend, that the aristocracy would fall if the king fell. Not a whit of it. You may sweep away the House of Lords if you like ; you may destroy titles ; you may make a bonfire of orb and ermine, and, after all your pains, the aristocracy would be exactly as strong as ever. For its power is not in a tapestried chamber, or in a crimson woosack, or in ribbons and stars, in coronets and titles, its power, my friends, is in yourselves ; its power is in the aristocratic spirit and sympathy which pervade you all. In your own hearts, while you shout for popular measures, you have a reverential notion of the excellence of aristocratic agents ; you think rich people alone “ respectable ;” you have a great idea of station ; you consider a man is the better for being above his fellows, not in virtue and intellect, but in the good things of life. The most eminent of your representatives is ac-

customed to boast "that he owes his station to his father's industry in cotton-spinning:" you admire him when he does so—it is but a few weeks since that you rent the air when the boast was uttered; you fancied the boast was democratic and truth-loving. It was just the reverse—very aristocratic (though in a vulgar mode of aristocracy) and very false. Owes his station to cotton-spinning! Observe that the boast implies a pride of wealth, an aristocracy of feeling much more offensive than the pride of birth. Owes his station to cotton-spinning! If a man did so owe it, to my mind there is nothing to boast of, nothing very ennobling in the process of cotton-spinning. But what your Representative means to say, is this,—that the industry of his father in amassing an immense fortune is praiseworthy, and he is therefore proud of it; and you, my dear friends, being most of you employed in money-getting, are very apt to be charmed with the compliment. But successful industry in amassing money is a very poor quality in the eyes of men who cherish high notions of morality; it is compatible with the meanest vices, with the paltriest exertions of intellect, with servility, with cunning, with avarice, with over-reaching! Compatible! nay, it is by those very qualities that, nine times out of ten, a large fortune is made! They were doubtless not the failings of your Representative's father. I know nothing about that gentleman now no more; he enjoyed a high character; he may have had every virtue under the sun; I will willingly suppose that he had: but, let us stick to the point; it was only of one virtue that Sir Robert Peel boasted—namely, the virtue of making money. If this was an aristocratic boast, if it showed a poor comprehension of morality, so, on the other hand, it was not true in itself. It is not true, that that distinguished man owes his station in the world to his father's industry; it is not true, that cotton-spinning has anything at all to do with it; he owes his station to his own talents, to his own eloquence, to his own perseverance—these are qualities to be proud of; and a great man might refer to them with a noble modesty; but to please you, my dear friends, the crafty orator only talks of the *to kalon* of cotton-spinning, and the *to preion* of money-making.

Believe me then, that if you were to institute a republic to-morrow, it would be an aristocratic republic; and though it would be just as bad if it were an aristocracy of shopkeepers, as if it were an aristocracy of nobles, yet I believe on the whole it would be an aristocracy very much resembling the present one (*only without the control which the king's prerogative at present affords him*). And for one evident reason—namely, the *immense property* of our nobles and landed gentry! Recollect, that in this respect they differ from most other aristocracies, which are merely the shadows of a court and without substance in themselves. From most other aristocracies, sweep away the office and

the title, and they themselves are *not* ; but banish from court a Northumberland, a Lonsdale, a Cleveland, a Bedford, or a Yarborough ; take away their dukedoms and their earldoms, their ribbons or their robes, and they are exactly as powerful, with those broad land and those mighty rent-rolls, as they were before. In any republic you can devise, men with this property will be *uppermost* ; they will be still your rulers, as long as you yourselves think that property is the legal heir to respect.

I always suppose, my friends, in the above remarks, that you would not *take away* the property, as is recommended by some of the unstamped newspapers, to which our Government will permit no reply, and which therefore enjoy a monopoly over the minds of the poor ; I always imagine that, republican or monarchical, you will still be English ; I always imagine that, come what may, you will still be honest, and without honesty it is useless to talk of republics. Let possessions be insecure, and your republic would merge rapidly into a despotism. All history tells us, that the moment liberty invades property, the reign of arbitrary power is at hand ;—the flock fly to a shephred to protect them from wolves. Better one despot, than a reign of robbers.

If we owe so much of our faults and imperfections to the aristocratic influence, need I ask you if you would like an unrelieved aristocracy? If not, my friends, let us rally round the Throne.

CHAPTER III.

The Monarchy shown to be less expensive than is believed.—An excuse for defending what Whigs say no one attacks.

BUT the Throne is expensive. Ah ! hark to the popular cry :

“ That’s the wavering Commons ; for their love
Lies in their purses, and whose empties them
By so much fills their hearts with deadly hate,
Wherein the King stands generally condemn’d.”*

The belief that the Throne costs something quite enormous is generally received in the manufacturing towns—thanks again to the unstamped publications ! And men, afraid to avow that republicanism is a good

* Richard II.

thing, delicately insinuate that it is an exceedingly cheap one. Let us see how far this is true ; let us subject our constitution to the multiplication-table ; let us count up, my friends, what a King costs us.

The whole of our yearly expenditure including our National Debt, is somewhat more than fifty millions ; out of this vast sum you may reckon that a King costs as follows :—

Civil list	411,800
Three regiments of Horse Guards	80,000
Pensions to Royal Family	220,000
For servants to different branches of the Royal Family	24,000
	<hr/>
	£735,800

These are the main expenses of royalty ; I cannot find, by any ingenuity, that we can attach to it a much larger sum ;—but let us be liberal and reckon the whole at a million. What then ? Why the King would only cost us just one fiftieth part of our yearly outgoings, or one twenty-eighth part of our National Debt !

I think, indeed, the royal expenditure might be somewhat lessened without diminishing the royal dignity. I see not why we should have three regiments of Horse Guards : but let this pass. Suppose we do not cut down a shilling of the King's expenses, is it not idle to talk of the oppressive cost of a King when it amounts only to a fiftieth part of our yearly encumbrances ?

Ah, say some, but supposing the King were not, we should be better able to cut down the other expenses. I fancy they are very much mistaken ; those expenses are the expenses that have no connexion with Monarchy—expenses that are solely for the convenience of the aristocracy.

Do you find that the King himself resists retrenchment ? on the contrary, scarce had he ascended the throne ere Retrenchment was the very principle established between himself and his ministers. Republics, I allow are generally cheap : but then Republics have not generally run into debt as you have. I suppose, by being Republicans, we should not get whitewashed, and that we should be equally obliged to discharge our pecuniary obligations. But how was that debt incurred ? My dear friends, that is quite another question ; I am not arguing whether you might not be richer had you established a Republic a century ago, (though I doubt it exceedingly, for I could prove your aristocracy, more than your monarch, to blame for your debt,) but whether you would be much richer *now* by establishing a Republic ? It is cheaper to build a plain house than a fine one ; but, having once built your fine house, it is a false economy to take it down for the purpose of building a plain one.

Some one pulls me by the arm and asks me, why I defend a Mo-

narchy which most of the Journalists assure us that nobody attacks. Hark you, my good friends, the reason is this—I see much farther than most of the Journalists do, and I speak more conscientiously,—I hate the policy that looks not beyond the nose of the occasion. I love to look far and to speak boldly. I have no place to gain, no opinion to disguise—nothing stands between me and the Truth. I put it to you all, whether, viewing the temper of the age, the discontent of the multitude, the example of foreign states, the restlessness of France, the magnificent affluence of North America, the progress of an unthinking liberalism, the hatred against ostensible power—I put it to you all whether, unless some great and dexterous statesmen arise, or unless some false notions are removed, some true principles are explained, you do not perceive slowly sweeping over the troubled mirror of the Time the giant shadow of the coming Republic?

CHAPTER IV.

The House of Lords not to be confounded with the Aristocracy.—Caution against the advice of journalists.—Objections to a numerous creation of Peers.—The People proved to be less strong than they imagine.—The Abolition of the House of Lords proved to be dangerous to the safe working of the Commons.—A third mode of reforming a second Chamber, but the People are not prepared for it.

BUT since it seems that our jealousy must be directed mainly against the aristocratic power, how shall we proceed in order to resist and diminish it? That is a question not easily answered. Do not, my friends—do not let us confound a House of Lords, which is but a part of the aristocracy, with the aristocracy itself: there is just as much aristocracy in the House of Commons as there is in the House of Lords, only at this moment you are very justly displeased with the Lords. If you were to destroy that assembly, it would not be long before you would be quite as much displeased with the House of Commons!

Could I persuade you to take my advice, you would look with considerable suspicion on the leading articles of newspapers; especially when their writers seem very earnestly to take your view of the question. You know it is a common trick among thieves, when they see a green-horn engaged in a broil, to affect to be all on his side: so, in Roderick Random, an honest fellow offers very goodnaturedly to hold Strap's coat for him while Strap enjoys a comfortable round or two at reciprocal fisticuffs. When the battle is done, Strap's coat has disap-

peared! My dear friends, there are certain journalists who seem passionately in your favour—all willing to pat you on the back, and give you a knee, while you show your manhood on the House of Lords! but recollect poor Strap, and keep your coats on your shoulders. This is the homely advice of your friend and neighbour.

Yes! I see certain journalists strongly recommending a numerous creation of Peers.* Somehow or other, these journalists are very fond of the ministers: it is true they scold them now and then in a conjugal way; but they make it up on a pinch, because, like man and wife, the journalist and minister often have an interest in common. There was a time when I advocated a numerous creation of Peers—a creation that should bring the two Houses of Parliament into tolerable concord; but that time is past. New objections have arisen to such a policy, and I confess that on my mind those objections have considerable weight. Are you willing, my compatriots, to give any set of ministers such a majority in both houses, that you will never be able, without revolution to have any other administration? If so, then go on, clap your hands, and cry out with the Morning Chronicle for new peers! Do not fancy that measures would be more liberal if this creation were made! it is a delusion! Measures would not be more liberal; on the contrary, it was from the despair of pleasing the Lords that the most liberal measure of the Whigs (the Reform Bill) was insisted upon! Do you not observe, the moment the two houses may be brought pretty nearly to the same temper, that the Whigs are (and wisely) willing to pare down and smooth away any popular proposition, so that it may glide quietly from one house through the other? If there were but little difference between the two chambers, depend upon it, in that little difference the people would invariably go to the wall. Do you not mark, that as the ministers now cannot govern by the House of Lords, so they *must* govern somewhat by the people? But suppose they had secured the House of Lords, the people would not be half so necessary to them. It is the very opposition of the Tory aristocracy that has compelled the Whigs to be liberal. Let them break that opposition entirely, and you will see the Whigs themselves rapidly hardening and encrusting into Tories. “Oh!” cry some of the mob-orators, or our friends the journalists, “the people have now the power to get good government, and they will use it, let there be what ministry there may!” No such thing, my dear friends, no such thing; we have *not* that power. You have chosen your House of Commons, it is true, and a pretty set of gentlemen you have chosen!

* Again the Reader must be reminded that this work was first published in 1833. Now no one advocates the swamping of the House of Lords—this very book has gone far to show the impolicy of such an expedient: but the unconscious progress of the movement has done more than all our reasonings. I oppose it, because it is not a wise reform; the multitude, because it is not reform sufficient.

“ You talk,” said one of the most enlightened of the ministers to a friend of mine, “ you talk of our fear of a collision with the Lords if we should be very popular in our measures. Faith! in that case we should be equally afraid of a collision with the Commons. Look at the scatterlings of the Mountain Bench; run your eye over Mr. Hume’s divisions; count the number of Radicals in Parliament, and confess that we have *not* a House of Commons prepared to receive with joy any *very* popular propositions.”* In the next election, it is true that you might pledge your representatives; but I think you have seen enough of pledges. Do you know an excellent pair of caricatures called “ Before and After?” In the first caricature the lover is all ardour, in the second he is all frigidity. For a lover read a member—members’ pledges are like lovers’ oaths—possession destroys their value!

I beseech you, then, to pause well and long before you swell the cry for new peers, or before you are cajoled into believing that to strengthen Lord Grey’s ministry is the best mode of weakening an aristocratic domination.

A second mode of dealing with the House of Lords has occurred to some bold speculators—they propose not to swamp it, but to wash it away altogether. Mighty well! What would be the consequence? Why, you would have all the Lords taking their seats in the House of Commons. You would have no popular assembly at all; you would transfer the Wellingtons, and the Winchelseas, and the Northumberlands, and the Exeters, and the Newcastles, to the Lower House, as the representatives of yourselves. Their immense properties would easily secure their return, to the exclusion of poorer, but more popular men, for the divided counties in which those properties are situated; and all you would effect by destroying the existence of one chamber, would be a creation of a Tory majority in the other.

It was this which the sagacious mind of the Duke of Wellington foresaw, when he declared—as he is reported to have done in private†—that he would rather the House of Lords were destroyed than swamped; and that in the former case he should be more powerful as Mr. Wellesley, than in the latter as the Duke of Wellington.

Trust me then, neither of these modes of treating the Lords will be found to our advantage: a third mode might be devised—but I think we are not yet prepared for it, viz.—the creation of an elective, not an hereditary senate, which might be an aristocracy in the true sense of

* This was perfectly true of the Parliament chosen immediately after the Reform Bill. The Liberals were then more numerous, but less *liberal* than now. Liberalism in the House of Commons has lost in quantity to increase in quality.

† The same observation is attributed to another nobleman of a mind equally acute as that of the Duke of Wellington—and far more highly accomplished and richly stored—I mean the Marquess of Hertford.

the word—that is, an assembly of the best men—the selected of the country—selected from the honest as the rich, the intelligent as the ignorant—in which property would cease to be the necessary title, and virtue and knowledge might advance claims equally allowed. But I say no more on this point. For nothing could give rise or dignity to such an assembly, but that enlightened opinion among ourselves which legislation alone cannot effect!

CHAPTER V.

A Reformed Code of Opinion the best method of reforming the great Errors of the Legislation.

It appears then, upon the whole, that the only safe, practical, and uncharlatanic resistance you can offer to the influences which are so pernicious, is in a thorough understanding of the extent and nature of those influences—in a perpetual and consistent jealousy of their increase—in wise, unceasing, but gradual measures for their diminution. You have observed that the worst part of these influences is in a *moral* influence. This you can counteract by a *new* moral standard of opinion—once accustom yourselves to think that

“ Rank is but the guinea stamp,
The man 's the gowd for a' that; ”

once learn to detach respectability from acres and rent-rolls—once learn indifference for fashion and fine people; for the “whereabouts” of lords and ladies; for the orations of men boasting of the virtue of making money; once learn to prize at their full worth—a high integrity and a lofty intellect—once find yourselves running to gaze, not on foreign Princes and Lord Mayors' coaches, but on those who elevate, benefit, and instruct you, and you will behold a new influence pushing its leaves and blossoms from amidst the dead corruption of the old. To counteract a bad moral influence, never let us omit to repeat that you must create a good moral influence. Reformed opinion precedes reformed legislation. Now is the day for writers and advisers; *they* prepare the path for true lawgivers; they are the pioneers of good: no reform is final, save the reform of mind. Hence it is that I have written this book, instead of devoting the same time, like our philosopherling Mr. Snap, to the compilation of a score or two of speeches. The speeches would perish in a week; but the subject of this book must

make it live, till its end be fulfilled. Others, with greater effect, because with higher genius, will follow in my track—"Je serais la mouche du coche, qui se passera bien de mon bourdonnement. Il va, mes chers amis—et ne cesse d'aller. Si sa marche nous paraît lent, c'est que nous vivons un instant. Mais que de chemin il a fait depuis cinq ou six siècles! A cette heure, en pleine roulant, rien ne le peut plus arrêter."*

CHAPTER VI.

THE STATE OF PARTIES.

The Tories; they are not extinct.—Two great Divisions among them.—Sir Robert Peel described.—His very Merits displease one Division of this Party.—That Division characterised.—The Ultra Radicals.—The Ministerial Party.—Unity necessary to Government.—The advantage of a new National Party.

HAVING defined, through the mists of political delusion, the outline of the hostile and the friendly encampments—having ascertained what powers we shall attack and what defend, let us approach somewhat closer to the actual field, and examine the state of those contending parties, who, not sharing our views, nor actuated by our motives, fight without knowing wherefore or for what end, save, perhaps, that to the vulgar mass of the soldiery there is some guiding and consolatory recollection that plunder is the perquisite of conquest.

THE STATE OF PARTIES : it is an interesting survey, and you, my dear friends, ought to think it peculiarly interesting ; for, as formerly men burnt each other out of pure affection for God, so now they all attack each other like furies for no other motive in the world than that of a disinterested attachment to the People. Heaven grant that you may be better served by *your* fanatics than our good Maker has been by his !

Don't believe the coat-holders, my friends, when they tell you with so assured an air that the Tories, as a party, are extinct. They are *not* extinct; the spirit of Toryism never dies. "You may kill men," said a French friend of yours once, and the saying is full of the pith of that wit which is another word for truth, "you may kill men, but you cannot kill things." The Tories in a year or two hence will perhaps be as formidable as ever. It is true that Wetherell may wander seatless; it is true that Croker's sarcastic lip may no longer lavish compliments on

* Pamphlet des Pamphlets.

† Volney.

the treasury benches ; it is true that Gatton is a Ghost, and old Sarum a tradition ; but, my dear friends, till the future itself is no more, the past will have its bigoted defenders, and the world will be in no want of a Wetherell. And what though Gatton be defunct ? Trust, me the corruption of a Norwich will engender the same fungus that sprouted forth from the rottenness of Gatton. But the Tories, even as a body of men so known and termed, are not extinct ; they have a majority in the Lords, and in the Commons they are at least three times as numerous as the ultra radicals. Take the Tories at the lowest, there are a hundred and fifty of them in your own assembly : take the ultra Radicals at the highest, and you cannot number above fifty. Better, therefore, might you say, that the Radicals were extinct, than that the Tories were extinct. The last, I grant you, seem lethargic enough at present ; but like the hare, they sleep with their eyes open, and, like the snake, they are hoarding venom.*

But the main feature of all parties at this moment is, that in every party there are divisions. The Tories are weakened by bitter though unacknowledged schisms among themselves : in the Commons they fall into two main bands, the one following Sir Robert Peel, the other regarding him with suspicion, and half disposed to revolt from his side. "The following" of Sir Robert Peel are composed of men of a certain semi-enlightenment, of moderate passions, and a regard for peace above all things : they would rather retain the ministers than discard them ; they have no desire for perilous experiments of Tory rule ; they have a horror of revolution, and possess more of the timorous prudence of merchants than the haughty courage of aristocrats. Whatever is Tory among the "more respectable" of the metropolitan population—the bankers, the traders, the men who deem it a virtue in their fathers to make money by cotton-spinning—all these are with Sir Robert Peel : they extol his discretion and confide in his judgment. And, in truth, Sir Robert Peel is a remarkable man—confessedly a *puissance* in himself—confessedly the leading member of the representative, yes, even of your reformed assembly : he is worth our stopping in our progress for a moment in order to criticise his merits.

It is a current mistake in the provinces to suppose that Sir Robert Peel is rather sensible than eloquent. If to persuade, to bias, to soothe, to command the feelings, the taste, the opinions of an audience, often diametrically opposed to his views—if *this* be eloquence, which I, a plain man, take it to be, then Sir Robert Peel is among the most eloquent of men. I am not one of those who think highly of the art of oratory : I laugh at the judgment of such as rank its successful cultivation among the great efforts of mind : it depends mainly upon physical

* When this work first appeared, this prophecy was sacred at and disbelieved. Two years have sufficed to prove its truth.

advantages and a combination of theatrical tricks ; a man may therefore have but ordinary intellectual powers, and yet be exceedingly eloquent in a popular assembly ; nay, we need only analyze calmly the speeches which have delighted an audience, to be aware of their ordinary lack of all eminently intellectual qualifications. That sentence which reads to you so tame, was made emphatic by the most dexterous pronunciation—that sarcasm which seems to you so poor, took all its venom from the most significant smile—that fallacy which strikes you as so palpable, seemed candour itself by the open air of sincerity with which it was delivered. Pronunciation, smile, air ! They are excellent qualities in an orator, but may they not be achieved without any wondrous depth of the reason, or any prodigious sublimity of the imagination ? I am speaking, therefore, in admiration of Sir Robert Peel's eloquence, and not of his mind ; though even in the latter he excels the capacity of orators in general.

Physical advantages are one component of successful oratory ; these Sir Robert Peel possesses—a most musical voice—a tall and stately person—a natural happiness of delivery, which, though not wholly void of some displeasing peculiarities, is more than ordinarily commanding and impressive. A combination of theatrical tricks is another component of successful oratory, and this also Sir Robert Peel has most dexterously acquired ; by a wave of the hand, by a bow across the table, by an expression of lip, by a frankness of mein, he can give force, energy, wit, or nobility—to nothings ! Oratory is an art—he is an elaborate artist. In the higher qualities of mind, he must be considered a man of remarkable accomplishments. With a wide range of ornamental, he combines a vast hoard of practical knowledge ; he is equally successful in a speech on the broadest principle, or on the narrowest detail. He has equally the information of a man of letters, and of a man of business. He is not philosophical, but he skims the surface of philosophy ; he is as philosophical as the House will bear an *effective* orator to be. He is not poetical, but he can command the embellishments of poetry, and suits an assembly which applauds elegance but recoils from imagination. In his deficiencies, therefore—if we note the limit of the mind—we acknowledge the skill of the artist—he employs every tool necessary to his work, and no man with more happy effect. To his skill as an orator, he adds certain rare qualities as a leader ; he has little daring, it is true, but he has astonishing tact—he never jeopardizes a party by any rash untowardness of phrase—he is free from the indiscretion habitual to an orator. Another eminent characteristic of his mind is accuracy. I do not remember ever to have heard him misstate a fact,* and I have heard

* But he often replies to an *argument* by misstating it. He is accurate in his own facts, but disingenuous in his reply to the facts advanced by another.

almost every other public speaker misstate a hundred facts. It is probably this constitution of mind which gifts him with his faculty for business. Assuredly no man who, in times of wide and daring speculation, pertinaciously resolved to narrow his circle and be

“Content to live in decencies for ever,”

has been able to invest the existence with more dignity, and to hide with a better effect the limited circumference of his range. There seems to me little doubt but that this accomplished statesman is enthralled and hampered by the early ties which it is now and henceforth impossible for him, without worldly dishonour to break. His mind evidently goes beyond the tether of his companions—his arguments are not theirs—to illiberal conclusions he mostly applies liberal reasonings. He describes his narrow circles with compasses disproportionately large, and seems always to act upon Mirabeau's,—“*La politique doit raisonner même sur des suppositions auxquelles elle ne croit pas.*” It is one of the phenomena of our aristocratic customs, that a man especially marked out by birth and circumstances to be the leader of the popular, should be the defender of the oligarchical party. Sprung from the people, he identifies himself with the patriots. His pure and cold moral character, untinged by the vices, unseduced by the pursuits of an aristocracy, seems to ally him naturally to the decorous respectabilities of the great middle class to which his connexions attach him; and even ambition might suggest that his wealth would have made him the first of the one class, though it elevates him to no distinction in the other. Had he placed himself in his natural position among the ranks of the people, he would have been undeniably what he now just fails of being—**A GREAT MAN**. He would not have been Secretary for Ireland at so early an age, but he would now have been prime minister, or what is a higher position, the leader and centre of the moral power of England. As it is, he has knit himself to a cause which requires passion in its defenders, and is regarded with suspicion by his allies, because he supports it with discretion.

You observe then, my friends, that his good qualities themselves displease and disgust a large body of the Tories, and they would adhere to him more zealously if he were more less scrupulous in his politics. For you will readily perceive that, by the more haughty, vehement, and aristocratic of the Tories, *the Whigs can never be forgiven!* Those who possessed boroughs, consider themselves robbed of their property: those who *zealously* loved the late form of government, deem themselves defrauded of a Constitution. Thus insulted self-interest in some, and even a wounded patriotism in others, carry the animosities of party into the obstinacy of revenge. This division of the Tories care little for your threats of rebellion or fears of reve-

lution; they are willing to hazard any experiment, so discontented are they with the Present. As the more prudent Tories are chiefly connected with the trading interest, so the more daring Tories are mainly connected with the agricultural; they rely on their numerous tenantry, on their strongholds of clanship and rustic connexions, with a confidence which makes them shrink little from even an armed collision with the people. Claiming amongst them many of that old indomitable band of high-born gentry—the true chivalric *noblesse* of the country, (for to mere titles there are no ancestral recollections, but blood can bequeath warlike and exciting traditions,) they are stimulated by the very apprehensions which disarm the traders. They are instinct with the Blackwood spirit of resistance; and in that perverted attachment to freedom, which belongs to an aristocracy, they deem it equally servile to obey a people they despise, as to succumb to a ministry they abhor. And of these, many are convinced, surrounded as they are in their visits to their estates by admiring subordinates, that their cause is less unpopular and more powerful in mere numerical force than it is represented. How can a Chandos, the idol of his county, full of courage and of pride, equally respected and beloved by the great agricultural body he represents,—how can *he* believe you when you tell him that the Tories are hated?—how can he listen with patience to the lukewarm concessions of Sir Robert Peel?—to the threats of the journalists?—and to the assertion of the Whigs, that order and society itself rest solely on their continuance in office? It is this party that Sir Robert Peel must perpetually disgust. Willing to hazard all things to turn out the ministry, they must naturally divide themselves from a leader who is willing to concede many things to keep the ministry in power.

Such is the aspect of the once united and solid Tory party,—such the character of its two great divisions, between which the demarcation becomes daily more visible and wide.

Turn your eyes now to the ultra Radicals: what a motley, confused, jarring miscellany of irreconcilable theorists! Do two of them think alike? What connexion is there between the consistent Warburton and the contradictory Cobbett? What harmony betwixt the French philosophy of this man, and the English prejudices of that? here all is paper-money and passion, there all frigidity and fundholding. Each man, ensconced in his own crotchets, is jealous of the crotchets of the other. Each man is mad for popularity, and restless for position. Vainly would you hope to consolidate a great national party that shall embrace all these discordant materials; the best we can do is to incorporate the more reasonable, and leave the rest as isolated skirmishers, who are rather useful to harass your enemy, than to unite with your friends. For do not believe that all who call themselves your friends

are so in reality; never cease to recollect poor Strap and the runaway coat-holder!

Turn next to the great Grey party, with its body of gold and its feet of clay; what a magical chemistry is there not in a treasury bench! What scattered particles can it not conglomerate! What antipathetic opposites does it not combine! I have read in a quack's advertisement that gold may be made the most powerful of cements—I look to the ministry and I believe it! The supporters are worthy of the cabinet; they are equally various and equally consolidated; they shift with the ministers in every turn; bow, bend, and twist with every government involution—to-day they repeal a tax, to-morrow restore it; now they insist on a clause in the Irish Tithe Bill, as containing its best principle—and now they erase it, as incontestably the most obnoxious; they reflect on the placid stream of their serene subservience every shadow in the April heaven of ministerial supremacy. But we shall find on a more investigating observation, that by the very loyalty of their followers, the Grey ministers are injuring themselves, "*they are dragging their friends through the mire,*" they are directing against them the wrath of their constituents*—they are attracting to every sinuosity of creeping complaisance, the indignation and contempt of the country; in one homely sentence, *they are endangering the return of their present majority to the next Parliament!* That a Whig majority of one sort or another will be for some years returned by the operations of the Reform Bill, I have before said that I cannot doubt; but the next majority will be less vast and less confiding than the present! The great failing of the ministers is want of unity,—the Reform Bill united them, and during its progress they were strong; the Reform Bill passed, they had no longer a rallying point; they seem divided in opinion upon everything else—nay, they allow the misfortune. What mysterious hints do you not hear from every minister that he is not of the same mind as his brethren? Did not Mr. Stanley declare the other night, that on the principle of rendering church property at the disposal of Parliament, he would be disposed to divide on one side, and some of his companions on the other? On what an important question are these declared divisions! †

This want of unity betrays itself in all manner of oscillations, the most ludicrous and undignified! Now the ministerial pendulum

* There can be no doubt that it was in a great measure the very devotion of the ministerial majority of the Commons to Lord Grey in the first Reformed Parliament, that expelled so many of the Grey party in the Parliament that succeeded. Very few of the Radicals lost their seats.

† Note to Third Edition.

And now, in correcting the third edition of this work, this very principle has ejected Mr. Stanley from the Cabinet. Again, the Cabinet is in danger—it is dissolved—Lord Grey has retired—it is remodelled—and certainly not without wis-

touches the Mountain Bench ; now it vibrates to the crimson seat of his Grace of Wellington. Planning and counter-planning, bowing and explaining, saying and unsaying, bullying to-day and cringing to-morrow, behold the melancholy policy of men who clumsily attempt what Machiavel has termed the finest masterpiece in political science, viz. " to content the people, and to manage the nobles."

Pressed by a crowd of jealous and hostile suitors, the only resource of our political Penelopes is in the web that they weave to conciliate each, and unravel in order to baffle all ! My friends, as long as a government lacks unity, believe me it will be ever weak in good, and adherent to mischief. A man must move both legs in order to advance ; if one leg stands still, he may flourish with the other to all eternity without stirring a step. We must therefore see if we cannot contrive to impart unity to the government, should we desire really to progress. How shall we effect this object ? It seems to me that we might reasonably hope to effect it in the formation of a new, strong, enlightened, and rational party, on which the Government, in order to retain office, must lean for support. If we could make the ministers as afraid of the House of Commons as they are of the House of Peers, you have no notion how mightily we should brighten their wits and spirit up their measures !

But the most singular infatuation in the present Parliament is, that while ministers are thus daily vacillating from every point in the compass, we are eternally told that we must place unlimited confidence in them. My good friends, is it not only in something firm, steady, and consistent, that any man ever places confidence ?—you cannot confide in a vessel that has no rudder, and which one wind drives out of sight and another wind as suddenly beats back into port. I dare say the ministers are very honest men, I will make no doubt of it. God forbid that I should ! I am trustful in human integrity, and I think honesty natural to mankind ; but political confidence is given to men not only in proportion to their own honesty, but also in proportion to the circumstances in which they are placed. An individual may repose trust where there is the inclination to fulfil engagement ; but the destinies of the people are too grave for such generous credulity. A nation ought only to place its trust where there is no *power* to violate the compact. The difference between confidence in a despotism, and confidence in a representative government, is this : in the former we hope everything from the virtues of our rulers ; in the latter, we

dom. It appears to promise indeed less individual talent, but more collective strength, it *promises union*.

Note to Fourth Edition.

It promised union, and has fulfilled the promise. The faults of Lord Grey's government are not those of Lord Melbourne's.

would leave nothing we can avoid leaving, to the chance of their errors.

This large demand upon our confidence in men who are never two days the same, is not reasonable or just. *You* have lost that confidence; why should your representatives sacrifice everything to a shadow, which, like Peter Schemil's, is divorced from its bodily substance—yourselves?

CHAPTER VII

A PICTURE OF THE FIRST REFORMED HOUSE OF COMMONS.

IT seems, then, that an independent party ought to be formed strong enough in numbers and in public opinion, to compel the ministers to a firm, a consistent, a liberal, and an independent policy. If so compelled, the Government would acquire unity of course, for those of their present comrades who shrank from that policy which, seemingly the most bold, is in troubled times really the most prudent, would naturally fall off as the policy was pursued. But does the present House of Commons contain the materials for the formation of such a party? I think that we have reason to hope that it may, there are little less than a hundred members of liberal opinions, yet neither tamely Whig nor fiercely Radical, a proportion of whom are already agreed as to the expediency of such a party, and upon the immediate principles it should attempt to promote. At the early commencement of the first session of the Reform Parliament such a party ought to have formed itself at once. But to the very name of Party, many had a superstitious objection. Others expected more from the Government than the Government has granted. Some asked who was to be leader; and some thought it a plan that might be *disagreeable to the feelings of Lord Althorp*.

“Rusticus expectat dum defluat annis.”

The stream of time has flowed on, and Rusticus, perhaps, thinks it advisable to wait no longer. As a theory, I dislike the formation of parties. I will show you, my good friends, why, if you wish that independent men shall be useful men, a party at this moment is necessary in practice.

Just walk with me into the House of Commons—there! mount those benches; you are under the Speaker's gallery. The debate is

of importance—it is six o'clock—the debate has begun—it goes on very smoothly for an hour or two, during which time most of the members are at dinner, and half the remaining members are asleep. Aware of the advantage of seizing this happy season of tranquillity, some experienced prozers have got the ball of debate in their own hands; they mumble, and paw, and toss it about, till near ten o'clock. The House has become full; you resettle yourselves in your seats, you fancy *now* the debate will begin in earnest; those gentlemen who have just entered will give new life to the discussion. They are not tired with the prosing *you* have heard—they come fresh to the field, prepared to listen and applaud. Alas, you are much mistaken! these gentlemen do not come to improve the debate, but to put an end to it as soon as they possibly can. They cluster round the bar in a gloomy galaxy;—like the stars, “they have neither speech nor language, but their voices are heard among them.” Hark! a low murmur of “question;” it creeps, it gathers, and now—a cough!—fatal sound!—a general attack of phthisis seizes upon the House. All the pulmonary diseases of pathology seem suddenly let loose on the unfortunate senators: wheezing and sneezing, and puffing and grunting, till at last the ripening symphony swells into one mighty diapason of simultaneous *groans*! You would think the whole assembly smitten with the plague. Sounds so mournful, so agonizing, so inhuman, and so ghastly, were never heard before! Now and then a solemn voice proclaims “order;” a momentary silence succeeds, and then, with a tumultuous reaction, rush once more from nook to nook the unutterable varieties of discord;

“Venti velut agmine facto,
Quà data porta, ruunt, et terras turbine perfiant.”

But who is the intrepid and patient member, whom at short and dreary intervals you hear threading with wearied voice the atmospheric labyrinth of noise? My good friends, it is an independent member, *he has no party to back him!* Exhausted and vanquished, the orator drops at length. Up starts a Tory, dull, slow, and pompous; the clamour recommences, it is stopped short by indignant cries of “hear, hear!” the sound of “order” grows stern and commanding.

“Rex Æolus antro
Luctantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras
Imperio premit.”

Minister and Tory look round, and by meaning looks enjoin attention from their followers “for an *old* member of *such* respectability!” The noisier of the Æolian group escape in sullen silence through the side doors.

"Unâ Eurâsque Notasque ruunt, creberque procellis
Africa.".

And for the next half hour the Tory orator, with uninterrupted authority, "vexes the dull ears of the drowsy men." To him succeeds a Whig, perhaps a Minister; the same silence, and the same security of prosing. Mark, my friends, both these gentlemen had a party at their backs!

I assure you that I am a very impartial witness on these facts, and write not at all sorely; for, being very well contented to be silent, save when I have anything to say, I speak but seldom, as becomes a young member—and at the early part of the evening, among the prosers, as becomes a modest one. It has never therefore been my lot to fall a victim to that ferocity of dissonance which I have attempted to describe. But members more anxious to display their eloquence than I am, have been made so sensible of the impossibility of addressing the House often, without any party to appeal to from the uproarious decisions of the bar, that I believe this cause, more than any other, has driven speech-loving gentlemen into the idea of forming an independent national party. A second reason that has, no doubt, had its weight with them is this: if a member, unsupported by others, bring forward any motion that he considers of importance, he is accused of preventing the business of the night,* and uprises my Lord Althorp, and benevolently puts it to him, whether he will persevere in his motion "against the general sense of the House?" Whereupon the Whigs open their mouths, and emit a considerable cheer. Perhaps the member, if he be a very bold fellow, perseveringly proceeds, the House being excessively thin and excessively sulky. He sits down, the minister rises, and shuffles the whole question out of discussion, by observing that the honourable gentleman has brought it forward at a time so obviously unfavourable, that, without giving a negative to the principle, he shall think it (*totidem verbis*) his duty to throw as much cold water upon it as he possibly can. The minister having thus discharged his bucket, every Whig member adds a thimbleful; the cry of question commences by *cock-crow*, and the motion is washed out of the House as fast and as fearfully as if it were poison!

No wonder, my dear friends, that you have been complaining of silence and want of energy in your independent members; they must have been stubborn spirits indeed, the very Molochs of Manhood, to resist such discouraging chills, and such powerful combinations. Depend

* In order to expedite business, it is a party custom to count out the House on an independent member's motion, and so lose a night to the nation. The other day, six gentlemen put off their motions one after another, in order "not to take up the time of the House at so late a period of the session." When all these had thus resigned their right in favour of ministers, what did the House do?—proceed with the ministerial business? No, it adjourned till the next day!

upon it, that so far as energy and talk are concerned, the independent members will not displease you, if they once resolve to unite. For my part, I have great hopes, should this party be ever properly formed, that the stream will work itself tolerably clear from the muddiness of its source, and that your Reformed Parliament, which disappoints you now, will in a year or two sufficiently content you.

CHAPTER VIII.

Who should compose this Party, and what should be its objects.—The advantage and necessity of strong government.—Only to be obtained by the policy of merging People and Government in the name of *State*.—The difference between the People and the Public.—Obstacles to the formation of a National Party in the perils that threaten the Country.

AND what manner of men will they be who shall compose this national party?—My friends, they cannot be the aristocrats. The aristocracy on either side are pledged to old and acknowledged factions, one part to the Tories, another to the Whigs: the party to which I refer must necessarily consist chiefly of new members, and of men wedded to no hereditary affections. So far so well; and what objects will they embrace?—That is more than I can pretend to affirm; but I know what objects they *ought* to embrace.

In the first place, you may remember that in a previous section I observed, that of late years the intellectual spirit of the time has merged in the political spirit; so, still more lately, the political has merged in the economical—you only think at present of what you can save. Well, then, a party that shall obtain your opinion and represent your wishes, must consider economy before all things; not looking to niggard and miserly retrenchments alone, not converting themselves into save-alls of candle-ends and graters of cheese-parings; but advocating a vigorous and large retrenchment, extending from the highest department of state to the lowest. Never mind what the ministers tell us, when they say they have done their possible and can retrench no more. So said the Canning administration; and yet the Duke of Wellington retrenched some millions. So said the Duke of Wellington after his retrenchment; and yet the Whigs have retrenched a few millions more. So say the Whigs now; I fancy, if we look sharp, and press them hard, that we shall again find some snug *terra incognita* in the map of economy—the whole of that chart is far from being thoroughly explored. Retrenchment should be the first object of this party,—a retrenchment that shall permit the repeal of the most oppressive of the taxes, the assessed taxes,

the malt-tax, the stamp duty on political knowledge. I say boldly **RETRENCHMENT**; for, between you and me, my friends, I have little faith in the virtue of any commutation of taxes. I have studied the intricacies of our finance, I have examined the financial systems of other countries, and I cannot discover any very large *fiscal* benefit as the probable result of new combinations of taxation. I own to you that I think you are inclined to over-rate the merits of a property-tax; depend upon it that, before such a tax existed three years, you would be as loud for its repeal as you are now for the repeal of the house and window taxes; *they* are property-taxes,—of a less just nature, I grant, on the one hand, but of a less onerous and inquisitorial nature on the other:—an immense national debt renders direct taxation a dangerous experiment. No; I should vote for a property-tax, in lieu of other taxes, merely as a temporary expedient—as an expedient that would allow us time to breathe, to look round, to note well what retrenchments we can effect. In a year or two the retrenchments already made will come more into sensible operation; in a year or two, if your minds were made easy on your affairs, quiet and hope would increase our trade, and therefore our revenue; in a year or two new savings could be effected, and the property-tax, if imposed, be swept away: this is the sole benefit I anticipate from its imposition. I am for bold and rigid economy, not for its own sake alone, but because I believe, my friends, that, until you get this cursed money-saving out of your heads, until you are sensible that you are fairly treated, and can look at something else than your pockets, you will not be disposed to examine into higher and better principles of government than its mere cheapness. In vain pleads the head till the stomach is satisfied; in vain shall we entreat you to regard your intellectual and moral advancement, till we set at rest your anxiety not to be ruined.

Economy, then, should be the first principle of such a party; but not at that point should its duties be limited. It is from a profound knowledge of the character of the people to whom legislation is to be applied, that statesmen should legislate. I have said, in my first book, that the main feature of your character is industry; industry, therefore, should be supported and encouraged. I have said next, that the *present* disposition of the aristocratic influence weakens and degrades you; that disposition should be corrected and refined. I have said, thirdly, that a monarchy is your best preservative from entire deliverance to the domination of brute wealth and oligarchical ascendancy; the monarchy should be strengthened and confirmed. I have said, again, that an established Church preserves you from fanaticism and the worst effects of your constitutional gloom: an established Church should be jealously preserved; mark me, its preservation does not forbid—no, it necessitates—its reform. I have

said that a material and sordid standard of opinion has formed itself in the heart of your commercial tendencies; and this standard, by organized education, by encouragement to that national spirit which itself gives encouragement to literature, to science, and to art,—by a noble and liberal genius of legislation, we ought to purify and to exalt. This last object neither Whig nor Tory has ever dreamt of effecting. These are the main objects which your national party should have in view. A more vast and a more general object, to which, I fear, no party is yet prepared to apply itself, seems to me to be this,—to merge the names of People and of Government, to unite them both in the word STATE. Wherever you see a good and a salutary constitution, *there* you see the great masses of the population wedded to and mingled with the state; there must be energy to ensure prompt and efficient legislation: energy exists not where unity is wanting. In Denmark and Prussia is the form of absolute monarchy; but nowhere are the people happier or more contented, because in those countries they are utterly amalgamated with the state—the state protects, and educates, and cherishes them all. In America you behold republicanism; but the state is equally firm as it is in Denmark or Prussia, the people equally attached to it, and equally bound up in its existence. In these opposite constitutions you behold equal energy, because equal unity. Ancient nations teach us the same truth: in Rome, in Athens, in Carthage, the people were strong and prosperous only while the people and the state were one. But away with ancient examples! let us come back to common sense. Can the mind surrender itself to its highest exertions when distracted by disquietude and discontent? The mind of one individual reflects the mind of a people, and happiness in either results from the consciousness of security;—but you are never secure while you are at variance with your government. In a well-ordered constitution, a constitution in harmony with its subjects, each citizen confounds himself with the state; he is proud that he belongs to it; the genius of the whole people enters into his soul; he is not one man only, he is inspired by the mighty force of the community; he feels the dignity of the nation in himself—he beholds himself in the dignity of the nation. To unite, then, the People and the Government, to prevent that jealousy and antagonism of power which we behold at present, each resisting each to their common weakness—to merge, in one word, both names in the name of State, we must first advance the popular principle to satisfy the people, and then prevent a conceding government by creating a directive one. At present, my friends, you only perceive the Government when it knocks at your door for taxes; you couple with its name the idea not of protection, but of extortion; but I would wish that you should see the Government educating your children, and encouraging your science, and amello-

rating the condition of your poor; I wish you to warm while you utter its very name, with a grateful and reverent sense of enlightenment and protection; I wish you to behold all your great Public Blessings repose beneath its shadow; I wish you to feel advancing towards that unceasing and incalculable amelioration which I firmly believe to be the common destiny of mankind, with a steady march and beneath a beloved banner; I wish that every act of a beneficent Reform should seem to you neither conceded nor extorted,—but as a pledge of a sacred and mutual love;—the legitimate offspring of one faithful and indissoluble union between the Power of a People and the Majesty of a State!

This is what I mean by a *directive* government; and a government so formed is always strong—strong not for evil, but for good. I know some imagine that a good government *should* be a weak government, and that the people should thus sway and mould it at their will. But you, the people, do *not* sway a feeble government—I should be delighted if you did; for the people are calm and reasoning, and have a profound sense of the universal interest. But you have a false likeness, my dear friends; a vile, hypocritical, noisy, swaggering fellow, that is usually taken for you, and whom the journalists invariably swear by,—a creature that is called “THE PUBLIC:” I know not a more pragmatical, conceited animal than this said PUBLIC. You are immortal, but the PUBLIC is the grub of a day; he floats on the mere surface of me; swallows down the falsest opinions; he spouts forth the noisiest fallacies; what he says one hour he unsays the next; he is a thing of whim and caprices, of follies and of frenzies. And it is this wrangling and shallow pretender, it is the Public, and not the People, that dictates to a feeble government!

You have been misled if you suppose a strong government is necessarily hostile to you: *coercive* governments are not *strong* ones: governments are never strong save when they suit the people, but a government truly strong would be efficient in good; it would curb arrogance as well as licentiousness. Government was strong when it carried your Reform Bill through the House of Lords; Government was weak when it sacrificed to the Lords the marrow of the Irish Tithe Bill. An united State, and a strong Government,—such should be the ulterior objects of a national party really wise and firmly honest. But the members of such a party should dismiss all petty ambition, all desire of office for themselves; they are not strong enough, for years they cannot be strong enough, without base and unnatural alliances, to nourish the hope of coming into power with the necessary effect. They should limit their endeavours to retain the best of the present Ministers in office, and to compel them to a consistent and generous policy. They should rather imitate the watch-dog, than aspire to the snug cottage of the shepherd.

This, my friends, is the outline of what, in my poor opinion, a national party *ought* to be; but I own to you, that when I look to the various component parts of such an association; when I reflect how difficult it must be to unite the scruples of some, and to curb the desires of others, I limit my present hopes to a very small portion of the benefit it could attain. It is for you to widen the sphere of that benefit by a vigilance towards its efforts, and an approbation of its courage. Should it remain unformed after all—should its elements jar prematurely—should it dissolve of itself—should it accomplish none of its objects; and, for want of some such ground of support to good Government, and of fear to bad, should each succeeding Ministry be compelled to a wavering and ambiguous policy,—I behold the most serious cause of apprehension and alarm. I look beyond the day; I see an immense expenditure, an impoverished middle class, an ignorant population, a huge debt, the very magnitude of which tempts to dishonesty; I behold a succession of hasty experiments and legislative quackeries—feuds between the agriculturist* and the fund-holder—“scrambles” at the national purse; tamperings with the currency, and hazardous commutations of taxes; till having run through all the nostrums which Ignorance can administer to the impatience of Disease, we shall come to that last dread operation, of which no man can anticipate the result!

CHAPTER THE LAST.

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY.

AND now, my dear friends, but little remains for me to say. Your welfare has ever been to me that object, which above all others has excited my ambition, and linked itself with my desires. From my boyhood to this hour, it is to the condition of great masses of men that my interest and my studies^e have been directed; it is for their amelioration and enlightenment that I have been a labourer and an enthusiast. Yes, I say, enthusiast!—for when a man is sincere, en-

* I firmly believe that if the National Debtor be ever in danger, the fatal attack will come less from the Radicals than the country gentlemen, who are jealous of the fund-holder, or crippled with mortgages. The day after the repeal of half the Malt Tax (leaving a large deficit in the Revenue) was carried, I asked one of its principal supporters (a popular and independent country gentleman), how he proposed to repair the deficit?—“By a tax of 2 per cent.” quoth he, “upon Master Fundholder!”—“And if that does not suffice?” asked I.—“Why, then, we must tax him 4 *per cent.*,” was the honest rejoinder! . . .

thusiasm warms him ; when useful, enthusiasm directs. Nothing can sustain our hopes for mankind, amidst their own suspicion of our motives and misconstruction of our aims,—amidst the mighty obstacles that oppose every one who struggles with Old Opinion,—and the innumerable mortifications, that are as the hostile winds of the soul, driving it back upon the haven of torpor and self-seeking ;—save that unconquerable and generous zeal which results from a hearty faith in our own honesty, and a steady conviction of that tendency and power **TO PROGRESS**, which the whole history, as well of Philosophy as of Civilisation, assures us to be the prerogative of our race ! If I have, in certain broad and determined opinions, separated myself from many of your false and many of your real friends ; if I have not followed the more popular leaders of the day against our ecclesiastical establishment, or against a monarchical constitution of government, it is not because I believe that any minor interests should be consulted before your own ; it is not because I see a sanctity in hereditary delusions, or in the solemn austerities of power ; it is not because I deny that in some conditions of society a republic may be the wisest government,* or because I maintain that where certain standards of moral opinion be created, an endowed establishment is necessary to the public virtue ; but it is, because I consider both Institutions subordinate to your welfare ; it is because I put aside the false mists and authorities of the past and regard diligently the aspect of the present ; it is because on the one hand I feel persuaded, viewing the tendencies which belong to our time, and the moral bias of the general feeling, which, while often seeming to oppose an aristocracy, inclines equally (in its opposition) to aristocratic fallacies, whether of wealth or of station, that your republic would *not* be a true and sound democracy, but the perpetuator of the worst influences which have operated on your character and your laws ;—and because, on the other hand, I dread that the effects of abolishing an endowed Church would be less visible in the reform of superstitions, than in the gloomy advances of fanaticism. If I err in these opinions, it is for your sake that I err ; if I am right, let us look with somewhat of prudent jealousy at the declamations and sarcasms which spring from a partial and limited survey of the large

* Were I, in this work, giving myself up to the speculative and conjectural philosophy of Politics, I should be quite willing to allow my conviction that, as yet, we have scarce passed the threshold of Legislative Science ; and that vast and organic changes will hereafter take place in the elements of Government and the social condition of the World. But I suspect that those changes will be favourable to the concentration, not of power, but of the executive *direction* of power, into the *fewest* possible hands ; as being at once energetic and responsible in proportion to such a concentration. I think *then* that the Representative System itself will not be found that admirable invention which it is now asserted to be. But these are distant theories, not adapted to this age, and must be reserved for the visions of the closet. He *now* is the most useful Politician, who grapples the closest with the time.

principles of practical polity ; a survey which confounds every unpopular action of a king with the question of a monarchy ; every failing of a priest, with the consideration of an establishment ; which to-day insinuates a republic, because the King dines with a Tory, and to-morrow denounces an establishment, because a bishop votes against the Whigs.* These are the cries of party, and have no right to response from the more deep and thoughtful sympathies of a nation. Believe me, once more, and once for all, if there be a pretender of whom the people should beware, it is that stage mummer—the Public !

Come what may in the jar and conflict of momentary interests, it is with the permanent and progressive interest of the people, that the humble writer who addresses you stands or falls, desiring indeed to proportion your power to your knowledge, but only because believing that all acquisitions of authority, whether by prince or people, which exceed the capacity to preserve and the wisdom to direct, are brief and perilous gains ; lost as soon as made ; tempting to crude speculations, and ending possibly in ruin. Every imprudence of the popular power is a step to despotism, as every excess of the oligarchical power is the advance of the democratic.

Farewell, my dear friends. We part upon the crisis of unconjecturable events.

“ From this shoal and sand of Time
We leap the life to come.”

Gladly indeed would I pass from dealings with the policy of the present, to the more tempting speculations upon the future ; but the sky is uncertain and overcast ; and as, my friends, you may observe on a clouded night, that the earth gathers no dew, even so it is not in these dim and unlighted hours that the prophetic thirst of Philosophy may attain to those heavenlier influences which result from a serener sky, and enable her to promise health and freshness to the aspect of the morrow.

* Whether or not the Bishops should have the privilege to vote in Parliament, is a question I shall not here attempt to decide. For the sake of removing the establishment itself from the perpetual danger of jarring, in its ostensible heads, against the opinions and passions of the people, the privation of that privilege might be desirable, and tend even to the preservation and popularity of the Church ; but I beseech the reader to mark that nothing can be more unjust than the present cry against “ the time-serving ” and “ servility ” of the episcopal bench ! What ! when for the first time the prelates have refused all dictation from the Government, have separated themselves wholly from ministerial temptation, have with obstinate fidelity clung fast to a falling party, which cannot for years longer than those which usually remain to men who have won to episcopal honours, be restored to permanent power !—what, now do you accuse them of time-serving and servility ! Alas ! it is exactly because they refuse to serve the time, exactly because they abjure servility to the dominant powers, that the public assail them.

APPENDIX A.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

Necessity of a Minister and Board of Instruction.—Education has been retarded by the Indiscretion of its Defenders.—Necessity of making Religion its Groundwork.—The Difficulties of differing Sects obviated.—Reference to Prussia.—The Expediency of incorporating Labour Schools with all Intellectual Schools.—Heads of a proposed National Education.—Schools for Teachers.—Evidence adduced of their Necessity and Advantage.—How shall the Schools be supported as to Funds?

In my remarks upon Popular Education, I endeavoured to show that it was not enough to found schools without prescribing also the outline of a real education—that a constant vigilance was necessary to preserve schools to the object of their endowment—to protect them from the abusive influences of Time, and to raise the tone and quality of education to that level on which alone it can be considered the producer of knowledge and of virtue. By the parallel of Prussia I attempted to convey a notion of the immense difference of education in that country, which makes education a *state* affair, and this country, in which, with equal zeal; and larger capital, it is left to the mercy of *individuals*. If, then, we are to have a general—an universal—education, let it be an education over which the government shall preside. I demand a Minister of Public Instruction, who shall be at the head of the department:—I demand this, 1st, Because such an appointment will give a moral weight and dignity to education itself; 2dly, Because we require to concentrate the responsibility in one person who shall be amenable to Parliament and the Public. He shall have a Council to assist him, and his and their constant vigilance and attention shall be devoted to the system over which they preside.

It is indeed true that we cannot transfer to this country the wholesale education of Prussia; in the latter it is compulsory on parents to send their children to school, or to prove that they educate them at home. A compulsory obligation of that nature would, at this time, be too stern for England; we must trust rather to moral than legislative compulsion. Fortunately so great a desire for education is springing up among all classes, that the government has only to prepare the machine in order to procure the supply. Every where the feeling is in favour of education, and only two apprehensions are enlisted against it; both of these apprehensions we must conciliate. The first is, lest in general instruction religion should be neglected; the second, lest in teaching the poor to think we should forget that they are born to labour. I say we ought to conciliate both these classes of the timid.

I am perfectly persuaded, that nothing has been more unfortunate for popular education in this country than the pertinacity with which one class have insisted on coupling it *solely* with the *Established* religion, and the alarming expedient of the other class in excluding religion altogether. With respect to the last, I shall not

here pause to enter into a theological discussion ; I shall not speak of the advantage or the disadvantage of strengthening moral ties by religious hopes ; or of establishing one fixed and certain standard of morals, which, containing all the broader principles, need not forbid the more complicated ;—a standard which shall keep us from wandering very far into the multiform theories and schisms in which the vagaries of mere speculative moralists have so often misled morality. On these advantages, if such they be, I will not now descant. I am writing as a legislator, desirous of obtaining a certain end, and I am searching for the means to obtain it. I wish, then, to establish an Universal Education. I look round ; I see the desire for it ; I see also the materials, but so scattered, so disorganized are those materials, so many difficulties of action are in the way of the desire, that I am naturally covetous of all the assistance I can obtain.* I see a vast, wealthy, and munificent clergy, not bent against education, but already anxious to diffuse it, already founding schools, already educating nearly 800,000 pupils ;—I look not only to them, but to the influence they command among their friends and flock ; I consider and balance the weight of their names and wealth, and the grave sanction of their evangelical authority. Shall I have these men and this power with me or against me? That is the question. On the one hand, if I can enlist them, I obtain a most efficient alliance ; on the other hand, if I enlist them, what are the disadvantages? If indeed they tell me that they will teach religion only, and that, but by the mere mechanical learning of certain lessons in the Bible—if they refuse to extend and strengthen a more general knowledge applicable to the daily purposes of life—such as I have described in the popular education of Prussia—*then*, indeed, I might be contented to dispense with their assistance. But *is* this the case? I do not believe it. I have conversed, I have corresponded with many of the clergy, who are attached to the cause of religious education, and no men have expressed themselves more anxious to combine with it all the secular and citizen instruction that we can desire. What is it, then, that they demand? What is the sacrifice

* I am happy in this opinion to fortify myself by the expression of a similar sentiment in M. Cousin, in which it is difficult to say whether we should admire most the eloquence, or the sagacity, or the common sense. I subjoin some extracts :

“The popular schools of a nation,” he says, in recommending the outline of a general education for France to M. Montalivet, “ought to be penetrated with the religious spirit of that nation. Is Christianity, or is it not, the religion of the people of France? We must allow that it is. Then, I ask, shall we respect the religion of the people, or shall we destroy it? If we undertake the destruction of Christianity, then, I own, we must take care not to teach it. But if we do not propose to ourselves that end, we must teach our children the faith which has civilized their parents, and the liberal spirit of which has prepared and sustains our great modern institutions. * * * Religion, in my eyes, is the best base of popular instruction. I know a little of Europe ; nowhere have I seen good schools for the people where the Christian charity was *not*. * * * In human societies there are some things for the accomplishment of which Virtue is necessary ; or, when speaking of the great masses, Religion ! Were you to lavish the treasures of the state, to tax parish and district, still you could not dispense with Christian charity ; or with that spirit of humbleness and self-restraint, of courageous resignation and modest dignity, which Christianity, well understood and well taught, can alone give to the instruction of the poor. * * * It would be necessary to call Religion to our aid, were it only a matter of finance.”

If M. Cousin, a philosopher, once persecuted by the priesthood, thus feels the practical necessity of enlisting religion on the side of education in France ; the necessity is far greater in England. For here Christianity is far more deeply rooted in the land ; here the church is a more wealthy friend or a more powerful foe ; here, too, the church is ready to befriend education—there, to resist it.

I must make in order to obtain their assistance? They demand that the Christian religion be constituted the foundation of instruction in a Christian country. You, the Philosopher, say, "I do not wish to prevent religion being taught; but to prevent the jar, and discord, and hindrance of religious differences, I wish to embrace all sects in one general plan of civil instruction; let religious instructions be given by the parents or guardians of the children according to their several persuasions."

I believe nothing can be more honest than the intentions of the philosopher; I know many most excellent Christians of the same way of thinking. But how, sir—I address the philosopher again—how can you for a moment accuse the clergy of the Established Church of intolerance in refusing to listen to your suggestion? How, in common duty, and common conscience, can they act otherwise? Reverse the case. Suppose the churchman said, "We will found a system for the education of the whole people, we will teach nothing but Religion in it, not one word of man's civil duties; not that we wish to prevent the pupil acquiring civil knowledge, but because we wish to avoid meddling with the jarring opinions as to what form of it shall be taught. Whatever civil knowledge the children shall possess, let their parents and guardians teach them out of school, according to their several theories."

Would the philosopher agree to this? No, indeed, nor I either. Why then should we ask a greater complaisance from the ecclesiastic? he cannot think, unless he be indeed a mercenary and a hypocrite, the very Swiss of religion—that religious knowledge is less necessary than civil instruction. He cannot believe that the understanding alone should be cultivated, and the soul forgotten. But in fact, if we were to attempt to found a wholesale national education, in which religious instruction were not a necessary and pervading principle, I doubt very much if public opinion would allow it to be established; and I am perfectly persuaded that it could not be rendered permanent and complete. In the first place, the clergy would be justly alarmed: they would redouble their own efforts to diffuse their own education. In a highly Christian country, they would obtain a marked preference for their establishments; a *certain taint and disrepute would be cast on the national system*: people would be afraid to send their children to the National Schools; the ecclesiastical schools would draw to themselves a vast proportion—I believe a vast majority—of children; and thus in effect the philosopher, by trying to sow unity would reap division; by trying to establish his own plan, he would weaken its best principle; and the care of education, instead of being *shared* by the clergy, would fall *almost entirely into their hands*. An education *purely ecclesiastical* would be in all probability bigoted, and deficient in civil and general instruction; the two orders ought to harmonize with, and watch over, and blend into each other. Another consequence of the separation in schools which would be effected by banishing Christian instruction from some, in order to give a monopoly of ecclesiastical instruction to others, would probably be not only to throw a taint upon the former schools, but also upon whatever *improvements in education* they might introduce. Civil instruction would be confused with *irreligious* instruction, and amended systems be regarded with fear and suspicion. For all these reasons, even on the ground and for the reasons of the philosopher, I insist on the necessity of making instruction in religion the harmonizing and uniting principle of all scholastic education.

But, how are we to escape from the great difficulty in the *unity of education*

produced by differing sects? In answer to this question, just observe how the government of Prussia, under similar circumstances, emancipates itself from the dilemma. "The difference of religion," says the Prussian law, "is not to be an obstacle in the form of a school society; but in forming such a society, you must have regard to the numerical proportion of the inhabitants of each faith; and as far as it can possibly be done, you shall conjoin with the principal master professing the religion of the majority—a second master of the faith of the minority."

Again: "The difference of religion in Christian schools, necessarily produces differences in religious instruction. That instruction shall be always appropriate to the doctrines and spirit of the creed for which the schools shall be ordained. But as in every school of a Christian state, the dominant spirit, and the one common to all sects, is a pious and deep veneration for God; so every school may be allowed to receive children of every Christian sect. The masters shall watch with the greatest care that no constraint and no undue proselytism be exercised. *Private* and especial masters, of whatever sect the pupil belongs to, shall be charged with his religious education. If, indeed, there be some places where it is *impossible* for the School Committee to procure an especial instructor for every sect; then, parents, if they are unwilling their children shall adopt the lessons of the prevailing creed of the school, are entreated themselves to undertake the task of giving them lessons in their own persuasion."

Such is the method by which the Prussian State harmonizes her system of Universal Education among various sects. That which Prussia can effect in this respect, why should not England? Let us accomplish our great task of Common Instruction, not by banishing all religion, but by *procuring* for every pupil instruction in his own. And in this large and catholic harmony of toleration, I do believe the great proportion of our divines and of our dissenters might, by a prudent Government,* be induced cheerfully to concur. For both are persuaded of the necessity of education, both are willing to sacrifice a few minor considerations to a common end, and, under the wide canopy of Christian faith, to secure, each to each, the maintenance of individual doctrines. I propose then, that *the State* shall establish Universal Education. I propose that it shall be founded on, and combined with, religious instruction. I remove, by the suggestion I have made, the apprehension of contending sects;—I proceed now to remove the apprehension of those who think that the children of the poor, if taught to be rational, may not be disposed to be industrious. I propose, that to all popular schools for intellectual instruction, labour or industry schools should be appended, or rather, that each school shall unite both objects. I propose, that at the schools for girls, (for in the system I recommend, both sexes shall be instructed,) the various branches and arts of female employment shall make a principal part of instruction; above all, that those habits of domestic management and activity in which (by all our Parliamentary reports) the poorer females of the manufacturing towns are grossly deficient, shall be carefully formed and inculcated. †

* One of the greatest benefits we derive from an intelligent and discreet government is in its power of conciliating opposing interests upon matters of detail or of *secondary* principles.

† Schools for girls in the poorer classes are equally important as those for boys. Note in Kay's account of Manchester, the slovenly improvidence of females in a manufacturing town; note in the Evidence on the poor-laws, the idleness, the open want of chastity, the

I propose (and this also is the case in Prussia) that every boy educated at the popular schools shall learn the simpler elements of agricultural and manual science, that he shall acquire the habit, the love, and the aptitude of work; that the first lesson in his moral code shall be that which teaches him to prize independence, and that he shall practically obey the rule of his catechism, and learn to get his own living.

Thus then, briefly to sum up, the heads of the National Education I would propose for England are these :

1st. It shall be the business of the state, confided to a Minister and a subordinate Board, who shall form in our various counties and parishes, committees with whom they shall correspond, who shall keep a vigilant eye on the general working, who shall not interfere vexatiously with peculiar details.—The different circumstances in different localities must be consulted, and local committees are the best judges as to the mode. I propose that the education be founded on religion; that one or more ministers of the Gospel be in every committee; that every sectarian pupil shall receive religious instruction from a priest of his own persuasion.

I propose that at every school for the poor, the art and habit of an industrious calling make a *necessary* part of education.

A report of the working, numbers, progress, etc. of the various schools in each county should be yearly published; so emulation is excited, and abuse prevented.

If the state prescribe a certain form of education, it need not prescribe the books or the system by which it shall be acquired.

To avoid alike the rashness of theories, and the unimprovable and lethargic adherence to blind custom, each schoolmaster desirous of teaching certain books, or of following peculiar systems such as those of Hamilton, Pestalozzi, &c. shall state his wish to the committee of the county, and obtain their consent to the experiment; they shall visit the school and observe its success: if it fail, they can have the right to prohibit; if it work well, they can have the power to recommend it. So will time, publicity, and experience have fair and wide scope in their natural result, viz. the progress to perfection.

But, above all things, to obtain a full and complete plan of education, there should be schools for teachers. The success of a school depends upon the talent of the master; the best system is lifeless if the soul of the preceptor fail. Each county, therefore, should establish its school for preceptors to the pupils; a preference shall be given to the preceptors chosen from them at any vacancies that occur in the popular schools for children. Here, they shall not only learn to know, but also learn to teach, two very distinct branches of instruction. Nothing so rare at present as competent teachers. Seminaries of this nature have been founded in most countries where the education of the people has become of importance.* In America, in Switzerland, lately in France, and especially in Germany, their success has everywhere been eminent and rapid. In Prussia M. Cousin devoted to the principal schools of this character, the most minute

vicious ignorance of a vast class of females everywhere. Mothers have often a greater moral effect upon children than the fathers; if the child is to be moral, provide for the morals of the mother.

* In England, also, certain *private* associations have tacitly confessed the expediency of such institutions.

personal attention. He gives of them a detailed and highly interesting description. He depicts the rigid and high morality* of conduct which makes a necessary and fundamental part of the education of those who are designed to educate others; and the elaborate manner in which they are taught the *practical science* of teaching. On quitting the school they undergo an examination both on religious and general knowledge; the examination is conducted by two clergymen of the faith of the pupil, and two laymen. If he pass the ordeal, the pupil receives a certificate, not only vouching for the capabilities and character of the destined teacher and his skill in practical tuition, but, annexing also an account of the *exact* course of studies he has undergone.

An institution of this nature cannot be too strongly insisted upon. † In vain shall we build schools if we lack competent tutors. Let me summon Mr. Crook, the Clerk of St. Clement's Parish, in a portion of the evidence on the Poor-laws, which as yet is *unpublished*. It gives an admirable picture of a schoolmaster for the poor.

“One master was employed in keeping an account of the beer, and it was found that he had not only got liquors supplied to himself by various publicans, and charged an equivalent amount of beer to the parish, but had received money regularly, and charged it under the head of beer. *It was believed that his scholars had been made agents in the negotiation of these matters!*”

So, in fact, the only thing the Pupils learnt from this excellent pedagogue was the rudiments of swindling!

The order of schools established should be :

1. Infant Schools. These are already numerous in England, but immeasurably below the number required. In Westminster alone, there are nearly 9000 children from two to six years old, fit for infant schools—there are only about 1000 provided with these institutions. Their advantage is not so much in actual education (vulgarly so called) as in withdrawing the children of the poor from bad example, obscene language, the neglect of parents who are busy, the contamination of those who are idle;—lastly, in economy. ‡

* The law even enjoins careful selection as to the town or neighbourhood in which the seminaries for teachers shall be placed; so that the pupils may not easily acquire from the inhabitants any habits contrary to the spirit of the moral and simple life for which they are intended.

† Insisted upon for the sake of religion as well as of knowledge. Hear the enlightened Cousin again: “The destined teachers of popular schools, without being at all Theologians, ought to have a clear and precise knowledge of Christianity, its history, its doctrines, and above all, its morals; without this, they might enter on their mission without being able to give any other religious instruction than the recitation of the catechism, a *most insufficient lecture* ;”—Perhaps the only, certainly the best, one our poor children receive. People seem, with us, to think the catechism every thing! they might as well say, the accident was every thing! the catechism is at most the accident of religion!

‡ On this head, read the following extract from the unpublished evidence of Mr. Smart of Bishopsgate :

“Do you find the Infant Schools serviceable in enabling the mothers of the working class to work more, and maintain themselves better?”

“That is my opinion. They are enabled to go out and work, when, if there were no such schools, they would be compelled to attend to their children, and would more frequently apply to the parish. I conclude this to be the case from the constant declarations of those mothers who have children, and are not able to send them to school. They say they must have assistance from the parish, on account of having to attend to their children. There

2. Primary or Universal Schools, to which Labour Schools should be attached, or which should rather combine the principle of both.

These schools might, as in Prussia, be divided into two classes, of a higher and lower grade of education; but at the onset, I think one compendious and common class of school would be amply sufficient, and more easily organized throughout the country.

3. Sunday Schools. Of these, almost a sufficient number are already established.

And, 4. Schools for teachers.

But how are such schools to be paid and supported? That difficulty seems to be obviated much more easily than our statesmen are pleased to suppose. In the first place, there are, in all, 450 endowed grammar-schools throughout England and Wales. The greater part of these, with large funds, are utterly useless to the public. I say at once and openly, that these schools, intended for the education of the people, ought to be applied to the education of the people—they are the moral property of the State, according to the broad intention of the founders.

Some persons have endeavoured to create embarrassments in adapting these schools to use, by insisting on a strict adherence to the exact line and mode of instruction specified by the endowers. A right and sound argument if the *principle* of the endower had been preserved. But *is* the principle preserved?—*is* knowledge taught?—If not, shall we suffer the principle to be lost, because we insist on rigidly preserving the details? Wherever time has introduced such abuses as have eaten and rusted away the use itself of the establishment, we have before us this option: Shall we preserve, or shall we disregard the main intention of the Donor—Education? If it be our duty to regard *that* before all things, it is a very minor consideration whether we shall preserve the exact details by which he desired his principle to be acted upon. Wherever these details are inapplicable, we are called upon to remodel them*—if this be our duty to the memory of the individual, what is our duty to the State? Are we to suffer the want of an omniscient providence in founders of Institutions two or three

are many of the families who reside out of the parish, at too great a distance for their infant children to come to their parish school."

"From the whole of your observations, do you consider the general establishment of infant and other schools a matter of economy, viewing their operation only with relation to the parish rules, and the progress of pauperism?"

"I have no doubt whatever of it, viz. that their effects are immediately economical merely in a pounds shillings and pence point of view, for I am convinced that, great as the account of pauperism now is, the claims upon the parish funds would be much greater, but for the operation of these schools. Ultimately their effects will be more considerable, preventing the extension of pauperism."

* The absurd injustice of those who insist on an exact adherence to the original form and stipulation of endowments when they prejudice the poor, is grossly apparent in their defence of a departure from, not only the form and detail, but even the spirit and principle of an endowment, where the rich are made the gainers. These gentlemen are they who defend the departure from the express law of schools that, like the Winchester and Charter-house foundations, were originated *solely* for the benefit of "poor and indigent scholars,"—a law so obviously clear in some foundations, that it imposes upon the scholar an actual oath that he does not possess in the world more than some petty sum—I forget the exact amount—but it is under six pounds. The scholar thus limited, probably now enjoys at least some two or three hundred a-year! If we insisted upon preserving the exact spirit of *this* law,—the original intention of the founders,—these gentlemen would be the first to raise a clamour at our injustice!

hundred years old to bind generation after generation to abused and vitiated systems? Is the laudable desire of a remote ancestor to perpetuate knowledge, to be made subservient to continuing ignorance? Supposing the Inquisition had existed in this country, if a man, believing in the necessity of supporting Religion, had left an endowment to the Inquisition, ought we rigidly to continue endowments to the Inquisition, by which Religion itself in the after-age suffered instead of prospering? The answer is clear—are there not Inquisitions in knowledge as in religion—are we to be chained to the errors of the middle ages? No—both to the state and to the endowment, our first duty is to preserve the end—knowledge. Our second duty, the result of the first, is, on the evidence of flagrant abuse, to adapt the means to the end.

The greater part of these grammar-schools may then be consolidated into the state system of education, and their funds, which I believe the vigilance of the state would double, appropriated to that end. Here is one source of revenue, and one great store of materials. In the next place, I believe that if religion were made a necessary part of education, the managers of the various schools now established by the zeal and piety of individuals would cheerfully consent to co-operate with the general spirit and system of the State Board of Education. In the third place, the impetus, and fashion, and moral principle of education once made general, it would not lack individual donations and endowments. M. Cousin complains that in France the clergy are hostile to popular education; happily with us we have no such ground of complaint. Fourthly, No schools should be entirely gratuitous—the spirit of independence cannot be too largely fostered throughout the country—the best charity is that which puts blessings within the reach of labour—the worst is that which affects to grant them without the necessity of labour at all. The rate of education should be as low as possible, but as a general system, *something* should be paid by the parents.* Whatever deficit might remain, it seems to me perfectly clear that the sources of revenue I have just specified would be more than amply sufficient to cover. Look at the schools already established in England—upon what a foundation we commence!

The only schools which it might be found necessary to maintain at the public charge, either by a small county rate, or by a parliamentary grant *yearly* afforded, † would be those for Teachers: the expense would be exceedingly trifling. One word more: the expense of education well administered is wonderfully small in comparison to its objects.

About 1,500,000 children are educated at the Sunday-schools in Great Britain at an expense of 2s. each per annum. In the Lancasterian system—the cheapest of all—(but if the experiment of applying it to the higher branches of education be successful, it may come to be the most general)—it is calculated that 1000 boys are educated at an expense not exceeding 300l. a year. Now suppose there are four millions of children in England and Wales to be educated (which, I apprehend, is about the proportion), the whole expense on that system would be only

* The system in the case of actual paupers might be departed from, but with great caution; and masters should be charged to take especial care that the children of paupers shall be taught the *habits* and *customs* of industry, as well as the advantages of independence.

† This might be advisable, for the sake of maintaining parliamentary vigilance, and attracting public opinion.

1,200,000l. a year I strongly suspect that if the funds of the various endowed grammar-schools were inquired into, they alone would exceed that sum: to say nothing of the sums paid by the parents to the schools.

So much for the state of popular education—for its improvement—for the outline of a general plan—for the removal of sectarian obstacles—for the provision of the necessary expenses. I do not apologize to the public, for the length to which I have gone on this vast and important subject—the most solemn—the most interesting that can occupy the mind of the patriot, the legislator, and the Christian. In the facts which I have been the instrument of adducing from the tried and practical system of Prussia—I think I do not flatter myself in hoping that I have added some of the most useful and instructive data to our present desire, and our present experience, of Practical Education.

APPENDIX B.

REMARKS ON BENTHAM'S PHILOSOPHY.

It is no light task to give an abridged view of the philosophical opinions of one, who attempted to place the vast subjects of morals and legislation upon a scientific basis: a mere outline is all that can be attempted.

The first principles of Mr. Bentham's philosophy are these;—that happiness, meaning by that term pleasure and exemption from pain, is the only thing desirable in itself; that all other things are desirable solely as means to that end: that the production, therefore, of the greatest possible happiness, is the only fit purpose of all human thought and action, and consequently of all morality and government; and moreover, that pleasure and pain are the sole agencies by which the conduct of mankind is in fact governed, whatever circumstances the individual may be placed in, and whether he is aware of it or not.

Mr. Bentham does not appear to have entered very deeply into the metaphysical grounds of these doctrines; he seems to have taken those grounds very much upon the showing of the metaphysicians who preceded him. The principle of utility, or, as he afterwards called it, "the greatest-happiness principle," stands no otherwise demonstrated in his writings, than by an enumeration of the phrases of a different description which have been commonly employed to denote the rule of life, and the rejection of them all, as having no intelligible meaning, further than as they may involve a tacit reference to considerations of utility. Such are the phrases "law of nature," "right reason," "natural rights," "moral sense." All these Mr. Bentham regarded as mere covers for dogmatism; excuses for setting up one's own *ipse dixit* as a rule to bind other people. "They consist, all of them,"

says he, "In so many contrivances for avoiding the obligation of appealing to any external standard, and for prevailing upon the reader to accept the author's sentiment or opinion as a reason for itself."

This, however, is not fair treatment of the believers in other moral principles than that of utility. All modes of speech are employed in an ignorant manner by ignorant people; but no one who had thought deeply and systematically enough to be entitled to the name of a philosopher, ever supposed that his *own* private sentiments of approbation and disapprobation must necessarily be well-founded, and needed not to be compared with any external standard. The answer of such persons to Mr. Bentham would be, that by an inductive and analytical examination of the human mind, they had satisfied themselves, that what we call our moral sentiments, (that is, the feelings of complacency and aversion we experience when we compare actions of our own or of other people with our standard of right and wrong,) are as much part of the original constitution of man's nature as the desire of happiness and the fear of suffering: That those sentiments do not indeed attach themselves to the same actions under all circumstances, but neither do they, in attaching themselves to actions, follow the law of utility, but certain other general laws, which are the same in all mankind naturally; though education or external circumstances may counteract them by creating artificial associations stronger than they. No proof indeed can be given that we ought to abide by these laws; but neither can any proof be given, that we ought to regulate our conduct by utility. All that can be said is, that the pursuit of happiness is natural to us; and so, it is contended, is the reverence for, and the inclination to square our actions by, certain general laws of morality.

Any one who is acquainted with the ethical doctrines either of the Reid and Stewart school, or of the German metaphysicians (not to go further back), knows that such would be the answer of those philosophers to Mr. Bentham; and it is an answer of which Mr. Bentham's writings furnish no sufficient refutation. For it is evident, that these views of the origin of moral distinctions are *not*, what he says all such views are, destitute of any precise and tangible meaning; nor chargeable with setting up as a standard the feelings of the particular person. They set up as a standard what are assumed (on grounds which are considered sufficient) to be the instinct of the species, or principles of our common nature as universal and inexplicable as instincts.

To pass judgment on these doctrines, belongs to a profounder and subtler metaphysics than Mr. Bentham possessed. I apprehend it will be the judgment of posterity, that in his views of what, in the felicitous expression of Hobbes, may be called *philosophia prima*, it has for the most part, when he was most completely in the right, been reserved for others to *prove* him so. The greatest of Mr. Bentham's defects, his insufficient knowledge and appreciation of the thoughts of other men, shows itself constantly in his grappling with some delusive shadow of an adversary's opinion, and leaving the actual substance unharmed.

After laying down the principle of Utility, Mr. Bentham is occupied through the most voluminous and the most permanently valuable part of his works, in constructing the outlines of practical ethics and legislation, and filling up some portions of the latter science (or rather art) in great detail; by the uniform and unflinching application of his own greatest-happiness principle, from which the emi-

nently consistent and systematic character of his intellect prevented him from ever swerving. In the writings of no philosopher, probably, are to be detected so few contradictions—so few instances of even momentary deviation from the principles he himself has laid down.

It is perhaps fortunate that Mr. Bentham devoted a much larger share of his time and labour to the subject of legislation, than to that of morals : for the mode in which he understood and applied the principle of Utility, appears to me far more conducive to the attainment of true and valuable results in the former, than in the latter of these two branches of inquiry. The recognition of happiness as the only thing desirable in itself, and of the production of the state of things most favourable to happiness as the only rational end both of morals and policy, by no means necessarily leads to the doctrine of expediency as professed by Paley; the ethical canon which judges of the morality of an act or a class of actions, solely by the probable *consequences* of that particular kind of act, supposing it to be generally practised. This is a very small part indeed of what a more enlarged understanding of the “greatest-happiness principle” would require us to take in to the account. A certain kind of action, as, for example, theft, or lying, would, if commonly practised, occasion certain evil consequences to society : but these evil consequences are far from constituting the entire moral bearings of the vices of theft or lying. We shall have a very imperfect view of the relation of those practices to the general happiness, if we suppose them to exist singly, and insulated. All acts suppose certain dispositions, and habits of mind and heart, which may be in themselves states of enjoyment or of wretchedness, and which must be fruitful in *other* consequences, besides those particular acts. No person can be a thief or a liar without being much else : and if our moral judgments and feelings with respect to a person convicted of either vice, were grounded solely upon the pernicious tendency of thieving and of lying, they would be partial and incomplete ; many considerations would be omitted, which are at least equally “germane to the matter :” many which, by leaving them out of our general views, we may indeed teach ourselves a habit of overlooking, but which it is impossible for any of us not to be influenced by, in particular cases, in proportion as they are forced upon our attention.

Now, the great fault I have to find with Mr. Bentham as a moral philosopher, and the source of the chief part of the temporary mischief which in that character, along with a vastly greater amount of permanent good, he must be allowed to have produced, is this : that he has practically, to a very great extent, confounded the principle of Utility with the principle of specific consequences, and has habitually made up his estimate of the approbation or blame due to a particular kind of action, from a calculation solely of the consequences to which that very action, if practised generally, would itself lead. He has largely exemplified, and contributed very widely to diffuse, a tone of thinking, according to which any kind of action or any habit, which in its own specific consequences cannot be proved to be necessarily or probably productive of unhappiness to the agent himself or to others, is supposed to be fully justified ; and any disapprobation or aversion entertained towards the individual by reason of it, is set down from that time forward as prejudice and superstition. It is not considered (at least, not habitually considered), whether the act or habit in question, though not in itself necessarily pernicious, may not form part of a *character* essentially pernicious, or at least essentially de-

ficient in some quality eminently conducive to the "greatest happiness." To apply such a standard as this, would indeed often require a much deeper insight into the formation of character, and knowledge of the internal workings of human nature, than Mr. Bentham possessed. But, in a greater or less degree, he, and every one else, judges by this standard; even those who are warped, by some partial view, into the omission of all such elements from their general speculations.

When the moralist thus overlooks the relation of an act to a certain state of mind as its cause, and its connexion through that common cause with large classes and groups of actions apparently very little resembling itself, his estimation even of the consequences of the very act itself is rendered imperfect. For it may be affirmed with few exceptions, that any act whatever has a tendency to fix and perpetuate the state or character of mind in which itself has originated. And if that important element in the moral relations of the action be not taken into account by the moralist as a cause, neither probably will it be taken into account as a consequence.

Mr. Bentham is far from having altogether overlooked this side of the subject. Indeed, those most original and instructive, though, as I conceive, in their spirit, partially erroneous chapters, on *motives* and on *dispositions*, in his first great work, the Introduction to the Principles of Morals and Legislation, open up a direct and broad path to these most important topics. It is not the less true that Mr. Bentham, and many others, following his example, when they came to discuss particular questions of ethics, have commonly, in the superior stress which they laid upon the specific consequences of a class of acts, rejected all contemplation of the action in its general bearings upon the entire moral being of the agent; or have, to say the least, thrown those considerations so far into the background, as to be almost out of sight. And by so doing they have not only marred the value of many of their speculations, considered as mere philosophical enquiries, but have always run the risk of incurring, and in many cases have in my opinion actually incurred, serious practical errors.

This incompleteness, however, in Mr. Bentham's general views, was not of a nature materially to diminish the value of his speculations through the greater part of the field of legislation. Those of the bearings of an action, upon which Mr. Bentham bestowed almost exclusive attention, were also those with which almost alone legislation is conversant. The legislator enjoins or prohibits an action, with very little regard to the general moral excellence or turpitude which it implies; he looks to the consequences to society of the particular kind of action; his object is not to render people incapable of *desiring* a crime, but to deter them from actually *committing* it. Taking human beings as he finds them, he endeavours to supply such inducements as will constrain even persons of the dispositions the most at variance with the general happiness, to practise as great a degree of regard to it in their actual conduct, as can be obtained from them by such means without preponderant inconvenience. A theory, therefore, which considers little in an action besides that action's *own* consequences, will generally be sufficient to serve the purposes of a philosophy of legislation. Such a philosophy will be most apt to fail in the consideration of the greater social questions—the theory of organic institutions and general forms of polity; for those (unlike the details of legislation), to be duly estimated, must be viewed as the great instruments of forming the national character; of carrying forward the members of the

community towards perfection, or preserving them from degeneracy. This, as might in some measure be expected, is a point of view in which, except for some partial or limited purpose, Mr. Bentham seldom contemplates these questions. And this signal omission is one of the greatest of the deficiencies by which his speculations on the theory of government, though full of valuable ideas, are rendered, in my judgment, altogether inconclusive in their general results.

To these we shall advert more fully hereafter. As yet I have not acquitted myself of the more agreeable task of setting forth some part of the services which the philosophy of legislation owes to Mr. Bentham.

The greatest service of all, that for which posterity will award most honour to his name, is one that is his exclusively, and can be shared by no one present or to come; it is the service which can be performed only once for any science, that of pointing out by what method of investigation it may be made a science. What Bacon did for physical knowledge, Mr. Bentham has done for philosophical legislation. Before Bacon's time, many physical facts had been ascertained; and previously to Mr. Bentham, mankind were in possession of many just and valuable detached observations on the making of laws. But he was the first who attempted regularly to deduce all the secondary and intermediate principles of law, by direct and systematic inference from the one great axiom or principle of general utility. In all existing systems of law, those secondary principles or dicta in which the essence of the systems resided, had grown up in detail, and even when founded in views of utility, were not the result of any scientific and comprehensive course of enquiry; but more frequently were purely technical; that is, they had grown out of circumstances purely *historical*, and, not having been altered when those circumstances changed, had nothing left to rest upon but fictions, and unmeaning forms. Take for instance the law of real property; the whole of which continues to this very day to be founded on the doctrine of feudal tenures, when those tenures have long ceased to exist except in the phraseology of Westminster Hall. Nor was the *theory* of law in a better state than the practical systems; speculative jurists having dared little more than to refine somewhat upon the technical maxims of the particular body of jurisprudence which they happened to have studied. Mr. Bentham was the first who had the genius and courage to conceive the idea of bringing back the science to first principles. This could not be done, could scarcely even be attempted, without, as a necessary consequence, making obvious the utter worthlessness of many, and the crudity and want of precision of almost all, the maxims which had previously passed everywhere for principles of law.

Mr. Bentham, moreover, has warred against the errors of existing systems of jurisprudence, in a more direct manner than by merely presenting the contrary truths. The force of argument with which he rent asunder the fantastic and illogical maxims on which the various technical systems are founded, and exposed the flagrant evils which they practically produce, is only equalled by the pungent sarcasm and exquisite humour with which he has derided their absurdities, and the eloquent declamation which he continually pours forth against them, sometimes in the form of lamentation, and sometimes of invective.

This, then, was the first, and perhaps the grandest achievement of Mr. Bentham; the entire discrediting of all technical systems; and the example which he set of treating law as no peculiar mystery, but a simple piece of practical hu-

siness, wherein means were to be adapted to ends, as in any of the other arts of life. To have accomplished this, supposing him to have done nothing else, is to have equalled the glory of the greatest scientific benefactors of the human race.

But Mr. Bentham, unlike Bacon, did not merely prophesy a science; he made large strides towards the creation of one. He was the first who conceived with anything approaching to precision, the idea of a Code, or complete body of law; and the distinctive characters of its essential parts,—the Civil Law, the Penal Law, and the Law of Procedure. On the first two of these three departments he rendered valuable service; the third he actually created. Conformably to the habits of his mind, he set about investigating *ab initio*, a philosophy or science for each of the three branches. He did with the received principles of each, what a good code would do with the laws themselves;—extirpated the bad, substituting others; re-enacted the good, but in so much clearer and more methodical a form, that those who were most familiar with them before, scarcely recognized them as the same. Even upon old truths, when they pass through his hands, he leaves so many of his marks, that often he almost seems to claim the discovery of what he has only systematized.

In creating the philosophy of Civil Law, he proceeded not much beyond establishing on the proper basis some of its most general principles, and cursorily discussing some of the most interesting of its details. Nearly the whole of what he has published on this branch of law, is contained in the *Traité de Législation*, edited by M. Dumont. To the most difficult part, and that which most needed a master-hand to clear away its difficulties, the nomenclature and arrangement of the Civil Code, he contributed little, except detached observations, and criticisms upon the errors of his predecessors. The “*Vue Générale d’un Corps Complet de Législation*,” included in the work just cited, contains almost all which he has given to us on this subject.

In the department of Penal Law, he is the author of the best attempt yet made towards a philosophical classification of offences. The theory of punishments (for which however more had been done by his predecessors, than for any other part of the science of law) he left nearly complete.

The theory of Procedure (including that of the constitution of the courts of justice) he found in a more utterly barbarous state than even either of the other branches; and he left it incomparably the most perfect. There is scarcely a question of practical importance in this most important department, which he has not settled. He has left next to nothing for his successors.

He has shown with the force of demonstration, and has enforced and illustrated the truth in a hundred ways, that by sweeping away the greater part of the artificial rules and forms which obtain in all the countries called civilized, and adopting the simple and direct modes of investigation, which all men employ in endeavouring to ascertain facts for their own private knowledge, it is possible to get rid of at least nine-tenths of the expense, and ninety-nine hundredths of the delay, of law proceedings; not only with no increase, but with an almost incredible diminution, of the chances of erroneous decision. He has also established irrefragably the principles of a good judicial establishment: a division of the country into districts, with *one* judge in each, appointed only for a limited period, and deciding all sorts of cases; with a deputy under him, appointed and removable

by himself: an appeal lying in all cases whatever, but by the transmission of papers only, to a supreme court or courts, consisting each of only *one* judge, and stationed in the metropolis.

It is impossible within the compass of this sketch, to attempt any further statement of Mr. Bentham's principles and views on the great science which first became a science in his hands.

As an analyst of human nature (the faculty in which above all it is necessary that an ethical philosopher should excel) I cannot rank Mr. Bentham very high. He has done little in this department, beyond introducing what appears to me a very deceptive phraseology, and furnishing a catalogue of the "springs of action," from which some of the most important are left out.

That the actions of sentient beings are wholly determined by pleasure and pain, is the fundamental principle from which he starts; and thereupon Mr. Bentham creates a *motive*, and an *interest*, corresponding to each pleasure or pain, and affirms that our actions are determined by our *interests*, by the *preponderant* interest, by the *balance* of motives. Now if this only means what was before asserted, that our actions are determined by pleasure and pain, that simple and unambiguous mode of stating the proposition is preferable. But under cover of the obscure phrase a meaning creeps in; both to the author's mind and the reader's, which goes much farther, and is entirely false: that all our acts are determined by pains and pleasures *in prospect*, pains and pleasures to which we look forward as the *consequences* of our acts. This, as a universal truth, can in no way be maintained. The pain or pleasure which determines our conduct is as frequently one which *precedes* the moment of action as one which follows it. A man *may*, it is true, be deterred, in circumstances of temptation, from perpetrating a crime, by his dread of the punishment, or of the remorse, which he fears he may have to endure *after* the guilty act; and in that case we may say with some kind of propriety, that his conduct is swayed by the balance of motives; or, if you will, of interests. But the case *may* be, and is to the full as likely to be, that he recoils from the very thought of committing the act; the idea of placing himself in such a situation is so painful, that he cannot dwell upon it long enough to have even the physical power of perpetrating the crime. His conduct is determined by pain; but by a pain which precedes the act, not by one which is expected to follow it. Not only *may* this be so, but unless it be so, the man is not really virtuous. The fear of pain consequent upon the act, cannot arise, unless there be *deliberation*; and the man as well as "the woman who deliberates," is in imminent danger of being lost. With what propriety shrinking from an action without deliberation, can be called yielding to an *interest*, I cannot see. *Interest* surely conveys, and is intended to convey, the idea of an *end*, to which the conduct (whether it be act or forbearance) is designed as the *means*. Nothing of this sort takes place in the above example. It would be more correct to say that conduct is *sometimes* determined by an *interest*, that is, by a deliberate and conscious aim; and sometimes by an *impulse*, that is, by a feeling (call it an association if you think fit) which has no ulterior end, the act or forbearance becoming an end in itself.

The attempt, again, to *enumerate* motives, that is, human desires and aversions, seems to me to be in its very conception an error. Motives are innumerable: there is nothing whatever which may not become an object of desire or of dislike by association. It may be desirable to distinguish by peculiar notice the motives which

are strongest and of most frequent operation ; but Mr. Bentham has not even done this. In his list of motives, though he includes sympathy, he omits conscience, or the feeling of duty : one would never imagine from reading him that any human being ever did an act merely because it is right, or abstained from it merely because it is wrong. In this Mr. Bentham differs widely from Hartley, who, although he considers the moral sentiments to be wholly the result of association, does not therefore deny them a place in his system, but includes the feelings of " the moral sense" as one of the six classes into which he divides pleasures and pains. In Mr. Bentham's own mind, deeply imbued as it was with the " greatest-happiness principle," this motive was probably so blended with that of sympathy as to be undistinguishable from it ; but he should have recollected that those who acknowledge another standard of right and wrong than happiness, or who have never reflected on the subject at all, have often very strong feelings of moral obligation ; and whether a person's standard be happiness or anything else, his attachment to his standard is not necessarily in proportion to his benevolence. Persons of weak sympathies have often a strong feeling of justice ; and others, again, with the feelings of benevolence in considerable strength, have scarcely any consciousness of moral obligation at all.

It is scarcely necessary to point out that the habitual omission of so important a spring of action in an enumeration professing to be complete, must tend to create a habit of overlooking the same phenomenon, and consequently making no allowance for it, in other moral speculations. It is difficult to imagine any more fruitful source of gross error ; though one would be apt to suppose the oversight an impossible one, without this evidence of its having been committed by one of the greatest thinkers our species has produced. How can we suppose him to be alive to the existence and force of the motive in particular cases, who omits it in a deliberate and comprehensive enumeration of all the influences by which human conduct is governed ?

In laying down as a philosophical axiom, that men's actions are always obedient to their interests, Mr. Bentham did no more than dress up the very trivial proposition that all persons do what they feel themselves most disposed to do, in terms which appeared to him more precise, and better suited to the purposes of philosophy, than those more familiar expressions. He by no means intended by this assertion to impute universal selfishness to mankind, for he reckoned the motive of sympathy as an *interest*, and would have included conscience under the same appellation, if that motive had found any place in his philosophy, as a distinct principle from benevolence. He distinguished two kinds of interests, the self-regarding and the social : in vulgar discourse, the name is restricted to the former kind alone.

But there cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that, because we may ourselves be perfectly *conscious* of an ambiguity in our language, that ambiguity therefore has no effect in perverting our modes of thought. I am persuaded, from experience, that this habit of speaking of all the feelings which govern mankind under the name of *interests*, is almost always in point of fact connected with a tendency to consider *interests* in the vulgar sense, that is, purely self-regarding interest, as exercising, by the very constitution of human nature, a far more exclusive and paramount control over human actions than it really does exercise. Such, certainly, was the tendency of Mr. Bentham's own opinions. Habitually, and

throughout his works, the moment he has shown that a man's *selfish* interest would prompt him to a particular course of action, he lays it down without further parley that the man's interest lies that way; and, by sliding insensibly from the vulgar sense of the word into the philosophical, and from the philosophical back into the vulgar, the conclusion which is always brought out is, that the man will act as the selfish interest prompts. The extent to which Mr. Bentham was a believer in the predominance of the selfish principle in human nature, may be seen from the sweeping terms in which, in his *Book of Fallacies*, he expressly lays down that predominance as a philosophical axiom.

“In every human breast (rare and short-lived ebullitions, the result of some extraordinarily strong stimulus or excitement, excepted) self-regarding interest is predominant over social interest: each person's own individual interest over the interests of all other persons taken together.” pp. 392-3.

In another passage of the same work (p. 363) he says, “Taking the whole of life together, there exists not, *nor ever can exist*, that human being in whose instance any public interest he can have had will not, in so far as depends upon himself, have been sacrificed to his own personal interest. Towards the advancement of the public interest, all that the most public-spirited (which is as much as to say the most virtuous) of men can do, is to do what depends upon himself towards bringing the public interest, that is, his own personal share in the public interest, to a state as nearly approaching to coincidence, and on as few occasions amounting to a state of repugnance, as possible, with his private interests.”

By the promulgation of such views of human nature, and by a general tone of thought and expression perfectly in harmony with them, I conceive Mr. Bentham's writings to have done and to be doing very serious evil. It is by such things that the more enthusiastic and generous minds are prejudiced against all his other speculations, and against the very attempt to make ethics and politics a subject of precise and philosophical thinking; which attempt, indeed, if it were necessarily connected with such views, would be still more pernicious than the vague and flashy declamation for which it is proposed as a substitute. The effect is still worse on the minds of those who are not shocked and repelled by this tone of thinking, for on them it must be perverting to their whole moral nature. It is difficult to form the conception of a tendency more inconsistent with all rational hope of good for the human species, than that which must be impressed by such doctrines, upon any mind in which they find acceptance.

There are, there have been, many human beings, in whom the motives of patriotism or of benevolence have been permanent steady principles of action, superior to any ordinary, and in not a few instances, to any possible, temptations of personal interest. There are, and have been, multitudes, in whom the motive of conscience or moral obligation has been thus paramount. There is nothing in the constitution of human nature to forbid its being so in all mankind. Until it is so, the race will never enjoy one-tenth part of the happiness which our nature is susceptible of. I regard any considerable increase of human happiness, through mere changes in outward circumstances, unaccompanied by changes in the state of the desires, as hopeless; not to mention that while the desires are circumscribed in self, there can be no adequate motive for exertions tending to modify to good ends even those external circumstances. No man's individual share of any public good which

he can hope to realize by his efforts, is an equivalent for the sacrifice of his ease, and of the personal objects which he might attain by another course of conduct. The balance can be turned in favour of virtuous exertion, only by the interest of *feeling* or by that of *conscience*—those “social interests,” the necessary subordination of which to “self-regarding” is so lightly assumed.

But the power of any one to realize in himself the state of mind, without which his own enjoyment of life can be but poor and scanty, and on which all our hopes of happiness or moral perfection to the species must rest, depends entirely upon his having faith in the actual existence of such feelings and dispositions in others, and in their possibility for himself. It is for those in whom the feelings of virtue are weak, that ethical writing is chiefly needful, and its proper office is to strengthen those feelings. But to be qualified for this task, it is necessary, first to have, and next to show, in every sentence and in every line, a firm unwavering confidence in man’s capability of virtue. It is by a sort of sympathetic contagion, or inspiration, that a noble mind assimilates other minds to itself; and no one was ever inspired by one whose own inspiration was not sufficient to give him faith in the possibility of making others feel what *he* feels.

Upon those who *need* to be strengthened and upheld by a really inspired moralist—such a moralist as Socrates, or Plato, or (speaking humanly and not theologically) as Christ; the effect of such writings as Mr. Bentham’s, if they be read and believed, and their spirit imbibed, must either be hopeless despondency and gloom, or a reckless giving themselves up to a life of that miserable self-seeking, which they are there taught to regard as inherent in their original and unalterable nature.

Mr. Bentham’s speculations on politics in the narrow sense, that is, on the theory of government, are distinguished by his usual characteristic, that of beginning at the beginning. He places before himself man in society without a government, and, considering what sort of government it would be advisable to construct, finds that the most expedient would be a representative democracy. Whatever may be the value of this conclusion, the mode in which it is arrived at appears to me to be fallacious; for it assumes that mankind are alike in all times and all places, that they have the same wants and are exposed to the same evils, and that if the same institutions do not suit them, it is only because in the more backward stages of improvement they have not wisdom to see what institutions are most for their good. How to invest certain servants of the people with the power necessary for the protection of person and property, with the greatest possible facility to the people of changing the depositories of that power, when they think it is abused; such is the only problem in social organization which Mr. Bentham has proposed to himself. Yet this is but a part of the real problem. It never seems to have occurred to him to regard political institutions in a higher light, as the principal means of the social education of a people. Had he done so, he would have seen that the same institutions will no more suit two nations in different stages of civilization, than the same lessons will suit children of different ages. As the degree of civilization already attained varies, so does the kind of social influence necessary for carrying the community forward to the next stage of its progress. For a tribe of North American Indians, improvement means, fanning down their proud and solitary self-dependence; for a body of emancipated negroes, it means accustoming them to be self dependent, instead of being merely obedient to orders: for our

semi-barbarous ancestors it would have meant, softening them; for a race of enervated Asiatics it would mean hardening them. How can the same social organization be fitted for producing so many contrary effects?

The prevailing error of Mr. Bentham's views of human nature appears to me to be this—he supposes mankind to be swayed by only a part of the inducements which really actuate them; but of that part he imagines them to be much cooler and more thoughtful calculators than they really are. He has, I think, been, to a certain extent, misled in the theory of politics, by supposing that the submission of the mass of mankind to an established government is mainly owing to a reasoning perception of the necessity of legal protection, and of the common interest of all in a prompt and zealous obedience to the law. He was not, I am persuaded, aware, how very much of the really wonderful acquiescence of mankind in any government which they find established, is the effect of mere habit and imagination, and therefore depends upon the preservation of something like continuity of existence in the institutions, and identity in their outward forms; cannot transfer itself easily to new institutions, even though in themselves preferable; and is greatly shaken when there occurs anything like a break in the line of historical duration—anything which can be termed the end of the old constitution and the beginning of a new one.

The constitutional writers of our own country, anterior to Mr. Bentham, had carried feelings of this kind to the height of a superstition; they never considered what was best adapted to their own times, but only what had existed in former times, even in times that had long gone by. It is not very many years since such were the principal grounds on which parliamentary reform itself was defended. Mr. Bentham has done much service in discrediting, as he has done completely, this school of politicians, and exposing the absurd sacrifice of present ends to antiquated means; but he has, I think, himself fallen into a contrary error. The very fact that a certain set of political institutions already exist, have long existed, and have become associated with all the historical recollections of a people, is in itself, as far as it goes, a property which adapts them to that people, and gives them a great advantage over any new institutions in obtaining that ready and willing resignation to what has once been decided by lawful authority, which alone renders possible those innumerable compromises between adverse interests and expectations, without which no government could be carried on for a year, and with difficulty even for a week. Of the perception of this important truth, scarcely a trace is visible in Mr. Bentham's writings.*

* It is necessary, however, to distinguish between Mr. Bentham's practical conclusions, as an English politician of the present day, and his systematic views as a political philosopher. It is to the latter only that the foregoing observations are intended to apply: on the former I am not now called upon to pronounce any opinion. For the just estimation of his merits, the question is not what were his conclusions, but what was his mode of arriving at them. Theoretical views most widely different, may lead to the same practical corollaries: and that part of any system of philosophy which bodies itself forth in directions for immediate practice must be so small a portion of the whole as to furnish a very insufficient criterion of the degree in which it approximates to scientific and universal truth. Let Mr. Bentham's opinions on the political questions of the day be as sound or as mistaken as any one may deem them, the fact which is of importance in judging of Mr. Bentham himself is that those opinions rest upon a basis of half truth. Each inquirer is left to

It is impossible, however, to contest to Mr. Bentham, on this subject or on any other which he has touched, the merit, and it is very great, of having brought forward into notice one of the faces of the truth, and a highly important one. Whether on government, on morals, or on any of the other topics on which his speculations are comparatively imperfect, they are still highly instructive and valuable to any one who is capable of supplying the remainder of the truth; they are calculated to mislead only by the pretention which they invariably set up of being the whole truth, a complete theory and philosophy of the subject. Mr. Bentham was more a thinker than a reader; he seldom compared his ideas with those of other philosophers, and was by no means aware how many thoughts had existed in other minds, which his doctrines did not afford the means either to refute or to appreciate.

APPENDIX C.

A FEW OBSERVATIONS ON MR. MILL.

MR. MILL has been frequently represented as the disciple of Bentham. With truth has he been so represented in this respect—he was one of the earliest in adopting—he has been one of the most efficient in diffusing—many of the most characteristic of Bentham's opinions. He admits without qualification—he carries into detail with rigid inflexibility, the doctrine that the sole ground of moral obligation is *general utility*. But the same results may be reached by minds the most dissimilar; else why do we hope for agreement amongst impartial inquirers?—else why do we hope to convert one another? why not burn our lucubrations, or wait to establish a principle until we have found an exact resemblance of ourselves?

In some respect Mr. Mill's mind assimilates to Bentham's, in others it differs from it widely. It is true that Mr. Mill's speculations have been influenced by impressions received from Bentham; but they have been equally influenced by those received from the Aristotelian Logicians, from Hartley, and from Hobbes. He almost alone in the present age has revived the study of those writers—he has preserved, perhaps, the most valuable of their doctrines—he is largely indebted to them for the doctrines which compose, for the spirit which pervades his philosophy. The character of his intellect seems to partake as much of that of either of those three types of speculative inquiry, as it does of the likeness of Bentham.

As a searcher into original truths, the principal contribution which Mr. Mill has rendered to philosophy, is to be found in his most recent work, "The Analysis of the Phenomena of the Human Mind." Nothing more clearly proves

add the other half for himself, and confirm or correct the practical conclusion as the other lights of which he happens to be in possession allow him.

what I have before asserted, viz.—our indifference to the higher kind of philosophical investigation, than the fact, that no full account—no *criticism* of this work has appeared in either of our principal Reviews.

The doctrine announced by Hartley, that the ideas furnished by Sense, together with the law of association, are the simple elements of the mind, and sufficient to explain even the most mysterious of its phenomena, is also the doctrine of Mr. Mill. Hartley, upon this principle, had furnished an explanation of *some* of the phenomena. Mr. Mill has carried on the investigation into all those more complex psychological facts which had been the puzzle and despair of previous metaphysicians. Such, for instance, as Time and Space—Belief—the Will—the Affections—the Moral Sentiments. He has attempted to resolve all these into cases of association. I do not pause here to contend with him—to show, or rather endeavour to show, where he has succeeded—where failed. It would be a task far beyond the limits of this Book—it is properly the task of future metaphysicians.

The moment in which this remarkable work appeared is unfortunate for its temporary success. Had it been published sixty years ago, or perhaps sixty years hence, it would perhaps have placed the reputation of its author beyond any of his previous writings.

There is nothing similar to these inquiries in the writings of Mr. Bentham. This indicates one principal difference between the two men. Mr. Mill is eminently a metaphysician; Bentham as little of a metaphysician as any one can be who ever attained to equal success in the science of philosophy. Every moral or political system must be indeed a corollary from some general view of human nature. But Bentham, though punctilious and precise in the premises he advances confines himself, in that very preciseness, to a few simple and general principles. *He seldom analyses*—he studies the human mind rather after the method of natural history than of philosophy. He enumerates—he classifies the facts—but he does not *account* for them. You read in his works an enumeration of pains and pleasures—an enumeration of motives—an enumeration of the properties which constitute the value of a pleasure or a pain. But Bentham does not even attempt to *explain* any of the feelings or impulses enumerated—he does not attempt to show that they are subject to the laws of any more elementary phenomena of human nature. Of human nature indeed in its rarer or more hidden parts, Bentham knew but little—wherever he attained to valuable results, which his predecessors had missed, it was by estimating more justly than they the action of some outward circumstance upon the more obvious and vulgar elements of our nature—not by understanding better than they, the workings of those elements which are not obvious and not vulgar. Where but a moderate knowledge of these last was necessary to the correctness of his conclusions, he was apt to stray farther from the truth than even the votaries of common place. He often threw aside a trite unsatisfactory truism, in order to replace it with a paradoxical error.

If, then, the power of analysing a complex combination into its simple elements be in the mental sciences, as in the physical, a leading characteristic of the philosopher, Mr. Mill is thus far considerably nearer to the philosophic ideal than Mr. Bentham. This, however, has not made so great a difference as might have

been expected in the practical conclusions at which they have arrived. Those powers of analysis which, by Mr. Bentham, are not brought to bear upon the phenomena of our nature at all, are applied by Mr. Mill almost solely to our *common universal* nature, to the general structure which is the same in all human beings; not to the differences between one human being and another, though the former is little worthy of being studied except as a means to the better understanding of the latter. We seldom learn from Mr. Mill to understand any of the varieties of human natures; and, in truth, they enter very little into his own calculations, except where he takes cognizance of them as aberrations from the standard to which in his opinion, all should conform. Perhaps there never existed any writer, (except, indeed, the ascetic theologians), who conceived the excellence of the human being so exclusively under one single type, to a conformity with which he would reduce all mankind. No one ever made fewer allowances for original differences of nature, although the existence of such is not only compatible with, but a necessary consequence of, his view of the human mind, when combined with the extraordinary differences which are known to exist between one individual and another in the kind and in the degree of their nervous sensibility. I cannot but think that the very laws of association, laid down by Mr. Mill, will hereafter, and in other hands, be found (while they explain the diversities of human nature) to show, in the most striking manner, how much of those diversities is inherent and inevitable; neither the effect of, nor capable of being reached by, education or outward circumstances.* I believe the natural and necessary differences among mankind to be so great, that any practical view of human life, which does not take them into the account, must, unless, it stop short in generalities, contain at least as much error as truth; and that any system of mental culture, recommended by such imperfect theory, in proportion as it is fitted to natures of one class, will be entirely unfitted for all others.

Mr. Mill has given to the world, as yet, on the subject of morals, and on that of education, little besides generalities: not "barren generalities," but of the most fruitful kind; yet of which the fruit is still to come. When he shall carry his speculations into the details of these subjects, it is impossible that an intellect like his should not throw a great increase of light upon them: the danger is that the illumination will be partial and narrow; that he will conclude too readily that, whatever is suitable food for one sort of character, or suitable medicine for bringing it back, when it falls from its proper excellence, may be prescribed for *all*, and that which is *not* needful or useful to one of the types of human nature, is worthless altogether. There is yet another danger, that he will fail, not only in conceiving sufficient variety of excellence, but sufficiently *high* excellence; that the type to which he would reduce all natures, is by no means the most perfect type; that he conceives the ideal perfection of a human being, under *some* only of its aspects, not under all; or at least that he would frame his practical rules as if he so conceived it.

The faculty of drawing correct conclusions from evidence, together with the

* I venture to recommend to the notice of the Reader an able paper on the character of Dr. Priestley, published in several recent numbers of Mr. Fox's excellent Monthly Repository.

qualities of moral rectitude and earnestness, seems to constitute almost the whole of his idea of the perfection of human nature; or rather, he seems to think, that with all other valuable qualities mankind are already sufficiently provided, or will be so by attending merely to these. We see no provision in his system, so far as it is disclosed to us, for the cultivation of any other qualities; and therefore, (as I hold to be a necessary consequence), no *sufficient* provision for the cultivation even of these.

Now there are a few persons whose notion of the perfection to which a human being may be brought, does not comprehend much more than the qualities enumerated above. Most will be prepared to find the practical views founded upon so narrow a basis of theory, rather fit to be used as part of the materials for a practical system, than fit in themselves to constitute one. From what cause, or combination of causes, the scope of Mr. Mill's philosophy embraces so partial a view only of the ends of human culture and of human life, it belongs rather to Mr. Mill's biographer than to his mere reader, to investigate. Doubtless the views of almost all inquirers into human nature are necessarily confined within certain bounds by the fact, that they can enjoy complete power of studying their subject only as it exists in themselves. No person can thoroughly appreciate that of which he has not had personal consciousness: but powers of metaphysical analysis, such as Mr. Mill possesses, are sufficient for the understanding and appreciation of all characters and all states of mind, as far as is necessary for practical purposes, and amply sufficient to divest our philosophic theories of everything like narrowness. For this, however, it is necessary that those powers of analysis should be applied to the details, not solely to the outlines, of human nature; and one of the most strongly marked of the mental peculiarities of Mr. Mill, is, as it seems to us, impatience of details.

This is another of the most striking differences between him and Mr. Bentham. Mr. Bentham delighted in details, and had a quite extraordinary genius for them: it is remarkable how much of his intellectual superiority was of this kind. He followed out his inquiries into the minutest ramifications; was skilful in the estimation of small circumstances, and most sagacious and inventive in devising small contrivances. He went even to great excess in the time and labour which he was willing to bestow on minutiae, when more important things remained undone. Mr. Mill, on the contrary, shuns all nice attention to details; he attaches himself exclusively to great and leading points; his views, even when they cannot be said to be enlarged, are always on a large scale. He will often be thought by those who differ from him, to overlook or undervalue great things,—never to exaggerate small ones; and the former, partly from not being attentive *enough* to details, when these, though small, would have suggested principles which are great.

The same undervaluing of details has, I think, caused most of the imperfections, where imperfections there are, in Mr. Mill's speculations generally. His just contempt of those who are incapable of grasping a general truth, and with whom the grand and determining considerations are always outweighed by some petty circumstance, carries him occasionally into an opposite extreme: he so heartily despises those most obtuse persons who call themselves Practical Men, and disavow theory, as not always to recollect that, though the men be purblind, they

may yet "look out upon the world with their dim horn eyes" and see something in it, which, lying out of his way, he may not have observed, but which it may be worth while for him, who can see clearly, to note and *explain*. Not only a dunce may give instruction to a wise man, but no man is so wise that he can, in all cases, do without a dunce's assistance. But a certain degree of intellectual impatience is almost necessarily connected with fervour of character and strength of conviction. Men much inferior to Mr. Mill are quite capable of setting limitations to his propositions, where any are requisite; few in our own times, we might say in any times, could have accomplished what he has done.

Mr. Mill's principal works besides the "Analysis" already mentioned, are,
 1. "The History of British India," not only the first work which has thrown the light of philosophy upon the people and upon the government of that vast portion of the globe, but the first, and even now the only work which conveys to the general reader even that knowledge of facts, which, with respect to so important a department of his country's affairs, every Englishman should wish to possess. The work is full of instructive comments on the institutions of our own country, and abounds with illustrations of many of the most important principles of government and legislation.

2. "Elements of Political Economy." Mr. Mill's powers of concatenation and systematic arrangement peculiarly qualified him to place in their proper logical connexion the elementary principles of this science as established by its great masters, and to furnish a compact and clear exposition of them.

3. Essays on Government, Jurisprudence, Education, &c. originally written for the Supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica; the most important of them have been several times reprinted by private subscription.

These little works, most of which are mere outlines to be filled up, though they have been both praised and animadverted upon as if they claimed the character of complete scientific theories, have been I believe, more read than any other of Mr. Mill's writings, and have contributed more than any publications of our time to generate a taste for systematic thinking on the subject of politics, and to discredit vague and sentimental declamation. The Essay on Government, in particular, has been almost a text-book to many of those who may be termed the Philosophic Radicals. This is not the place to criticise either the treatise itself or the criticisms of others upon it. Any critical estimate of it thoroughly deserving the name, it has not yet been my fortune to meet with; for Mr. Macauley—assuming, I suppose, the divine prerogative of genius—only entered the contest, in order to carry away the argument he protected in a cloud of words.

Mr. Mill's more popular writings are remarkable for a lofty earnestness, more stern than genial, and which rather flagellates or shames men out of wrong, than allures them to the right. Perhaps this is the style most natural to a man of deep moral convictions, writing in an age and in a state of society like that in which we live. But it seems, also, to be congenial to the character of his own mind; for he appears, on most occasions, much more strongly alive to the evil of what is evil in our destiny, than to the good of what is good. He rather warns us against the errors that tend to make us miserable, than affords us the belief that by any means we can attain to much positive happiness. He does not hope enough from human nature—something despondent and unelevating clings round

his estimate of its powers. He saddens the Present by a reference to the Past—he does not console it by any alluring anticipations of the Future;—he rather discontents us with vice than kindles our enthusiasm for virtue. He possesses but little of

“ The vision and the faculty divine; ”

nor is it through his writings, admirable as they are, that we are taught

“ To feel that we are greater than we know.”

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My ardent R^d & S^d. W. H. 1859.

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Revere conditores Deos, numina Deorum. Reverere gloriam veterem, et hanc ipsam senectutem quæ in homine venerabilis, in urbibus sacra est. Sit apud te honor antiquitati, sit ingentibus facti, sit fabulis quoque, nihil ex cujusdam dignitate, nihil ex libertate, nihil etiam ex jactatione decerpseris.—*Plinius Maximo Svo S.*



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ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS present volume was, for the most part, written and in the hands of the publisher some months since; and it was only the desire to be perfectly accurate in certain details, to ascertain which a visit to Paris was necessary, that delayed its appearance. It forms the necessary continuation to the volume published a year ago, and called, "France Literary, Social and Political." The new title now added is given in consequence of the author having considered its former omission an error—which it was more essential to rectify in that part of the work which related to recent institutions, than it could have been in the preceding part, which rather treated of the effects of national character and former history.

The necessity of proceeding speedily through the Press, after the unavoidable delay that has been alluded to, has occasioned some few typographical errors which the reader is requested to have the kindness to excuse. Some slight alterations, since certain passages were printed, have taken place.

N.B.—A translation of all French words or sentences not translated in foot notes, is to be found at the end of this volume.

DEDICATION

TO

J. E. HOVENDEN, Esq.

To whom can a writer more properly address his thoughts upon another country, than to one with whose name he has long since been familiar in studying the institutions of his own? I dedicate then these volumes to you, my dear Sir, and allow me to add, that I do so with every sentiment of private friendship, that can add to public esteem.

Any author who now takes up his pen, does so at an eventful moment. There is a season when every seed we scatter upon the breeze, however carelessly, will produce and bear; the soil is quick with an invisible being; thus, an interest may possibly attach to these pages, even though so hastily composed.

That interest, however, will be owing as much to the situation of our own country, as to the situation of the country which I more especially undertake to describe.

Let me then, before proceeding to France, carry your attention, and that of any who now honour me by casting their eyes upon this page, to England!

By many, the spirit of change which now ruffles the public mind is accounted as one of those chance winds, of which no man knoweth whence they come or whither they go—sudden and accidental in their visitation, and as suddenly and accidentally passing away. Is this so?

The links which bound our people to an old aristocracy have long been dropping off one by one from the ancient chain, in which, at the revolution of 1688, society was still bound. Al-

ready on the demise of Anne, the commercial fortunes which then began to spring up from that spirit of commerce, to which the spirit of chivalry under the prudent Elizabeth had turned, counter-balanced the power of the great provincial gentry—the main support of those, who in this country have more exclusively been called the nobility of the land.

The protracted contest for the crown, in which the House of Hanover was ultimately successful, but in which the great bulk of the old families inclined for the House of Stuart, carried on with that civil genius for which we are remarkable, in a series of election contests, accounted for, if it did not justify, the corruptions of Sir Robert Walpole, and ruined the great majority of the patriarchal possessors of the soil. A new race of persons, with names unknown, got possession of those chestnut-avenued seats, which for centuries preceding had belonged to one line of masters. It was then that the peasant and the small proprietor felt a shock in feelings they had long been accustomed to cherish. They met the new squire in the parish church, but they passed fondly by the tombs of his predecessors. The very associations which had hitherto made them respect the possessor of "The Place," now rose up against its purchaser. He was disliked as the new man, more than he was respected as the rich one. First, wealth lost its prestige because it was unaccompanied by birth, and then birth lost its prestige because it was unaccompanied by wealth.

In this manner, that habit of unthinking respect for superior rank, which had almost seemed an instinct, was effaced by degrees, now here, now there. At the same time, too, the increasing business and luxuries of a capital, and the increasing facilities for visiting it, drew a large class of persons yearly to the metropolis, as a matter of course, who formerly only sought it on some extraordinary occasion of business, curiosity, or adventure. This habit did not—perhaps could not—exist long without a London existence rising more and more into importance, as compared with a rural one; until at last, a large portion of the great nobility and wealthy squirearchy began to look upon their provincial neighbours, less as useful friends and adherents to be cultivated in the country, than as vulgar alliances and acquaintances to be avoided in town. Hence that silly principle of exclusion, which ending in

the overthrow of its inventors, has made a condemned and excluded body of that aristocracy, who, entrenched amidst their solitary boroughs and venal corporations, thought they might despise and defy the nation, without which they contrived to rule. **Monstrous delusion!**

When we altered the form of our constitution in 1832, what made that alteration so enormous, was—that the nobility which governed, had no hold on power, save by that form. They had been acquiring a strength where the people were not, and they had been losing their influence where the people were. They had been extending their authority over the small and decayed villages in Schedules A and B; but from the great towns in their neighbourhood, their domination had been gradually passing away.

And now, while the country was thus slowly and almost invisibly changing its ideas, it was also changing its habits and pursuits.

Not many years ago, two thirds of the population in England were an agricultural population, depending mainly on the large possessors of the soil: at the time I write, upwards of two thirds of the population are a manufacturing population, deriving their support, rather from the lower and the middle, than from the upper classes of society. In the mean time great cities, which may be called empires, have been rising into existence; and during these events, knowledge has been rapidly and widely diffusing itself; and with knowledge, that desire for action, and that passion for power, which are its necessary concomitants.

It is impossible for these causes to exist without their effects. It is impossible for the whole frame of society to have been shifting from under our feet without a great shock taking place in our institutions.

The first sign of this—was in the Reform Bill which would have been carried earlier, but for the French revolution of 1789, and which was doubtless hastened by the French revolution of 1830.*

The second sign of this—has been in the Corporation Bill.

In 1832 we gave the people the power to make laws; in 1835

* One of many proofs, that the destinies of two countries so nearly allied by nature, cannot be wholly separate from each other.

the people have carried a law which will create popular manners.*

These two measures passed—who can doubt as to which way is flowing the tide of future events?

Nor have we here been following a course at variance with the nations around us during the period to which I have referred, or in discordance with that longer portion of human action, which is what we call the history of the world. From the laying of the first stone of the pyramids of Egypt, to the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, the great masses of mankind have been gradually advancing in condition: and the sacred law which we obey, preached with a divine prescience nearly two thousand years ago, only proclaimed an equality, which passing through two systems—that of chivalry and the church—and aided by a series of almost miraculous discoveries—has been daily advancing from that hour to this.

I look upon it as certain then, that in this country, we shall also see a monarchy of the middle classes, at no distant date;—whether we approach it gradually, slowly, safely, as I believe we shall; or whether we are hurried to it on the blast of some political tempest, which we cannot now foresee, but which the air—charged with electricity—is at any moment liable to produce.

It cannot, therefore, be without interest to observe—that the same year which has advanced us by a new step, and a gigantic step towards such a monarchy;—has shown it, shaking and trembling to its foundations in the country of which I am writing.

Thus our attention is naturally awakened to France; and we anxiously enquire whether the dangers that menace her, are such as we shall have in our turn to experience. Let us then see whether that nation, which possesses more popular ideas, and, in

* If the Lords had altered the qualification of the town council, and succeeded in appointing the town clerk for life, they would have done something, but they would have done much less than they imagined. They would have confined corporate power in certain hands; but they would have left the origin of that power in the community. It would still have been not to those above, but to those below them, that the ambitious among the town's people would have had to look for power; and this would have done what I have said the law as it stands must more effectually do, viz. create popular manners.

some respects, more popular institutions than ours, does not also still possess some trappings of a galling and tinselled tyranny, such as we never saw. In its manners are the traces of former servitude yet visible? Over its laws do those manners yet exercise some influence? In its progress do we remark those abrupt stoppages and rapid movements which show that it has pursued—not the safe and even course?

On the other hand;—is it not true, that the improvements we are looking forward to, will come as the necessary result of others that have preceded them?

Is it not true, that the equality we anticipate will have been preceded by a freedom we have long enjoyed; and that the democracy attaining power will have been educated by an aristocracy that has long possessed it?

Is it not true, that a government of the middle classes in this country would be the government—not of a few of those classes admitted with fear and caution into the gestion of public affairs—but of the great bulk of the people long accustomed to the management of their local concerns?

Is it not true, that a government of the middle classes in England would be a government well suited to the serious and commercial character of the English, as a government of the middle classes in France is hostile to the vain and military character of the French?

Neither would such a government be productive, in both countries, of all the same results. I have to notice a licentious literature, an irreligious people, a philosophy imbued with that spirit of association natural to the state of things amidst which it appears, but covered, at the same time, with the taudry tatters of a depraved licentiousness, the baleful heritage of times gone by. Nobody will believe—whatever mischief might arise therefrom—that the advancing influence of the middling and lower orders of society with us would be accompanied by such consequences. The evils to dread would indeed be of a directly contrary description;—an over fanatic zeal in religion, an extravagant severity of manners, and a temporary absence of those charms of literature and society, which add to the happiness, and ought not to corrupt the manners, of mankind.

To prepare the change that is inevitable, to infuse into the de-

mocracy that is advancing to power, what was great and graceful in the best days of the aristocracy that has long possessed it;—to ingraft on the manly and solid character of the English people, the lofty daring and the cultivated intelligence which in times not remote from these were remarkable in the English nobility;—to join to the popular virtues of economy and industry, the no less necessary qualities (in those who are to guide an empire) of justice, honour, and courage;—to moderate the popular zeal in politics and religion, by a learned toleration for the feelings and opinions of all opponents;—such, it appears to me, should be the desire of a writer who hopes, my dear Sir, for your friendship, and aspires above the mere party aims and politics of the hour.

Some, I know, imagine that every period of civilization is to have the same results. They quarrel with the times gone by, on account of the class which ruled then, as others quarrel with the present, because the power from that class is passing—has in fact passed away. This, I feel sure, is not the judgment of your liberal and enlightened mind. To an independent and respectable nobility, we owe much.

It has enriched our merchants and our tradesmen with the spirit and intelligence of a senate; and preserved the morality of our gentry from the enervating corruptions of a court.

Let us not disdain, then, but embody, our past history in our future progress! This is the way that a great people march on easily and naturally in the road to greatness.

Of old, the seer who sought in vain one of those mysterious luminaries he was accustomed to admire—said, “the star is not lost to mankind; but, attracted to some mightier orb, enriches with the effulgence that I miss—the splendours of a more glorious world:—” and so, on this pigmy earth—the institutions of one generation, when they apparently disappear, do but pass on to the next; and the great system of society is perpetually brightened by the systems it perpetually absorbs.

It is, my dear Sir, with a sincere friendship, that I subscribe myself,

Yours most faithfully,

HENRY LYTTON BULWER.

James Street, Buckingham Palace, October, 1835.

PREFACE.

A Salutation to all of you, friends and enemies, whom I have had as judges, and before whose tribunal I am once more to appear! Thanks to you who have seen any merit, more thanks to you who have seen any utility in the pages I have, with a deep humility, previously offered to the public. You will agree with me, I have little doubt, as to the imperfect manner in which my task has been fulfilled. You will agree with me also, I venture to trust, in acknowledging there was some difficulty attending its fulfilment.

To paint a country which, visiting every year, every person imagines that he knows—yet which, for the very reason perhaps that it is at their door, few persons have attentively examined—to be met first by the idea that you can say nothing new; and then by the prejudice against all you do say which is not old—to enter last into competition with deservedly distinguished writers, who have wielded the weapons of controversy with a grace and a tact which betray—what their judgment might have concealed—the sex they belonged to;* this was no easy labour to have accomplished with ordinary success; and most grateful am I for that which has been accorded me. There is something indeed in the nature of a work like the present, which furnishes in itself an excuse for its imperfections. On the one hand, the author is called upon to devote much industry and time to the collection of his materials; and this gives his efforts the effect of preparation and research. On the other hand, he is called upon to throw those materials into form with as much rapidity as possible, and this tarnishes his labours with the defects of negligence and haste. Oh reader, who is to be!—did you chance to hear that not long

* See *Lady Morgan's France*, and *Miss Berry's State of Society in France and England*.

since, a small island suddenly appeared on the coast of Sicily ; instantly we planted our flag there, so, thank God ! it is ours. But it as suddenly disappeared—yes ; it is ours—but under the ocean ; the sounding sea rolls over it again ; and if we had delayed a moment, it would never have been added to our empire, no, never. Such, in some sort, is the shifting scene of life and politics before us, the condition and the fortune of states and of men. We must plant our standard quickly—at the moment—on that fleeting shore ;—a minute, and it will be covered by the ever mounting sea, which has already risen over 5000 years.

LIGHT LITERATURE.

CHAPTER I.

Early species of popular composition—Origin of novels—Chivalric Italian—Heroic Milesian—Later schools—Le Sage—Rousseau—Walter Scott—Anomalous school displayed in melo-drama—General considerations.

In some degree I regret that my volumes open with the subject I am now commencing. But this work must be considered as the continuation of one published a year ago; and which, concluding with history and the drama, left me about to enter on the lighter productions of French literature.

Still, such productions are not altogether unworthy of consideration: they have generally been thought to portray, more faithfully than any other, the manners of their time; and although this is not universally correct, it is sufficiently so to engage and deserve our attention.

The earliest species of popular composition was, as we know, heroic poetry; for the art of transcription being rare, and that of reading very confined, to render any composition popular, it was necessary that, grateful to the ear, it should be easily remembered and repeated; nor was there any method of diffusing it but itinerant recitation.

As great towns arose and spread themselves, however, the poet naturally suited himself to larger audiences, and his muse adopting the drama, attained most that we at present know of theatrical art.

But civilization does not arrive so far as this point without the existence of a large class who, wealthy, indolent, and refined, require some unfatiguing, intellectual amusement, which, if the stage supplied in any way to those resident in cities, it left it still wanting to all who found themselves in the solitude of a country life.

That such a want should first display itself in the East, seems, from the habits of the people, natural; and we may therefore easily fall into the common belief that it was through the colony of Miletus that prose novels or romances first reached Italy and Greece.

As might have been expected, they treated chiefly of licentious love. In the martial heroism of the middle ages, this species of composition (whether such alteration were Gothic or Arabian in its origin, or merely the natural birth of the existing state of mankind) received a new colouring; and in tales of chivalry and enterprize the spirit of the day was at once represented and excited.

The wanderings of Palmerin and Amadis, however, did not extend to the voluptuous Italy, where the Decameron, similar in its kind to other Italian productions that had preceded it, resembled in some sort the ancient Milesian stories.

The pastoral romance was a reaction from the chivalric and heroic, at the head of which Madame Scuderi may be placed—a kind of prolix medley of the two—owing its success in France, partly to real personages being concealed under a fictitious garb, partly to the character of the French nobility themselves, who, until their independence was destroyed in the court of Louis XIV, had a warlike and enterprising frame of mind, which the adventures of Polyandre or the “Great Cyrus” might very well interest and please.

But the two species of modern novels* most in vogue, until another of late years appeared, were those descriptive of living manners—at the head of which Le Sage, transporting comedy from the stage to the boudoir, took his place; and those more analytically descriptive of sentiment, of which we must again accord a foreigner, writing in French, J. J. Rousseau, to be the chief. The one was still a comedian while a novelist; the other always a moralist.

Le Sage wrote for Paris and the audience he had been ac-

* What I say of light literature is almost entirely confined to novels, as the most popular branch of it. The only poets out of the drama of any note, are Beranger and Lamartine, and these are already so well known, and have been so often criticised, that it would hardly be worth while to interrupt the course of these observations by repeating what has frequently been better said of their style and merits.

customed to at his theatre : he painted the life of an adventurer to a large city, where every one was struggling to make his fortune—not quite a honest man, yet not a rogue—with few scruples that could prevent his getting on in life : with no crimes that could justly condemn him to the gallies. What he describes is the level of life in large communities such as he resided in ; there is no heroic passion,—no enthusiasm of any kind in his story—for the bye-ways of ambition are not romantic. Still the tale of Gil-Blas had great success, for it described, not merely what was passing round the author, but what was passing round most men pursuing the hackneyed existence of what in their separate countries was called—the world.

As Le Sage was essentially the man of the city, Rousseau was as essentially the man of solitude. All that he knew of mankind was what he knew of Rousseau. The only mode he had of describing human nature, was that of describing the workings of his own breast ;—he was the creature of sentiment and emotion—so was his book. Indeed, it is easier at a first glance to see why Rousseau should have written the *Nouvelle Heloise*, than it is at a first glance to see, why the *Heloise*, appearing amidst the worldly, the polished, the voluptuous, and selfish society of Louis XV, should have had such success. But there are in most men two natures—that nature which they acquire in action and from custom, which makes them do to-day as they did yesterday, and as they see others doing, without reflection or passion, but from habitual impulse—and that other nature—which we only find when we seek for it, but which is in the depths of all our souls ; which we find alone, and when we are called upon to think ; a nature of higher and nobler energies, such as from the very elevation at which it aims, can rarely be carried into action save by men of great powers. I speak of that source of sublimity within us from which all religions flow ; of that source of superiority and strength which we discover in sickness, in suffering, and oftentimes in great perils ; raising us above what we have been accustomed to consider ourselves ; coming not from stoicism, not from superstition—but simply from solitude and self-commune ;—for it

was said wisely and profoundly by the philosopher, "*Enter yourselves—there you will find the Gods.*"

Rousseau and Byron, both different in action from what they were in thought, yet living much in solitude, addressed our more lonely and thinking side of the heart: they spoke to man at the time when he momentarily withdraws himself from the world, not at the time when he is mechanically moving in the world; and this is why they produced a deeper impression upon the mind of their age, and a less impression upon its manners, than others of their cotemporaries.

Thus Le Sage and Rousseau might have lived and written together, as they wrote and lived at different periods; and been popular, not only at the same time, but with the same people.

The two principal styles of modern fiction then, being as I have said, those of Le Sage and Rousseau, the one addressed to the musings of mankind, the other depicting their manners;—a third some few years back introduced itself—of which we possess "the great master," and which supplied a want of the epoch, and more particularly of England, then beginning to be very generally felt.

With the difference of popular institutions, there was, as in that branch of my subject I remarked, sure to be felt a great increase of popular interest for historical productions. The great historical masters of ancient times were remarkable for their style, their thoughts, and their descriptions; the chronicles of the middle ages were mostly dry narrations of facts; and the history that combined them, until the 18th century, was mere compilation. The school of which Voltaire and Hume were the chiefs, addressing itself to men of letters, and writing with partial views, consisted rather in disquisitions upon preceding times, than in descriptions of them. Gibbon is our only great historian who wrote upon the ancient model; but his subject, except in a few particular points, was not one of general interest, and produced only amongst scholars the sensation, which, if it had been a history of England, it would have produced upon English society at large.

The modern French historians, adopting a new and more animated and picturesque way of treating their subject, sup-

plied to their own country, in a great measure, the want that had been felt; and their works, re-published in small numbers, became the most widely circulated of their time. But in England, our more recent histories, possessing great merit in solidity and research, were still more unattractive to the general reader than those that had preceded them.

A desire was felt, which no one satisfied, till Sir Walter Scott, succeeding the Misses Porter, who had already feebly attempted the same line of romance, carried his genius into a school, fore-destined to be popular—becoming what he will remain—the Shakspeare of his time—the great popular historian of England. His success was too extraordinary not to lead to imitations; he has been accordingly imitated in Germany, in Italy, and also in France by men of very considerable ability.

The three most remarkable French romances are:—Cinq Mars, by M. de Vigny; the Chronicle of Charles IX, by M. Mérimée; and Notre Dame, by M. Victor Hugo.

Of these three I should give the first place to the Chronicle of Charles IX, though the least known in this country, and not perhaps the most popular in France. The merits of M. Mérimée are precision and force. There is nothing unnecessarily lengthened in his fiction; the “Chronicle” is but one volume, through which you are breathlessly hurried by a series of dramatic effects. He portrays truly, also, no small quality in an historical novelist, in the time of which he writes. The passion, the levity, the superstition, the gallantry, the debauch, and blood-thirsty cruelty of that epoch, memorable by the massacre of St. Bartholomew, are worked up together in his tale, energetically, vividly, but naturally, and without any overstrained reach after colours or force.*

Monsieur de Vigny, more chaste, cold, and sentimental, has not in his romance the quickness and the vigour of M. Mérimée, but his characters are of a higher order, and more minutely delineated.

* The fault of the author's story is, indeed, its subject: faithful to the period of which he writes, he violates—how could it be otherwise—in speaking of those gay and lustful scenes over which Italy cast the shadow of her mysterious mask?—the propriety of that period for which he is writing. He paints, however, rather the warmth of passion than the subtleties of depravity; and, exciting the imagination, does not deprave the heart.

The high spirit and weak character of Louis XV—his eye brightening in the battle and wandering in the council—the stern and ruthless composure of his minister—(the dark side of his nature perhaps rather overcharged)—the chivalry, the sentiment, the daring, and “all-for-love” of the young Cinq Mars—whose pale countenance, melancholy and absent when not lit up by enterprize, and large black eyes and long brown hair follow you from his first appearance at his paternal chateau, until his last upon the scaffold—the light and varying shades of love, ambition, and coquetry which flit across the character of the young Duchess of Mantua—to obtain whose hand is young d’Effiat’s (Cinq Mars) sole object of action—a princess who had loved in solitude, and is afterwards exposed to the flatteries and fascinations of a court—all these various subjects for the artist are drawn, not perhaps with a powerful, but with a fine and delicate hand; and this romance upon the whole succeeded as the most popular imitation of our inimitable novelist.

To those who wish to see the ancient capital with its innumerable steeples and stately spires, with “its guardian giantess and her tiara of towers,” with its miraculous hotel that could lodge twenty-two princes of the quality of the Dauphin—with its gibbets and its pillories which flourished and abounded in the place of that “one miserable guillotine,” which now occupies a dishonoured corner of the Grève—and to those who wish to see this dark creation peopled with a motley crowd of Bohemians, students, knights, priests and executioners—the romance of ‘Notre Dame’ may be taken up with safety and laid down with satisfaction.

In spite, however, of the vigorous and peculiar style, the vivid colouring and dramatic effect of different parts of this remarkable production, its chance of being more than a popular tale of the day is destroyed by its evident struggle after an unnatural originality, and by all the faults and absurdities of M. Hugo’s late dramatic compositions.

The lover, whose devoted passion should charm and touch you, appears under the monstrous shape of one of those hideous excrescences that decorate a gothic church—while the graceful and delicate heroine, when delivered up to her executioner,

trembles in his hand—not like an aspen or a rose leaf—but, strange to say—like a galvanized frog!

These romances, however, of the historical school were works of power, and would have had more followers and more success, but for the circumstance I have mentioned; viz. the popular style of history of itself; for where history is written on the principle of being amusing, historical romance supplies no vacuum, and is not likely to be long in vogue.

Of the school of Rousseau, Madame de Staël and M. de Châteaubriand are the only popular followers; though Madame de Thérèse in “Jerome” and “l’Indienne,” has produced two eloquent and touching stories, which deserve to be noticed, were it only for the elegant correctness of their style, their frequent profundity of thought, and their absence from all offensive affectation. M. de St. Beuve is also well calculated to have succeeded in the metaphysical novel, had he not, in a composition of which I shall presently give a specimen, sullied the wings of his genius by the dirty and licentious details through which he has directed her course.

In the school of manners, Paul de Kock stands unrivalled—his subjects are low—his language unclassical, and without eloquence—but the persons he describes are true portraits—and the passions he gives them, go through their natural workings. He is by Le Sage what the low farce writer is by the comedian. The characters you are shown are those you would meet with in the omnibus; but they are living portraits, and types of their class. Nor is there any French writer of fiction now living, so likely to have a place with posterity, as one whom many of his tinselled and affected cotemporaries pretend to despise.

I now approach a school—if school it can be called—which belongs to none of the orders I have just described. It does not refer to history—it does not describe manners, nor unfold the natural mystery of the human mind. The objects of its idolatry, insomuch fulfilling the Jewish commandment, are neither taken from things in the earth, nor from things in the heavens above the earth, nor from things in the waters under the earth. They are creatures which we never saw by day, nor ever imagined by night, except under the influence of some unhappy nightmare, more incoherent and extravagant than usual.

All keeping of character, all conduct of plot, all decency of manners, any thing which the novelist of later times has studied to observe, the novelist of this extravagant sect studies to violate.

To write a calm criticism on such literature would be an impertinence. I have therefore endeavoured, by adopting, not a new, but a generally fortunate device, to display with the levity they merit, those absurdities and indecorums which have acquired a certain reputation; and I must beg my reader—who will see by notes annexed, that I have taken almost verbatim from novels much in vogue, the language and situations I make use of—to attribute to me nothing in the following pages, save the desire to cover such want of nature, taste and decency, with all the censure and ridicule it deserves.

Dramatis Personæ.*

LEONE LIONI (<i>a swindler</i>).	AMAURY.
GALERIAN (<i>a moralist</i>).	LIBERTY.
PRINCESS CLAUDIA.	YOUNG MAN WITH SKIN.
GOVERNESS OF PRINCESS CLAUDIA.	CATHEDRAL OF AUGSBURG.
BARNAVE.	CHURCH OF NOTRE-DAME.
DAUGHTERS OF SEJAN.	SATAN.
CAPTAIN BRULART (<i>pirate and nobleman</i>).	

Devils, Secretaries of Embassy, etc.

Scene a confused medley of Swiss cottages, and houses of ill-fame—Of pirate vessels, and cachemered bowdoirs—Of sepulchres and banqueting rooms—In the back ground, Venice surrounded by rocks; and the Morgue enshrined in bowers of roses.

Enter Leone Lioni—Lioni is dressed in a long robe of pale green silk, embroidered with large arabesques of gold and silver.† Enter opposite a Galerian in chains.

Galerian (with arms folded and a meditative air).—Who, Sir, are you?

Lioni.—I Sir!—I am a man endowed with extraordinary faculties‡—

* All these are characters taken from the romances of the day most in vogue, wearing their own dress, and using, as will be seen from notes, almost exactly their own language.

† See description, in "Leone Lioni." Un homme vêtu d'une longue robe de soie vert pâle, brodée de larges arabesques d'or et d'argent.

‡ Il est certain que Lioni est un homme doué de facultés extraordinaires—Vous savez qu'il a tous les talents, toutes les séductions. S'il assistait à un

have all talents and all seductions : if I am present at a concert, I sing and play better than any of the musicians. If I deign to pass an evening in a small and quiet circle, I enrich by the most beautiful drawings the ladies' albums.

I sketch in an instant portraits the most graceful, and caricatures the most caustic. I improvise too and declaim in all languages. I know every dance in Europe, and dance them all with an enchanting perfection. I have seen every thing, judged every thing, understood every thing; in short (*stroking his chin*) I have read in the universe as if it were my pocket-book.

Galerian.—Ah! I see from the description, you are the keeper of a hell in St. James's Street.* I am a philosopher and a moralist.† No man who has not nearly escaped hanging can be one. Oh! (*with an enraptured air*) the delights of virtue! The pure, the incomparable happiness of that beatified state of the soul which plunged in an earthly elysium.... (*Here the Galerian, speaking and walking rapidly across the stage, and evidently forgetting himself, uses Lioni's pale green silk robe as a pocket handkerchief*).

Lioni.—Oh! Juliette! Oh! my robe!

Galerian (melancholy and as if suddenly awakened from an agreeable delirium).—Pardon, Sir, alas! talking of virtue made me think I was again in the galleys.‡

Enter Governess leading in a beautiful young Princess.

To the Galerian.—Sir, you seem an honourable man, do us a service!

Princess Claudia (with enthusiasm).—Yes, Sir, do me a service!

Galerian.—Madam, is what you ask strictly accordant with virtue?

Governess.—Strictly, Sir.

Princess Claudia.—Strictly, Sir. } together.

Galerian (with one hand to his brow, the other gathering up his chains):—Say on, madam.

Governess (with proper dignity).—Sir, my duty to this young lady's parents, my duty to her, but more than all, my duty to myself brings me here to tell you that my pupil desires—to be seduced.§

concert, après s'être fait un peu prier, il chantait ou jouait de tous les instruments avec une supériorité marquée sur les musiciens. S'il consentait à passer une soirée d'intimité, il faisait des dessins charmans sur les albums des femmes. Il crayonnait en un instant des portraits pleins de grâce ou des caricatures pleines de nerve; il improvisait ou déclamaient dans toutes les langues; il savait toutes les danses de caractère de l'Europe, et il les dansait toutes avec une grâce enchanteresse; il avait tout vu, tout retenu, tout jugé, tout compris; il savait tout; il lisait dans l'univers comme dans un livre de poche.

* Lioni is a cheat and swindler.

† See Lelia—the character of Tremor, the Galerian.

‡ Lelia. “Vous ramez trop vite, Sténio, vous m'arrachez une bien chère illusion. Ce brouillard me trompait; ce froid du soir, et surtout ce calme religieux qui était en moi, me faisaient croire que j'étais au baigne.”

§ Lelia, scene between Stentio, Governess and Princess Claudia.

Galerian shakes his head.—Pity me, ladies! I am a St. Simonian, and I swore to “the father” yesterday—abstinence for a month.

Princess Claudia.—Perhaps, Sir (*pointing to Lioni*), that other gentleman—

Lioni (holding out a hand covered with jewels).—One hundred and fifty thousand francs, if you please! That’s what my beloved Juliette paid me, I assure you; not a farthing less.*

(*While the governess and the young Princess are consulting together, there appears a good looking young man, with a Brutus wig and top boots, leading by the hand a couple of young ladies, in a deskabille of the Roman empire in the time of Tiberius.*)

Governess starts.—Oh! Monsieur Barnave, can that be you?

Barnave. —You have said it, madam.

Galerian.—And those young ladies? (*aside*) opera dancers I should say—ah! then they must be virtuous.

Barnave.—These young ladies are the daughters of Sejan.†

Governess.—Good God! M. Barnave, how came you by the daughters of Sejan?

Barnave.—Ah! madam, I see you do not know my *forte*. Such things are always happening to me. I was walking in the Tuileries, composing for the National Assembly, somebody touched my arm, another would have thought it was his mistress—but no; the truth struck me at once; “here,” said I, “are the daughters of Sejan!”

Princess Claudia to Governess, and examining the daughters of Sejan with attention.—Are those the daughters that were—

Barnave (overhearing).—Precisely, Mademoiselle. Read the last edition of my Memoirs, page 273.

(*At this moment the whole stage is thrown into consternation by the apparition of a tall, terrible looking man, with a pale face, and a long thin nose, and dark thick eyebrows, and hollow cheeks, and a large square chin covered with a beard about an inch long, and thin pale lips, and a clear blue eye, of an insupportable fixity. His common blue shirt fastened round his waist by a cord, is full of holes, his naked legs are brown and hairy, his hands too are covered with filth, but you see at once by their being long and thin, that his ancestors fought with great glory against Charles the Fifth.*)

Leoni (recognizing an acquaintance).—What you, my dear friend! Al-

* See Leoni.

† See Barnave, by M. Janin.

‡ Figurez-vous un homme d’une taille athlétique, avec un visage pâle et plombé, un front plissé, un nez long et mince, d’épais sourcils d’un noir de jais, et des yeux d’un bleu clair et revêtu d’une fixité insupportable, un menton large et carré, des joues creuses, recouvertes d’une barbe épaisse à moitié longue, et puis enfin une bouche bordée de lèvres, minces et blafardes, agitées par un tremblement convulsif presque continu qui, par exemple, laisserait voir pourquoi ne l’avouerai-je pas, de fort belles dents parfaitement rangées.

Ses mains, toutes malpropres, toutes noires qu’elles étaient, témoignaient

low me, gentlemen and ladies, to introduce my particular friend, the Comte de * * * alias Captain Brulart.

Captain Brulart (with an homeric, or melaphistophelic, or rather hyenic laugh).—Ha! ha! ha! *

Princess Claudia.—What very white teeth that tall dirty gentleman has got!

Captain Brulart raises his head.—By all the skulls that I have cracked, (*he advances*) by all the throats that I have cut, (*he faces the Princess*) by all the young ladies that—† (*Here the Princess, who already beginning to blush, had cast down her eyes, was thrown with violence into the modest arms of the Galerian, by a pale interesting sentimental looking little gentleman, with green spectacles, who panting, puffing, running, rushed on to the theatre*).

Galerian.—It is Amaury!

Amaury.—L'ombre est épaisse, la foule est inconnue : les lumières trompeuses du soir éblouissent sans éclairer, nul œil redouté ne me voit. Je me perds, je me retrouve toujours. Les plus étroits défilés, les plus populeux carrefours, et les plus jonchés de pièges m'appellent de préférence : je les découvre avec certitude ; un instinct funeste m'y dirige. Ce sont des circuits étranges, inexplicables, un labyrinthe tournoyant comme celui des damnés luxurieux. Je repasse plusieurs fois aux mêmes angles. Il me semble que je reconnais d'avance les fosses les plus profondes de peur de n'y pas tomber : ou encore, je reviens effleurer le péril de l'air effaré dont on le fuit. Mille propos de miel ou de boue m'accueillent au passage, milles mortelles images m'atteignent ; je les emporte dans ma chair palpitante, courant, rebroussant comme un cerf aux abois, le front en eau, les pieds brisés, les lèvres arides———‡

par leur forme longue et effilée, par la délicatesse de leurs contours, témoignaient, dis-je, une certaine distinction de race....

Le commandant Brulart (car il avait un nom et s'appelait Brulart), même aucuns disent un nom ancien, un nom historique, qui, dit-on, illustré sous François I fit pâlir plus d'une fois les généraux de Charles Quint.

* A peine Brulart avait-il terminé ces mots, qui furent accentués lentement, qu'un rire tout homérique, ou plutôt tout méphistophélique, ou mieux encore un vrai rire de hyène, souleva sa large poitrine.

Atar-Gull, page 182.

† Je te jure par tous les reins que j'ai brisés,

Par tous les cranes que j'ai fendus.

—(Et il se dressa debout).

Par tous les gosiers que j'ai échançrés.

—(Et il marcha sur Benoit).

Par tous les navires que j'ai pillés.

Atar-Gull, page 181.

‡ The shadows are thick, the crowd is unknown : the deceitful lamps of evening dazzle without lighting, no dreaded eye sees me. I lose myself, I find myself again. The narrowest lanes, the cross-ways most populous and

Governess.—Poor young man! What is he in such a fuss about?

Amaury.—Madam, I am devoted to voluptuousness; I run after it, I have been running after it just now, through all the dirty lanes and in all the dirty corners of Paris. I gaze on those dirty lanes, I gaze on the dirty ladies who inhabit them. God forbid I should do more than gaze—no, Madam, I have not lost my virtue.

Galerian.—Oh! Amaury is virtuous!

Young Princess (sighing).—And have you never been in love, Sir?

Amaury.—Love, Mademoiselle! (*with one hand in his breeches pocket and the other on his heart*) love! who, of you all—human lovers!—who of you all amongst these most happy, have not felt even in your most delicious hours wearisome and disgusted? Who, of you all, even in the most voluptuous moment of mortal pleasures, have not desired something above or below what you experienced—have not imagined some capricious and inconstant diversion—have not wished—ay, at the very feet of your idol—sighing forth your passion on a perfumed terrace—have not wished, I say, for some coarse exchange—some vulgar creature passing by?* But, what do I see? (*he gazes with eager admiration, as there enters a slapping and somewhat slovenly wench, crowned with laurel and holding a bottle in her hand of that democratic liquid called 'vin bleu.'*)†

covered with snares, are to me the most inviting. I discover them with certitude—a fatal instinct directs me.

These are passages circuitous, strange, inexplicable, a labyrinth tortuous and luxurious like that of the damned. I pass and re-pass the same angles. It seems as if I knew beforehand the deepest ditches, from the fear of falling therein. Or, again I return and glance by the peril, with the air of one who flies it. A thousand expressions of mud or of honey welcome my passage—a thousand deadly images reach me; I carry them away in my palpitating flesh, running on, and running back, like a stag tired down—the forehead covered with perspiration, the feet bruised, the lips dry..... (*Volupté.*)

* Qui de vous, amants humains, parmi les plus comblés, et au sein des accablantes faveurs, qui de vous n'a subi l'ennui? Qui de vous, sous le coup même des mortelles délices, n'a désiré au-delà ou en-deça, n'a imaginé quelque diversion capricieuse, inconstante, et aux pieds de son idole, sur les terrasses embaumées, n'a souhaité peut-être quelque grossier échange, quelque vulgaire créature qui passe, ou tout simplement être seul pour son repos.—(*Volupté*, p. 300.)

† Le peuple, c'est enfin la fille de taverne,
La fille buvant du vin bleu,
Qui veut dans son amant un bras qui la gouverne,
Un corps de fer, un œil de feu.
Et qui dans son taudis, sur sa couche de paille,
N'a d'amour chaud et libertin
Que pour l'homme hardi qui la bat et la fouaille
Depuis le soir jusqu'au matin.—BARBIER.

Barnave.—It is Liberty! (*Liberty staggering forward and singing a melody, of which are distinguished the following stanzas:*)

The Goddess they call Liberty
Is not of ancient pedigree,
A pampered lady fond of ease
Who at a cry will faint;
Dwelling in gorgeous palaces
And daubing her cheeks with paint.

Behold a female stout and strong,
Of bosom hard and large!
Who tramps with terrible stride along
Where shouting squadrons charge.

Her sombre voice is hoarse and high,
Her skin is brown and tann'd;
There's a manly fire in her free eye,
And broad is her brawny hand.

She joys in the roll of the warlike drum,
In the powder's sulphurous smell;
In the gathering people's mighty hum,
And the toll of the alarum bell.

Her lovers are of the populace,
She clasps to her big breast,
Men of her own gigantic race.
And when she is caressed—
It is—the battle won and o'er—
By hands where mud is mix'd with gore.*

Captain Brulart (regarding his own hands).—Egad! she means me.
Here, Madam (*pulling out a small vial*), do me the favour to put one end

* C'est que la liberté n'est pas une Duchesse
Du noble faubourg St. Germain;
Une femme qu'un cri fait tomber en faiblesse,
Qui met du blanc et du carmin.
C'est une femme forte aux puissantes mamelles,
A la voix rauque, aux durs appas,
Qui du brun sur la peau, du feu dans les prunelles,
Agile en marchant à grands pas,
Se plaît aux cris du peuple, aux sanglantes mêlées,
Aux longs roulemens des tambours,
A l'odeur de la poudre, aux lointaines volées
Des cloches et des canons sourds:
Qui ne prend ses amans que dans la populace,
Qui ne prête son large flanc
Qu'à des gens forts comme elle, et qui veut qu'on l'embrasse
Avec des bras rouges de sang.

of this in your mouth, and I will put the other in mine—oh! happiness, we will poison ourselves together.*

Liberty (with rapture).—Yes; we will poison ourselves together.

(Captain Brulart and Liberty seen tenderly embracing, with the little vial thus divided together).

Liberty.—I am poisoned!

Captain Brulart (taking a piece of the vial out of his mouth).—Ha! ha! You see my vial had a false bottom; she has taken the wrong end.† Ha! ha!

Galerian.—Alas! alas! Liberty is poisoned! alas! alas!

(Here a vast crowd of courtiers and secretaries of embassy, stepping down from some little books that may be seen on a small stall, marked, “un sous le volume,” join in a joyful chorus.

‘Liberty is poisoned.’

(In the midst of this confusion occasioned by the sudden and tragic death of Liberty, a young gentleman holding a piece of skin‡ in his hand, glides forward).

Princess Claudia.—Oh! Governess, look at this young man!

Governess.—I see—upon his young features, is stamped a cloudy grace; in his regard you see efforts betrayed and hopes deceived. The sombre impassibility of the suicide gives to his forehead a paleness, dead and sickly, a bitter smile draws into slight wrinkles the corner of his mouth, but a secret genius sparkles at the bottom of his eyes, veiled by the fatigue of an orgie.§

Galerian.—As when a celebrated criminal arrives in the galleys, the galerians receive him with respect, so let all the persons present, expert in horrors, salute an incomprehensible grief—a wound, of which by instinct they suspect the profundity—thus recognizing one of their princes by the majesty of his garments. Friends, countrymen, and brother novelists, I say, gaze on that sad phiz!||

* Eh bien! mon Arthur, nous mettrons ce mince cristal à moitié entre nos dents. . . . et nous le briserons au milieu d’un de ces baisers délirans. . . . tu sais. . . . *See Atar Gull.*

† There is the same story of a false bottom in the story of Captain Brulart. The only difference is, that he (the captain) is taken in and not the lady.

‡ See *Peau de Chagrin*. The plan of this tale is—that a young gentleman going to drown himself meets with a magical skin, which is to procure him the gratification of all his desires, but which is to shrink with his possession of each; as it shrieks, his life is to fade, and when it is quite gone, he dies.

§ Ses jeunes traits étaient empreints d’une grâce nébuleuse. Dans son regard il y avait bien des efforts trahis, bien des espérances trompées, la morne impassibilité du suicide donnait à son front une pâleur mate et malade, un sourire amer dessinait de larges plis dans les coins de sa bouche, &c.—BALZAC. *Peau de Chagrin*.

|| Comme lorsqu’un célèbre criminel arrive au baigne, les condamnés l’accueillent avec respect, ainsi tous ces démons humains, experts en tortures, sa-luèrent une douleur inouïe, une blessure dont ils soupçonnaient par instinct la

Princess Claudia (regarding the young man with the skin, and sighing).—
Tu as bien souffert, pauvre ange!*

The young man with the skin, looking around him on Captain Brulart, the Galerian, and the Governess.—Thank God! there is nothing here to desire. (He takes out a rule, and measures the skin).—shrunk one hair's breadth since I left my lodging! and only because I wished not to wet my feet at that crossing! oh! oh!

Princess (rushing forward). †—I have only sufficient voice left to say "I am yours." Oh! never, angel of my life, was man so beautiful!

Young man with the skin (in a voice hoarse and muffled).—Fly, fly! What would cure you will kill me.—Oh, Princess Claudia, in giving you a kiss—I give up the ghost—Yes, I die.

Princess Claudia.—Die! and can you die without me? So young and so beautiful! and die! die! but I love you! (in a deep and guttural voice), Die! (she takes his hand)—Cold! is it a dream?

Young man (holding up the piece of shagreen skin, and showing it to the Princess).—No! let us say adieu!

Princess Claudia (with an air of surprise).—Adieu!

Young man with shagreen skin.—Yes; this is a talisman; it accomplishes my wishes and represents my life; see what remains of it! If you continue to look at me, I shall wish—and if I wish—there is but this little bit left! just look?—

(The young lady, taking the shagreen skin, and holding it over one of the lamps of the orchestra, attentively examines the face of her lover and the last remains of the shrinking talisman; but he (the youth) seeing her thus beautiful from horror and from love, is no longer master of his thoughts).

(Enter, to the sound of organs, the church of Notre Dame and the Cathedral of Augsburg.) ‡

Cathedral of Augsburg.—Really, my dear Notre-Dame, your part of Paris is so abominably crowded and filthy, that my new gown is tumbled all over, and my satin shoes covered with mud; but here are these gentry of yours who have been horrifying all my German horrors. I think we ought to preach them a sermon.

Notre-Dame.—Yes; let us preach them a sermon!

profondeur et reconnurent un de leurs princes à la majesté de ses vêtements."—*Peau de Chagrin.*

* *Peau de Chagrin.*

† For this and what follows, see end of "*Peau de Chagrin*," part of which is here translated.

‡ For this humanized appearance of Notre Dame and the Cathedral of Augsburg, as well as for the simple and interesting observations of these two elegant churches, I am indebted to the sublime Author of "*Ahasuerus*," to whom I refer all gentlemen and ladies who wish to become better acquainted with the language and habits of comets, stars, and public buildings.

Cathedral of Augsburg.—Oh, you all-seductive thieves! and virtuous Galerians!

Notre-Dame.—Oh, you all-trustworthy governesses and chaste princesses!

Cathedral of Augsburg.—Oh, you, Barnave, and you, daughters of Sejan!

Notre-Dame.—Oh, you Brulart, who call yourself Count D***!

Captain Brulart (drawing a pistol from his belt with one hand, and unsheathing his cutlass with the other).—*Sacre Dieu!* what do the old witches mean?

(He shoots Notre-Dame, and runs the Cathedral of Augsburg through her body; then yawning and wiping his sword, exclaims).—What a frightful dream!*

(Satan here enters, followed by a number of devils carrying large brooms.)

The Galerian (falling down on his knees).—Oh God! oh Satan! oh heaven! oh hell!

Leoni (whipping the mitre off Notre-Dame's head and making toward a trap-door).—I shall be off for Venice.

Barnave (gazing tenderly on a little washer-woman who had just handed him a pair of clean worsted stockings).—Accursed be the first who thought of making of horror a profession and a commerce! accursed be the new poetic school with its hangmen and its phantoms; they have overturned my whole being: and here, whilst I have been observing the moral world in its most mysterious influences, I have never once remarked that the pretty little "Jenny was—become a woman."†

The Governess (with the Princess in her hand, advancing to Satan and curtsying).—This young Princess, please your Majesty....

Brulart (pulling his pedigree out of his waistcoat pocket and commencing a soliloquy).—"To be or not to be, that is the question."

Satan.—Not to be, scoundrel—here *(to the devils)*, sweep this dust off my stage.‡

* This is one of the "gentillesces" of Captain Brulart. He takes opium, and has agreeable dreams, which he calls "his life," and he murders, tortures, and blows up people, and such like, and after these little accidents—calls out—"quel rêve affreux!"

† "A little washerwoman tells her customers she is going to be married." Je fus frappé comme d'un coup de foudre; il y avait six ans que je la traitais comme un enfant. Je poussai un profond soupir et me levant furieux—"Maudit soit," m'écriai-je, "le premier qui s'est avisé de faire de l'horreur, métier et marchandise! maudit soit la nouvelle école poétique avec ses boureaux et ses fantômes! ils ont tout bouleversé dans mon être; à force de me faire observer le monde moral dans ses plus mystérieuses influences, ils m'ont empêché de remarquer que cette jolie petite Jenny n'était plus—un enfant."

M. JANIN.—*L'Âne Mort et la Femme Guillotinée.*

‡ See Ahasuerus again, who has introduced this new scene.

CHAOS.

Thus, much of light literature in France is what I have painted it—a kind of phantasmagoria; not without talent, but without all that renders talent touching and respectable.*

But it is far more interesting to inquire into the causes and effects of this strange perversion of ability, than to prolong our criticism upon the writing to which it has given birth. To what then are we to attribute these extraordinary productions—and what are they in their turn likely to produce?

In the first place, the popular style which history and other works of information have adopted, has abridged the numbers of light readers, and taken many of the soberer minded and better informed from that class to which the novelist ordinarily addresses himself. The consequences of free institutions has also been to withdraw from the paths of elegant and popular literature a considerable portion of those who from their talents, and situation in life, were likely, as long as the novelist felt they were an influential portion of his readers, to moderate his extravagancies and correct his taste.

Married women, too, in France are far more occupied either in society or in the direction of their husband's affairs than with us, and unmarried women, in respectable life, are kept more strictly and more retired.

Young men, then, and kept mistresses form a vast proportion of the admirers of works of fiction; and for these, conse-

* Monsieur Sue would be forcible if he were not extravagant; Monsieur Balzac graceful and affecting, if he did not struggle to be fine, and degrade himself by being licentious. Monsieur Janin is clever, witty, brilliant, but without coherence in his larger works; and, dallying, as it were, with his own fancies, he resembles the smith, who having used the anvil with force, stops in his labours to amuse himself with the sparks. G. Sand—or, to drop a mask which nobody preserves, Madame Dudevant, is in all respects an extraordinary person, and if she merit the chastisement, wins the admiration of the critic. Her style is the most eloquent of the epoch, and though on some occasions spoilt by modern affectations, is at others tinged with that antique and sacred colouring which Rome gave to her saints, and Judea to her prophets. As wholes, her works, it is true, are false and forced, but they contain parts, natural, eloquent and true—passages rife with the emotions and the experience of their daring and beautiful authoress.

quently, a vast proportion of such works are written. They do not therefore express the manners or feelings of society; neither do they form those feelings and manners. In old times, indeed, they did both; because they were then written for a higher order of persons, who, determining the ideas and habits of their time, also represented them. But these persons are now more seriously employed; and thus, strange as it may appear, it is because the French have become more serious, more instructed, and more occupied, that their lighter literature has become less creditable to the public taste.

CHAPTER II.

Neglect in promoting Community of Thought between the French and the English—A Rogue of Ability and an Honest Man without Ability—Titled Incapacity—Principal Newspapers of Paris—The Constitutionnel—The Journal des Débats—The Gazette de France—The Quotidienne—The National—M. Armand Carrel.

IN commencing this chapter, I am obliged to call attention to the melancholy fact, that we have had ministry after ministry, prating about the advantages of a French alliance, sending ambassadors to Paris, concocting treaties with France, and neglecting the only means of establishing that sound and solid treaty with the French people, which arises from a communication of thought—an approximation towards sympathy in opinion.

The Duke of Richmond, a man of more activity and intelligence than his predecessors, says, in a letter to Lord Althorp:—that the circulation of foreign newspapers in England and the transmission of English newspapers to foreign countries have hitherto furnished their sole remuneration to certain persons in the post-office; and that if salaries were paid to these persons, such salaries would amount to 3,500/.

* See "Papers relating to the Post-office."

“It is,” continues his Grace, “for the Treasury to decide whether it should burthen the country with this 3500*l.* for no other purpose but supplying a few persons, who wish to receive foreign journals in this country or English papers abroad, with an article of luxury.

“The circulation of foreign journals, in this country, and the transmission of English newspapers abroad, has been from time immemorial the privilege of the officers of the foreign post-office, and the proceeds form the sole remuneration for official services to the head of that office and fifteen clerks.

“If salaries were to be paid to those persons, the aggregate would not amount to less than 3500*l.*, and it is for the Treasury to decide whether the revenue shall be burthened with an additional charge to this extent; and this not for the purpose of any general advantage to the public at large, but solely for the relief of *the few* who are desirous of receiving foreign journals in this country, or English papers abroad, as an article of luxury.”

What! is this all that a minister, a cabinet minister, presiding over one of the most important state departments—is this all that he sees in the free circulation of the opinions of one country among the people of another?

The Duke of Richmond is a clever man; but were we to estimate his mind by the observation I have quoted, we should most assuredly deem it ill qualified to use advantages and appreciate the nature of his situation.

Let us not quarrel with this nobleman for one inadvertence; but let me say a word or two here on the system which too often introduces into power men unworthy of being compared with him, and who are chosen—not from their talent, but their rank—to which, perhaps, he himself notwithstanding his ability chiefly owed his elevation. I detest the cant which condemns men because they are of noble birth; but I also despise the mockery of selecting them merely for their pedigree.

You shudder, my countrymen, at the idea of a rogue being elevated to an important office in the state, and your feeling is honourable to the national character of England. But what is the difference between a rogue of ability, and an honest man without ability? why, just this: the one does as much good to himself as he can with as little harm to you; the other does you incalculable injury without benefiting himself.

Besides, even let us suppose a political villain as bad as he can be; let us suppose that he plays in the funds, ruins the

stockbrokers, and provides for his relations—whom does he injure?—a few individuals of the present generation.

A fool, however—an honest fool, scatters more far and wide the effects of his non-intelligence; he insinuates his stupidity into all parts and branches of the state, into all corners and classes of society, into all interests, and into all opinions.

That stupidity affects the bread you eat, the clothes you wear, the books you read; and not only does it affect *you*, but *your grandchildren's children*; its dull shadow is cast far into futurity, and blights all things within its baleful reach.

Rank and wealth afford every advantage for acquiring knowledge; as such they should be valued and respected; so far the intelligent people of England—prime minister, whoever you may be! * will go with you. But you should not take the means for the end, or make a man a minister because he is a lord, any more than you should make a man a professor of mathematics because he has been left a case of astronomical instruments.

Act otherwise! and do you know where it will lead to? Place titled incapacity in conspicuous situations, and you will arrive at the very point which you wish to avoid! † Make persons ministers on account of their rank, in the present state of opinion and intelligence, and you will find that the people will look with distrust and loathing on men of rank in spite of their ability.

Let us beware how we tread, even lightly in this course! Let us beware how we inspire the belief that a lord is made a minister at home, or an ambassador abroad, merely because he is a lord.—Let us, in God's name, beware how we allow it for an instant to be supposed that any family, or set of families, pretend to make an hereditary estate of the public service!

But at last it appears that some change is really to take place in our post-office arrangements; that there are some individuals penetrating enough to perceive, through the opaque bodies of frowning clerks, that the gratification of a *few luxu-*

* This exhortation would, I need not say, be unnecessary, if addressed to the present Prime Minister.

† The Duc de St. Simon, who tried the experiment, acknowledges that nothing was so likely to hasten the movement he wished to prevent—as the failure of his scheme, if it were defeated—and the public exhibition of great men testifying their incapacity in great places.

rious gentlemen is *not all* the benefit that can be derived from an interchange of daily opinion between France and England.*

And now, at the moment when French journals arrive more cheaply to our hands, let us enquire into their character and their influence; the opinions and the classes they represent; and the advantages and the causes of a general newspaper system altogether different from our own.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL PAPERS AND THEIR SUBSCRIBERS.

	Departments.	Paris.
Moniteur.	850	500
Constitutionnel.	8,300	3,500
Débats.	5,900	4,000
Gazette de France.	6,700	2,000
Temps.	4,000	1,200
Courrier Français.	3,500	1,800
Quotidienne.	3,700	1,000
National.	2,700	1,200
Messenger.	400	700
Tribune.	850	800
Journal de Paris. †	1,800	900

If you happen to see, sitting in one of the classic chairs of the Palais Royal, a little grocer with rather a pinched-in mouth and a pair of dusky brown spectacles—or if you happen to see a good, fat, red-faced dealer in sausages, with just sufficient wrinkles about the eye-brow to show a kind of lurking anxiety to have something—besides an ill-natured wife to find fault with—if you happen, I say, to see either of these gentlemen particularly busy over a paper some fine summer

* See Appendix for what *has* been done.

† These are the principal newspapers of Paris, and but a short time since the newspapers of Paris formed the French press. Since the revolution the number of provincial journals has very considerably increased: partly owing to the long provincial agitation by which the downfall of the Bourbon dynasty was preceded; partly owing to the commercial movement which has lately taken place in France, and which, awakening attention to local affairs, teaches men to benefit the state in improving their own canteen or their own commune.

The principal provincial newspapers are:

Journal de Rouen,

Précurseur de Lyon,

Mémorial Bordelais,

and the journals of Nantes, Marseilles, and Havre.

evening in the Palais Royal, be sure—that paper is the *Constitutionnel*!

The *Constitutionnel* took its birth at the restoration, and was founded by MM. B. Constant, Etienne, Jay, etc. The shares, originally worth 5,000 francs, are now worth 2, or 300,000, and produce frequently upwards of 20,000 francs a year.

The immense advance of this paper gives an interest to the manner in which it is conducted. This manner is a peculiar one. Let us transport ourselves into a large room, where a number of people are assembled, all shouting, spouting, disputing!—Let us listen! the value of an opinion is discussed, as the value of rice, indigo, or any other marketable commodity might be. Here we are amidst the shareholders of the *Constitutionnel*, who thus debate, week by week, the best course for the paper to adopt—i. e. the course most likely to please its readers.

Those readers are what would be called in France *la petite bourgeoisie*,* a class singularly averse to great changes, and never quite satisfied with what exists. A class that requires in its journal a mixture of satire and plain sense—but of that kind of plain sense which is mixed up with a tolerable share of popular prejudice. For the small French shopkeepers there are but two colours—black and white. The devil, for them, has still immense horns and a long swishy tail. There is no idea to which they do not give some material form, or with which they do not connect some pet or popular name. To please these good folks, you must paint in your expressions, and here is where the *Constitutionnel* has always been most successful. “*Les jésuites à robe courte*,” “*les seïdes du pouvoir*,” such were the terms in which this journal spoke of that awful sect, the hobgoblin of the restoration! Never did there rise a morning that it did not hold forth upon the disciples of Loyola and their dire machinations; while the chuckling citizen felt a self-conceited pleasure in hearing of the great power and the terrible plans of his mysterious enemy. The *Constitutionnel* has another quality not to be forgotten. It is

* The small shopkeepers.

the best teller of a murder, out and out, among its cotemporaries. It dwells upon every horrible particular—it dilates and gloats upon every abominable fact—it would have lived a century on Thurtell's murder or the Cock-lane ghost—a strong proof, by the bye, of what I said in speaking of the drama, viz. that a taste for horrible tales and terrible spectacles results rather from a coarseness of manners than from a depravity of morals.

I observed, a few minutes since, that the *petite bourgeoisie* are averse to all great changes, and never quite satisfied with what exists. This is just the tone of their organ. No paper has such a horror of a revolution, or sees the red cap of '93 so visibly in the front of a republic—yet no paper protests so constantly against being ministerial. “ 'Tis a great pity—no one regrets it more ; but not a party, not a person, not an opinion, is just what it should be.” This is the tone of the *Constitutionnel* ; when it attacks the government more openly, it does so not upon a principle but an act ; the brutality of a police agent, the bad lighting of a street, the extravagance of a *fête*. If any doubtful case of home policy arrive, off the *Constitutionnel* starts with some question of foreign policy. The French have been insulted at Ancona ; the English wish to take possession of Algiers ; the Prussians are meditating an ingress into France ; out comes the tri-coloured flag ; your eyes are dazzled with the glory of France ; a day or two afterwards, *when opinion is decided*, the *Constitutionnel* returns home, and takes the *popular party*.

This paper, with all its faults, however—common in its sentiments, and not peculiarly elegant in its language—is, notwithstanding, the most useful, as well as the most popular in France ; because it constitutes a kind of intermediate link between the higher *bourgeoisie* and the people, and fills up that space between the legal and the illicit papers, which is so unfortunately and fatally vacant in England.

As the *Constitutionnel* is the organ of the *petite bourgeoisie*, the *Débats* is the organ of the great *bourgeoisie* in France.

No paper has been so attacked for a variation in its principles as the *Journal des Débats*, formerly *Journal de l'Em-*

père. The principles it has advocated have been different, but the party it has remained attached to has ever been the same.

The *Journal des Débats* has always represented the *bourgeoisie supérieure*; the higher branch of that body which we call the middle classes in England, and which is, more than any other, interested in the maintenance of order, in the security of property, and in peace.

The advocate of the empire, when the empire was a guarantee for that political stability, without which commerce and industry find it difficult to exist—in turn imperialist, royalist, earlist, and philipist—advocating no particular dynasty, and only leaving Charles X. when his monarchy became as much a struggle between two castes as between two opinions—such has ever been the *Journal des Débats*;—organ of the most important class in France, and naturally invested with a corresponding importance. No paper has so large a circulation in *Paris*, nor is any paper sustained with more tact and ability.* To any one wishing to see the progress made by France in the last fourteen years, and the progress made more especially by that class which is now at the head of affairs, I recommend a comparison between the *Journal des Débats* of 1834, and a paper of the same title in 1820. You see a pigmy by the side of a giant. In the first place the *Débats* of 1820 is about one quarter of the size of its robust successor; then look at the paper, at the printing! and above all compare the style and the writing!

In short, in this paper and its progress behold a type of the body it is addressed to.

As early, however, as 1815, MM. Villemain and Salvandy mingled in the politics, and MM. Geoffroi and Hoffman in the literature of the *Débats*. M. Bertin de Vaux, the present peer, was also one of its principal supporters; and along its pages has at times glanced the eloquent and fantastic pen of M. de Châteaubriand.

The *Gazette de France* has some resemblance to the *Standard* of England. It is written with singular talent, and

* I believe, almost entirely the property of Messrs. Bertin.

advocates monarchical principles with liberality, eloquence and ability. *A royalist paper* among a people of republican feelings its sale increases.*

The *Gazette de France* was in its glory at the time of M. de Villèle; it opposed M. de Polignac; and since the revolution of 1830, has taken a singular and most subtle direction. During the restoration it attacked openly and ingeniously the constitutional doctrines that were then in vogue, always respecting, as the despotism of Bonaparte would have respected, the French passion for equality; and contending, with much impudence and plausibility, that it was an absurd prejudice to suppose that birth had ever been any barrier to the success of intelligence. It has now, keeping in view, however, its ancient course, and departing as little as possible from its ancient principles, taken a yet bolder and more popular tone of discussion.

To the charter of the restoration, its system of election and centralization, it opposes an enlightened view of the ancient constitution which Richelieu and Louis XIV destroyed; contriving thus to trim up a very decent romance from the chronicles of those dead times. Already, in a masterly and well known view of the revolution of 1789, there had been fashioned from disjointed fragments a political Frankenstein of this description. I say a political Frankenstein—for as the magnificent but horrible creation of Mrs. Shelley was not a man resuscitated, but the shreds and patches of a variety of men combined into one form, so the constitution of M. le Maistre was not the constitution of any one time, but the bits and pieces of a variety of times, such as had never in reality existed, and harmonized together, —and which, now for the first time wrought into a compact shape, bore a pale and livid aspect among existing things.

It is, however, this creation of M. le Maistre which the *Gazette* reproduces and applauds.

The regenerated resurrection of the old provincial governments—the organization of primary assemblies, which, in

* It is in this paper that the ancient *Etoile* and the old *Journal de Paris* are now melted down. MM. de Peyronnet and Villèle were among its contributors.

many instances (the right for example, of choosing a regency), would exercise a direct and immediate power.—Such are the demands of the *Gazette de France*,—demands which, in a certain degree, meet the claim for universal suffrage on the one hand, and a desire still existing in many parts of France for independence from the capital, on the other;—demands intended to take the power from the *bourgeoisie* of the towns, in order to place it in the hands of the provincial gentry and their dependents.

Here is the difference between the *Gazette* and the *Quotidienne* :

The *Quotidienne* does not poetize with its opinions. It does not show you royalism as it *might be* in its theatrical and popular costume, but as *it is*. There is no disguise of party hatred, no dressing up of political opinion. It has the talent which the Morning Post has lately acquired; it has at the same time the bigotry of its English cotemporary.

The *Gazette de France** is the journal of the young and enlightened royalists of Paris, who are glad to see their principles put into so popular a garb. The *Quotidienne* is the journal of the old-fashioned nobility, who still remember the royal coaches of Versailles. The one has been wittily called the *procureur* of legitimacy, the other the *avocat*.

The *Gazette* talks of a King and a nobility as the best for the people;—the *Quotidienne* puts the people quite out of the

* The *Gazette de France* is chiefly the property of an individual, M. de Genoude, and its conduct is supposed to be the suggestion of M. Lourdoueix.

These two gentlemen were employed together during the restoration. M. de Genoude as *Conseiller d'Etat*, M. de Lourdoueix as *Chef de Division des Beaux-Arts*, in the office of the minister of the interior, and as *Censeur royal*! I call attention to this occupation, as it is amusing enough to find in the *Censeur royal* of the restoration, the advocate of the unlimited liberty of the press at the present time; to which I might add, that the liberal M. Etienne of the *Constitutionnel* occupied (and filled rather cruelly towards Madame de Staël) the same odious office of *Censeur* during the time of the Empire. M. de Lourdoueix is a man of talent and imagination, and gives to what he writes a colouring that is peculiarly favourable to newspaper success.

The review of the theatres is given to M. de la Forest, who wrote better formerly than he does now; and M. Bossange, formerly a bookseller and a liberal, has replaced, as a literary reviewer, the celebrated M. Colnett, whose articles contributed at one time to give a high literary reputation to this journal.

question;—but, dark in its doctrines, this paper is neither stupid nor nebulous in the style in which it displays them.

The *Constitutionnel* and the *Débats* are the journal of the *Bourgeoisie* great and small; the *Gazette* and the *Quotidienne** of the nobility, violent and moderate. The two first are the advocates of the government of Louis Philippe, more or less devotedly:—the two last are the advocates of Henry V., and the fallen dynasty, but with equal distinctions.

I am now about to speak of a paper, remarkable before and since the revolution for its talent, and which differs essentially from any I have yet named, in respect to its opinions.

I mean the *National*.

There is this satisfaction, thank God, in speaking of a foreign country, that one is not only free, but even supposed to be free from all party influences and personal affections.

If, in speaking of England, you were to say—that it will be difficult for any ministry, not containing Lord Durham, to satisfy the country, which has been won as well by his bold spirit as by his practical intelligence: if, in speaking of England, you were to say this—some time-serving clerk would remark, that to attach yourself to any man is to injure your chance of office.

If, on the other hand, you said, that you considered Sir Robert Peel many degrees superior as a parliamentary leader to any man in the House of Commons, some excellent whig would remark, with indignation, that he was astonished you should speak in that way of a tory!

Nay; there are some who will look at me with astonishment

* This paper, formerly directed by M. Laurentie, whose monarchical and religious talent had passed into a proverb, has lately been deserted by that gentleman, and is at the present time, I believe, conducted by M. de Brian, a gentleman of high reputation. M. Netman is one of its ablest writers, and every Monday there appears from his pen one of those political articles, half-serious and half-gay, which have in France such success.

The literary and dramatic part of the *Quotidienne* is conducted by M. Merle, formerly Director of the Porte St Martin, at Paris, and secretary to M. de Bourmont in his expedition to Algiers. This part of the paper is usually written not with very great ability, but in an enlightened spirit. M. de Balzac, the popular romance writer of the day, is frequently a contributor.

for having observed—that I think many articles in the *Morning Post* remarkable for their point; and that I confess the *Standard* to be edited by a man of ability;—and, if in the same breath, I praise the style of the *Examiner* and the *Register*—what will be the consequence? I shall pass with half my cotemporaries for a living olla podrida of opinions.

But thank God, I say, that I can push far from me all these little and hateful considerations, as I find myself face to face with M. Thiers and M. Carrel*—the two most remarkable men in France: one the editor of the *National* before the revolution—one the editor of the *National* since the revolution;—one most probably a minister, when this sheet is printed;—one most probably a prisoner;—such, in the shifting scene of politics, is the fate of former friends!

M. Armand Carrel, a young officer in the French army, when in 1823 it entered Spain, went over to the Spanish constitutionalists, and was condemned to death by a council of war at Perpignan. This decree, however, was revised by a council of war at Toulouse, and M. Carrel, owing, it is said, to the private friendship of some of the judges, was acquitted. Upon this M. Carrel came to Paris, and engaged in the conduct of “the *American Review*,” a publication now extinct, and which in its title explains the principles that this young man then entertained, and has since announced with so remarkable a talent. Pale, tall, and handsome, with a countenance agreeable but severe, and manners somewhat haughty and brusque, with the air rather of a man of war than a man of letters, M. Carrel is a singular exemplification of the great extension of that military influence to which I elsewhere alluded, and which distinguishes the journalist of France from any of his literary cotemporaries.

In correspondence with his person, M. Carrel’s style is stern and simple, but there is an ardour and a glow in that simplicity,

* It is not necessary that one person should be the unprincipled advocate of disorder, because he is opposed to the government of Louis-Philippe, nor that another should be a base hankerer after place because he supports it. The unscrupulous abusers of M. Thiers and of M. Carrel are by me equally condemned. Indeed no curse to which a nation can be doomed, is greater than this rage for vilifying the private character of public opponents—for there is no curse so likely to wither and dry up the virtue of public men.

which affects you the more deeply from its total freedom from affectation. M. Carrel makes no secret of his republicanism, and dreams of placing the constitution of the United States, taken from the weird banks of the St. Laurence, and the strange mountains of Pensylvania, amidst the manners of the Champs-Elysées and the Boulevards.

Of all visions, this is the most virtuous and the most wild. If France arrive at a republic, it neither will nor can be the republic of America.

You cannot blot out the history, nor change the character, nor alter the situation of a country. And the history of France, and the character of France, and the situation of France, are all different from the history, and the character, and the situation of America. Tell me the constitution of America suits the people of America, and you tell me that it does not suit the people of France!—If a republic take place in France, it will be a military and a literary republic, as that of America is destined to be a peaceful and a commercial one.

But though I differ from the opinions, I admire the character of this honest and remarkable man.*

Well, therefore, can I conceive that there is in France, a party to which the editor of the *National* is an angel of light and wisdom—a political Apollo—and many, indeed, were those who used to prostrate themselves in the *bureaucratic* temple, where at 2 o'clock he responded to the faithful! Then and there it was that all phrases and opinions were unscrupulously sacrificed to his presiding veto; while the most ardent republicans, such is the force of character and ability, bowed down with pleasure to this Napoleon of the press, and clung to an absolute and voluntary dictatorship.

When M. Carrel assumed the direction of the *National*, he published the following singular and distinctive paragraph: “*La responsabilité du National pèse en entier, dès ce jour,*

* Up to the time of its too boldly hoisting the republican flag, the *National* was frequently honoured by contributions from the able pen of M. Odillon-Barrot; M. Arago still occasionally writes for it, and M. St. Beuve, an author of a very peculiar style,—every sentence is so minutely chiselled, every thought so minutely developed,—added until very lately, by the talent and reputation of his literary articles, to the weight and popularity of this journal.

sur ma seule tête ; si quelqu'un s'oubliait en invectives au sujet de cette feuille, il trouverait à qui parler."

Was I not right when I said the great journalist of France had assumed the place of the great Lord? Is not this rather the defiance of a chivalric noble, than what we should call the puff of a newspaper editor? Why then say there is nothing in the character of a people, or tell me that I am light and frivolous, if I venture through its various ramifications to track it out? The dullest critic cannot despise me for the comparisons I have sometimes made, so much as I slight and despise those, who deem that the past is separate from the present—who consider that the destiny of a nation depends wholly upon its immediate and material interests—wanting the philosophy which they condemn the want of—and incapable of enlarging their dim intelligence to the view of those moral, but not, inferior causes* which have descended to us, an unavoidable heritage from far distant generations!

What the *Gazette* is to the *Quotidienne*, and the *Constitutionnel* to the *National*—the *National* is to the *Tribune*.†

This last paper almost treats M. Carrel and the *National* as aristocrats. It is supposed to be in the pay of the Bonapartists; and having a certain circulation in the *ateliers*, possesses in M. Marrast, its editor, a man of ability.

* *Le Bon Sens*, a republican paper, not long established and at present not widely circulated, is written notwithstanding, with very great ability, and contains in MM. Cauchois Lemaire, l'Herminier, and M. C. Didier, most able and eloquent contributors.

† The *Tribune* has lately ceased to appear.

CHAPTER III.

Opera Box of the *Temps* Newspaper—M. Thiers—Eminent Writers in Newspapers—Different Rank held in their respective countries by the French and English Journalists—Effect of High Taxes connected with the Press—System of Governing by Wealth—Education of the Working Classes—Unjust Restriction—Its Consequence—Advantages of the low price of Newspapers in France—The Daily Press in France embodies more of the Intelligence of France, than the Daily Press of England does of the Intelligence of England—Folly of a System of Persecution—Extent to which this System has been carried by the Government of Louis Philippe.

If you went to the French opera and saw a very large and very brilliant box rather larger and more brilliant than any other—whose would you suppose it to be? The king's? no: a minister's? no: an ambassador's? no: a Russian prince's? no: an English lord's? no: a French peer's? a deputy's? guess again:

That box is the *Temps* newspaper's!

What! a newspaper have a box at the opera? to be sure;—that box is where the newspaper does the greatest part of its business.

You see that fat smooth-faced little gentleman, and that tall thin pale figure in spectacles—one was a great man a little time ago, the other expects to be a great man soon. The editor is giving these statesmen an audience. They tell him their views, he listens. They tell him the strength of their party, he takes a note. They tell him what course they mean to pursue, he proffers advice.

The editor is a clever man. This is his way of conducting his journal. He pretends that to influence the politics of the day, and indeed to know the politics of the day, he must know the political men of the day. He makes his paper the organ of a party, and he makes himself the head of the party. But how to keep this party together?

He used to give dinners—he now takes an opera-box. I do not know any thing that better paints the character of the

French, or of the state of France: than—the journalist at the head of his political party—assembled—in a box at the opera.

In England a paper has immense consideration; but the editor, however respectable, little. You rarely hear him spoken of—in few cases is he known, unless pelted on some accidental occasion by public abuse into notoriety. As for newspaper writers, they are generally held below surmise. We do not think it worth while even to guess who they are.

There seems on all sides the most ignorant willingness to submit to newspaper despotism, coupled with an equally ignorant contempt for those who direct it.

When M. Thiers paid a visit to London a year ago, the English papers and the writers in these papers, strange to say, affected to sneer at M. Thiers, because, forsooth, he had been a writer in a newspaper. I need hardly remark that they showed, by such conduct, a very mean opinion of themselves, and a very gross ignorance of that country in the affairs of which M. Thierstakes so conspicuous a part. It is difficult to point out a public man of any eminence in France, who has not written in a newspaper.

M. Benjamin Constant, M. de Châteaubriand, M. de Lalot, M. de Villèle, M. Salvandy, M. Villemain, M. B. de Vaux, l'Abbé de Pradt, M. Arago, M. Odillon Barrot, have all written in newspapers; and the only man worthy of being put into competition with M. Thiers, at the present moment—the only man whom at the time I am writing, the dynasty has seriously to dread, is that gentleman who lately sought a refuge on our shores,* and whose talents and integrity have been made visible through the channel of a daily journal.

These are facts: into the causes of these facts—the advantages and the disadvantages attendant upon these facts let us, inquire!

It has been said that the different rank which the French and English journalists hold, in their respective countries, is chiefly attributable to the English newspaper-writer being anonymous and the French not.

There is an error here; and the effect is mistaken for the

* M. A. Carrel, of whom I have been speaking.

cause. The different degree of respect which the writers in French newspapers enjoy cannot proceed from the signature of their names, because the political writers in the French newspapers (the class most considered) do not sign their names. They make no mystery of their names, certainly; they usually acknowledge and even boast of their productions—but they do not sign their names, and might be anonymous if they pleased it. It is not because they publish their names that they are respected—it is because they are respected that they make no secret of their names.

To ascertain the cause of this, we must ascertain the causes which constitute the success of a paper in France and the success of a paper in England.

What makes an English journal so powerful? a foreigner arrives in England—he goes to the Traveller's—he hears his neighbours say: “I do not think the ministry can stand, see how the—— attacks it.” “Is the—— such a very formidable paper then?” he says. “Oh! yes, a very formidable paper, indeed.” The foreigner takes up the paper, reads it thrice through—and unless it happen to be one of those field days, on which I admit a remarkable article may appear—falsely attributes to his want of a perfect knowledge of English his inability to see the peculiar merits of a composition which has in reality no such merits at all.

Convinced, however, that the merits are there, he enquires: “Pray, who is the great writer in this journal?” “Writer—writer!” repeats his informant, “upon my word I do not know, —they say a Mr. ——um writes in it.”

“Is Mr. ——um such a very great writer, then?” adds my curious stranger; “it is very odd that I never heard of his name before. Is Mr. ——um then one of your first writers?”

“I rather think not—I believe not—I do not know that he is,” says the Englishman, and the foreigner remains not much the wiser for the questions I have taken the liberty to put into his mouth; for it never for one moment occurred to him, that the writing of a paper has very little to do with its success;—if it had, Mr. Fonblanque would monopolise public attention.

Why is this in England? On account of the four-penny tax? not on account of this tax alone, perhaps; but on account of

this tax and the system of government, and the state of property which is connected with this tax. A paper has got a great capital—it has been established a long while. It would require a fortune to start a competitor against it. These are the circumstances which make a paper powerful, and as a paper can be powerful in spite of its writers, so the paper is respected when the writers are not.

In France, on the contrary, where the stamp duty is low and fortunes small, a paper depends wholly upon its writers. Good writers are absolutely necessary for good newspapers—the power of the newspaper, then, is the power of the writer; and therefore the writers for newspapers take the rank of the newspapers in which they write.

Besides, as newspapers must profess their opinions with ability or those opinions lose ground, all persons interested in particular opinions are interested in supporting particular newspapers. From this double action, as it were—from the rank and power which writing with ability in a paper gives, and the interest which all persons, whatever their political rank, have in supporting with their pen the journals which profess their political sentiments, journalism in France is perfectly different from journalism in England.

The effect of a high tax in a country where there are great fortunes, is to encourage rich men and to exclude poor men from entering upon newspaper speculation. Rich men once so occupied, they erect expensive machinery, and collect expensive information. The effect of a low tax in a country, where there are not great fortunes, is to engage men of talent and not to engage men of wealth in such undertakings—poor men of talent must rely upon talent. So that in one country success depends chiefly upon capital: in the other, success depends altogether upon ability—here consequently the paper is esteemed,* there the writer.

The power of the journals in England, then, is what the

* Let us remark this: capital is more necessary than talent for newspapers in England, here the tax operates—and French newspapers are written better than English ones;—talent is more necessary than capital for reviews in England—here no tax does operate—and the English reviews are far superior to the French ones.

power of the boroughmongers was—the power, of money in a particular channel—but with this difference, that its agents are invisible and irresponsible to that public opinion which they evoke.*

The system of governing by wealth—the natural consequence of large accumulations of wealth—extends itself into the newspapers as it extended itself into the senate—and upon the same principle that a man of large fortune is even still considered, *ipso facto*, the proper person to make laws (never mind his intellect) for the greater number who are poorer and more intelligent than himself, so a newspaper of great capital is considered the proper organ of just opinions.

I believe it is a not-to-be-controverted fact that Blacks and Whites have invariably condemned the Almighty to be of their own peculiar colour.

The castes of mankind have followed this example, and the revolutionary populace of Paris, as the formidable council of Venice, equally declared that the only honest class of society was that which happened to be in power.

This country has long been governed by very rich men, and very rich men have very naturally laid it down as a principle, that great riches are an unequivocal sign that the persons possessing them will take care of the wealth of their neighbours. Now, so much of this is true, that a very rich man will not in general wish to do any thing injurious to the welfare of very rich men.

Whether a very rich man is, or whether many very rich men combined are, likely to govern for the interests of the far greater mass of very poor, or moderately rich men, has never yet been taken soberly into consideration.†

* It may so happen that the press, conducted ably in one country, will produce more mischief, than, worse conducted, it produces in another—because the people in this country may be more excitable and less sensible than the people of that; but I do think it will be acknowledged, that where power is to be conferred, it is safer in the hands of the most talented and considerable men in the country, whose names are known and whose lives may be inquired into, than in the hands of a set of anonymous agents—the anonymous agents of a mysterious corporation.

† The richer a man is, the better guarantee people imagine they have for his good conduct: “He has got a great stake in the hedge, and you may depend upon it he will take care of the hedge,” is the common expression:

That a man who has got great property will preserve property, seems an undeniable axiom, until we consider the various ways in which property may be taken away. For instance, the old nobility of France had great property, but it is not quite clear to me, when by the power which this property gave them, they refused to pay any share in the contributions of the state, that they did not rob their fellow-citizens, who were thus obliged to pay an ampler share than was just of the public burthens. The borough-possessing aristocracy of England had great property, but it is not quite clear to me, that they did not rob the people of England, when, by means of their great property, they got great parliamentary influence, and by means of their great parliamentary influence they got great sinecures, many of which we—the people of England—are still paying to this aristocracy and their relations.

Whenever great wealth can give great power, great wealth is just as likely to lead to abuses as if this great power came from any other source. The rich man, in short, is just as likely to rob the poor man, if he has the capability of doing so, as the poor man is to rob the rich one—always supposing in either case that principle is not there as a preventive.

But this has not been the common opinion; and the taxes on newspapers, which necessitate a large fortune for carrying on a newspaper with success, form part of a plan which places power under the security of wealth.

The theory may be plausible—but what are its effects?

1. By giving journalism the basis rather of money than of mind, you make the writers of papers less known, because less respected, and less responsible, because less known.

2. By restricting competition to the very rich, you make papers themselves more powerful than they ought to be, and encourage them to be less honest.

3. By creating a price for papers which but few, speaking comparatively, can afford, you make them disregardless of the interests and feelings of the great masses by whom they cannot be bought.

which ought rather perhaps to be—"you may depend upon it he will take care of the great stakes in the hedge," for it is not quite so certain that he will not try to get hold of the little ones.

The first proposition I have shown,

The second is self-evident ;

The third I come to the consideration of—impressed, I confess, with a deep sense of its importance.

And, let us allow that there is something a little ludicrous in the air of comfort with which the legislator hugs himself in his present contrivance! Suppose the imposition on stamped papers makes them excellent—what follows? that it would be a most desirable thing for the poor and discontented to read such papers. When the Queen of France heard that her people were starving, she exclaimed, “ Good God! why don't they buy some of those dear little buns ?” But the poor French people could not buy the Queen's dear little buns, and the poor English people cannot buy the government's dear little newspapers—this is the joke! Their excellent journals are excellent for the very reason which prevents their doing good,

Our working classes are taught to read, to be sure; every pains is taken for so desirable an end; they are made electors too, you know, and thus taught to feel an interest in politics; nothing can be so wise and proper.

But having taught the working classes to read and to feel an interest in political matters, what do we do next? why, we very wisely and consistently prevent their being able to purchase legal political publications.

We say to the mechanic: you are quite rich enough, my worthy friend, to have a vote for a representative,—only you are not rich enough to learn how your representative votes.

But if we leave a large class without an organ for their opinions, depend upon this!—some one will furnish that organ in spite of all our penalties to prevent it.

Is not this the case at the present moment? Have we not two machines working on public opinion? (for a journal, though it represents opinion, does not *only* represent it—it also forms it.) Have we not the opinions of the wealthiest propagated and formed by one machine which we sanction—the opinions of the poorest, by another machine which we prohibit? We have thus contrived a method to prevent extremes which propagate extremes, and instead of appealing to the intelligence of all classes, which eventually keeps the different

orders of society united, we are exciting the separate passions of two classes, which will ultimately bring them into conflict.

What! the English press more violent than the French press?—my lord shakes his head. It is true that the French press in general—addressed to a nation which a long series of events has rendered inclined towards democracy, will be, according to the ideas of a rich aristocracy—more violent than *that part* of the English press which is addressed to themselves. But let that aristocracy read another part of the English press—a part of the English press which is so remote from all their views, habits, and ideas, that it would never enter into their heads to suppose that it could exist, but for the kindness of some attorney-general, who, by an untimely prosecution now and then, instructs them of the circumstance.

For instance :

TO THE INSURGENT AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS.

“ You are much admired for every thing you are known to have done during the last month ; for as yet, there is no evidence before the public that you are incendiaries or even political rebels. Much as every thoughtful man must lament the waste of property, much as the country must suffer by the burnings of farm produce now going on, were you proved to be the incendiaries, we should defend you by saying, that you have more just and moral cause for it, than any king or faction, that ever made war, had for making war.

* * * *

A Constitutional Monarchy is hypocrisy sanctioned by law ; its terms and limits can never be legally defined ; it is a constant contest for power among factions ; it is, on the part of the people, a state of conquest, or ignorant slavery ; if hereditary, it is liable to bad passion, to imbecility or to idiocy ; it is a compound of contradiction ; it engenders, as it has *now* engendered in England, all sorts of abuses ; it becomes the government of an aristocracy ; and it is, in fine and in fact, the worst and most degrading form of government that has ever been devised for a people.

* * * *

“ On the Sunday mornings and evenings, and on the Friday evenings, the service is very properly called *divine*, and is certainly the best theological service that has yet been presented to a congregation. The character of the Deity is *vindicated* on the Sunday morning, by Mr. *Carlile*, against the monstrosities set up in that name by the priests and fanatics!!!—*The Prompter*.

“ Man rung by want, goaded by insult, duped, maddened, starved, is no longer man—he is a monster ! Let them beware of the unearthly thing they

have formed! "He will ravage! rage! burn! he will (as in Ireland) adorn himself with blood!"—*Poor Man's Guardian*.

I could then turn to a tirade in which the title, that monarchical England cheerfully pronouncēs, is impudently laid aside, and the sovereign abused under the somewhat plain title of "Mr. Guelph," for neglecting the interests of the people, whose liberties he was at that very moment prudently, but at the same time magnanimously, extending.

Even the illustrious Princess to whom England owes so much for a retirement beneath which the royal hope of these countries has been discretely reared—notwithstanding her prudent privacy, and conduct that defies reproach—is attacked with vulgar and voluntary virulence; nor is there any principle, person, or authority so sacred in the eyes of these printed preachers to the people as to claim their forbearance or respect. Is there danger in this? Remember—these violent absurdities are addressed to a class possessing excellent intentions, and generous sympathies, but ignorant, naturally jealous of the great, and totally without any other organ of opinion. Nay more, the journal I have been quoting from—silly as we see it, and contemptible as we may wish it to be—is written not without a certain eloquence and ability, and sold, when I last enquired, about 400 copies a week in Coventry alone; while at the very moment at which I am writing, 70,000 copies are sold per week of similar unauthorized publications.

They are sold in opposition to the law—they are, of course, written against the law—they are sold in spite of the wealthy classes—they are of course, written against the wealthy classes.*

How can you hope for peace and harmony in the community when you cut in two the stream of opinion—when you exlude the peasant from that branch which you direct to the proprie-

* I will take this opportunity of observing, that we have a pledge from the existing government that the cause of this nuisance shall be withdrawn at the earliest moment compatible with the necessities of the revenue. This is the first pledge of the kind we have received, and I never for my own part deemed it a wise or worthy policy to disgust those who profess friendly intentions, by manifesting a hitherto unmerited suspicion.

tor, and hide from the proprietor that branch which is flowing on to the peasant? *

Rest assured, that if there be any thing to prevent a violent convulsion among our neighbours, it is that low price of papers which allows every doctrine to enter into every home. If there be any thing likely to bring about a convulsion among ourselves, it is that severance between the seven-penny papers which go to the peer's breakfast table, and the two-penny papers which go to the mechanic's cottage.

There is another advantage in the French system: by making intelligence the governing principle of the press, you bring into action a power which, from its very nature, is always preparing futurity:—by making wealth the governing principle, you put into action a power which is never addressed but to the moment.

Any child told to look at the state of England, at the present moment, and to put his finger on the dark spot which bodes the storm, would point to that, which as yet but dimly visible, indicates a struggle between the few who have much, and the mass who have nothing.

I do not ask—whether it be better for a nation, that its property should be so disposed—but I say merely, if it be better that such should be the distribution of property, it is most necessary that all classes,—that the class which is poor as well as the class which is wealthy—should be informed of it. If such a state of things is to continue, it can only continue by its advantages being generally proved; if such a state of things is to be altered, it can only be safely altered by keeping each class in constant communication with the views and feelings of the other.

This is the difference between the past and the present: in the past you kept the people ignorant, and the people weak. In the first place, they did not busy themselves about their

* If you have a very high tax, that high tax is avoided—and the press consists of two extremes. If you have a moderate tax, by diminishing the advantage of disobeying the law and thereby providing for its obedience—you have a press addressing itself to a middle class, and therefore taking a moderate tone—uniting the two classes most opposed, and not separating them.

condition ; in the next it signified little to you if they did. But you have now given them intelligence and power : you must therefore either satisfy them with their condition, or you must, by frequent interchange of opinion, arrive gradually at a safe method of changing it.

Let your newspapers address the great mass of the nation, they will, in a certain degree, adopt—they will, in a certain degree, form—the opinion of the great mass of the nation. The government will as a matter of course accommodate itself to the guide which will then be there to steer its course. Where there is a *tendency to one great opinion, there will be no great convulsion*—but keep opinions separate ; let the rich think one way and the poor another, and I defy you to prevent a war between the poor and the rich.

If I say that the daily press in France embodies more of the intelligence of France, than the daily press of England does of the intelligence of England—if I say, that the differences of opinion among the papers which find circulation in this country are more marked and more dangerous than those which are exhibited by the journals in circulation at the other side of the channel, I am very far from intending to assert or to prove that French journalism is a model of wisdom or moderation.

You cannot have the French press what the French nation is not. As the one is quick, passionate, light in its judgment, and fickle in its ideas, so the other will neither be wise nor wary in its expressions. But observe ! As a natural consequence of the French press, as a whole, addressing itself to the great mass of the French nation, any fraction of it, advocating a favourite class, or a particular opinion, is the least influential when it is the most violent ; while the press itself, considered altogether as a political engine, must ever be the *most powerful* when it is *the most moderate*.

The first is a fact, and requires no argument in its favour. The most moderate liberal paper is the *Constitutionnel*.

The subscribers to the *Constitutionnel* in the departments are 8,300—in Paris, 3,500—nearly double the number of any other liberal newspaper. The *Temps*, for instance, has for subscribers in the departments 4,000—in Paris, 1,200.

The *Gazette de France* is the most moderate of the Royalist

papers. The *Gazette* has for subscribers in the departments 6,700—in Paris, 2,000. The *Quotidienne* has in the departments 3,704, and in Paris 1,000.

The *National* is the most moderate republican paper, and it has 2,700 subscribers in the departments, and in Paris 1,000. The *Tribune* 850 in the departments, and 800 in Paris.

The moderate papers, then, of the three opinions—liberal, royalist, and republican—have about double the number of subscribers, possessed by their less moderate competitors.

This is my first assertion—now for my second!—viz. that the press in France will be most powerful when it is most moderate;—or rather that—*the press in France, as a political engine, will not be very powerful, except where it is very moderate.*

Let us see how far this—which all must grant, involves important considerations—is a true proposition!

The French press addresses itself to the entire nation; i. e. every class that can read—or which has an opinion in the nation.

Now let us suppose it has any given object in view—say the overthrow of a dynasty, or a ministry—in order to be powerful, it must endeavour to unite the different classes it addresses in favour of that object.

But for the press, as a whole, to effect this—each part of the press, the tendency of which is to address a certain class, must make concessions to the other—the more concessions that are made by each part of the press, the more united the whole press becomes; and when the press is the most united, it is the most powerful. But what is moderation? the mean way between opinions—in proportion to the number of opinions brought to a standard by the press, is the moderation of the press—and in proportion to the number of opinions brought to a standard by the press—is the power of the press:—the power of the press and the moderation of the press, then, are in fact the same thing, where the press addresses itself to every reading class among the people.

Supposing, however, that the press, from its price or any other cause, address itself only to one class; it will then have no occasion to be moderate—if it address itself to two classes,

it will have only occasion to conciliate these two classes—three the same.

The more classes, therefore, that the press addresses, the greater certainty you have of coupling its power with a necessity for its moderation.

This is what I admire in the press of France—only powerful when it is moderate; it is only dangerous to a government which is not so.

The time when the press was most powerful in France, was during the ministry of M. de Polignac. It was then that all shades of liberal opinions were united, and it was this which made the liberal tone, that it adopted, at once so calm and so strong. The revolution destroyed the power of the press, because it destroyed its unity and its moderation, and broke up into the fractions of republicanism and royalism, the general expression of liberal feelings and opinions.

The more violent the press becomes, the more it splits itself into fractions, and becomes weak: the more violent the government becomes, the more it unites and keeps the press together and makes it powerful. Hence the folly of a system of persecution and repression—a folly of which I regret to find the present administration guilty.

We can see to what an extent this system has unfortunately been carried!!

NAMES OF THE NEWSPAPERS.	LAW-SUITS.	CONDEMNED ARTICLES.	TERM of IMPRISONMENT.			FINES, Interest, and Costs, by Approximation.	
			Years.	Mths.	Days.	fr.	c.
The Tribune.	86	17	14	2	0	82,474	62
The Revolution.	32	11	9	3	15	41,469	0
The Quotidienne.	17	12	1	10	15	23,637	61
The Gazette de France.	18	8	1	9	0	24,013	12
The National.	13	1	0	1	0	6,175	0
The Charivari.	1	1	0	1	0	6,175	0
The Caricature.	7	4	1	1	0	5,528	0
The Corsaire.	2	2	1	0	0	2,420	0
The Courrier Français.	1	1	0	1	0	250	0
The Journal du Commerce.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
The Messager des Chambres.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
The Temps.	1	0	0	0	0	0	0
Different small papers.	127	48	10	10	0	50,842	20
Societies.	65	21	15	3	0	25,066	0
Private Individuals.	39	17	9	8	0	33,505	0
TOTAL.	411	143	61	49	30	301,554	155

Journal du Commerce.

I am quite convinced that there is not one of these prosecutions which has not had the effect I have described; viz. that of making the press more powerful against the government which instituted them, by uniting the press against that government.

In fact, a government in the situation of the French government, when it prosecutes the press because it is violent, ends by being itself the representative of that violence which it began by putting down.

The parties attacked become more moderate from a necessity of union; the party attacking more desperate from a sense of danger.

The prosecutions of the restoration coalesced, as I have had occasion to say, the Bonapartists and the patriots; and it was this coalition which overthrew the Bourbons: the prosecutions of the *juste-milieu* are tending to unite the carlists and the republicans, and that is the best chance of overthrowing Louis-Philippe.*

As I write this sentence, the new law rings in my ears; but it will not be, till the conclusion of this work, that I shall speak of an act, which should be considered less in respect to the Press than to the general policy of France.

RELIGION.

CHAPTER IV.

Force of an Opinion propped up by a habit—Le Roi très-chrétien—State of religion in France—Châteaubriand's *Génie du Christianisme*.

THERE are few things more difficult to ascertain than the real force of an opinion, which has long been propped up by a habit.

The shadow remains so long upon the surface of things

* See Appendix for different facts connected with the French press; the duties, laws, &c.

after the reality has passed away—the sensation of an effect continues so long after the cause has ceased—that we are forever in the habit of deceiving ourselves, and imagining that, that lives from faith and belief which in fact only continues from indifference and from custom. Here is the error which unhappily prevails in all revolutions, and induces a minority to resist where there is nothing to be gained but by concession!

Here is the error which statesmen have been too frequently guilty of, and travellers and superficial observers almost invariably fallen into!

Here is the error which produces so many of those contradictions which encounter us in every page of history, and raise up, side by side, things which appear utterly incompatible with each other.

Let us suppose that we were two thousand years removed from the time of Louis XV., and that some book of voyages—the book of an Herodotus of the 18th century who had visited the court of France—fell into our hands.

“This monarch,” (Louis XV.) he would say, “is called *le Roi très-chrétien*; and the religion of Christ condemns as deadly—the crimes of fornication and adultery.

“The very Christian King, nevertheless, lives openly with a prostitute, and employs the money he receives from his very christian subjects in maintaining an immense seduction house, which he fills with the most beautiful he can procure of their very christian daughters.”—What would you say on reading this page? “Bah! This King might call himself ‘very Christian’ and his people might call themselves ‘very Christian,’ too, if they pleased it, but after all, the piety of both parties must have consisted in the mere puppet-show of their appellation.” Stop a little! we will turn, if you please, to our traveller’s next page! What shall we say, when we find there—that the King we have just seen described—living in the greatest pomp and exercising an uncontrolled sway over his people—descended from his throne once every year, and in observance of one of the great duties of christianity, washed with his own hands the feet of a certain number of dirty beggars who were brought to him from the streets for this pious purpose?

Where is the sovereign accustomed to pomp, to luxury, and

to power, who would descend from his throne in so humiliating a manner—to perform so disgusting an office—unless it were loudly demanded from him either by his own conscience, or by that of the nation he governed? “The very Christian King,” you would affirm “must have been very christian after all.”

But the question would not rest here: crowds of learned commentators would arise to show that things could not be as they were printed, that there must be error in one passage or the other.

Some would say, “the whole text is a forgery,” others would prove irrefragably that part of it had been illegitimately inserted; and woe unto the low and humble critic who should venture to whisper that things inconsistent are compatible; that the *Parc aux Cerfs* might be—a picture of existing manners; and the pious ablution of the beggars—the shadow of manners that were gone by.

I remember when M. de Ségur returned from his embassy to St. Petersburg, he was startled at the sudden tone of familiarity and equality that the French people had assumed. “Not many months before,” said he, “no people in the world were more obsequious and cringing to their superiors.”—Yes; there had been a sudden change in forms, because there had been a gradual but silent change in ideas.

It is important to have such examples as these before us, without which we are perpetually confusing effects and causes; and charging one poor moment of time with the events of which long years before ought justly to bear the burthen.

At the time of the revolution of 1789, I doubt much if there were not less real religion in France, than there is even at the present moment; there was far more of that kind of religion throughout the country, however, which with statistes passes for religion itself:—of that kind of religion which is altogether independent of thought and scrutiny, and rests simply on ignorance, blind credulity, and a conformity to traditionary custom.

At the time of the revolution, the higher classes were sceptical, the middle classes indifferent, the lower classes superstitious.

The worst evil of violent prepossessions, unconnected with

reflection, is the violent reaction that ensues when doubt insinuates itself into the place of blind belief.

I say—"doubt,"—but ignorant people rarely doubt; foolishly believing one moment, they as foolishly persecute for belief the next. This is why the mass are still for ever in extremes, as in darker times all men were.

Let no one then support ignorance on the ground that it is favourable to religious belief! It is favourable to religious belief—but alas! it is favourable also to irreligious reaction. It is favourable to fanaticism of all kinds;—the fanaticism of faith—the fanaticism of infidelity. The mob of September butchering the priests, is the proper *pendant* to the mob of St. Bartholomew, butchered by the priests' orders.

As long as the lower classes are worse instructed than those above them, so long, let us remember, every feeling, whether it be political or religious, as it descends in society, will become more violent and more extreme. Thus the religious indifference of one class (disciples of Diderot, Voltaire, and Helvetius) became irreligious persecution when it reached the crowd before which Marat appeared as an apostle.*

But it was not from this band of brutal reformers that the humbled ministers of Christ had anything to fear for their beautiful creed.

The people who had yielded to the light and graceful assaults of ridicule and wit, revolted, and with justice, from the uncouth and savage attacks of the assassins who, with an admirable honesty of intention, substituted the guillotine in the place of the fagot; and with mercy in their hearts and charity on their lips, committed acts more atrocious than any they professed to extirpate.

Under the sentences of a savage infidelity, religion, like those hardy plants that are nourished by the storm, recovered a passing appearance of returning health. The priest, poor, persecuted, concealed, proscribed, no longer the executioner but the victim—no longer the proud tenant of a palace, but

* How would the philosopher of Ferney have been disgusted at seeing all the ancient cruelties of religion perpetrated under the hapless name of philosophy; philosophy, however, is no more to blame for the abominations of Robespierre, than religion for the crime of Ravillac.

the miserable occupant of a prison—the priest, in this crisis of his misfortunes, rose from the grovelling position into which he had been plunged by his prosperity:—amidst the terrors of the republic, and the license of the Directory, there spread among the French, a sense that the rites of their forefathers might have been wronged—that the vices of the clergy were not necessarily impurities of the church—while all men, even those who deem slight differences in creed of small religious importance; who coolly regard a matter of faith as they would a matter of finance, saw with pleasure the return to what they considered the decencies of a superstitious ignorance, as far preferable to the wild disorders of a vicious and unnatural struggle after thought.

It was amidst these mingled feelings, favourable to the attempt, that a variety of circumstances concurred in re-establishing and vindicating the ancient religion.

But that religion appeared in its resurrection still covered with the flowers under which it had been laid in the tomb. It uplifted itself, breathing the perfumes and borrowing the charms of the elegant philosophy which had destroyed it. Far different from the rude and stern apostle of the desert—the modern champion of the faith uprose brandishing the graceful arms, and proud in the painted panoply of his opponents; no longer demanding belief, as the spontaneous result of faith, the christian solicited it as the well meditated result of reason.

“ Il ne faut plus prouver,” said he, “ que le christianisme est excellent parce qu’il vient de Dieu, mais qu’il vient de Dieu parce qu’il est excellent.”

Nor was this all: I could not desire a stronger proof of the power of literature in France, than that which is to be found in the *Génie du Christianisme*.

What is that eloquent work?—a pleading before the Academy in favour of the gospel; a series of arguments intended to prove—that christianity is *in very excellent taste*.*

This may be true, or not true; but to a person seriously occupied with his eternal salvation, it would seem rather ridicu-

* See Appendix.

lous to tell him that he was sure to be saved by his doctrine because it was favourable to the arts. The French, I mean that part of the French to whom M. de Châteaubriand addressed himself, were not seriously occupied with their eternal salvation; they were sick of the cant and the cruelties of infidelity; they had witnessed, amidst severe trials, the comfort of religious consolation; and without feeling absolutely convinced of the truth of the divine law, they wished for an excuse to believe it.

Such was the moment at which the young poet, returning from his travels, introduced piety into Paris under the mask of a Muse. He wore his opinions with the grace with which Madame Récamier folded her handkerchief:* and the christianity of the one and the *coiffure* of the other soon became equally *à la mode*.

CHAPTER V.

Disappearance of the Impiety of the Republic—Religion re-established by Bonaparte—Doctrine of the Royalists at the Restoration—Ambition of the "*parti prêtre*"—The Jesuits.

AND now all the impiety of the republic, all that bigoted and furious hatred of the church and its priests had disappeared.

"Je dois dire," says M. de Montlozier, "que je ne trouvai alors nulle part l'esprit irréligieux systématique que j'avais vu avant 1789; je trouvai encore moins l'esprit irréligieux, haineux, incendiaire, qui s'était produit depuis, et qui avait particulièrement dominé l'âge de la révolution. Un petit nombre de prêtres sauvés, comme à la nage, des dernières tempêtes, d'autres récemment revenus des contrées étrangères, tout cela obtenait, non seulement l'estime mais le respect; il n'y avait pas jusqu'à l'impiété elle-même qui, honteuse de ses excès

* Madame Récamier invented, about this time, a head dress that went by her name.

passés, ne supportât franchement les prêtres ou même ne les accueillit.”*

But if the catholic church arose—“the catholic priest had no civil existence—no worldly importance.”

Bonaparte, in re-establishing religion, gave no power to the ministers of religion. Here was the great difference between the empire and the restoration.

The one said, a holy creed is not to be prescribed by the drunken folly of demagogues; the other said a great nation ought not to be governed by the monkish policy of priests. Napoleon was for maintaining a great moral and political institution useful to government in general. The Bourbons were for maintaining a set of tried partisans, and faithful adherents, as useful to the government in particular: this was the doctrine of the royalists in 1814 and 1815; and lo! the church which, as bodies perish from excess of blood, fell, under the old régime, a victim to its wealth and its possessions—which, invigorated by the persecutions of the republic, maintained itself with dignity during the decent protection of the empire—was again prostrated by the favoritism of the restoration.

In order to understand the violent change in opinion which a few years so suddenly produced—in order to understand why the church which had been gradually growing into vogue during the empire, became so thoroughly and bitterly detested during the restoration, it is necessary to have these facts before our minds.

During the empire, religion sought to raise itself by flattering the prevailing tastes of the French people; during the restoration, it sought the same distinction by destroying those tastes.

During the empire, religion was attached to the state, but its ministers were kept wholly attached to religion; during the restoration, religion and the ministers of religion were con-

* I ought to say that I nowhere found the systematic irreligious spirit which I had seen in 1789. Still less did I find that irreligious, hateful, and incendiary spirit which has since appeared and which ruled the age of the revolution. A small number of priests, saved from the last storms, others newly returned from foreign countries—these obtained not only esteem but respect. Even impiety itself, ashamed of its past excesses, supported frankly the priesthood and received it.

founded, and as the one was thought necessary to the people, so the other was consulted by the government.

To change the nature, to contradict the habits, to annihilate the recollections of the French people—such was the gentle ambition of the “*parti prêtre*”—who, in prohibiting the dance and the festival, frowning on the academy, excommunicating the theatre, interfering with the exchange,* deemed it possible to subvert the character, and thwart all the ideas of an epoch.

There was one feeling in common to the partizans of the divine right of kings, and the party who contended with quite as much reason that their rights were the only rights divine—viz. a deep dissatisfaction at the existing state of things. The *parti prêtre* then and the *parti (soi-disant) royaliste* united—the one taking the church as an instrument to restore the golden days of the crown;—the other making the crown a pretext to aid the designs of the church. The aim of this confederation was to maintain to the clergy an influence, which, as their doctrines became every day more notoriously unpopular, they every day more notoriously lost.

There were only two ways left to do this: for the time when it could have been done by the pulpit and the confessional was past: there were only two ways left to do this—to bring up a new generation in the thoughts which it was impossible to give the existing one; and to lend the priest an authority, as civil servant of the government, which he could not hope to possess as mere minister of religion.

Accordingly, to bring the clergy into the magistracy and the ministry, and to place the clergy at the head of education—such was the plan of those who wished to priest-ride the people—while to oppose this plan became clearly the object of the people, if they did not wish either themselves or their children to be priest-ridden. But directly the government meant to employ the church in worldly matters, and that the church itself meant to engage in the affairs of the world, that body of the catholic priesthood, which since the time of its institution has been most adroit in uniting clerical interests with political ability, rose at once into notice and power.

* The clergy even forbade the receiving of interest for money lent.

I can join in none of the ungenerous abuse with which the Jesuits have been frequently overwhelmed. The great and wise, and learned reformers, who, humanizing religion mixed with mankind, who, succeeding the templars, possessed it is true the avarice and ambition of that military order, but who, as bold and crafty, were neither so cruel nor intolerant as their predecessors;—not less adventurous than those daring knights—but founding the society of Paraguay, instead of desolating the East with the sword—the decried Jesuits were a body of men to whom humanity owes much; and whose cunning and duplicity are at least as pardonable as the ignorant and violent, and blood-thirsty spirit of their cotemporaries. Remark, however! this society, when it appeared, had to defend the church against the sword; the power of the mind against the power of brute force; and in order to govern the monarch, it was necessary to have the affection of the mass. But when the church, instead of contending against princes, had to look to princes for its support, the policy, the conduct, and the bearing of the order of Loyola changed, in accordance with the change that had taken place in the world around it.

The Jesuits then, under the restoration, were what they had never been before: no longer popular and pliant, they were proud and insolent; no longer bowing to the commons, they flattered the crown; and appearing in front of the party that was odious to the nation, concentrated upon themselves, as it were, the national hatred.* And now, just at the moment most likely to receive its impressions, appeared the famous book of Abbé de la Roche Arnaut.

This young man, illustrious as a renegade from his order, revealed and invented facts which raised into a yell of indignation the long smothered murmurs of public opinion. Such

* If an opinion was to be maintained, it was anti-Jesuitical; if a minister was to be described, he was a Jesuit! *à bas les Jésuites* resounded from one end of France to the other, and such is the danger of an odious ally, that because the monarchy was supported by the Jesuits, it was only necessary to support the monarchy in order to be cried down as a Jesuit. But this was not all: the Jesuits and that party which acted with the Jesuits, finding themselves thus hated and attacked, saw that there was no middle course to take—they had to conquer or be conquered; there was no alternative, then, between the ordonnances of Louis XV., and the ordonnances of Charles X.

was the fever of men's minds, such the horror and the anxiety excited among all classes by this remarkable production, that 50,000 copies were sold in a few days. The plans, the rules of the holy society, and the names of its members were unscrupulously unveiled. The colleges of Mont-Rouge (near Paris), of St. Acheul (near Amiens), the two famous institutions charged with the education of the more pious and illustrious royalists, had their system exposed and their intentions explained.

France thought itself the victim of a religious conspiracy, of a second Popish plot. The Jesuits were suspected of every thing, and every body was suspected of being a Jesuit; nor, was it long before the government (then under M. de Martignac), finding it impossible to set the storm any longer at defiance, passed the edict, which, prohibiting all persons from belonging to a society unsanctioned by law, dissolved the different Jesuitic establishments. But the cry against the Jesuits was a cry against the clergy and its partisans in general, and I am sure I shall not be accused of exaggeration, when I say that the most influential part of the French nation, which, as we have seen, was rather favourable than hostile to the church in 1814, held it in a state of actual abhorrence and execration in 1830.

Strange to say, since the revolution which then took place—the revolution received with so much horror by the more pious catholics—the revolution which has admitted even Jews within the pale of state protection—since that fatal revolution, the faith which it was to have destroyed has lost a great part of its unpopularity; and with the exception of one bacchanal and disgraceful disorder which, if it insulted the cross, was excited by the *fleur de lis*—the doctrines of christianity have been extolled as a philosophy, and its ceremonies respected as a religion.

CHAPTER VI.

Opinions of a country—Mistakes of Foreigners—Anecdote—State of Christianity in France at the present moment—Revenue of the French Clergy—Has Religion lost or gained by the Wealth of its Ministers?—Rural Clergy in France—Ecclesiastical Statistics—Self-denial of a French Priest—Advantages derived from a poor Priesthood—Classes of the Catholic Clergy—The Abbé de La Mennais—Les Paroles d'un Croyant.

IN speaking of the opinions of a country, our first care should be to ascertain the ideas and sentiments of those who form what is called the public opinion in that country.

But even here it is easy for a foreigner to be mistaken.

An Englishman visiting Paris, and seeing as much of the French as an Englishman in that situation generally does see, might be too apt to think that in Mr. Owen's romantic vision, coming events have indeed but briefly cast their shadows before them, and that he has only to stay out another carnival, in order to behold Notre Dame and St. Geneviève converted into Gymnasia.

A French gentleman of some celebrity speaking to me the other day of a young and distinguished member of the House of Commons, said, and—he was speaking to a large audience: "Mais il est un grand méthodiste, n'est-ce pas?"—"No; not that I know of," I replied. "Eh bien! je vous dirai ce qui m'est arrivé avec lui. We were talking of religion, I abused the catholic religion; your countryman, Sir, was particularly civil. 'Monsieur est donc protestant?' he said. 'Non, monsieur, je ne suis pas protestant.'—'Vous n'êtes pas protestant, vous n'êtes pas catholique;—est-ce que vous êtes mahométan ou juif?'—Non; je ne suis ni protestant, ni catholique, ni mahometan, ni juif.'—'De quelle religion donc êtes-vous?' continued the young Englishman. 'Monsieur, je suis de la religion de Socrate.'—Eh bien! voulez-vous le croire?" exclaimed my French gentleman, "votre membre des Communes en avait l'air tout choqué."

Now this was said loud in a saloon where there were many persons, who, I happened to know, were rigid and strict catholics, and yet no one seemed in the slightest degree annoyed at this public and unnecessary avowal of deism on the part of the person who had been speaking so indecently.

In England we know that a person using such language would not only have excited the disgust, the just and decent disgust with which such an avowal of infidelity in a country—professing itself christian, ought to be received; far beyond any disgust of this kind, the feeling excited would have been a sort of blood-curdling horror of superstitious abomination, which would have exaggerated into a ghost or vampire, a living mass of murder and impiety, the person who professed himself thus openly a pupil of Plato. It would therefore be very natural for an Englishman to suppose that the persons who listened quietly to Mr. ——'s declaration, were in fact of his opinions.

But Mr. Stuart mentions several cases of a similar kind in the United States of America, where there is certainly as much christianity, and even as much christian fanaticism as in Great Britain; yet, where no person thinks he has any right to abuse, and condemn a fellow citizen for having different convictions from his own, however atrocious he deem those convictions.

This proceeds in both countries—in France and in America—from the general feeling of equality, which is established among all men; an equality which is so much a habit of life, as to become a habit of thought, and which has to a certain degree extended itself from rights to ideas.

But notwithstanding any isolated facts to the contrary, many of which must necessarily fall within the reach of a partial enquirer, I think the state of christianity in France may be thus fairly described, as it exists at the present moment.

CHRISTIANS.

1. The south and west of France, almost without exception.
2. The higher classes, (to use an expression familiar to the English reader,) i. e. the nobility, gentry, and the more rich *bourgeoisie*.
3. The rural population in general.

INDIFFERENT OR OPPOSED TO CHRISTIANITY.

1. The great majority of the metropolitan population.
2. The men of science and letters; the army.
3. The small *bourgeoisie* of the towns.

From this it would follow—

On the one hand:—

That the districts most distinct from France, in general, are:—**CHRISTIAN.**

That the classes most wealthy in France, are:—**CHRISTIAN.**

That that part of the population numerically the most important in France, is:—**CHRISTIAN.**

On the other hand:—That the spots in France most mixed up in French affairs, are:—**INDIFFERENT OR OPPOSED TO CHRISTIANITY.**

That the classes most influential in French society, are:—**INDIFFERENT OR OPPOSED TO CHRISTIANITY.**

That that part of the population politically (elective and municipally), the most important, is:—**INDIFFERENT OR OPPOSED TO CHRISTIANITY.**

The national religion in France is considered to be the religion of the different influential sects in the nation; and the state pays a salary to the minister of the Catholic, the Protestant, and the Jewish worship.

I give the first at three different epochs.

SALARY, CATHOLIC CLERGY.

	1827.	1834.	1836.
	frs.	frs.	frs.
A Cardinal.	30,000	"	"
The Archbishop of Paris.	100,000	40,000	25,000
Another Archbishop.	25,000	15,000	
A Bishop.	15,000	10,000	
The Vicar General of Paris.	4,000	4,000	
Another Vicar General.	3,000	3,000	
A canon in Paris.	2,400	2,400	
A canon in other dioceses.	1,500	1,500	
A cure (priest) of the first class.	1,500	1,500	
———of the second.	1,100	1,100	
A Desservant (answers to our Curates in some degree.)	{ from 900 } { to 750 }	{ from 1,000 } { to 800 }	

The changes have been in diminishing the salaries of the higher and raising the salaries of the lower clergy. The *casuel* or fees from his parishioners, double the Catholic priest's allowance.

The protestant clergyment receives no *casuel*; his allowance

from the state varies from 3,000 to 1,000 francs, and may average about 60l.

The grand Rabbin at Paris receives 6,000 francs—the other grand Rabbin 3,000—the other Rabbins vary from 2,000 to 300 francs.

The Catholic religion has no longer any estates separate from its allowance. During the restoration, it was allowed to receive donations within a certain limit.

From 1820 to 1825—this was during the heat and fervour of the religious struggle I have described—the donations to the church doubled what they had been from 1815 to 1820—but let not political hypocrisy pass for religious zeal!

There were five times as many ANONYMOUS donations to other charitable institutions.

In an exposition of the rights, honours, pre-eminences and privileges of the ancient clergy of France, the author, a priest, and anxious to revive the ancient order of things, makes a comparison which, I believe, is a just one.

“The revenue of the ancient clergy of France,” he says, “amounted before the revolution to about 135 millions of francs (about five millions and a half sterling). The budget of this year (he was writing in 1824) is 30 millions, 50 thousand francs. The difference between the two epochs being 105 MILLIONS.

“Then,” he continues, “before the revolution, the clergy of France consisted of 412,419 individuals, comprising the two sexes; now, alas! it hardly contains 40,000 priests and 36,000 pupils, in the different seminaries educating for the priesthood. This number of 40,000 is insufficient—it ought to be raised to 50,000,” (if 50,000 are sufficient, how ridiculous the number of 412,419!) “while instead of 82,580 women devoted to the church, we have now *but* 19,000.”

It would be unjust to dispute the facts of this holy writer; facts, indeed, which he subsequently establishes, clearly proving that the church was far more numerous and more wealthy as a body than it is:—but he never proves, nor deems it worth while to prove, that the church's piety was in any degree promoted by its numbers or possessions.

Compare, I say, the clergy of those times—when Dubois was cardinal, and St. Simon gives as a reason for admitting the

Bishop of Troyes into the council of the regency, that he had lain with all the ladies of the court; compare the clergy of those times—when the spruce little abbé in his violet coat and brass buttons went modestly to a *loge grillée* in the theatre, just to see the folks damning themselves, whom the church refused to bury; compare the clergy of those times—receiving their 135 millions of francs with the clergy who receive 30 millions at the present day—make this comparison, and say what you think religion has lost or gained by the wealth of her ministers!

When a man tells me that he wishes the church to be wealthy because he has a son who has taken orders—when a man tells me that he wishes bishops to have 30,000 *l.* a year because he has a brother, the college friend of the prime minister, who will certainly be a bishop—when a man tells me that he wishes clergymen to be *gentlemen* because he has a dandy nephew who is just the thing for a parson—I shake him heartily by the hand, and rejoice, for my part, that the state provides for so honest and frank-hearted a fellow. But, really, when your solemn-faced puppy pharasaically remarks, that though many of his family are in the church, he, God knows! wishes to see the church wealthy for far other and higher considerations; that he wishes to see a church mingling with the aristocracy and endowed with large possessions, merely because he believes that an aristocratic and wealthy clergy best promote the interests of religion—when some sinful toady of the peerage demurely says this—such impudence, I confess, puts me out of countenance, and I have hardly sufficient presence of mind to reply:—“Look to the catholic clergy of Ireland! look to the dissenters of England! look to the pious, and excellent, and exemplary body of men forming the clergy of France,—who constitute without dispute, the most respectable part of French society, and who, if they want in some respects the intelligence of the times in which they live, have all the simplicity, and more than the virtue, of a darker age!”

“The priests here appear to be a very good and amiable sort of men. I always pull off my hat to any of them that I meet, and they always return the salutation with great politeness and humility.

“They dress not only while at church, but at all times, in a long sort of coat gown, called a *soutane*, made of black cloth,

and wear the old-fashioned cocked hat. You cannot mistake the priest in France for any other than he is. His devout manner, and the simple and sacred habiliment that he always appears in, make you acquainted with his profession at once. This is not the case with the divines of our country. In the famishing curate we do, to be sure, very often see an example of piety and mildness—but the religious character of the *beneficed clergyman* is not all times to be recognized in his manners and personal appearance: he, though quite as sincere, no doubt, as these meeker priests in France, is very often admired as the most venturesome rider in the fervour of the fox-chase, as being a good shot, or the best hand at a rubber of whist, etc.”

I quote from a little pamphlet which contains some interesting details.* But to make a comparison such as that which its writer has made, is not my intention; because it is never just to judge one part of a society without considering it in all its relations with other parts of that society; what would be intolerable in the members of a profession in one country, might be perfectly harmless and unexceptionable in the members of that same profession in another country.

I leave, therefore, my reader to his own conclusions—but I cannot leave him to those conclusions without saying, that the picture drawn by Mr. Cobbett of the rural clergy in France is, according to my experience, and I have mixed with many of them, correct.

The greater part of these holy men are peasants by birth, and frequently born in the village where they afterwards exercise their functions. Their habits then are simple, and they mix naturally with their followers, of whom they understand the wants, the habits, and the language. They exercise a power—not so extensive as that of the Irish priests over their flocks—but a power mild and conciliatory—and are usually beloved and respected by the villagers, at whose christenings they preside, whose marriages they arrange, and whose quarrels they compose.

To the presbytery the poor may go with the satisfaction that they will find a friend—a friend not entirely removed from

* Mr. Cobbett, Jun.

their condition, and who can have no rivalry in their affairs ; a friend willing to listen to their complaints, to give them counsel they understand, and to preach, with a mixture of brotherly tenderness and spiritual authority, that divine doctrine of humility and resignation which finds, in spite of our vanity and ambition, a deep and holy echo in the human heart.*

The following are the ecclesiastical statistics of the numbers of the Catholic clergy composing the twenty-four dioceses of the kingdom, drawn from authentic documents, year 1833.

Titular.	675
Honorary.	446
Curates.	3,241
Assistants.	24,517
Vicars.	6,989
Chaplains.	449
Almoners.	989
Priests (supernumerary) authorised to preach and confess.	439
	<hr/>
	37,745
Priests on duty, died 1833.	1,114
	<hr/>
Total, priests in active service.	38,859
	<hr/>
Number deficient for the service of dioceses.	11,732
	<hr/>
Number of priests judged necessary by the bishops	50,591
	<hr/>
Priests employed whose age exceeds sixty years.	9,755
Priests, aged or infirm, not capable of duty.	1,870
	<hr/>
	11,625

ORDINATION DURING THE YEAR 1833.

Priests.	2,059
Deacons.	1,721
Under-Deacons.	1,681
	<hr/>
	5,461

* It is to be regretted, perhaps, that with the virtues which the country clergy of France possess, there are not united others, viz. a greater elevation of views, more extended knowledge, and principles applying better to the affairs and conditions of the world. But with all their faults and deficiencies, these men form, as I have said, a class in which are found some of the most useful and honourable citizens of France. The clergy of the towns are better informed, in general, than those of the country. They are paid better, and are chosen from a class, a grade or two higher in society ; but they possess neither the same virtues, nor do they obtain the same respect.

ECCLESIASTICAL SCHOLARS.

Theology.	7,417
Philosophy.	2,162
In the secondary ecclesiastical schools.	13,826
	<hr/>
	23,405

By this statement it would appear, as well from the number of priests required for the service, as from the decrease (in 1824 the number was 36,000) of the students educating for the priesthood, that there is a certain difficulty at the present time in maintaining the ranks of that very respectable body, to whose virtues I should be ashamed not to render justice. But let us not at once suppose that this is owing to the smallness of the salary which the clergy receive—a salary wholly sufficient for their simple wants, and, as they are taken, for the most part, from parents poorer than themselves, more than they are accustomed to, or, had they remained among the laity, would have received.

It has become more difficult to fill up the ranks of the priesthood, not because the pecuniary rewards of the church are insufficient; if pecuniary rewards could alone suffice, but because pecuniary rewards cannot alone suffice when they have to counterpoise all the tastes, and affections, and habits of the human heart.

You tell me that the church was crowded when it had rich benefices and bishoprics at its disposition,—ay,—but had it only rich benefices and bishoprics? Had it not also pomp, power, place, all that corrupts and gratifies our nature? Were not its favours courted, and its vices forgiven? What difficulty was there in renouncing the world, when you thereby gained what was most valued in the world? Do you think that the most holy of the martyrs themselves were insensible to the glory that awaited them in front of the lion?

To be a French priest at present—what do you receive, and what do you renounce? You receive a moderate, but honourable subsistence, perfectly sufficient for all the wants which are necessary to, or indeed compatible with, your calling. But you renounce the honours of a literary or military career; you must turn aside from all that animates and vivifies your na-

tion. You must for ever abandon the passion of the peasant, whose toil you have escaped, but from whose desire—desire becoming every day more ardent, you cannot, from every early recollection and daily habit, be entirely free. You must abandon the hope of having a little spot of ground, which shall become a field, perchance a farm, under your care and economy;—a field or a farm which would be your own.

Nor is this all;—out from the innermost depths of your heart you must pluck the soft and gentle passion, which has not only been given you by nature, but which the society in which you live brings in every varied reflection before your eyes.

To be priest, you must neither be dramatist, nor warrior, nor proprietor, nor lover, nor husband, nor father;—you must renounce all these titles, so precious in a nation at once affectionate and vain;—and this without any of those gratifications which have mingled with the religion and the religious enthusiasm of the best and wisest of men. No one shall call you saint, or worship you as prophet; no one shall mingle with your person any of that mysterious divinity which of old mantled the ministers of God.

You shall be loved and respected, but you shall be loved and respected as a man—you shall be loved and respected, but you shall be loved and respected as a member of society—and you have foresworn the pleasures of a man, you have placed beyond the tomb the pleasures of society; *you have made the sacrifice of religious enthusiasm amidst the empire of religious indifference.*

Let me proclaim boldly, that a poor priesthood has always been, and always must be, a zealous and devoted one. But let us not confound events; let us not imagine that it is the same cause which always produces the same effect, or that poverty and purity, which are frequently the sign of a religion on its rise, may not sometimes denote its decline.

The ministry of a rising religion, not merely animated by the vulgar motive of procuring a revenue by their virtue—on which virtue, nevertheless, their revenue solely depends—not merely stimulated by this vulgar motive, however, the members of a rising religion have their souls filled and satisfied by

a nobler and more exquisite gratification—a gratification the highest of which humanity is capable, proceeding from the adoration, the worship of their disciples. Here is an impulse given to their energy, here is a reward held before their eyes, —an impulse which no government can give—a reward which no benefices can supply.

But reverse the medal—behold, not a religion rising, but a religion falling!—its revenues have been diminished ; we may disguise the cause, but the cause will really have been some diminution of our religious zeal. Then what follows ?—The same sentiment which has diminished the emoluments of the church, scrutinizes and watches over its conduct ; for the very reason that the clergy are worse paid, they are obliged to be more active, more pure. They are placed in the middle of a crowd, who no longer superstitiously embrace their feet, but who look them intelligently in the face.

The clergy of that fallen religion will thus become more pure as they are worse paid, and as they are worse paid, they will diminish ; but they will diminish not because they are worse paid, but because the same cause which diminishes their pay exacts from them all the purity of their creed, but accords to them none of the honours of its apostles.

I depart then from the vulgar cry, that it is only necessary for a priesthood to be poor and pure, for its doctrines to succeed. But if a church may be pure and righteous after its fashion, and yet decay and perish, I defy you to show me in all history, past and present, the example of a church, which has not been corrupted by its wealth, which has not fallen or which is not falling, crushed by the weight of its possessions:—and the catholic church of France—that church which, reformed as it is, cannot support itself, may date its destiny in times remote from these, when rising from its riches, amidst all the pomps and vanities of the world, was first seen the cloud that now glooms over its altars.

I have stated the revenue, the numbers, the qualities of the catholic priesthood. I now come to their divisions and distinctions.

The catholic clergy of France may be said to be divided into

three classes: for the late revolution, to which all have submitted, can hardly be said to have produced another.

1. The *clergé assermenté*, i. e. the clergy still remaining who took the oath of the constitution of 1789; who are necessarily few at the present time.

2. The Gallican clergy, the body the most numerous.

3. The *clergé ultra-montain*, the sect now most popular and fashionable.*

Among the most celebrated of the ultra-mountainists, distinguished for his eloquence, his zeal, and his "Essay on Indifference," is the Abbé de la Mennais.

"I was sitting one day," said a friend of mine to me, in the bureau of the *Avenir* (a religious journal), "waiting for one of the editors of that paper, when a little man came in and sat himself shivering down before the small fire, from which I was endeavouring, in no very happy mood, to extract some kind of consolation. Small, plain, and ill-dressed, with large green spectacles, and an immense nose, timid, awkward, there was nothing at first sight very interesting either in the manner or the appearance of my acquaintance. I spoke however; he spoke; and in speaking his air became more firm and decided—his features assumed a new cast—his eye lit up—thought, suffering, compressed passion were visible in his countenance—and his whole person swelled out, as it were, into more spiritual and imposing proportions. 'Monsieur l'abbé!' said my friend, entering just at the moment that my eye was fixed on a print opposite. The print was that of the Abbé de la Mennais,—the person I had been talking to was the Abbé de la Mennais himself."

At St. Malo, in Brittany, in 1782, of a family in the middle classes in life (merchants fitting out ships), was born Félicité Robert de la Mennais. His early years were spent in the house of an uncle, who lived a retired country life, in the midst of a large library, to which the young student had frequent recourse. Every style of composition, poetry, prose, plays, history, religious tracts, were all, at this time, devoured with an equal literary avidity.

* See Appendix under head of Religion.

At the age of the passions, however, books were laid aside, and for some years the follies of an ardent temperament preceded the pieties of repentance.

At last, this eloquent man appeared—the priest of the restoration; supposed by some a proselyte from divine grace, by others a hypocrite from worldly ambition, but acknowledged by all to possess singular ability.

If I have paused thus long on the portrait of M. de la Mennais, it is not because this person was the former champion of the Pope, but because, within a few months from the period at which I am writing, he has endeavoured to give christianity new doctrines, to breathe into catholicism a new spirit, to fashion it, according to the ideas of his epoch, into a new form, to raise up a democratic religion full of energy, and life, and passion, in face of the spectral majesty of mitred Rome.

Never was work so popular as that pamphlet called "*les Paroles d'un Croyant*,"*—never was work so popular in France,—and why? M. de la Mennais has wished to make the catholic religion in France what he has found society in France. He has wished to nourish it with that sap which has insinuated itself into every other feeling, opinion, and institution. He has wished to give that spirit of equality to his creed which he has found everywhere, but which springs whence?—from an equality of position connected, in a great degree, with an equality of possessions.

The religion which once taught obedience to the magnates of the earth, has endeavoured to accommodate itself to the laws which have banished from France these magnates, and we find a catholic minister flaunting a republican flag before the eyes of a church, the high priest of which is, at this moment, supported by the bayonets of kings.

Some christians may blame the attempt! Let all turn their faces from its execution!

"And I was transported in spirit into the ancient time; and the earth was beautiful, rich, and fertile; and its inhabitants lived happily, because they lived as brothers.

"And I saw the serpent glide in amongst them; he fixed on many his pow-

* It is impossible to give any idea of the literary art and eloquence of this production, but by a reference to it.

erful eye, and their soul was troubled, and they approached one another, and the serpent whispered into their ear.

“And the sun paled, and the earth took a funereal hue, as that of the winding-sheet which envelops the dead.

“There was heard a deep murmur, a longer plaint, and every one trembled in his heart.

“In truth, I do say unto you, it was as the day on which the abyss broke down its barriers, and the wide waters of the deluge burst forth.

“And fear went from cabin to cabin—for as yet there were no palaces,—and she said to each those secret things that make the blood run cold.

“And they who had said, ‘we are kings,’ took up a sword and followed her from cabin to cabin.

“And there there passed strange mysteries: there were chains, and weeping, and blood.

“And men were terrified, and cried ‘Murder has appeared in the world,’ and this was all:—for fear had palsied their soul, and taken the movement from their arm.

“And they allowed themselves to be charged with irons, they, and their wives, and their children. And the men who said, ‘We are kings,’ hallowed out, as it were, a vast cavern, and entombed all the human race therein, as animals are bound up in their stalls.

“And the winds drove the clouds before them, and I heard a voice, amidst the thunder, that said ‘The serpent has vanquished again, but not for ever.’

“After that, I heard nothing but confused voices, and laughs, and sobs, and blasphemies.

“And I understood that Satan was to reign before God; and I wept, and I hoped.

“And the vision that I saw was true; for the reign of Satan is accomplished also; and those who said, ‘we are kings,’ shall, in their turn, be inclosed in the cavern with the serpent, and the human race shall come forth therefrom, and to that race it shall be as another birth, as a passage from death to life;—so be it!”

Far be it from me to applaud the wild reveries and the mystic imaginings of M. de la Mennais,—execrated here as an apostate, worshipped there as an apostle! Let it be for those who lick the feet of royal authority one day, to rant forth all the wildest ravings, to administer to all the most ignorant desires and darkest passions of democracy the next!

A VISION.

1. There was a vast plain—a plain such as that which modern seers have seen of late days in their dreams.

2. And around this plain were seven high thrones, and around the thrones stood the great and powerful of the earth.

3. And by them were placed vast urns, containing all those beautiful and lustful things which have been called "the vanities of the world."

4. And, ever and anon, the figures placed on these thrones, holding swords in their hands, and wearing crowns on their heads, took from the vases, and gave to such as stood by.

5. And many pressed towards the thrones to share in the gifts.

6. And in the middle of the plain might be heard a deep but stifled murmur coming from the crowd, which said, "there should be a change in all this."

7. And by one of the thrones you might have seen a little man with a bright eye, who carried his head upon his shoulder, as if it had been the sacrament, and who, in walking, lifted up his feet high in the air.

8. And he cried unto such of the crowd as were near him, "Why do ye murmur?"

9. And the crowd said, "We murmur because there are guards who keep us from yonder thrones, where our cries ought to be heard."

10. And the little man said, "Those guards are Cæsar's, and the Lord said, 'Let there be unto Cæsar his guards.'—Why do ye murmur?"

11. And the crowd said, "The monarchs on yonder thrones say they are our masters, and we wish to tell them how they may rule over us, and make us happy."

12. And the little man said, "Cover your face, and stifle your voice; for the Lord has said your happiness is not of this world, and you must obey blindly those whom God, even your God, hath set over you."

13. And lo! and behold the sky was suddenly darkened, and you heard the flap of the tempest's wings.

14. And when the sun came again, six of the thrones still rocked and shook, and there was fear in the face of the legions who guarded them with spear and with shield.

15. And the seventh throne, the throne near which the little

man had been standing, was tumbled down, utterly down, and all its guards and all its parasites were gone.

16. But where this throne had stood there was another throne, and this throne the people approached.

17. And the king who sat on the new throne held in his hand an olive branch, as the king on the old throne had held a sword; but the people were nearer the new king and the new throne than they had been to the old king and the old throne; and kings and thrones are seen to most advantage afar off.

18. So the people began to murmur even louder than before, and lifting up their voices on high, they said:

19. "The Lord destroyed one throne by the tempest, and man has built up another; shall we not destroy that also?"

20. And, strange to conceive, the little man who would not let the people approach unto the old throne, because it was Cæsar's, now cried out and said:

21. "People, the Lord hath hurled down one throne;—blessed be the Lord!—

22. "People! the thrones which you now see are the thrones of Cæsar; and the Lord said, 'Hurl down the thrones of Cæsar.'—Blessed be the Lord!"

23. And the people who had formerly called the little man a fool, now called the little man a prophet.

24. And from the vases which had been overturned they took out large handfuls, not of gold or of silver, or of precious stones, but of pœans, and hymns, and praises, and they showered them on the head of the little man.

25. And the little man, gorgeous with the vanities of the world, cried out and said:

"I am the man of God."

PROTESTANTISM.

CHAPTER VII.

The French Protestants—Protestant Population—Payment of the State to the Protestant Religion—"Institution of Public Utility"—Protestant Churches—The Calvinist Church—Nomination of the Clergy—Attention to the Poor—The Lutheran Church—Mixed Marriages—Education—Protestant Dissenters—Annual Conferences—Catholic and Protestant Pastors. *

THE French protestants are called calvinists and lutherans; † but the calvinists profess few of the doctrines of Calvin, and the lutherans few of the doctrines of Luther.

The confession of faith belonging to the old French reformed church, has lost its force, ‡ and no promise or profession as to his dogmas is exacted from the minister, on ordination. So little difference, indeed, divides the different protestant communities, that it is generally wished to sink all differences in the common title, adopted in Germany of "Evangelic;" and although different administrative differences interfere at present with such a union, it is not unusual to see lutherans preach from calvinist, and calvinists from lutheran pulpits. Instances, indeed, exist of what are called "*Eglises mixtes*," where one pastor presides over the two communions, while the holy table is alternately served with bread and with the wafer.

POPULATION.—The protestants may be reckoned at something more than a million, though that is the figure officially given, and there are many reasons to suppose they are on the in-

* I beg to acknowledge my obligation to the eloquent and excellent Mr. Athanase Coquerel for most of the facts which this chapter contains.

† The lutherans are chiefly in Alsace—the calvinists scattered throughout France.

‡ Not more than ten priests, says Mr. Athanase Coquerel, would be found to sign it.

crease; but though hanged in reality in 1662, and in effigy in 1667—persecution has not produced all its legitimate effects, and they are still less numerous than at the edict of Nantes.

SALARY AND STATE SUPPORT.—The payment of the state to the protestant religion is always voted without opposition.

The salary is 12 or 1500, or 2000 francs, according to the population of the clergyman's residence; at Paris 3000 francs are given.

Beyond this, there is no legal demand for any function which the priest is called upon to perform: all acts and extracts from the consistorial register are delivered also free of expense.

The body of the religious edifice is maintained by the state, but the service is defrayed, sometimes by funds belonging to a particular church, and derived from legacy; more generally by subscriptions.

A parsonage or presbytery is usually found in the rural districts by the commune. In the great towns, the department or the town commonly votes an allowance for lodging; and an additional subsidy, amounting to about the same sum, is accorded by the budget.

There is no retiring pension specially allotted for the priest, prevented by sickness or old age from continuing his duties, but in such case he is allowed to have a "suffragant,"* who is sometimes paid by himself, sometimes by the consistory, and sometimes, though not frequently, by the state.

There exists at Bordeaux a society of clergymen engaged to afford mutual succour to the widows and orphans of the church, and since the revolution of July it has been allowed, by the title of "Institution of Public Utility," to receive legacies.

CHURCHES.—The churches are furnished either by the government, or the towns and communes, or by the religious communities themselves, in which case a certain allowance is given them by the state or department.†

But the greatest number of congregations want a place of

* What we should call curate or assistant.

† They are sometimes hired—sometimes lent.

worship ; offering up their prayers in the open air, or in some barn or grange, according to the season.

No where are the seats let ; every place is open to the first occupant.

In many places the protestant was formerly a catholic church, now given up by the towns as no longer useful to its original possessors.

L'Oratoire at Paris is one of these, and was granted to the protestants in lieu of St. Thomas du Louvre, pulled down in order to enlarge the " Place du Carrousel."

The sacrifice was a great one ; for the government had used this church (*l'Oratoire*) as a place of deposit for the decorations of the opera !

There are a few, and a very few places in Alsace, where, as in many parts of Prussia, the same building is consecrated to the catholic and protestant service ; but this would be altogether impossible in the greatest part of France.

DIVISIONS AND GOVERNMENT OF THE CALVINIST CHURCH.—The Calvinist church is divided into consistorial churches and sections.

The consistorial church has a *chef-lieu*, where sit *les anciens*, or elders, who, with the pastors, form a consistory.

The president of the consistory is always the oldest of the pastors in the consistorial circumscription.

The sections are churches at a certain distance from the *chef-lieu*.

The law has only authorized provincial synods composed of deputies from a certain number of consistories, and has not re-established the ancient general synod of the French reformed church. But even the provincial synods have never yet assembled.

From this it results that the Calvinist church in France has neither centre nor head, and that every consistory is absolute and independent in itself.

In the rural districts, however, the different pastors live so far apart from one another that even a consistory is rarely formed, and of course in these cases the pastors themselves are responsible to no superior authority.

The sections have sometimes a sort of subordinate consistory of their own ; not recognised by the law, but established among themselves ; the persons forming them, now under the title of elders, now under that of deacons, belong to the central and official consistory.*

NOMINATION.—The clergy are named by the consistories, on an absolute majority of votes taken by ballot, and the nomination is afterwards confirmed by the king. But in the important sections, the consistory of the sections designates a choice to the general or official consistory..

ATTENTION TO THE POOR.—In the principal districts there is, besides the consistory, a body under it, more or less numerous, as it may happen, and composed of deacons (*diacres*), and presided by pastors, who exclusively occupy themselves with the poor.

This body (*diaconat*) in Paris consists of forty or fifty, and contains five or six physicians.

The administration of the institution is excellent. A general meeting takes place every month, and a committee every week. The pastors preside the two meetings.

In the committee, the poor are received, questioned, and relieved ; but unless they are well known, no relief is given until a domiciliary visit has taken place.

DIVISIONS AND GOVERNMENT OF THE LUTHERAN CHURCH.—The organization of that part of the protestant church, professing the confession of Augsburg, is a little different from that of the calvinists which I have been describing.

It has—

1. A general consistory,
2. A directory,
3. An inspection,
4. A consistory.

The general consistory has little more than a nominative and formal authority. The directory alone has a real authority ;

* The practice of these regulations depends necessarily upon the locality to which they are submitted.

which, however, is sometimes but rarely opposed by the consistories and the pastors.

There exists more order and regularity in the arrangements of the Lutheran; more independence in the arrangements of the Calvinist community; while the advantages attached to the followers of Luther are partly caused, and partly increased, by that body being less disseminated through the country.

Among the calvinists, on the contrary, it is usual to find one pastor preaching in five or six churches, at a distance of some leagues from each other, so that each church has a sermon but once in five or six weeks by the clergyman; on the other weeks it is read by (the *lecteur chantré*) the clerk.

In Saintonge there are 45,000 protestants who have only ten pastors; and the pastor of Arras has a community which extends over seventy-five communes.

PRAYER BOOK.—The prayer book in use with the calvinists, or reformed church, is that of Geneva, reprinted with some few new prayers.

The lutherans have their own prayer books.

SACRAMENT.—The sacrament is celebrated four times a year: at Christmas, at Easter, at Pentecost, and the last Sunday in September or the first in October.

In the villages and small churches every protestant assists at the communion. In great towns, attendance on these solemn occasions is rare: still, it is to be observed, that the practice has of late become more frequent, and last Easter there were as many as 2,500 persons (lutherans and calvinists) who partook of the sacrament in Paris.*

BAPTISM.—Baptism is usual at quitting the church after service, but is also performed at any day or hour in the week, at the request of parents. It must be, however, always in the church, except in cases of severe illness.

The family may name a godfather or godmother, as they think proper, and no difficulty is made as to such persons being catholics.

* It is very rare for persons sick or dying to receive it in their own houses.

MARRIAGES.—Mixed marriages are very rare in the country; more common, though still rare, in the great towns, but frequent in Paris—where three-fourths of the protestant marriages are of this description.

Strange to say—

When the husband is a catholic and the wife a protestant, every preference in the choice of that religion, which shall consecrate the civil contract, and which shall govern the children's lives, is given to the protestant church.

But when the husband is a protestant and the wife a catholic, the contrary takes place.

The system of giving the sons the religion of the father, and the daughters the religion of the mother, is sometimes practised, but more generally renounced, and it is considered best to have but one religion in the family.

It may be observed, that the protestants are in general, whether male or female, more fervid in their faith than the catholics, and more marriages, therefore, take place between a catholic husband and a protestant wife, as consistent with the forms I have remarked, than between a protestant husband and a catholic wife.

EDUCATION.—In respect to education, the protestants complain of the effects of the law proposed by M. Guizot (a protestant), because the protestant schools have been absorbed in the communal schools, which, taken from the schools of the majority, are now paid and supported by the public. I confess that, to me, these complaints appear perfectly unjust; wherever there is a protestant minister, he forms one of the council; nor is there any religious instruction given in such schools at all affecting the tenets of the scholars.

DISSENTERS.—France has her protestant dissenters, anabaptists, and methodists, as well as England.

But the protestant dissenters have neither the wealth, the numbers, nor the intelligence, of that large class amongst ourselves, who indeed only found their way to the Continent after the peace of 1814.

Ever since that time, however, they have made great pro-

gress, and, with the zeal for which they are elsewhere remarkable, propagated their chapels of ease, which frequently stand side by side with the protestant churches, throughout most of the provinces; making continual proselytes, especially among the women.

Their doctrines are those of the Athanasian creed, containing a belief in the supremacy of faith over works, and a literal construction of divine inspiration.

Some few clergymen of the protestant reformed establishment are said to lean towards these principles; but as the methodists contend for a separation of church and state, and the clergymen of the protestant establishment receive very unscrupulously a salary from the state, it is to be presumed that the differences of a spiritual nature, which exist, are not less powerful than this difference of a more temporal description.

The methodists have two societies: one called *La Société Evangélique*, the object of which is "to spread christianity through the world by every means which God has placed at their disposition;" the other, called *La Société Biblique*, which sells to all persons (except those of the national protestant church), bibles 50 per cent. cheaper than they can purchase elsewhere.

There are in Paris—Swiss, American, and English, as well as French methodist chapels, where the sacrament is now (this was not the case two or three years ago) delivered.

CONFERENCES.—Mr. Athanase Coquerel, in 1833, as well for the purpose of introducing unity into the national church as for remedying any grievances that affect it, proposed annual conferences at Paris, which have been acceded to by the lutheran and calvinist clergy; and, as the circular in which these assemblies were announced is rare and interesting, I subjoin it.

“ Les pasteurs et députés des Eglises, présents à Paris, pour les séances des sociétés religieuses, et réunis en conférence fraternelle le mercredi 24 Avril 1833, dans la salle du consistoire du Temple de l'Oratoire, sont unanimement convenus :—

“ 1. Que dorénavant, chaque année, le jour de l'assemblée générale de la société biblique, à neuf heures du matin, les pasteurs-adjoints, et pasteurs

suffragants des églises nationales des deux communions évangéliques, et les députés laïques de ces églises, se réuniront en conférence fraternelle.

“ 2. Que ces conférences s'ouvriront par une prière solennelle.

“ 3. Que la séance continuera sous la présidence du doyen d'âge des pasteurs par la nomination, au scrutin secret, d'un président et d'un secrétaire qui entreront immédiatement en fonctions.

“ 4. Que ces séances reprendront tous les jours à la même heure.

“ 5. Que le procès-verbal ou le résumé des conférences, sera lithographié ou imprimé et envoyé à toutes les églises et à tous les pasteurs en France.

“ 6. Que les pasteurs des deux églises de Paris formeront un comité qui entrera en correspondance avec les consistoires et les pasteurs, leur donnera information de la présente résolution et préparera, autant que possible, le travail et les objets à mettre en délibération.”

It cannot but be interesting for us protestants, now meditating a reform in our establishment, to cast a retrospective glance over the pages I have just concluded.

In the discussion of the Irish church, Mr. D. Damer stated the whole income of the catholic priesthood in France at the amount given in the budget, supposing that the revenue of that body was solely confined to the contributions of the state; whereas the *casuel*, or fees and donations, usually double the catholic priest's allowance.

Not so, however, with the protestant pastor. His salary—and he is married—is not above 60*l.* a year. On this he contrives to render himself, his family, and his religion, beloved and respected; nor do I know of a protestant clergyman in France who might not almost be cited as a model of learning, industry, and humility, to the rest of his brethren throughout Europe.

We neither find him a libertine in one parish, nor a fanatic in the other. Sedulous in the maintenance and propagation of his own faith, he does not predict the fall of his country because an equal aid and protection is afforded to the religion of his catholic fellow-citizen.

In the organization of his church he is not subjected to the dominion of a religious hierarchy, named by court favour; the rule over him is that of the elders of his faith, consecrated by age, and a long character of piety, for their sacred office. Neither is he alien to the flock whose spiritual guidance he undertakes.

Paid by the state, but chosen by the congregation, he is the faithful subject of the one, and the beloved guide and father of the other.

He does not receive a splendid income in order that his duty should be performed, by another, for a beggarly stipend; and, instead of disputing the *quarta pars* with the pauper, he contrives, out of his pinching income, to provide for the wants of charity, and to dedicate part of his time to the administration of the poor.

In short, the protestant French clergyman resembles the protestant English curate, and would be worthy ten times what he receives, if the honour, in which he is held by his humble followers, did not almost as much proceed from his contempt of the wealth of this world, as from his pious covetousness after the riches of another.

NEW PHILOSOPHIES.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Trial of *Enfantin*—The Creed of the St. Simonians—Picturesque Apostle—Life and Doctrine of St. Simon himself—Comparison between St. Simon and his followers—*Enfantin's* departure for the East.

ON the 8th of April, 1833, “the Father *Enfantin*” and Michel Chevalier were brought to the bar.

The first appeared remarkable for the elegance of his costume, and the gravity of his countenance.

Over his shoulders was thrown a rich velvet mantle, fringed with ermine; boots of a singular and graceful shape covered his leg as far as the knee; a beautiful cachemire, twisted round his neck, fell over his breast; and his long beard was arranged with the sacred care that should preside over the toilet of an apostle.

And lo! upon his fantastic followers,* polished and brilliant,

* As for Michel Chevalier, he was shaved and dressed like a plain Parisian.

glitters the mysterious collar, formed of steel, and composed of rings, triangular, oval, or round, according to the ideas of the wearer; for each ring is a token and a sign;—and in the midst of such strange cabala shines the spheric symbol, representing the Father, inscribed—

TO THE MOTHER.*

Such is the description of one of those singular spectacles which took place in Paris during the years 1832, 1833, at which period figured a set of men, not such fools as in England they were supposed to be, not such philosophers as they ridiculously described themselves to be. These visionaries preached a religion peculiarly adapted, as they dreamt, to their country and their time, but which was, in fact, opposed to all the deep seated and eternal principles which in every time and in every country are at the head, and at the root, and in the vigour, and in the mystery of human nature.

It was in the year previous to the trial I have quoted from, that the law first took notice of these theatrical Theosophists.

“It is some time,” said the advocate-general, in opening his case, “since there has been formed at Paris a sect calling itself St. Simonian. Its chiefs have announced the intention to create a new religion, and to change the first principles on which society now reposes.†

* Un autre signe brille au milieu de plusieurs autres—c'est celui qui représente le Père Enfantin. Ce signe est d'une demi-sphère, dont la face porte ces mots gravés en relief :

A LA MÈRE.

† I continue the procureur-general's act of accusation in a note, since it explains the views of the Government in respect to the persons in question.

According to them, property is an evil which it has become a duty to extirpate—a privilege which should disappear as slavery, serfship, and feudal rights have disappeared before it.

Property is no longer to follow the course of descent, from father to son, but to be held in common, and distributed to each individual according to his merit. The sovereign distributors of all wealth are to be the ministers of this new worship—a very comfortable, though mayhap a very disinterested office, let me meekly observe, in any community.

The superiority which, according to existing laws, the male exercises over the female in certain cases, is according to the St. Simonians another abuse to which it is equally necessary to put an end.

The grounds of accusation against *Enfantin*, the father of this sect, and his disciples were:—1st. The forming an illegal association.—2nd. The fraudulently attempting to mislead the public in regard to their enterprise, and thereby obtaining money under false pretences.—3rd. The fraudulently obtaining a testamentary disposition.—4th. Offences against public morals

Hence new precepts in respect to marriage, divorce, and the different relations between man and woman.

In order to publish these doctrines and gain proselytes to their opinions, this new sect have printed pamphlets, bought and conducted at their expense the newspaper called the *Globe*, and established correspondences in every part of France, and in the different parts of Europe.

At Paris rooms have been opened, where they have taught and preached.

It is in expectation of the time when this religion is to become universally predominant, and its ministers the depositories and the dispensators of the world's riches, that *Bartholemy Prosper Enfantin*, calling himself supreme chief of the *St. Simonian* religion, and *Olivier Rodrigues*, styled chief of this same creed, have made an appeal for funds to the public.

"Bring to *St. Simon*," have they said in their writings, "bring to him, who lays a moral foundation for the power of wealth, a part of your wealth, whether it be under the title of loan or gift, as may accord with your strength and love. I shall receive all with pleasure, and account for it with honour." And on this demand, sums were given and lent by different persons, and received without any formality or legal authorisation by the chiefs of the *St. Simonian* faith.

Moreover, an act of association has been drawn up, by which all those who enter into this society are declared to associate themselves, whether collectively or as a body; and to bring, as to a common stock, any goods that they are or may be possessed of. This body has indeed proceeded so far as to announce the creation of a stock, of which inscriptions have been sold; and it is calculated that nearly 300,000 francs (12,000*l.*) has already passed into their hands.

A complaint has been made by a widow named *Robinet*, formerly the wife of a notary at *Meaux*. This lady therein declares that her husband, being ill, was surrounded by the *St. Simonians*; that they persuaded him to be transported to a house belonging to their association—that they severed him from all the members of his family, and that thus profiting by his state of illness, abandonment, and obedience, they determined him to make a will appointing one of the *St. Simonian* chiefs his universal legatee; in proof of which the widow *Robinet* gave into court her husband's will, in which *Prosper Enfantin* was appointed to the office above named.

Enfantin acknowledged having no other acquaintance with *Robinet* than that which arose from his being at the head of the *St. Simonian* religion; and confessed to his having attended *Robinet*, in his last moments, as head and minister of that faith; contending merely that *Robinet* was transported by his own desire to the establishment where he had died, and that the disposition of his property had arisen from no unjustifiable means of persuasion.

arising from the tenor of the works professing to explain their doctrines.

The verdict was guilty, and the sentence accompanying it twelve months' imprisonment.

It would be easy to show, that if a gentleman was bent upon enriching himself at the expense of his neighbours, he would not, in the position assumed by *Enfantin*, find himself in a situation foreign to his acquisitive dispositions.

Guardian of the purse of all true believers, sole judge of merit, sole rewarder of it, and *ex-officio* the most meritorious of his tribe, I can conceive no situation that would have been more congenial to honest *Jonathan Wild*, than that of High Priest of the *St. Simonians*, as long as *St. Simonians* there were—ready to subscribe to the common fund—and to be paid according to their deserts by the father of the faith.

Let us confess more! nothing was so likely as, for a superficial observer of mankind, to imagine that the doctrines set forth in the *Enfantinian* prayer-book were well calculated to catch disciples, and thereby obtain the management of their resources.

The main difference between the creed of the philosophers of *Menilmontant*, and that which we revere as Christians, was the different duty inculcated in respect to the flesh. Mortify it, said *Jesus*:—Consult it, and indulge it, said the mountain's gracious and agreeable apostles.

It is easy to systematize the most fanciful theories; and these preachers of strange things had regularized theirs into chronological divisions.

"Every step that humanity takes," said *Michel Chevalier*, in his exposition of *St. Simonism*, "is a progress."

"Progress is the passage from an old state of things to a new state of things by the destruction of the old.

"Progress has always taken place by two alternate movements: the movement of construction and association, or the epoch organic and religious; the movement of destruction and dissociation, or the epoch critical and irreligious.

"It is thus that humanity, advancing step by step, from a system primitive and incomplete, has arrived at a system definitive and complete."

"This complete system" (I quote from M. M. Chevalier) is that of the St. Simonians.

Life, say these gentlemen, has two aspects, distinct yet united—an aspect material—an aspect spiritual. The destiny of humanity is to develop these two faces of its existence.

First one, then the other, then both together.

In the primeval æra of the world, and down to the time of our Lord, the material aspect ruled: matter then was the organic principle—spiritualism the critical principle.

The religion of Christ established spiritualism as the organic principle;—matter then became the critical principle; and matter, as represented by Descartes and Voltaire, triumphed over spiritualism represented by the church.

Such was the state of things up to the time of St. Simon; who was destined to unite the two principles into ONE, capable of comprehending both.

This is the last phase of society, the epoch of general association: the epoch which shall unite materialism and immaterialism, and put an end to the long contest between the flesh and the spirit.

At this epoch it becomes a duty as much to decorate the person as to ornate the mind; as much to gratify the senses, as to elevate the soul.

Happy and delightful period! when the sage shall retire to meditate with equal fervour on the flow of a garment, or the force of an opinion—when society shall be assorted according to its capacities, and every member of it pleased according to his passions!

I still remember being seated one morning, with a lady of my acquaintance, when the door suddenly opened, and a young man with a long beard and a bare neck, and a little kind of petticoat on, tramped into the room at much the same kind of pace that children use in playing at soldiers.

This was the first genuine St. Simonian I had seen, and I sat in quiet curiosity as to what was to happen.

The young gentleman was an apostle, and, as one of the best looking among his brethren, sent by the Father *Enfantin* to convert my pretty acquaintance. The object of the visit made it still more interesting to me.

The apostle sat down, and put himself as much as possible in the position of a man who is sitting for his picture.

“Sir,” said the lady, “I have read most of your pamphlets; they are very well written.—I have seen your high priest, he is a very fine looking man. I have little property to lose, and people tell me I have considerable talent. We agree then, entirely, as to every one resigning his property and being paid according to his capacity; there are only one or two little matters on which I wish to acquire further information.

“I hear that we are to have no husbands; that we are to feel no affection for our children; and that, in order to destroy houses of ill-fame, a most laudable project, you intend to make every one fit to go into them.”

“Madam, permit me! I will explain to you our doctrine. We consider families, as you rightly observe, to be an antiquated invention; all parental affection will cease as soon as you establish a more free and more promiscuous intercourse between the sexes. Mothers will not know the fathers of their children; children will not know their own progenitors, and from this happy incertitude will arise a general affection—for what man will know whether his enemy is not his own son or his own father?

“But do not mistake us—we do not forbid constancy, we only do not preach it. If you, madam, are of a constant nature, you will only go on changing till you find a gentleman of a constant nature also.

“Different people have different constitutions. The business of the Father is to assort his disciples together, to suit their connexion to their disposition. Some men can be constant for a year;—the man that can be constant for a year; should be united to the woman, if such a woman is to be found, who can be so long constant. There should be marriages for months, weeks, and days, and then people would go on happily for the months, weeks, and days that they cohabited together.

“But children, when not accepted by society, are a tie upon the roving dispositions—that is, upon the natural pleasures of the parents. This is a crucifixion of the flesh; a cruelty and a slavery inconsistent with the age of intelligence and gratification

in which we live. We say to parents, then—‘the community shall have charge of your children.’

“Such are our ideas, madam, ideas so simple, so natural, so excellent, so moral, that it always surprises me when any one can be found to differ from them. Such are our ideas: but ideas of the man are after all but precursory in respect to the woman. She, the woman, will herself shortly appear. Madam, you are very beautiful and charming—why will you not be the woman?”

“Sir, you are exceedingly obliging, I will give the matter my serious consideration—How is the father?”

“The Father, madam, is very busy at the present moment. In the first place, he is occupied with the difference of brother Bazard; in the next, he wishes exceedingly that his collar (here the apostle touched a part of his vest) should if possible be rendered more graceful.”

Such was the language of this picturesque philosopher, whose aspect was certainly far more convincing than his eloquence.

Let me now turn to St. Simon!

In 1825, perishing from hunger, in a garret, died this extraordinary man, related to the famous Duke, whose Memoirs we are acquainted with—uncle to the Count de St. Simon, late minister in Sweden, and descended from the Dukes de Vermandois, peers of Charlemagne.

Mahomet could not boast of a life more full of action and adventure.

In 1760 he entered, at the age of seventeen, into the military service, and served five campaigns in America, with the rank of colonel. “Descartes,” he says in his works, “was a soldier before he was a philosopher:—he was brave in the field, and daring in his studies.”

This quotation he wished to be applied to himself. But the constitution of America struck him more forcibly than the war which secured it. “I was not born,” he remarks, “to be a great captain, my mind was framed for a different species of activity;” and though he so far retained the habits of a camp, as to have been known throughout life as much for a duellist as a philanthropist, he soon gave up the career of arms, and

devoted himself to—what he conceived—the cause of perfection and civilization.

The revolution of America struck him in the same manner that it struck Paine:—as the commencement of an era in which the energies and destinies of the human race were to take a new development; and separating himself from the subversive system of the revolution of 89, he directed all his thoughts to the reconstruction of society, on a different foundation from that which had been destroyed.

Nor did he proceed without a plan!

The thirty-four years prior to the publication of *Le Nouveau Christianisme* were thus divided:

Seven years he allowed to the acquisition of pecuniary means—seven to the acquisition of metaphysical and scientific knowledge—ten to a philosophical—ten to a political renovation.

Pursuant to this course, he entered in 1770 into a commercial association with Count Redern, the gains of which were immense; and, separating himself from his colleague, St. Simon commenced the second part of his project.

And now, in order to pursue his studies with greater advantage, he established himself successively opposite the *Ecole de Médecine* and the *Ecole Polytechnique*. His house, his table, his purse, were prodigally open to every professor, or experimentalist in science.*

“Money!” said he to a physician, “is it money that you want to prosecute your discovery? here is money!” And he was known to have given to different individuals as much as 100,000 francs (4000*l.*) at a time.†

It is easy to imagine that no fortune could long resist so princely a disposition; and from the donor to science, this benevolent, if mistaken, man soon became the petitioner in its favour. It was then that the speculative philosopher, whose abilities every one had hitherto acknowledged, sunk into the *charlatan*, whose reveries every one despised.

* It was during this time that he published: *Les Lettres au Bureau de Longitude*—*Les Lettres sur l'Encyclopédie*—*L'Introduction aux Travaux Scientifiques du 19ème Siècle*—*Les Mémoires sur la Gravitation*, etc., etc.

† M. Poisson, the celebrated geometrist, was known to be one of the favourite pupils of St. Simon.

This sudden turn of opinion, of which he was much too artless to perceive the cause, persuaded St. Simon, for a moment, that he had mistaken both his calling and his genius; and with the energy of his character, he immediately discharged a pistol at his head; which, though it miserably lacerated him, did not put an end to his existence.

Shortly afterwards *The New Christianity* was published; in which work, passing beyond his former theories, and taking them as the bases of his assertion, he proclaimed the impossibility of establishing any general system, except upon a "Sentiment of religion."

The last days of this unhappy enthusiast were passed in an honourable state of misery, which it is difficult not to feel for, as one considers the disinterestedness of his conduct.

"For a fortnight," says he not long before his death, "I have ate nothing but bread, and drank nothing but water. I am writing in the depth of winter without a fire; and I have just sold my coat in order to pay for the copy of my work. It is my passion for science and the public weal—it is my burning and unquenchable desire to deliver humanity, by some gentle process, from the errors in which it finds itself, that makes me support my distress with courage, and deprives me of any shame in acknowledging it."

I confess that, upon the memory of such a man, ridiculous and erroneous as I deem his opinions, I pause with a certain respect

The writings of St. Simon are the writings of a man of no common powers, but of a man who lacked that kind of practical intuition, the want of which separated Shelley from Byron in poesy, Plato from Aristotle in politics and philosophy. It is no use dreaming for mankind, if mankind is never to awake and find your visions true.

Different, however, from similar theorists who have preceded and succeeded him, St. Simon did not imagine that his doctrines were to change the world, but that the world was of itself passing into a change which would render his doctrines admissible and true.

He did not so much pretend to create as to foresee.

The founder of many theories, which, as they were subse-

quently systematized, became more ridiculous in being brought out more clearly, he was as far behind his disciples in absurdity and pretension, as he went beyond them in originality and intelligence.

St. Simon, in the first place, though impressed with the idea that a new social system was to be formed, does not seem so convinced of the necessity of a totally new creed.

He attacks the High Priests of Rome, not because they were the supreme pastors of the Catholic church, but because they had not for centuries properly fulfilled their mission. He does not excite the people against the representatives of St. Peter; but he blames the representatives of St. Peter for not being in alliance with the people. He does not wish there to be no pope; but he wishes the pope to be a philosophic philanthropist.

He says that the civilization of a people is to be judged by the social situation of woman; but he no where preaches the marvellous liberation of female kind.

He says that the profits of the capitalists, at the expense of the workman, go on gradually decreasing; but he says no where that a time will arrive when there shall be no capitalists. He says that the privileges of birth have been daily losing their importance; but he does not say that all the privileges of birth are entirely to cease, and that a man is to have no other family than society at large. He had the idea of making the labourer a sort of public functionary; but he had no idea of annihilating all the individuality attached to private existence.

He was a visionary and an enthusiast, but there were bounds to his enthusiasm, and a sense of decency presided over his visions.

Bazard and Enfantin announced themselves as revelators; and accepted St. Simon as their precursor.

Bazard, one of the chiefs of the French Carbonari, a man of much resolution and energy, stern and conscientious, was nevertheless under the influence of his brother prophet; who, equally inflexible, but more subtle and insinuating, contrived for a time to make his superiority and opinions generally received. But at last that *causa teterrima belli!*—woman—who has so often set philosophers and heroes by the ears, introduced an

indécant and irreconcilable controversy into the council of these preachers of universal union.

“The world,” said *Enfantin*, “has hitherto been divided into two powers, or two families”—the power temporal—the power spiritual—the feudal family, and the papal family.

The one reposing on the succession of power by the descent of blood; the other on the succession of power by the election of merit.

The world, in its present state of intelligence, will no longer tolerate the first; but the second, founded on celibacy, though possible for a class, is impossible for a community.

The new family should neither be the feudal family, nor the papal family; but a family comprising the advantages of both.

In the papal family, incapacity could not arrive at place; in the feudal family, the ties of blood connected the superior with the inferior—the father with the child.

Now listen to *St. Enfantin's* admirable advice!

The ceremony of confession, however practised in the Catholic church, was in theory, at all events, a mental or spiritual process. This—Christianity being the religion of the spirit according to the *St. Simonians*—was as it should be. But *St. Simonism* was the religion of the flesh as well as of the spirit; the ceremony of confession was therefore to partake of the nature of the faith, and be somewhat in harmony with the flesh also.

In short, as the confession in Catholicism was the communion of mind with mind, the confession of *St. Simonism* was to be the communion of mind with mind through the medium of the body; and all that we mean now by saying that a lady is going to the devil, we might, in the *St. Simonian* era, have expressed by saying that she was going to the confessional.

The sovereign pontiff then would be, by duty, bound to confess all the ladies whose superiority entitled them to such a distinction; and the sovereign priestess would have an equal obligation to perform to the eminent men whose piety led them, and whose genius entitled them, to her couch.*

* It is needless to observe that no tie could be invented which would so

But what the Priest-King and the Priestess-Queen did for people of the very first distinction, the priests and priestesses of different degrees were to do for persons of less pretensions ; and certainly, when one considers that the priesthood was to be the government, one must confess that no other constitutional system ever provided for so close and constant an amalgamation of the governors and the governed.

By this ingenious contrivance, vice was to be banished from the world ; there was to be no profligacy, no prostitution.

For a prostitute was honoured as a priestess, and a profligate venerable as a priest ; while the St. Simonian family became, as it was intended, united by ties of consanguinity, and distinguished according to merit.

Still there was one injunction upon the priesthood, which it would be right to mention, since it must be confessed that it threw a serious impediment in the way of their duties.

Those duties were to be performed with a perfect calm.

Was it from this that the High Priest Bazard dissented ?—he did however dissent ; not having, in the words of the more enlightened, a mind sufficiently great and elevated to comprehend the necessity and the sublimity of this political and philosophical and sensual connexion.

The defection of such a man as Bazard was important ; but more so, was a vast diminution in proselytes—upon the announcements of those doctrines which few, for the honour of France, were capable of appreciating.

Funds ceased to fall in, and disciples consequently increased falling off, until the sacred *Enfantin*, gathering his most devoted about him, retired to the solitudes of *Menilmontant*, where he was daily falling into a neglect and contempt, under which he would have ridiculously perished, if the government had not kindly invested him with some kind of importance by its prosecution.

The personal ascendancy which this impostor exercised, was certainly of an extraordinary description. One of his followers, now sufficiently ready to ridicule his former master, has

closely bind the chief with the community, and render that term—now so frequently misapplied—strictly correct, viz.—

That sovereigns are the fathers of their people.

nevertheless told me a most marvellous tale of the fascinating manner with which "the father" was known to have converted two avaricious old advocates who poured, at his bidding, their hard earned and dearly prized gold into the common purse; and such an impression has he left upon some of his disciples, that many still profess to consider that there was nothing ridiculous in his trusting his defence to—his regard.*

There were upon the jury, however, men with hearts "impassible,"—and our modern Mahomet was condemned, as we have seen, to a year's imprisonment; at the end of which he set out for the region whence the sages of old came from, and embarked—with St. Simonism and a plan of cutting through the isthmus of Suez—for the East.

CHAPTER IX.

The sea turned into lemonade—M. C. Fourier's system of the Four Movements—The Fourieristes' system of Education—Those who have not found, and yet seek a religion.

HOWEVER extraordinary the sect of St. Simonians, there are other philosophies, in Paris, not a whit less singular.

It may rather startle the grave and prudent people of the metropolis to hear of a sage who asserts that the sea is, in its natural process, turning into lemonade; and who logically proves that the fate of humanity, in distant generations, will be to sustain an ornament behind, which it would be rather difficult to arrange with a pair of breeches.

Such, however, are among the doctrines of M. C. Fourier, a man of great powers of mind, and who has for his disciples many of the most grave and disciplined youth of France.

* When called upon for his defence, *Enfantin* rolled his eyes round the room, and fixing them on the jury, said: "*Que sa defence était dans son regard.*"

It would not be impossible, in the space that yet remains to me for this subject, to go at any length into the various ramifications of that system which was first announced in 1808 by *la théorie des quatre mouvemens*.

The basis of "Fourrierism" is the doctrine of attraction, not merely applied to the material but to the moral world ; and necessarily leading to a system of association as the natural condition of society.

This, M. Fourier believes to be alone prevented by an improper development of the passions.

His object, then, is to form mankind into associations in which their passions *will* be properly, or as he would say, harmoniously developed.

With this view he proposes a kind of college, called a *phalange*, where a certain number of individuals live and labour together ; and in such college, he furthermore proposes to turn the natural propensities of men, which at present so frequently lead them to injure each other, to the greatest common advantage. His plan consists chiefly in making employment a pleasure, and in gratifying our favourite inclinations in our most useful pursuits.

Considering toil to be tedious in proportion as it is monotonous, and that one of the great characteristics of human-kind is versatility—all labour is to be of short duration, and every member of a *phalange* is to be educated for a variety of alternate occupations.

Here too the character of the individual is to be preserved, and the economy of the community obtained ; for instance, in that most important part of existence which depends on the kitchen, instead of 2,000 women being occupied in cooking the dinners of 2,000 husbands, as would be the case if these couples were living in separate cabins—fifty are to suffice for this duty, and 1950 remain at liberty to do any thing else. But with this community of cooks there is not to be any common broth : every one is to come for his own particular plate, and a *phalange's* kitchen is a *restaurateur's* shop ;—separate to consult the palates of each ; united to provide for the wants of all.

It may be worth while to follow M. Fourier more closely

into that part of his system where his ideas appear to most advantage, viz. the education of his disciples.

The great fault of our educationary discipline system is—that it represses all those passions and propensities which it ought to profit by and bring out.

Who is the poor creature that Dr. Such-a-one calls a good boy?

A poor sallow-faced thing with chilblained fingers struck into both pockets; without that animal energy that would withdraw him from his lesson, and wanting the spirit for adventure and enterprize, which, if it lead the boy into mischief, carries the man to distinction.

The aim of the master is to macadamize the child's character down to the flattest possible level: the least little bit of originality and inequality is to be scolded or whipped out of him; and if you wish to discover who will be the greatest person in the world, you may be pretty sure, that your guess is not a bad one—if you lay your fingers on the worst lad in the school.

M. Fourrier's system is in direct contradiction to this absurd and manifest error.

He recognises, as a necessity, the natural disposition of a child in the different ages of infancy; and instead of crushing it with severity, supplies it with materials on which to work with advantage.

The child, incapable of thought, is for ever in movement. He cries, he jumps, he breaks this thing, he dirties that, and is perpetually encountered with the command, "Be quiet, Sir!"

The Fourrieristes on the contrary say: "Be active—be restless—be what nature makes you!"

And they employ him in doing with utility that which an invisible agency teaches him to do with pleasure.

He breaks, he tears to pieces, he soils, but he does all this in such branches of industry, as make his amusements profitable instead of destructive to the society in which he lives.

Nor is this all: in the second stage of childhood, which is fixed by this sect at two years and a half or three years old, every pains is taken—not merely to satisfy the natural dispositions of children—but to discover the natural bias of the child.

He is led with care through the different workshops or

school-rooms, and attention is paid to all the sympathies in which a peculiar instinct might seem to manifest itself; and thus it is, that at four years and a half the boy generally gains his livelihood by his amusements.

After that age, a new duty arises: the happy and profitable development of the senses, which from nine to fifteen is succeeded by an equal attention to the affections.

And now, from fifteen and a half to twenty, comes the period of the passions; a period for which M. Fourrier has created two orders; one which he calls the order of the *Vestalat*, intended for those whose desires are still restrained by natural feelings of chastity and reserve.

Another called the *Damoisellat* "*où tout est l'amour!*" to use the French interpretation, "*mais pas encore la paternité.*"

The philanthropist blushes before the infamy of these regulated disorders for so tender an age—and which the English reader would be rather startled to find advocated on the ground of morality.

Le Damoisellat is a substitute for prostitution and adultery; a preventive to marriage from the mere animal feeling which is afterwards followed by disgust. The serious proposal of such an infernal institution almost reconciles one to the vices it was intended to remedy;—still let in France the gallantry of proper ladies be treated leniently by society, and the frailties of improper ladies licensed by the state!

In all this, we find a proof of that laxity in respect to female conduct, and of the indulgence with which the public regard the sexes' failings, without which such a code would scarcely have been invented—certainly not avowed.

But what can be said—unless we recur to what is reported of the ancient mysteries—for those scenes in which the privacies of the marriage couch are made a public ceremony—and philosophy, forsooth, appears arranged in the shameless attire of a Parisian brothel?

Besides the two sects that I have mentioned—sects which suppose, or did suppose, that a new system of religion or religious philosophy was found—there are other sects, declaring themselves still on the search after this *ignis fatuus* of their time. "O mes contemporains," exclaims one of the most

distinguished of these, “ je vous vois tous en quête d’une religion, ni pour vous, ni pour votre postérité immédiate; mais chaque jour dans vos désillusionemens, ce mot religion erre sur vos lèvres.”

The author of the words I quote says that “ religion is philosophy, and philosophy the science of life;”—every age, he believes, has understood human existence in a particular way, from which has proceeded a particular philosophy, generating a particular religion.

The character of the present epoch, he concludes, is “ founded on the perfectibility of mankind—the history of science, literature, and the arts.”

Hence the principles of equality and fraternity, from which are to arise a philosophy that our era will receive, and a religion that our era will recognize.

The world exhibits, according to these doctrines, a series of perpetual changes; and as there were different epochs in its material formation—epochs when it could only produce vegetables, when it subsequently produced fish, animals, and ultimately mankind—so in its moral organization there are also epochs, when the present—sown with the past—will produce a future,—not independent of preceding events because begotten by them—not bound by preceding events because beyond their region; and thus, if equality, and liberty, and authority have not yet been compatible with each other—they may be so; the ideas of each proceed from antiquity, their union may be the work of modern times.

“ Inspirons-nous de ce désir de notre époque, et cherchons des formes nouvelles qui puissent satisfaire ses besoins.”*

Those are equally in error, preaches this youthful sage from whom I quote, who think to establish new systems without the aid of our older chronicles—or who would circumscribe the growing desires of mankind by any ancient system inapplicable to modern days.

“ You are right,” says he to the catholics, “ to attach yourselves to your tradition; on that tradition all subsequent theories have been founded—but do you not see the faith which

* Let us inspire ourselves with this desire of our time, and seek new forms which shall satisfy its wants.

gave life to catholicism, first migrated to protestantism, and then to philosophy. Why, when its young shoots have taken root in the earth, go seek the old and withered trunk? see you not that nature has conspired its ruin, that the seasons which nourished it of old now alternately assail it;—and that the worms begotten in its core are silently crumbling it to pieces?”

The error of this doctrine is in the idea on which it is founded. The condition of humanity changes, and society is, therefore, wisely subjected to a perpetual series of laws. But human nature itself does not change, and it is to human nature, and not the condition of humanity, that religion properly belongs.

Let people talk, if they will, of christianity appertaining to another civilization!—that creed which, at its birth, invaded the wildernesses of Africa and the groves of Greece, which in after times was equally received by the polished refinements of the East and the barbarous heroism of the West, and which, even at the moment that I write, demands new churches in the metropolis of the British empire—is climbing the steps of the temple of the Indian idol—and raising shrines amidst the blazing woods of America—that creed is for mankind and not for any peculiar condition of our race;—its foundations are laid—not in our habits—but in our hearts; and after all this farrago about the history of science, literature, and the arts, and the principles of equality and fraternity which rest thereon—in what system of that modern philosophy, by which christianity, forsooth, has been or is to be absorbed, do we find the principles of equality and fraternity so firmly seated as in those very doctrines preached by Christ Jesus 1835 years ago, and which have been gaining proselytes from that year to this?

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

In the earlier portion of this work, I spoke of the character of the French; and so in later passages I have been able to note various instances in which that character is still displayed.

The character of a people is, no doubt, ever visible. But if the dispositions of society depend in somewise, upon causes

which are hereditary and undestructive, the organization of society depends upon a cause which the legislature can change and has changed in an extraordinary degree in France; whatever relates to the propensities of that nation remains the same as formerly; whatever relates to its rights is altered.

But to make a general alteration in the rights of a people, you must make a general alteration in the condition of a people. It is not sufficient to legislate at the surface of society, you must strike at its root. In short, in order to affect the general distribution of rights, you must affect the general distribution of property.

In all the subjects of which I have just been treating, we trace the effects of this cause—which, widening the public arena, making literature more popular, religion less monarchical, has breathed into philosophical speculation a spirit of fraternity and association natural to arise in a land, the proprietors of which possess little and possess alike.

DIVISION OF PROPERTY.

BOOK IV.

"The study of truth is perpetually joined with the love of virtue; for there is no virtue which derives not its original from truth; as, on the contrary, there is no vice which has not its beginning from a lie."

DRYDEN.—*Character of Polybius.*

CHAPTER X.

Difference between France under Napoleon and England under Cromwell—
The most important question in France, the division of its property—Mr.
Cobbett, jun.'s ride through that country.

WHEN Oliver Cromwell assumed the protectorship of England, one man succeeded to another. The sovereign changed, and not the country. When Napoleon declared himself Emperor of France, France was no longer the France of 1789. The revolutions that had mounted to the palace, had descended to the cottage. The revolutions that had ruled the capital, had traversed the provinces. As the ancient divisions of the country had been cut up into departments and arrondissements, so also the ancient properties of the country had undergone similar transformations and divisions. It was impossible for the restoration to return to the old government and the old opinions. The moral condition of France could never be the same as it had been, for its material condition had effectually and permanently altered; the government of Louis XVI. reposed on about two millions and a half of landed proprietors;—the government of Louis-Philippe has the broader basis of at least five millions.

The most important question connected with France is undoubtedly this division of property.

Many are the things that have been said for and against it—most of them very exaggerated; some, very amusing.

A little book which I have once alluded to—"Ride through France, by Mr. Cobbett, jun."—bears artless testimony to the utter uselessness of personal observation.

A young gentleman of acute mind and much practical information sallies forth on a tour through France, in order to judge for himself of the state of that country.

Do not imagine that this young gentleman is one of your ordinary post-paying or diligence-be-darkened travellers, trusting to the breath-besmeared windows of a vehicle for the view which is to furnish the memoranda necessary for his volume.

No : more sagacious and more determined, he packs up his horse with himself, and starts, thus independently equipped, for Calais. Well; he arrives—he tells you at once the price of horseshoeing and oats; of supper, breakfast, and dinner; and, having thus appealed to your attention, sets out earnestly and heartily on his adventures.

His object, reader, is the same as yours, if you wish, as I presume, to inquire into the state of the peasantry in that land which he has undertaken to visit. Let us, then, follow him through his desultory journal; we shall be sure to pick up some useful and practical information.

For instance :—

"These people (the people at the Calais market) are *well dressed* : the labourers pretty much in the same fashion as the English, with smock frocks and trousers made of linen stuff of a blue colour, and shoes and hats like the English. The women are strikingly uniform in their dress, and in wet weather *all wear cloaks.*"

Come, this is pretty comfortable; where are we going to, and what shall we see next?

Our traveller is in the neighbourhood of St. Omer :

"The dress of the women, that I see at work in the fields, is coarser than that generally worn by our labourers' wives and daughters—but it exhibits *very little of that raggedness which now characterises the dress of so large a portion of those who earn their bread by hard work in England.*"

Let us on—

"A labourer gets from one to two francs a day, according to his ability : journeymen carpenters, bricklayers, and the like, about the same. The price of beef is eight sous (four pence) the pound—a loaf of bread the size of an

English quartern, five sous (two pence halfpenny), two fowls, two francs, (one shilling and eightpence)."

I do not think an English labourer would see much in this state of things that he would not be very kindly disposed to accept:—

But we are coming into a new country.

BRIARRE, PROVINCE OF GASTINOIS.

"The dress of the labouring people here is certainly *better than that of the labourers in England.*"

And again, 106 :

"The dress of the labourers in France is good. They wear, in all parts of the country that I have yet seen, a smock frock and trousers of a blue colour, like the dress worn by most of the labourers in the county of Sussex. The garments of the Sussex men, however, are very frequently in a state of *raggedness*, which is seldom the case with those of the *French.*"

And now for a good breakfast!

"I do not see," says our traveller, "why this cabbage, which had plenty of bread in it, and the wine, should not be *a thousand times better for breakfast* than the *cold potatoes* and *tea* which are now so *fashionable* among the common people of England."

CHATILLON SUR INDRE, PROVINCE OF BERRI.

§145. "The labouring people or peasantry have usually *cows of their own*. Sometimes one cow, sometimes two or three cows belong to one labourer's family. They keep also pigs of their own."

Upon my word!—

167. "The bread made of rye near Tours, and which the peasantry eat, sells for *one sous and a half*—not quite a penny—a quartern; and is *better than our finest baker's bread.*"

210. "Some people who have been travellers in this country exclaim, *how many beggars there are in France!* There are, to be sure, a great many beggars here; but I have not seen more of them in the country parts of France, than I should have seen in England, had I been travelling in England along the same high road. I certainly did not see so many beggars in *Paris* as I have seen in *London*, and there is *this important difference* between the individual appearance of the beggars in France and England:—*a very large portion of our beggars are neither aged nor infirm*, while in France there is scarcely any object of this description *that is not old* or in some way *incapable of earning a living.*"

“The greater part of the *English beggars* beg because they *cannot get employment* : and the beggars of France beg because they are *unfitted for employment*. It is the state of society in England which causes the beggar, while in France, it is his inability to render society any service.”

What are we inclined to think of all this? Might we not suppose that our equestrian philosopher had discovered the people of France to be better off than the people of England; and the state of society, which will not find labour for the able man, to be even worse than that which allows the disabled man to solicit support?

But hold—Mr. Cobbett is arrived in Normandy.

The people of Normandy appear to him in a far better condition than those of any part of France he has traversed.

He says very naturally—“I should like to know the reason of this.” Now, as he had found the people of France better off than the people of England, and as the people of Normandy seemed to him better off than the rest of the people of France, we might expect that he would seek “this reason” in some circumstances which existed in Normandy itself, and which had nothing to do with the rest of France and nothing to do with England.

But no : an idea suddenly strikes him, viz. that the people of Normandy fare better than the rest of the people of France because there is some resemblance between them and the people of England, who, according to him, fare worse than the people of the rest of France.*

Down then with the pyramid of observations I have been building up! Let us congratulate the unfortunate English peasant, whose melancholy face is turned hopefully to the Poor-house! he is in the best possible system, in the best possible world—and if the peasant of France be *actually better off* than himself,—by every rule of philosophy and political economy *he ought not to be so*. Happy consolation! I wish Mr. Cobbett, when he was considering the present, had turned his horse’s head, for a moment, towards the past.

* He says he was told that the superior condition of Normandy is owing to the large estates which formerly existed there, and which still to a certain degree remain.

What was the Norman, living on milk and on raw flesh, clothed in the skin of some wild beast, the worshipper of Thor and of Woden?

What was the Norman, when the affrighted population of France murmured at their altars, *A furore Normanorum libera nos, Domine!*

What was the Norman, when he took possession of Sicily, besieged Constantinople, conquered England, and carried his fierce Leopard within the walls of Antioch and Jerusalem?

Is it not the same spirit of activity, the same cast of prudence, which the old chronicles have given him, in his days of rapine and adventure, that with the progress of society he has transplanted into the pursuits of agriculture and commerce?

The character of the Norman has been, at all times, different from that of the races with which he is now intermingled: enterprising, calculating, industrious;—not independent of circumstances certainly, but his horse is not independent of circumstances;—yet feed and exercise that horse as you will, though it shall become more or less fat—more or less sleek—and more or less active—it will be always superior to the animal which grazes in a barren paddock in Picardy, and always inferior to the barb which roves in Arabia, or the thoroughbred which runs at Newmarket.

Mr. Cobbett supposes that the custom of primogeniture prevailed exclusively in Normandy, and that the superior agricultural prosperity of Normandy is owing to the remaining effects of such custom.

There are three facts to state in opposition to this:—

First; The custom of primogeniture did not prevail all over Normandy.

Secondly; Since its abolition, the agriculture of Normandy, which according to Mr. Cobbett's reasoning ought to have degenerated, has in reality most considerably improved.

“L'usage des jachères,” says M. Lorioi in his *Description géographique et statistique de la France*, lately published—“l'usage des jachères était autrefois général en Normandie, mais il se perd de jour en jour. Au commencement de ce siècle elles pouvaient déjà être évaluées, pour le département en général,

à moitié seulement du sol qu'elles occupaient de 1790 à 1792, et aujourd'hui on ne les suppose guère que du dixième des terres consacrées à la culture."*

Lastly; If Mr. Cobbett had given a look at those parts of Normandy in the hands of great proprietors, and those parts of Normandy which are cut up into small properties, he would have found, that if the maintenance of large estates ought to be favourable to their culture, it is still—strange to say! those very districts of Normandy the most divided which are the best cultivated.†

Mr. Cobbett, however, had not time for this—he was obliged to be off, leaving us and himself in a strange perplexity, which is hardly dispelled by the following sentence:

“This (the effects of the law of primogeniture) is a subject full of important considerations, one that I should like to see ably discussed, but certainly one which I never bestowed a thought on till I entered this famous province of Normandy.”

Now, this is singular!

As long as Mr. Cobbett travelled over France, merely observing what he saw, he thought the people of that country very comfortably arranged;—but directly he began to reflect on the cause of their condition, he discovered that they ought to be plunged in the deepest misery and distress!

No marvel then that a gentleman who, under these circumstances, took much the wisest way—who, seeing all the folly and vanity of personal research, did not, I am pretty sure, give himself the pains of such information—no marvel then that a gentleman,—with merely the report of our factory committee, and the report of our poor law commissioners, and the tables indicative of the increase of crime in Great Britain, piled up upon his library table,—should have rubbed his hands a little pharisaically, and rejoiced at the happy contrast which existed between the people of his own contented land, and those of the “well dressed”—“well employed”—“cloak-covered”—“cow-keeping”—“fine-bread-eating”—“wine-breakfasting” wretches on the other side of the channel.

* For this and other translations not given in notes—See Appendix.

† I may quote that very intelligent gentleman, M. de Tocqueville, who is known to us for his work on America, and whose family possess estates in that province, as one of my authorities.

CHAPTER XI

Mr. Macculloch on the effects of the division of property in France—His arguments : First, "A sense of their inferiority in younger children will excite them to make extraordinary exertions after wealth;" Secondly, "That the bias in the heads of great families to provide for younger children out of the public establishments is very faint."

THE fable of Achilles is but an allegory. The wisest and the strongest have a part that is vulnerable to every coward and every fool; and far be it from me to derive any pert satisfaction from the proof which I shall venture, somewhat presumptuously, to give, that a very able man may be betrayed by haste and prejudice into a very negligent composition. The error of the author, I am about to criticise, has been the common error—the error which too usually follows us into all our judgments of men and things; the error which allows us to perceive nothing right where we see any thing wrong; the error which leads the liberal to despise the tory as a blockhead; the tory to loath the liberal as a traitor; the error which teaches the fanatic to believe there is no safety out of his creed; the political economist to believe there is no fact at variance with his theory.

If Mr. Macculloch had been satisfied with fairly comparing the advantages and disadvantages of the two systems under which property may be disposed of;—if he had stated certain principles, as likely to affect that system which is prevalent in France, acknowledging, at the same time, the subordination of such principles to various influences—many of which are even beyond the scope of our dim intelligences; if he had recognized the faults inherent in the custom of primogeniture, as well as those attendant on the custom of equal succession; if he had seen the causes which sometimes counteract and sometimes counterbalance the dangers of a law, which in the country of which I am writing has produced evil as well as good;—but certainly not the evil which mere speculation might have

induced us to anticipate;—I should have paid that respect to him as a philosopher which I now withhold from him as an enthusiast. “Enthusiast,” I say, for a man may be an enthusiast, though a compiler of facts and an arguer with figures; and God only knows the mischief that is committed by gentlemen whose wisdom consists mostly in their appearance, and who conceal more than the madness of Sir Launcelot beneath the grave and solemn aspect of Dr. Syntax.

But, sensible of the delicacy of my task, I wish to strip it as much as possible of the usual vagueness of presumption; and while I do justice to the arguments of Mr. Macculloch, by laying them as plainly as possible before my readers, to do also justice to his understanding, by showing how little those arguments could have met with his serious consideration.

MR. MACCULLOCH'S ARGUMENT.—1.

The prejudices of most political philosophers, against the custom of primogeniture, seem to rest on no solid foundation; for the institution or custom of primogeniture, by giving the estate to the eldest son, forces the others to quit the home of their father—and *the sense they must feel of their inferiority* in point of wealth, as compared with the head of their family, will be a motive to them to make extraordinary exertions, *which could not have had any existence, if their patrimonies had been equal to his.*

Now, so much of this is correct: it is advisable to give society a stimulus to enrich itself—Why is this? to render society happier? but if the stimulus you employ to make people happier, only makes them more miserable—you then defeat the object you have in view, by the method you take to attain it. Is it not so?

Mr. Macculloch says: “The law of primogeniture will best make a nation rich; and riches are a means of happiness; therefore, the more rich you make a nation, the more happy you make it.”

The opponent to the law of primogeniture, if the argument were to rest upon this ground, might not find it difficult to refute his antagonist.

“Riches,” he would say, “are, as you observe, a means of happiness; but they are not happiness. If the method you pursue to make a nation wealthy embitters the pursuit and the

possession of wealth, if the method you take to give people the means of enjoying themselves deprives every one of enjoyment, you are the last of legislators and philosophers, though you may call yourself the first of political economists.

What, according to you, is the result of your law of primogeniture ?

A community consists of so many families; a family of so many children.

On the eldest born you bestow, not what is to satisfy him, but what is to make those who are begotten a year or two after him restless, envious, and discontented. "*The sense they are to feel of their inferiority in point of wealth, is to induce them to make extraordinary exertions,*" not to gratify their own wants, remember, but to equal another's fortune !

There are five brothers : to one the father says, " I leave you more than you want, because it will make your brothers wretched until they have as much." To the four other brothers the same kind parent observes, " I have left you less than you want, that you may have no peace till you have more than you require." The one is to have every appetite pampered, in order that the others may have every faculty worn out.

Observe ! if the younger brother found himself in his proper place—if he felt contented at being poor when his elder brother was rich, the whole value of your system would be gone : where you make four contented persons, you make four paupers ; it is only where you make four miserable persons that you have a chance of making four rich persons ; and you have contrived all this—who would suppose it!—for the benefit of whom ? not of the four poor persons—not of the one over-rich person—you have consulted the well-being of nobody, in order to make every body well off.

You cannot tell me that the course you pursue, as best for that indefinite creature called society, is best for any one of the creatures of which society is formed ; thus, to a nameless, shapeless, insensible whole, you sacrifice every one of the real feeling sensitive parts ; and this, because a nation should be rich, you esteem making a people happy.

It may be possible, therefore, to substitute for your stimulus to the acquisition of wealth, another stimulus ;—not so strong

perhaps, as that it replaces, but nevertheless better; because, instead of being inimical to the happiness which wealth is to procure, it may in itself contain elements of enjoyment.

Is such the custom of equal succession?

A man starts in the world with 400*l.* a year. He quadruples this and has at the end of his days four children. He says, on his death-bed to each of these children: "I started in the world with 400*l.* a year—I have succeeded in the world; I have made myself a name; I have made myself a fortune; and I have the happiness to leave each of you just what I myself began with."

Here there is no envy, no jealousy working upon the three brothers to become as rich as the elder one—filial admiration, parental affection, a respect for their parent's memory, a desire to do as much for their own children—these are the emotions you inspire!

Contrast such emotions with those you have been eulogizing! they are surely more consistent with human nature, if they are not so powerful over human ambition. The abolition of the law of primogeniture does not destroy all inducement to industry. It substitutes one inducement for another—an inducement which may be weaker, but which is better; more pious, more noble; not only exciting the energy, but elevating the character, and developing the affections; less productive, it may be, of wealth which is a means of happiness, but more consistent with happiness which wealth is intended to procure.

The opponent to the law of primogeniture might reply thus, and reply with success if the advantages of primogeniture depended upon the argument with which Mr. Macculloch principally defends it: I say "principally defends it," because what follows is rather an excuse for its defects than a proof of its merits.

ARGUMENT 2.

It has sometimes been (exaggeratedly) contended that the custom of primogeniture is injurious, because it interests the leading families of the country in the support of expensive public establishments, in which their younger brothers are commonly placed.

This bias, if it really exist, seems to be *very faint*. In so far as the administration of public justice is concerned, the younger branches of great fa-

milies have certainly evinced *no very particular desire to encroach upon the many lucrative situations it affords.*

The advantages held out by the army, to a man who has been *gently brought up*, are certainly in a pecuniary point of view very far from alluring; and had the bias in question been so strong as represented, it is surprising that some more strenuous efforts should not have been made, by the wealthier classes, to get the pay of the officers augmented.

Much has been said about situations in the colonies; *but colonies were not originally acquired* to provide situations for any particular class, but to extend the commerce of the country; and at this moment, if we except a few of the higher appointments, *the others are as commonly filled* by the sons of manufacturers and merchants as by those of landed gentlemen.

And supposing outlets for the latter, in the army, navy, and church, were narrowed, *it would merely oblige a greater number of them to enter upon the more lucrative pursuits of commerce and manufactures, a change which, whether advantageous or not to others, would be anything but injurious to them.*

I confess that if I thought what Mr. Macculloch said in favour of the law of primogeniture not very strong, what he says in apology of it appears to me even more strikingly weak.

In the first place as to the law: "The younger branches of great families have evinced no particular desire to encroach upon the many lucrative situations which it affords."

The law happens to be a very hard-working profession, and as the fame and fortune to be acquired at it depend more upon the public than upon the government, no persons are likely to enter upon the laborious offices of that career who have not a considerable degree of talent and industry to devote to it.

To say, therefore, that the younger branches of the great families do not do this—is to say—what? that the law of primogeniture fails where it ought, according to Mr. Macculloch's previous argument, to be most successful—that it actually fails in inspiring that very industry and energy which he said, a little while ago, it was its peculiar principle and merit to beget!

But is it true that the younger branches of these families do not run after the honours and lucre of the legal profession, where those honours and that lucre can be most easily obtained?—Let us even take the heads of these families!—Let us, and let Mr. Macculloch, look at that list of sinecurists which we owe to the industry of the once radical Sir James Graham!

Lord Ellenborough; the chief Clerk of King's Bench; fees.	£9,625	8	1
Hon. W. H. I. Scott; receiver of the fines of the court of Chancery.		240	14 8
Do;—Registrar of affidavits.	1,816	13	8
Do;—Clerk of the letters patent.	553	14	11
Earl Bathurst; Clerk of the Crown	1,108	5	0

“But the army and navy, to a man genteelly brought up, are certainly, in a pecuniary point of view, far from alluring; and had the bias in question been so strong as it has been represented, it is somewhat surprising that some more strenuous efforts should not have been made by the wealthier classes to get the pay of the officers augmented.”

Without cavilling at that rather indefinite expression—*“genteelly brought up,”* and which, seemingly intended to apply to Duke-lets and Earl-lets, is most scandalously unjust if it exclude any of the butcher's and baker's sons who are “most genteelly brought up” in the various “genteel” seminaries at Turnham Green, Pimlico and Clapham—without cavilling at that expression *“genteelly brought up,”* and supposing Mr. Macculloch to mean what his words do not precisely mean, viz.—

That the wealthy aristocracy are not to be found in the army and navy, because if they were, they would take care that the army and navy were a more lucrative profession. If this be Mr. Macculloch's meaning, as from page 460, to which I refer, it would appear to be, he is certainly adopting a very novel view of the subject.

Why, no one has ever yet pretended to deny that the system of high purchase and low pay in the army is exclusively for the purpose of favouring the wealthy classes; it gives them, and them only, the opportunity—in time of peace—(for danger and necessity level many distinctions) of arriving at the head of their profession.

This has always been candidly avowed, and indeed boasted of and defended, as the peculiar advantage of our military system over that of other nations; and, indeed, where you have a rich aristocracy at the head of the civil government of the state, it is necessary for the safety of that government to have

the army filled with the aristocracy, and imbued with its principles.

In fact, what the aristocracy of blood did in France by privilege, the aristocracy of wealth has hitherto done in England by money; and so far from attacking the system of the army by itself, I say it must be defended and maintained as part of a whole, so long as that whole is maintained; but in God's name, let it be avowed and defended boldly, and not falsely denied or pitifully excused!

The navy is a different matter. On our navy our existence depends as a nation abroad, nor does a navy threaten our government at home. It is not necessary, therefore, for the support of an aristocracy, that the navy should be aristocratic, while it would be dangerous to the vital interests of the country, if merit were not allowed a fair encouragement in this profession. Thus the system of purchase does not exist in the navy; and for that reason the navy is less fashionable than the army, and less favoured, by the opinion of society, than in this great naval country it ought to be.

Now for the colonies. "Colonies were not *originally acquired* in order to provide situations for a particular class."

Is there any body who wanted to know this? Does any body want to know that Sir Walter Raleigh was not politely requested by Sir Ralph Winwood to go and find him a little provision for his younger children in El Dorado?

The question is not why the colonies were acquired, but to whom the colonial appointments have been given; and "at this moment," observes our author, "*if we except a few of the higher appointments, the others are as commonly filled by the sons of manufacturers and merchants as by the sons of landed gentlemen.*"

This must be very satisfactory—"The colonies," says Mr. Macculloch, "were acquired not to provide for our aristocracy, but to extend our commerce;" and he then adds, with marvellous simplicity, "Things are just as they should be!" for to the *low* situations in those colonies, *especially acquired for the purposes of commerce*, the sons of merchants are actually admitted on the *same* footing as if they had nothing to do with

commerce; and it is only from the *high* situations in our commercial colonies that our commercial men are excluded!

But Mr. Macculloch's argument is not at an end—

“Supposing that the existing outlets for the latter (sons of manufacturers, merchants, etc.) in the army and navy and church, are narrowed, it will merely oblige a greater number of them to enter upon the more lucrative pursuits of commerce and manufactures, which (by parenthesis) “would be much better for them.”

What a pity Mr. Macculloch had not flourished in France half a century ago! how satisfactorily he would have proved to the *Tiers-état*, that never were men so wrong in their lives as the people of this class—while they grumbled at not being admitted into the army or honoured by the court.—A cause for complaint—good heavens! It was the greatest blessing that could befall them—it was a custom intended expressly for their happiness and advantage—for it merely obliged them—unreasonable men! to enter upon the “more lucrative pursuits of commerce and manufactures.” How rich, how happy, how commercial and how manufacturing France ought to have been at that time!—

Woe then unto you, my countrymen, who think there is any object in the world worth the toil after, and the possession of, lucre! woe unto you who look with emulation on the wreath, yet green, which decks the brows of the Duke of Wellington! which hangs unfaded on the tomb of Lord Nelson! woe unto you who feel inspired by the reputation of a Byron and a Scott, of a Herschell and a Babbage—who sigh after the vales of poesy, or who would climb the mountains of science! Woe unto you whose pleasure and whose ambition are not wholly concentrated in the acquisition of wealth—whose thoughts take a range beyond the dingy purlieus of yonder dark and fog-breathing alley—woe unto you! if money do not make your felicity, it *ought to do so*—riches and the pursuits of riches are all that should pamper your heart or dazzle your imagination!

Happiness is only to be found on one road, and there is

the commentary on Dr. Smith's Essays—by way of a sign post!

It is with these general reflections that Mr. Macculloch commences his observations on the present state of property in *France*,

Whatever may be my own opinion on the law of primogeniture, I confess, with a proper portion of respect for one who is my superior in age and reputation, that the cause does not seem to me to have gained very considerably hitherto, by its—GREAT DEFENDER.

CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Macculloch's Contradictions—Assertions—Authorities.

Now, there are two contending sentiments to which, as I pursue my subject, I am more and more disagreeably exposed.

“Consideration for a person whose talents I acknowledge; consideration for the truth, which I believe the reputation of those talents has greatly tended to obscure.”

The last sentiment is, I confess, the strongest; and thus I venture, deferentially, to display some of the singular contradictions, and to repeat some of the singular statements, which the distinguished author whom I have just alluded to has published, in respect to the disposition of property in the country of which I am treating—published with a carelessness it is difficult to account for, and a confidence it becomes legitimate to imitate.

CONTRADICTIONS, p. 462.

“The strong predilection entertained by the great bulk of the children of persons engaged in the business of agriculture, for the pursuits of their fathers, has been remarked by every one in any degree connected with rural affairs; and it is obvious that the existence of a law compelling every father to divide his estate equally among his children, must afford the greatest facilities for gratifying this natural inclination.”

From this you would conclude, that the prevailing passion in France would be for the acquisition of land, which is actually the case.

But mark, page 467 :

The rule established by the existing French law—(this rule, which was to give such a vent to the natural desire to *possess land*,)—*will naturally induce the greater number to amass monied fortunes in preference to land !*”

P. 466.—One quotation from Mr. Birkbeck says, “ that the people in the towns, as in the country, are growing poorer and poorer—that both are alike rather retrograding than progressing.” The very next quotation from M. Laffitte, p. 469, draws a marked distinction between the people of the towns and the country, and says that the people of the towns are all that they should be for the time at which they live.

“ The people in the towns are rather retrograde than progressive.”—*Birkbeck*.

“ The manufacturer of our towns is as much at his ease, as industrious, and as able, as a man of the times ought to be.”—*Laffitte*.

M. Laffitte's assertion, in respect to towns, annihilates Mr. Birkbeck's : but M. Laffitte's assertion in respect to the country, quoted p. 467, as an excellent authority, is pretty well contradicted by Mr. Macculloch himself, p. 465. These are the two sentences :—

“ Our agriculture is as poor, as ignorant, as in the days of feudality.”—*M. Laffitte*.

“ That the condition of the agriculturists of France has, on the whole, considerably improved since the revolution (1789), *seems certain !*”

It is only by contradictions that we could be prepared for the statements which follow, and which really seem selected for the purpose of startling all belief:

* Mr. Macculloch may say that these two sentences apply differently ; that in the one case he alludes to the passion of the son, which will be to cultivate land ; in the other, to the desire of the father, which will be to save money.

But if a man is a father at the close of his career, he is also very frequently a father at the commencement of it.

Either, then, the desire to save money for his children, will influence his choice of life, or the desire to possess land will affect his saving money for his children.

1st. "The effect of the present law fills, and will fill, the country with a wretched population, *destitute of the desire of rising in the world.*"

2nd. "It is said by the admirers of the French law of succession, that it has introduced peace into families; that the insolent prerogative of primogeniture being abolished, the children look upon each other as brothers, and entertain the warmest affection for their parents. "*In point of fact, however, it has had a precisely opposite effect.*"

Now, I will ask any Frenchman, Carlist, Louis-Philippist, or Republican, whether two statements more contrary to fact could be made than the two I have quoted?

What!

"The French destitute of the desire of rising in the world!"

Even M. Giron, in his very able publication from which Mr. Macculloch, though he does not allude to this authority, would seem to have borrowed some of his arguments and opinions—even M. Giron, in his very able publication *against* the division of property, says—"Cela fait que chacun veut vivre comme il a vécu chez son père:"* a fair, though not, perhaps, an excessive stimulus to industry! but without quoting authorities, which on this point would be innumerable, I beg any one to go into a village in France; what will he see there?—the peasant devoted to the hope of purchasing a piece of land, or extending that which he possesses.

Into a town of France—what object meets his eyes? The young adventurer packing up his small bundle, and starting, for Paris, where he hopes to be minister, as Thiers; or marshal, as Lannes; or first consul, as Bonaparte.

Where is the man who goes to the *bureau de la guerre*, and hears of the crowds of volunteers, sixty thousand on one occasion, rushing, to the standard of France on the slightest whisper of its being unfurled.

Where is the man who goes to Paris, and converses with one of the three hundred and forty high public functionaries—with one of the four hundred and ninety persons in the law—with one of the one thousand one hundred and forty members of the Institute and the University—with one of the eighteen thousand four hundred and sixty clerks—with one of the nineteen thousand soldiers—with one of the forty-seven thousand stu-

* Every one wishes to live as he has lived with his father.

dents; ay, and I will even say, with one of the two hundred and ninety thousand of the working classes in that metropolis, —where is the man, who has ever spoken to any of the persons, forming these vast bodies of active and enterprising men, who will tell you that the evil from which France at present suffers is, a carelessness to rise in the world; an indifference to any kind of distinction?

And now for the peace and affection which the present law has introduced into families! I will merely say, that one of the effects of this law has been actually a change in the French language. The father formerly said “thou” to his son as he did his servant; the son now uses the singular pronoun to his father as he does to his friend.

To any one who knows the force of the singular pronoun in French, the example I give will be sufficient proof of the assertion I fearlessly make;—viz. that the most remarkable change *has taken place* since the revolution of 1789, in family intercourse and friendship. Even while I have been writing these pages, numerous instances have occurred within the circle in which I have been living, of that good will between brothers, which arises from their equality, and that filial confidence, and affectionate familiarity, between parents and their children, which, spring naturally from mutual independence.*

Thus, I have ventured to show some of the contradictions, and to contradict some of the statements, of Mr. Macculloch. I now approach his authorities.

And first, in respect to authorities—when we quote writers, (the writers of another country more especially), it seems to me, that we should observe certain rules—for instance:

We should state the character and weight of the persons from whom we quote.

We should make some allusion to the fact of other writers, of equal character and weight (if such be the case), being of a contrary opinion.

We should cite no work partially, so as to give an idea that

* In some departments, in the department of la Corrèze for instance, where the custom of favouring the eldest child prevails, the greatest difference is remarkable in the manners of the inhabitants; and feuds are even perpetuated from brothers to their descendants.

its author is more favourable to our own opinion than he really is.

Now, in none of these respects do I find Mr. Macculloch so fair and candid as a person of his weight and respectability ought to be.

The principal authorities he cites, are :

M. Rainville, secretary to M. de Villèle, a protégé of the Jesuits, and anxious to bring back the old system.

M. de Bonald, a man indeed of ability, but a royal and religious enthusiast.

M. Laffite, who I think would be found not hostile to the French law of succession, though he may find fault with the backwardness of French agriculture.

The Duc de la Rochefoucault, who rather blames the madness with which land was seized, in the smallest divisions, at a particular period (the revolution of 89), than the general system of dividing property by bequest under ordinary circumstances.

But give these authorities all the weight you can desire—are there no authorities which counterbalance them ?

Monsieur Roy,
 » de Molé,
 » Decazes,
 » Pasquier,
 » de Talleyrand,*

} The most practical, most moderate, and able statesmen in France.

Then Messieurs de Morel Vendée, Charles Dupin, † Loriol, and a long list of others, who, to use Mr. Macculloch's expression, "might be multiplied to any extent." Are not these more important, as French authorities, in favour of the law of division than any that have been cited against it ?

There remain Mr. Birkbeck and Mr. Young, English authorities. Mr. Birkbeck's pamphlet is a very curious one, and

* See the speech of Mirabeau that he read in the National Assembly against substitutions.

† La division des propriétés qui s'est opérée sur tous les points du territoire, a produit une aisance plus uniformément répandue; elle a donné des moyens de bien-être et de santé à beaucoup de familles qui n'en jouissaient point dans une époque antérieure. D'un autre côté *les progrès* de l'industrie ont procuré du travail à beaucoup d'ouvriers."

P. 43.—Forces Productives et Commerciales.

So again—En contemplant les immenses progrès que la France a fait en agriculture. P. xv. Introduction.

resembles greatly Mr. Cobbett's; and now I must notice Mr. Macculloch's first and principal quotation! He cites a long passage in *proof of the wretched condition of the French*, from pages 34 and 35. At the end of this passage he stops. But is the sentence stopped? No!—the immediate words that follow are, *yet they (the French) seem happier than we are.*"

And then continuing, "being much on a level among themselves, and possessing *enough* to supply their temperate wants, *they* feel no degradation. We spend our lives in *painful* endeavours to advance ourselves and our children; having no means of improving their condition, they submit to necessity, and spend their lives contentedly."

I do not accept Mr. Birkbeck's opinion as a decisive one;—his pamphlet, though able, contains many contradictions, but I say, "Ought any one, quoting one sentence, in proof of the French people being *miserable*, to leave out the next sentence, which says that they are *happy*?" If a people are morally happier by being materially poorer, (the case as stated by Mr. Birkbeck,) it is as interesting to the statesman and the legislator to know that this people is happy, as it is to know that this people is poor.

But I just wish persons to see what kind of authority Mr. Birkbeck is, for "the prominent evils in the social condition of the people of France."

At the very entrance of this gentleman into France, he exclaims at once, p. 5, "*There is more appearance of enjoyment and less of positive suffering than I ever beheld before, or had any conception of.*"

P. II.—"Every object denotes prosperity and comfort. Since I entered the country, I have been looking in all directions for the ruins of France; for the horrible effects of the revolution, of which so much is said on our side of the water; but instead of a ruined country, I see *fields highly cultivated* and towns full of inhabitants.

"No houses tumbling down or empty—no ragged, wretched-looking people!

"I have inquired, and every body assures me, that agriculture has been *improving rapidly* for the last twenty-five years;

that the riches and comforts of the cultivators of the soil have *been doubled* since that period; and that vast improvement has taken place in the condition and character of the common people. On my *first* landing, I was struck with the respectable appearance of the working class; I see the same marks of comfort and plenty *wherever I proceed*. I ask for the wretched peasantry, of whom I have heard and read so much; but I am always referred to the revolution; it seems they vanished *then*."

Again—p. 22.

"The labouring class, here is certain *much higher* on the social scale than *with us*. Every opportunity of collecting information on this subject, confirms my first impression that there are very few really poor people in France. In England, a poor man and a labourer are synonymous terms; we speak familiarly of *the poor*, meaning *the labouring class*; not so here."

But you will say, "Mr. Birkbeck's evidence may still be against the division of property, and he may attribute this prosperity to some other evident cause." Just hearken to the sentence following that I have just quoted!

"I have now learnt enough to explain this difference; and having received the *same information* from *every quarter*, there is *no reason* to doubt its correctness."

"The national domains, consisting of the confiscated estates of the church, and the emigrant nobility, were exposed to sale during the pecuniary distresses of the revolutionary government, *in small portions*, for the accommodation of the *lowest orders* of purchasers, and five years allowed for completing the payment. This indulgence, joined to the depreciation of assignats, enabled the *poorest description of persons* to become *proprietors*, and such they are *almost universally*; possessing from one to ten acres.*

"And as the education of the poor was sedulously promoted during the early years of the revolution, their great advance in character, as well as *condition*, is *no mystery*."

* It will be seen that here there is another contradiction in Mr. Macculloch's authorities:

Mr. Birkbeck gives the very state of things which followed the revolution of 89 (which the Duc de la Rochefoucault spoke of as an evil), as an advantage.

P. 30.—From St. Pierre to Moulins—the lower classes appear *less* comfortable; an old enclosed country, which probably furnished *no small allotments* for the *poor*, on the sale of the national domains.

“I find, as I suspected *from their appearance*, that *few* of the peasantry here are *proprietors*.”

P. 51. Montpellier.

“From Dieppe to this place, we have seen scarcely a working animal whose condition was not excellent. Oxen, horses, and now mules and asses, fat and well-looking, but not pampered. This looks like *prosperity*. And when I add that we have not seen, among the labouring people, *one* such famished, worn-out, wretched object, as may be met with in *every parish* of England, I had almost said in *every farm*; this, in a country so populous, so entirely agricultural, denotes *real prosperity*. Again, from Dieppe to this place, I could not easily point out an acre of waste, a spot of land that is not *industriously* cultivated, though not *always* well, *according to our notions*.”*

Will any one believe that this is the writer whom Mr. Macculloch cites in an isolated passage as an authority for “the prominent evils in the social condition of France?” †

I proceed to the other English author, on whose opinions we are told to rely.

“France is threatened to be overpowered, not only with a redundant, but with a potatoe-feeding population,” (p. 480); “by persevering in this system (the division of property), it

* “France, so peopled, *so cultivated*, moderately taxed, without paper money, without tithes, without poor-rates, almost *without* poor; with excellent roads in every direction, and overflowing with corn, and wine, and oil, *must* be and *really* is a *rich* country. *Yet there are few rich individually*.”

† There is, however, in the Appendix to the Second Edition of Mr. Birkbeck's work, a violent attack upon the abominable regulation of descents, on account of the manner in which it will affect the *next* generation; but not a word in proof of this; nor does it once strike him in his practical observations previously; it comes as an after suggestion from a correspondent—perhaps Mr. Macculloch himself. But Mr. Birkbeck has here gone upon the vulgar idea, that property will go on, under the French law, indefinitely dividing. I shall show that such is not the case presently. But what Mr. Macculloch maintains is, that at the time Mr. Birkbeck wrote, the Division of Property had been baleful. He quotes Mr. Birkbeck to prove this, and the whole of Mr. Birkbeck's book, with the exception of one passage, is notoriously against it.

will soon exceed the populousness of China, where the putrid carcasses of dogs, cats, rats, and every species of vermin and filth, are sought after with avidity, to sustain the wretches born only to be starved."

Alas!—for a long time the poor Frenchman has been painted with a frog on his plate—but now he is to eat *all kinds* of filth and vermin!

Is it any consolation to know that this was prognosticated by Mr. Young, upwards of forty years ago? That the system of which he complained, a system which had immemorially prevailed in many parts of France without quite producing those disastrous effects, has not only been persevered in, but enlarged upon since the prophecy was announced. Is this any consolation?

Mr. Macculloch answers, "No!—if such was Mr. Young's opinions in 1789—how much more reason would he have for coming to such a conclusion now, when almost all the large estates, then existing in the country, have been broken up, and the succession of small patches generally regulated by law."

Is Mr. Macculloch right? *

There was a philosopher who once predicted that if a comet, which was then making its appearance, were to continue visible for three weeks, it would destroy the world; the philosopher died, and the comet continued visible for six weeks instead of three, and the world was not burnt. The people, who are ignorant, said, "if the philosopher were alive, he would see he had been mistaken." "Mistaken," said another philosopher, the defunct's friend, "my friend predicted that the world would be destroyed if the comet lasted three weeks, how much more reason would he have to declare that the world

* Suppose, reader, that you lay it down as a principle that any cause will produce the most deplorable effects. Suppose that cause develops and extends itself prodigiously, and that it produces none of the effects predicted—does it not seem as clear, as that Scotland is on the north side of the Tweed, that your cause having increased, and none of your effects having been produced, that you have greatly exaggerated the influence of your cause?

If the people of France, instead of eating filth and vermin in 1834, live much better than they did in 1789, and that the land (the terrible division of which was to have driven them to such extremity) has been still more divided, would you, a gloomy prophet in 1789, have been confirmed or shaken in your predictions in 1834?

would be destroyed now, when the comet has lasted six weeks!"

CHAPTER XIII.

How far Property is likely to go on Dividing—What the Law respecting the Division of Property in France is—Table of Properties subjected to the Land-tax—Checks to Division.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Birkbeck and others have seen no especial evils from the division of property in France, as it exists at present, many, and Mr. Birkbeck among the number, have imagined that enormous evils must necessarily ensue; and this, from falling into the vulgar belief, that land will go on subdividing *ad infinitum*, because the law favours its division. The extent to which the division of land will be carried is probably the most important part of the subject under our consideration.

Now, there are two mistakes, which, in reasoning on the conduct of mankind, we are equally liable to commit.

"Men are wholly governed by their interest," say some.—Exaggeration!

"Men are not governed by their interests, but by their passions," say others.—Exaggeration!

Men are partly governed by their passions, partly by their interests.—The course which they take is usually a compromise between the two.

"Où il aura bénéfice à diviser les terres, le morcellement aura lieu, toutefois jusqu'au point *seulement* où son excès donnerait de la perte; et là où il y aura avantage à ne point diviser, ou même à accrotre la propriété, la conservation ou l'agglomération se pratiqueront, *et cela tant qu'il y aura bénéfice à le faire.*"*—*M. de Morel Vendé.*

* "Where there is an advantage in dividing land, the division will take place: only, however, to that point where its excess will occasion loss; and there, where it will be advantageous not to divide or even to increase a property, the conservation or the agglomeration will take place."

This is a charming theory ; but rather too charming to be precisely true.

“Le morcellement des terres croît en raison géométrique : chez les petits propriétaires, ce mal se fait sentir à la première génération : chacun cependant reste attaché à sa petite fraction de propriété, et se tourmente pour en tirer une chétive subsistance qu’il aurait gagnée avec moins de peine et plus de profit dans une autre profession. Il meurt jeune,* et ne pouvant vivre, lui et ses enfans de sa propriété, il ravage celle de ses voisins.” †—*M. de Bonald.*

This is a most deplorable picture, which would undoubtedly be correct, if men were wholly indifferent to existence, and the comforts of existence, and likely to submit to hard labour, starvation, and early death, when, by a change of system, they could support themselves happily alive to a good old age.

Property will not cease being divided, just at the moment most advantageous to the pecuniary interest of the proprietor—because he is proud of the possession of property ; neither will it go on dividing to an infinite extent—because he is sensible to the necessities of life.

Where the law favours the division of landed property, it will be divided perhaps more than it ought to be ; but where the law favours the agglomeration of land, it will also be agglomerated more than it ought to be. No system is perfect.

There is, however, this difference between the two systems :—in one case the small proprietor is at once *obliged to abandon* his estate when it ceases to provide for his subsistence ; in the other, the great proprietor is *only warned to decrease* his estate, when his profits diminish.

But let us see what the French law, affecting the disposal of property, really is.

After a parent’s death, the property of that parent is to be equally divided among the children, with this exception—that

* His life is increased by at least seven years since the last half century.

† “The division of land increases in geometrical progression. Among the small proprietors, the evil is felt at the first generation ; every one, however, remains attached to his little fraction of land, and torments himself in order to derive from it a scanty subsistence, which he would have gained with less pain and more profit in another profession. He dies young, and not being able to live on his own property, despoils that of his neighbours.”

the parent has a right to leave a *part d'enfant* (i. e. a child's share) to any child, over and above the portion which would come to that child from equal partition. For instance, if a man has five children, he may leave a fifth to the one he prefers; if three children, a third; if two, a double portion.

The effects of this law, are:

1st. To make the child independent of his father's aversion, but expectant from his father's love.

2ndly. To make the parent depend, for the extent of his power, on the extent of his family; and as the greatness of the one is measured by the smallness of the other, a powerful check is created to an overabundant population.

Thus, the same law which provides for the support of the child, provides also for the authority of the father; and, while it tends to the division of property, contains a principle intended for its limitation. Nor is this all; exactly as the authority of the father requires strengthening, the limit to the division of property becomes more strong.

We see then that the law of France possesses, even in its letter, a notable provision against the mischiefs which it is conceived likely to produce. But it is not only in the letter of a law that we are to look for its effects—the *spirit* of a law, which *diffuses property*, is to give a desire to *increase*, and to *retain property*.

The pauper and the beggar have no restraint put upon their passions, and they propagate their species with the recklessness of men who have no hope in the future, and only one present pleasure to enjoy. The peasant, who has a small piece of land, lives under the increasing desire to preserve, to increase, and to transmit that land. He receives four acres from his father, he toils unceasingly till he can acquire eight, and it is not often that he increases his family beyond the ratio at which his property has increased.

The increase of population in France has not only been less than the increase of population in the other great countries of Europe;* it has been less, as I have once before had occasion

* This does not quite accord with Mr. Young's prognostication.

to observe, than the increase of every other species of power and wealth in France itself.

Annual increase of population :

In Prussia.	27,027 individuals.
Great Britain.	16,667 "
Low Countries.	12,372 "
The Two Sicilies.	11,211 "
Russia.	10,527 "
Austria.	10,114 "
France.	5,536 "

Ch. Dupin, p. 35.

Increase Annual, in—

Population.	3
Horses.	1
Sheep.	1 $\frac{1}{2}$
Consumption indicated by indirect taxation	3
Ditto, by octroi.	3 $\frac{1}{2}$
Operations of Industry, as by patents. .	3 $\frac{2}{3}$
Circulation, as by post.	3 $\frac{2}{4}$
Commerce, as by Customs.	4
Industry, as by Coal.	4
Ditto, by Iron.	4 $\frac{1}{2}$
Ditto, by the Press.	2 $\frac{1}{2}$

Ch. Dupin, Intr. xvii.

Besides, in the law of division resides, to a certain extent, the law of union. If the father gives a portion to his daughter, the son receives a portion with his wife, and as marriages in France are regulated, in some degree, by interest, what goes away on one side returns, in a great measure, on the other.

Among the old nobility who rescued any property from the revolution of 1789, you will usually find that property rather to have augmented than diminished, during the last twenty years.

Among the peasantry who have once obtained any fair portion of property by their toil, you will usually find, not perhaps the identical property which the father possessed, but a property equal to it in the hands of the son.

The cases where property multiplies its divisions are, when many new properties start up, from one large property being

sold. But as even in these cases, the persons who purchase land are, for the most part, those who already possess it; twenty estates are increased to ten that are created.*

There are many feelings, then, which arise from the disposal of landed property in small divisions, which are in themselves inimical to its indefinite sub-division. There are likewise circumstances directly opposed to such a system of small divisions, which tend to moderate their excess.

Any person travelling over France will observe, though the system of division may not in every identical instance be exactly regulated, as M. de Morel-Vendé supposes, by its advantages, that yet it is carried to a far greater extent in those places, and under those circumstances, where it is least calculated to be prejudicial, or most calculated to be the reverse.

As in vineyards for instance :

The quantity of land in which the vine is now cultivated hectares 2,017,667.

The number of Proprietors 2,174,013.

Here is land in almost its extreme division—but why?

The quantity of land thus cultivated has been only increased by one quarter since 1788; the value of the produce has doubled.

“Le morcellement des terres est subordonné aux localités,”† says the Rapport des Géomètres en chef du cadastre. Thus, in some places where division is not disadvantageous, property will be exceedingly divided; so in others, where great division would be ruinous, it will not take place. Now there is a much smaller portion of France where a very minute division of pro-

* The high price which such estates, sold in small lots, produce, has led to two false conclusions. Some have quoted this price as a proof that small pieces of land produce the most to the cultivator; others, as an evidence, that all large estates will soon be sold in small lots. Estates sell for the most part in small lots, because in a country where there are only small fortunes, there can only be competition for small pieces of land.

All large estates will not be sold in small lots, because that passion for property, which will instigate the small proprietor to buy property beyond its value, induces the large proprietor to keep his property when he can get more than its value for it. Few estates are sold in France, which, for some reason or other, are not *obliged* to be sold.

† The division of lands will vary according to their situation.

perty is possible, than where a tendency to agglomeration is prescribed.

In those districts where great manufactures have raised the price of labour to such a height, that it is impossible to cultivate otherwise than by the plough—in the forests, in the great pasturages, and “landes”—in those countries where the proprietor can neither sell nor transport his crops, and is therefore obliged to create immense flocks wandering over immense plains, in order to obtain a produce which transports itself—in all these districts, forming a considerable portion of France, the necessity of great properties is instituted by a law, independent of man.

Such are many of the causes to which we must attribute what at first sight may appear a phenomenon, but which, nevertheless, is a fact, viz.—

The very slight increase in the division of the soil, notwithstanding the law seeming to favour its extreme and continued sub-division.

In 1826, when “la loi d’aînesse” was agitated in France, and an attempt made by the ministry to institute something like a system of primogeniture, it is to be remarked that the government, although pressed on all sides to present the chambers with some statistical proof of the increased division of landed property (a proof easy for them to procure, and which, for the departments adjoining Paris, they might even have procured during the time that the debate was continued), evaded the demand, and presented, instead of authentic facts, nothing but vague and desultory observations.

There was one person at that time peculiarly qualified to form a just opinion upon the subject, as well from the high ministerial situation he had lately filled, as from his peculiar attention to agricultural pursuits, and the political moderation for which he had always been distinguished. In a speech delivered 3rd April, M. Decazes gives, as the result of his own personal and practical experience, facts exceedingly different from those which would be deduced from Mr. Young’s and Mr. Macculloch’s theory.

“ Chacun de nous pouvait, plus ou moins aisément, se procurer un travail facile pour le gouvernement, plus difficile pour les individus, non pour la

DEPARTMENTS.	NUM
	In 1815.
1. Ain.	128,45
2. Aisne.	187,40
3. Allier.	59,73
4. Alpes (Basses).	52,15
5. Alpes (Hautes).	41,47
6. Ardèche.	76,98
7. Ardennes.	111,22
8. Ariège.	73,87
9. Aube.	152,43
10. Aude.	77,01
11. Aveyron.	118,17
12. Bouches-du-Rhône.	84,34
13. Calvados.	171,94
14. Cantal.	51,46
15. Charente.	136,99
16. Charente-Inférieure.	215,96
17. Cher.	68,14
18. Corrèze.	58,44
19. Corse.	—
20. Côte-d'Or.	139,89
21. Côtes-du-Nord.	137,11
22. Creuse.	58,31
23. Dordogne.	137,19
24. Doubs.	86,44
25. Drôme.	78,86
26. Eure.	180,65
27. Eure-et-Loir.	146,09
28. Finistère.	79,69
29. Gard.	105,20
30. Garonne, Haute.	119,93
31. Gers.	93,43
32. Gironde.	156,45
33. Hérault.	97,28
34. Ille-et-Vilaine.	150,23
35. Indre.	71,63
36. Indre-et-Loire.	111,86
37. Isère.	165,87
38. Jura.	112,37
39. Landes.	44,79
40. Loir-et-Cher.	95,81
41. Loire.	74,71
42. Loire (Haute).	94,54
43. Loire-Inférieure.	106,81
44. Loiret.	112,41
45. Lot.	109,37
46. Lot-et-Garonne.	123,95

totalité de la France, mais pour un point particulier qui, une fois connu, servirait d'appréciation pour les autres.

“ Je l'ai fait, Messieurs, en partie pour l'arrondissement qui m'est plus particulièrement connu, et à la prospérité duquel la reconnaissance et tous les sentimens de la nature me commandent de porter un intérêt plus spécial.

* * * * *

“ A un petit nombre près, tous les habitans y sont propriétaires. L'amour de la propriété y est poussé au plus haut degré : chez les pères comme chez les enfans ; chez les riches comme chez les pauvres, elle est le sentiment et le besoin dominant.

* * * * *

“ Le partage égal des successions y est la règle la plus commune, et la plus générale ; là, comme dans la majorité des autres arrondissemens de France, les personnes aisées y disposent rarement de la portion disponible. Les exemples en sont si peu fréquens, que je n'en sais pas un seul autour de moi, dans aucune classe de la société, les paysans exceptés ; et pour ceux-ci, ce n'est pas du préciput entier qu'ils disposent lorsqu'ils le font, mais de telle ou telle pièce de terre, de telle ou telle quotité de leur succession ; non par *préférence habituelle*, au profit de leur aîné, mais le plus souvent *par reconnaissance* pour celui de leurs enfans qui est resté auprès d'eux, qui a partagé leurs travaux, *qui a soigné leur vieillesse*.

“ Eh bien ! dans cet arrondissement ” (where the division was most likely to have been excessive), “ *loin qu'il y ait eu morcellement dans les douze années qui viennent de s'écouler, il y a eu agglomération.* ”

En 1815, le nombre des rôles s'élevait à quarante-deux mille et quelques cents ; en 1825, par une diminution annuelle et successive, ce chiffre se réduit à près de quarante mille ; de sorte que l'agglomération en dix ans a été de deux mille côtes environ, ou de deux quarantièmes.

“ Je ne prétends pas qu'il en ait été ainsi dans tous les arrondissemens du royaume ; cependant les autres renseignemens isolés, que quelques-uns de nos collègues ont eu la bonté de me fournir, sont loin d'être contraires à l'exemple que je viens de citer.”*

If I merely wished to have the best of the argument over Mr. Macculloch, I would now quote his own statement, viz. “that in 1816, there were 10,414,121 taxable properties ; and subjoin, on the authorities of various publicists, the calculation that in 1830 there were about 10,000,200 of such properties.

In the analysis, printed at the beginning of this work, I did give such a calculation derived from the best sources then at my command ; but owing to the kindness of the French ministry of Finance, I have since been able to procure a very valuable

* See Appendix for translation.

statement of the changes which have taken place at three different epochs in each department.

The annexed table then gives, undoubtedly, a continued increase in the division of land, but it is a very small increase, and such as might be effectually and easily counteracted.

And here we should carefully distinguish between the equal succession of property, which it is impossible—whatever its merits or defects—for the government in France to change, and the system of unnecessarily cutting and clipping up properties, which it is not only possible, but necessary, for the government to alter.

P. dies, leaving six fields and three children. Is it necessary, in order that P.'s children should be equally provided for, that each of P.'s fields, as it now frequently happens, should be equally cut up? * Certainly not.

This is a case in which the law might safely interfere, and check a subdivision of the soil, which can only be disadvantageous, without affecting the division of fortunes, which is accompanied by many advantages.

Besides, a wise remission of the stamp duty on such deeds as were required for the consolidation of small properties, would, of itself, tend greatly to destroy those extraordinary cases of subdivision, which sometimes exist from the law exacting more on the sale of a patch of ground than it is worth to the purchaser.

Again, many of the evils to be complained of at present seem likely to decrease, not only from the enlargement of estates, if estates enlarge; but from other causes, if the division of land remain, as I believe it will do, much what it is.

As the peasant becomes more intelligent, he will better understand the nature of his property, and the force of his means. Instead of widening the enclosure of his field, he will deepen the richness of its surface, and if he is sometimes, at present, rather induced to add to his little spot of ground than to improve it, in proportion to the extent of his error will be

* "Dans les Basses Pyrénées on arrange facilement les partages, et il y a peu de morcellement.—*Dépt. du Var.*

Le morcellement est créé par le désir de chacun d'avoir une pièce de chaque espèce de terre."—*Rapport des Géomètres en chef du cadastre.*

the beneficial result of his experience. Moreover, the experiments which individuals are incapable of attempting, it is the duty, and will probably be the object, of the public administration to undertake.

At present there are two experimental farms supported by the government with this intention, and the number should be so increased as to apply to the different variations of soil, climate, and vegetation.

Let us take, then, all these circumstances into consideration :—The small increase in the number of properties, during the last thirty years, under every circumstance most favourable to their increase—The possibility of checking such increase by easy and paternal legislation, which would not affect the existing law of succession—The circumstances which, if the division of land remain as it is, or were even to progress, would diminish the evils attendant upon it.

Let us take, I say, all these circumstances into consideration, and I think we shall allow, that whatever may be the evil naturally resulting from the anti-primogenital law of France, it is not likely to be greater twenty years hence than it is at the moment at which I am now writing.

CHAPTER XIV.

It is the present state of France that we have to consider without fears for the future, in respect to this question—Folly of comparisons between France and England, and France and Ireland—A small Lessee different from a small Proprietor—A bad system of agriculture made, by energy, a good one—More persons occupied on Land by its Division than there need be—Population made more agricultural—Manufacturing Populations considered—Difference between the course to be pursued in England, and advice to be given to France.

It is, then, the present state of prosperity in France that we have to consider, with a judgment no longer under the influence of that terrible hobgoblin of indefinite subdivision by which we have been perpetually alarmed as to the future.

Those who contend against the existing state of property in that country, begin by telling you that in England landed property is agglomerated; in France landed property is divided; —that England is better cultivated than France, and that therefore the agglomeration of landed property is better for agriculture than the division.

I need hardly say, that it is impossible to derive any accurate result from a mere comparison between England and France.

The more extensive a country is, the more variety it admits in language, character, and habits: the more it is deprived of natural and artificial communications, the less likely is it to adopt and circulate improvements.

“Quand j’habitais les ports de la Flandre,” says M. Charles Dupin, “et surtout ceux de la Provence, j’étais toujours étonné d’entendre des gens du pays distinguer les hommes nés au centre de la France, en les appelant des François, et les traiter en étrangers. * * * * * Lorsqu’en 1825, 1826, je me suis occupé de procurer, à la classe ouvrière de nos départemens, les plus simple élémens des sciences appliquées aux arts, je suis tombé dans un étonnement dont j’ai peine encore à revenir, en voyant que, sur tous les points de nos immense frontières, à Bayonne ainsi qu’à Dunkerque, à Strasbourg ainsi qu’à Quimper, à Montpellier ainsi qu’à Mulhouse, l’un des obstacles les plus grands que les professeurs avaient rencontrés s’est trouvé dans la difficulté de faire entendre le langage expressif et correct de la langue française à des hommes qui ne *pensent* couramment qu’avec le secours d’idiomes étrangers ou de patois barbares.” *

France is more extensive than England, admits more varieties in language, character, and habits, is less amalgamated by natural and artificial communications; it is consequently less likely to adopt and circulate improvements. Whatever difference, therefore, exists between the agricultural state of England and France, it is absurd to attribute the whole of that difference to the different system of succession in the two countries.

* See Appendix for translation.

Besides, when we speak of the different state of agriculture in England and France, we must not forget that agriculture has been encouraged, in the first, by an immense premium, more especially during the war; and that it has moreover owed much to the habits of speculation and expenditure springing from an extensive commerce, which, though not entirely independent of our law of inheritance, are certainly not incorporate with it.

But, if a comparison between England and France is of little value, a comparison between England and Ireland is still more absurd. Poor Ireland! if any body wants to show that this or that is pernicious to a state, away he speeds to you for an example.

“See what Catholicism produces,” says the Protestant;—“look at—Ireland!”

“See what an established church produces,” says the dis-senter;—“look at—Ireland!”

“See what a centralized legislation produces,” says the repealer;—“look at—Ireland!”

“See what the want of a provision against mendicity produces,” says the poor-law-system-man;—“look at—Ireland!”

“See what a division of land produces,” says Mr. Macculloch;—“look at—Ireland!”

Unhappy monopolist of misfortune—too true is it—my poor sister country, that we may always turn to you for a calamity!

But alas! if we wish for admonition, let us look for it, not in any part of your condition, but the whole. The slightest scratch becomes a gangrene, when the blood of all the body is corrupt: and it is ridiculous to talk of the effects of one mischief in a state of society, which is travailed by every mischief under the sun.

What system of agriculture, I should like to know, would flourish in a nation planted by hostile races, and severed by contending creeds; amongst a people perpetually engaged in plots and pillage? If the same system of agriculture prevailed in France and in Ireland, the effects of the system would be different, as in every other respect the two countries differ. But the same system does not prevail, and never did prevail.

A small leasee is not the same person as a small proprietor ; the system of subdivided leases has all the evils, and none of the advantages, of a system of subdivided properties. There is a charm in the word "own" which awakens all our prudence, and stimulates all our exertions.

Let us have no comparisons, then, between France and England, or Ireland and France.

There are reasons of themselves sufficient, not that agriculture should deteriorate, but that it should not improve so much as it otherwise might do, under the law of inheritance established and popular in France.

The more property is divided, the more space is occupied by inclosures ; the more property is divided, the more space is occupied by paths and roads, by which the different parcels of land are to be approached ; the more property is divided, the less liberty exists in respect to crops ; you must plant at the same time as your neighbours, for you cannot traverse his ground after his crop is sown ; the more property is divided, the less means are afforded for accelerating production by cattle and machines ; the more property is divided, the less chance is there of any person being able to indulge in those speculations, by which, if the fortune of the individual be sometimes injured, the industry of the country is almost always improved.

These are general facts composing a theory, which as a theory it would be very difficult to refute ; but does it realize the expectations it should give rise to—in the case before us ?

According to this theory, wherever there is a very large property, land ought to be much better cultivated than it is upon a very small one—and yet—make the comparison in France, and you will generally find—as I have said is the case in Normandy—that the very small property is, to say the least, as well cultivated as the very large one.

According to this theory, the more the soil of France has been divided, the worse the soil of France ought to be cultivated, and yet with the division of the soil in France, has advanced the art of cultivation.

* "L'aisance est beaucoup plus grande dans toutes les classes, les consom-

It is not that the division of property itself is favourable to the cultivation of land, but that it is, and has been, accompanied by circumstances more than sufficient to counterbalance the disadvantages likely to proceed from it.

In the first place, we must not forget that, with the distinction of a great landed aristocracy, was destroyed, beyond the possibility of revival, all those feudal privileges and disastrous imposts under which France, before the revolution, was weighed down.

In the second, we must remember that every thing in a country is affected by the presiding spirit of a country;—the individual receives a magnetic force from the impulse that is affecting the community. *In a democracy of property, the poor proprietor has an energy which the great proprietor wants.*

Among any people, this would be the case; but particularly among the French; for among the French the division of property has given, to an old and powerful passion, a new and profitable vent.

Through the dark streets of Paris rattled the emblazoned coach, and along the broad road to Versailles, behold! the splendidly liveried and the gaily caparisoned equipages of the embroidered and brocaded court!

* * * * *

How was the vanity of the great proprietor displayed? in the wanton and extravagant expenditure of his property! How is the vanity of the small landed proprietor displayed? in the daily and difficult accumulation of his property! The law of equal succession may not have created a new sentiment, but it has engaged, I repeat, an ancient one in a new direction. The small proprietor, in defiance of many rules which condemn him to increasing poverty, struggles on to increasing wealth; his land, which should be badly cultivated, is well cultivated, because it is cultivated with passion. If he ought not to be able to manure it, he does manure it, because he dreams, he

mations se sont accrues dans une plus grande proportion que la population." — *M. Dombasle.*

lives, he breathes for it ; because he collects every little bit of dung, and turns every little bit of bone to advantage. He rises at four o'clock to cultivate his own strip of ground, when he would not rise till six to cultivate the ground of a master. All his energies are developed in a bad system of agriculture, and thus it becomes a good one.

I do not mean to say that France is so well cultivated as England—it is not even so well cultivated as it might be—still it is far better cultivated than any mere agricultural theory would induce us to suppose.

“ But by the division of the land more persons are occupied on it than are necessary for its cultivation.”

I grant it:—an estate in the possession of one proprietor may be properly farmed by ten persons ; but if this estate were divided into fifteen properties, it would occupy fifteen persons, and not be better cultivated either.—The labour of five persons, then is lost.

The population does not produce as much as it might do—this is the fault !

A beggar was taken up the other day as a vagabond. “ How do you gain your livelihood ? ” said the magistrate ; “ By epilepsy, please your honour,” said the beggar.

There are countries which live in the same manner ; which draw their power, their riches, their force from the convulsions into which they are thrown by a peculiar constitution.

The disease is profitable ; but it is still a disease.

The greater the amount of the population in every country, which depends wholly for existence upon the labour it does for others, the greater struggle will there be among that population to sustain an uncertain existence ; and the greater effort the country will make in every industry by which capital is to be increased, and labour employed.

A people in this situation will become more energetic—more enterprising—more productive—more restless—more laborious—yet, dark by the side of the picture which exhibits the riches and activity, will come forth the table that displays the crimes and the misery of the population ; and the legislator will find that he has not merely to consider how a nation may be

made most wealthy, but how the pursuit of wealth may be made most accordant with morality, and its distribution most compatible with enjoyment.

If it were only necessary to consider the riches of a country, in order to consult the prosperity of a people, what would be the case?

The revenue of England is about 550 millions. The revenue of France 320 millions.

The revenue of England then is, in respect to its population, double the revenue of France;—but will any one pretend to say that the great mass of the people are twice as well off?

Turn to M. Villeneuve's calculation!

One *twentieth* of the population (*i. e.* 1,600,000 in 32,000,000) he reckons as "*poor*," in France.

One *sixth* of the population (*i. e.* 3,900,000 in 23,400,000) as poor, in England!!!

Has this pauperism been diminishing?

From official tables laid before the House of Commons, it appears.

1801, Population of England, 8,331,434

1831, ditto 13,009,338

i. e. the population increased about one-third.

But during this time there has taken place a great difference in the value of money, and there has also been a reduction of taxation in many of the common articles of subsistence.

Prices in March, 1814, and in March, 1834.

	<i>per lb.</i>		<i>per lb.</i>
Moist Sugar. . . .	15 <i>d.</i>	»	7½ <i>d.</i>
Candles. . . .	15	»	6½
Pork. . . .	15	»	7
Soap. . . .	15	»	6½
Butter. . . .	18	»	12
Cheesc. . . .	10	»	8
Lard. . . .	13	»	8
Salt, per bushel. .	21 <i>s.</i>	»	2 <i>s.</i> 9 <i>d.</i>

Moreover, we must note an extraordinary improvement, especially of late years, that every one practically acquainted

with the subject will allow—in the administrative economy of the poor. If then pauperism had increased in an equal ratio with population (i. e. by a third), the same sum which was applied to it in 1801 would more than suffice in 1831.

Is this so?—

1801,	3,869,504
1831,	6,509,466

Pauperism, then, instead of costing nearly as much as in 1801, costs nearly double, and has consequently increased in a ratio of 2 to 1 faster than population. But at the very time that the poverty of the country has been making this frightful advance, its riches have been increasing in an equal degree. The exportation of manufactured goods,

In 1803,	£ 22,252,102
1831,	60,090,123

“Ay,” I may be told—“the poverty has been increasing in one part of the country, and the riches in the other.”

Let us see! we will first take the three most important commercial and manufacturing districts, in two of which wealth has more than quadrupled within the thirty years I have been referring to,—has poverty decreased?

In Lancashire : *Poor rates.*

In 1801,	the poor rates amounted to	£ 148,282
1831,	.	293,226

In Middlesex :

In 1801,	349,200
1831,	681,567

In Nottinghamshire :

In 1801,	44,220
1831,	72,717

Now let us turn to the agricultural districts! The agriculture of England is more advanced than the agriculture of France, and the more perfect agricultural system employs a smaller number of hands than the less perfect one.

And what is the state of the agricultural population in Eng-

land? What is their state in Norfolk, where agriculture is, perhaps, brought to the greatest perfection? I could appeal to an able pamphlet, written by a practical man,* which declares, that unless extensive alteration take place, the utter annihilation of all property will be the consequence of the accumulation of useless poverty.

But if I follow the same test I have hitherto adopted, a test which, though not perfectly accurate, is sufficiently so to justify the line of argument I am pursuing. If I follow this test in three agricultural counties—

The poor rates were,	1801.	1831.
Norfolk,	£.169,733	299,357
Essex,	137,140	272,593
Kent, †	206,508	345,512

Increase of crime in these six counties :

	1820.	1831.
Lancashire,	1,963	2,352
Middlesex,	2,773	3,514
Nottingham,	251	316
Norfolk,	382	549
Essex,	269	607
Kent,	520	640

Looking then at those counties where, in two different lines, the principle of producing most by the smallest quantity of labour has been carried to its greatest perfection—the experiment, as far as the happiness and virtues of the people are concerned, does not seem to have been completely successful.

But one of the great objections to the division of landed property is, that it swells the amount of the agricultural population.

“It should be remembered,” says Mr. Macculloch, mournfully, “that the possession of a small piece of ground gives a

* Mr. Richardson, of Heydon.

† Increase of population in	1801.	1831.
Nottingham,	140,350	225,320
Lancashire,	672,731	1,336,864
Middlesex,	818,129	1,358,541
Norfolk,	169,733	299,357
Essex,	137,149	272,593
Kent,	206,508	345,512

feeling of independence to a small capitalist and a poor man, which he cannot otherwise experience.”

* * * * *

“The occupiers of small pieces of ground, though *uniformly almost* (singular expression!) in a less comfortable situation than journeymen tradesmen, are still nevertheless the objects of their envy.”

Terrible thing! the occupiers of small pieces of ground are the object of envy to journeymen tradesmen who get more to eat; and the proprietor actually values the independence of his situation as much as the goodness of his meal.

Terrible thing! a rural life is more agreeable than a manufacturing one; and people may be induced, even when they do not gain so much by it, “to gratify this natural inclination.”

If independence be an object of envy—if a life spent among green fields, and nourished by pure air, be more natural to the perverse inclinations of man than the additional three-half-pence a-day, which he may gain by having no independence, which he might procure amidst the putrid atmosphere of a dark and crowded workshop in the pent city—

“Woe and desolation!” exclaims the disappointed philosopher.—“Had I been God Almighty,” said Sir Godfrey Kneller, “how much more beautiful should have been the sons and the daughters of the earth!”—“Had I been God Almighty,” says Mr. Macculloch, “how much wiser should have been the generation of men!—none should have been visited by the miserable thought, that there was any joy in the fair sunshine, health in the fresh breeze, or happiness in the humble cottage! Had I been God Almighty, no one should have envied a man his unfortunate independence, or believed that there was any thing worth having, save that additional three-halfpence, which the journeyman tradesman is so ridiculous as not to prize above every other consideration upon earth.”

And so, in all discussions which take place in England on the corn laws, on free trade, on the agglomeration of landed property, it is taken by one party, the party to which I more especially belong, as an incontrovertible maxim that, if we would confine our population exclusively to towns and to man-

factures, the nation must necessarily profit most considerably, because it would produce more.

I remember a gentleman, a person, moreover, for whose good opinion I have much respect, exclaiming in the House of Commons, that he wondered how I, whom he was kind enough to call his enlightened friend, could be of a different opinion.

My opinion, however, if I may presume to have one, is, that a nation does not always profit most considerably when it produces most; my opinion is, that even England, though especially a commercial and manufacturing community, has other sources of greatness beside such as are to be found in her commerce and manufactures, and that benefits have actually their bounds, which it may become dangerous and impolitic to pass.*

I see the advantage of collecting a population into towns, but I see also the disadvantages; and those disadvantages I should dread, if any unlimited system was to be worked out to an extravagant extent.

I look not merely to the momentary production, but to the health and happiness and character of a people, on which, let us rest assured, depend a nation's prosperity.

FACTS AS TO THE UNHEALTHINESS OF MANUFACTURING TOWNS.

“He, whose duty it is,” says Dr. Kay, in speaking of the visitation of the cholera, “to follow the steps of this messenger of death, must descend to the abodes of poverty, must frequent the close alleys, the crowded courts, the overpeopled habitations of wretchedness, *where pauperism and disease congregate round the source of social discontent and political disorder in the centre of our large towns, and behold with alarm, in the hotbed of pestilence, ills that fester in secret at the very heart of society.*”

“There are a few incontrovertible facts,” says Dr. Robert-

* A country is no more powerful and great solely on account of its wealth, than it is happy only on that account; it is powerful and great for the energy and the character which the pursuit of wealth creates, but that pursuit must be properly directed to the character that is to be produced; and if less riches are attained where nobler passions are developed, poor is the spirit of the legislator who sets any dignity above that of the mind.

son, "not adverted to perhaps by the secluded political writer, but which those who mingle in the busy world of a vast manufacturing community will scarcely refuse to admit. One of these is, that sedentary and other occupations, which wholly exclude the artisan, at all seasons, and from a very early age, from the pure air and the green face of nature, generally give rise to some degree of derangement of the health, manifested primarily in the stomach and bowels, and also render the mind torpid and irritable: further, that this uncomfortable condition of body and mind, existing in almost every individual of great masses of people, crowded together in factories, and in the narrow streets and yards where they have their habitations, is apt gradually to increase and to be aggravated by the very means but too commonly adopted to obtain relief: which are, habitual and frequent drunkenness, the stimulus of crude and fantastical politics, the still stronger stimulus of riot and uproar, and not unfrequently, as the recent annals of our country unhappily attest, of savage or malignant crime."

The state of the cotton manufacturers has occupied the attention of Parliament since 1802, when the late Sir R. Peel obtained an act of parliament for the protection of parish apprentices employed in them.

In 1819, the hours of labour, and the ages of children working in cotton mills, was first regulated, and since that time, up to 1831, four other acts passed, having in view the same object.

The irremediable circumstances of this occupation are, in themselves, melancholy to consider. The small particles of cotton and dust with which the air is impregnated in such factories, almost necessarily maintain a perpetual irritation of the lungs, which leads frequently to consumption.

Add to this, meagre food, a sickly appetite craving excitement, and toil of so unvarying and unremitting a kind, as almost to extinguish in the cotton weaver the habits and faculties of a man."*

* "When we consider the unremitting labour of the whole population engaged in the various branches of the cotton manufacture, our wonder will be less excited by their fatal demoralization.

"Prolonged and exhausting labour, continued from day to day, and from

Turn to other trades, what a frightful picture of toil!

year to year, is not calculated to develop the intellectual or moral faculties of man. The dull routine of ceaseless drudgery, in which the same mechanical process is incessantly repeated, resembles the torment of Sisyphus,—*toil, like the rock, recoils perpetually on the wearied operative*. The mind gathers neither stores nor strength from the constant extension of the muscles. The intellect slumbers in supine inertness, but the grosser parts of our nature obtain a rank development.

“To condemn men to such severity of toil, is, in some measure, to cultivate in him the habits of an animal. He becomes reckless. He disregards the distinguishing appetites and habits of his species. He lives in squalid wretchedness, on meagre food, and expends his superfluous gains in debauchery.

“The population employed in the cotton factories rises at five o'clock in the morning; works in the mills from six till eight o'clock, and returns home, for half an hour or forty minutes, to breakfast. This meal generally consists of tea or coffee, with a little bread. Oatmeal porridge is sometimes, but of late rarely used, and chiefly by the men; but the stimulus of tea is preferred, and especially by the women. The tea is almost always of a bad, and sometimes of a deleterious quality; the infusion is weak, and little or no milk is added. The operatives return to the mills and workshops until twelve o'clock, when an hour is allowed for dinner. Amongst those who obtain the lower rates of wages, this meal generally consists of boiled potatoes. The mess of potatoes is put into one large dish; melted lard and butter are poured upon them, and a few pieces of fried fat bacon are sometimes mingled with them, and but seldom a little meat. They all plunge their spoons into the dish, and with an animal eagerness satisfy the cravings of their appetite. At the expiration of the hour, they are all again employed in the workshops or mills, where they continue until seven o'clock or a later hour, when they generally again indulge in the use of tea, often mingled with spirits, accompanied by a little bread.”

Hours of labour of other trades than cotton spinning, in which children are employed, in conjunction with adults (delivered in and proved on oath in the House of Lords, in 1818 and 1819, and inserted in Appendix to Evidence)—34.

Earthenware and porcelain. Iron works, forges and mills.	Staffordshire and Derby. Warwickshire & Staffordshire.	12 to 15 hours daily.
Collieries.	12 hours daily, and in alternate weeks 13 hours nightly.
Glass trade.	Warwickshire & Staffordshire.	12 hours daily, under ground.
Wire card makers.	Halifax.	12 hours daily—of 12 hours nightly.
Watch makers.	Coventry.	12 to 13 hours daily.
Pin makers.	12 hours daily in winter, 14 in summer.
Needle makers.	Gloucester.	14 hours daily.
Manufacturers of arms.	Birmingham.	13 hours daily.
Worsted mills.	Leeds.	13 hours daily.
Ditto.	Manchester.	13 hours daily.
Flax mills.	Leeds.	14 hours daily.
Hosiery.	Leicester.	13 hours daily.
Ditto.	Nottingham.	12 hours in winter, 13 in summer.
Ditto.	Mansfield.	16 hours daily.
		Hours longer than in any mill in the neighbourhood.
		Boys employed at 8 years of age.	
		Begin at 6 years.	
		Children employed from 9 to 10 years old.	
		Employ chiefly children.	
		Employ younger children than the cotton mills of that place.	
		Children begin from 7 to 9 years old.	
		Boys, girls, and women and men employed	
		Employ a great number of children.	

Hours of labour of other trades than cotton spinning, in which children are employed, in conjunction with adults (delivered in and proved on oath in the House of Lords, in 1818 and 1819, and inserted in Appendix to Evidence)—34.

Lace manufactory.	Mansfield	Children employed as soon as they can use the needle.	Hours longer than in any mill in the neighbourhood.
Lace manufactory.	Nottingham	Children employed at 7 years old, and upwards.	12 hours daily.
Ditto.	Tiverton.	Children at 8 years old.	14 hours daily.
Silk mills.	Nottingham.	Employ near 2,000 children, of whom the greater part are children from 5 years upwards.	18 hours daily.
Ditto.	Congleton.	Children from 7 years old, upwards, extensively employed as drawers to weavers.	12 hours daily.
Draw-boy weaving.	Paisley.	Children at all ages work the same hours as adults.	15 hours daily.
Cotton weavers, by hand.	Lancashire, Yorkshire, Cheshire, &c.	In one village, near 1,000 children from 8 to 12 years old, are employed.	14 to 16 hours daily.
Draw-boy weaving.	Glasgow.	Girls begin at 10 years old.	14 hours daily, or even till one in the morning.
Worsted mills.	Norwich.	Boys employed from 8 years old.	14 hours daily, part of the people all night.
Calico printing.	Lancashire, Cheshire, Yorkshire, &c.		12 to 14, 15, and 16 hours daily, and sometimes all night.
Worsted mills.	Halifax.		14 to 15, and 16 hours daily, and sometimes all night.

Are we to wonder that the proportion of deaths to the population in Lancashire is 1 to 55—greater than in any other county of England—excepting Warwick (52), Surrey (52), Kent (50), and Middlesex (47),—and considerably above the average of England which is 1 in 58.—that in Manchester, it is in 1 45, and in Glasgow something more? But this system of calculating is one the most favourable to manufactures, because persons of a healthy habit die frequently in the country, when attacked by acute disease, from the want of prompt attendance.

“ In manufacturing towns, the case is widely different. ” (I quote a very remarkable pamphlet published in 1831, called “ Enquiry into the state of the manufacturing Population. ”) Few, if any, die from want of medical assistance.—They are supplied with every aid which skill or charity can bestow ; but the diseases which prevail are of a nature which, *without suddenly destroying life or even shortening it materially, deprive it of health and enjoyment, and render it little else than* A CHRONIC MALADY.

Who, living in the neighbourhood of our manufacturing establishments, has not seen *children entering them at ten or twelve years of age with the beaming eye, the rosy cheek, and the elastic step of youth ; and then losing the gaiety and light-heartedness of early existence, and the colour and complexion of health, and the vivacity of intellect, and the insensibility to care, which are the natural characteristics of that tender age, under the withering influence of laborious confinement, ill oxygenated air, and unwholesome diet ?*

Nor is it only the children brought up in health who are inoculated with disease ; others receive this malediction from their birth.

The mothers who are employed from home, are obliged to put out their infants to nurse, where the cries of those wretched little beings are stopped by opium, and their diseases aggravated by spirituous liquors.*

I have dwelt thus long upon the health of a manufacturing

* The quantity of opium which, from habit, some children become capable of taking, is almost incredible, and the effects are correspondingly destructive. Even when the infants have a healthy appearance at birth, they almost uni-

population, because it seems a fact generally overlooked. I would now call attention to their conduct.

In the course of my enquiries on this subject, I have met with two or three tables, laboriously compiled and quoted from many authorities, the names of which are respectable.

I should have given them, for they proved what I do not doubt, viz.—that a far greater number of crimes, more especially crimes against property, are perpetrated in the manufacturing than in the agricultural countries of Europe. But strange to say, on referring to such official documents as were within my reach, though I came speedily to the same result as the tables in question, I hardly found one of their figures correspond with those before me. There is, in general, I believe, much guess-work in the framing of those imposing-looking statistics, which are meant at once to settle the doubting reader.

Common sense is here better than any arithmetical rhetoric; and all the principles of human nature will tell us, that men congregated into great multitudes, surrounded by objects of ease and luxury—a contrast to their own poverty—acquiring, amidst their sedentary pursuits, some knowledge, but receiving, in the present state of society, no corresponding moral education, undergoing perpetual alterations from high wages to low, and having their wants regulated, therefore, by no fixed means of supply, must, of all persons, be most likely to acquire habits of thieving and speculation.

The facts published by the Board of Trade lead us to the same conclusion. Taking the six counties I have already named :

MANUFACTURING COUNTIES.

1831.	Crimes.	Population.	Crimes.	Population.
Lancashire	} 1 in	488 or	6,182 in	2,920,715
Middlesex				
Nottingham				

AGRICULTURAL COUNTIES.

Essex	} 1 in	510 or	1,796 in	917,462
Kent				
Norfolk				

formly become, in a few months, puny and sickly in their aspect, and very large numbers fall victims to bronchitis, hydrocephalus, etc.

Gin also is given to infants, in a manner certain to increase the disease.

But discard Norfolk (a doubtful county) and take :

MANUFACTURING COUNTIES.

1831.	Crimes.	Population.	Average.
Cheshire. . . .	513 . . .	334,410	} Crime. Population. 1 in 5,645
Lancashire. . . .	2,352 . . .	1,336,856	
Middlesex. . . .	3,514 . . .	1,358,541	
Northumberland. . . .	108 . . .	222,912	
Nottingham. . . .	316 . . .	225,320	
Stafford. . . .	644 . . .	410,483	
Warwick. . . .	655 . . .	336,988	
York. . . .	127 . . .	1,167,288	
Total. . . .	9,382	5,292,796	

AGRICULTURAL COUNTIES.

Berkshire. . . .	291 . . .	145,389	} Crime. Population. 1 in 6,957
Essex. . . .	607 . . .	317,227	
Hertford. . . .	194 . . .	143,341	
Kent. . . .	640 . . .	479,175	
Hampshire. . . .	567 . . .	314,313	
Westmoreland. . . .	17 . . .	55,041	
Wiltshire. . . .	568 . . .	339,181	
Devonshire. . . .	399 . . .	494,168	
Total. . . .	3,282	2,287,725	

I lay far greater stress, however, upon the opinion which that intelligent gentleman at our Home Office, Mr. Capper, so conversant with this subject, has decidedly expressed to me, than from any such necessarily imperfect calculation * as that I have gone into—I lay far greater stress also upon the vices which all who have observed our manufacturing districts have remarked, which vices must at once be the parents and offspring of crime.

Drunkenness, then, seems a vice habitual among most manufacturing populations, and is even in a certain degree excusable, inasmuch as it proceeds from the debility, and the necessity for stimulants, attendant upon much confinement.

when they complain of those pains in their stomachs, which unhealthy diet has produced.—*Dr. Kay.*

* The best authority we have for the number of crimes committed, is the number of committals, which cannot be perfectly accurate; nor have we officially published any consecutive statement year by year, or for a number of years taken together, of crime and population.

Neither is it astonishing,—where both sexes are addicted to drink, in a continued state of unnatural irritation, and promiscuously brought, at a very early age, into daily communion—that the senses should be marked by an early and sterile excitement.

“The fact,” says our inquirer, * “undoubtedly is that the licentiousness which prevails among the dense population of manufacturing towns, is carried to a degree appalling to contemplate, baffling all statistical inquiries, and to be learned only from the testimony of personal observers.”

Such are the habits of our manufacturing towns, not sketched by me, but by persons long and well acquainted with them.

But let me draw a concluding picture!

There is somewhere in the world, 'a city where—

One half of the inhabitants are so utterly destitute, as to have their offspring brought into the world by the aid of public charity.

Three fourths of the inhabitants so sickly as to be under medical treatment.

The cases of charitable relief, in this city, doubled in four years, and in a population of 142,026, the acts of parochial relief, each continued through an indefinite period of time, were 321,172.

Here, in 687 streets inspected, 248 were unpaved, 53 partially paved, 112 ill-ventilated, 352 containing heaps of refuse, stagnant pools, ordure, &c. &c.

Here, in 6951 houses inspected, 960 wanted repair, 1435 were damp, 452 ill-ventilated, 2569 wanted white-washing.

The houses of the poor sometimes surround a common area, into which the windows and doors open at the back of the building.

Porkers, who feed pigs in the town, often contract with the

* And in addition to overt acts of vice, there is a coarseness and grossness of feeling, and an habitual indecency of conversation, which, we would fain hope and believe, are not the prevailing characteristics of our country. The effect of this, upon the minds of the young, will readily be conceived: and is it likely that any instruction, or education, or Sunday schools, or sermons, can counteract the baleful influence, the contagion of this moral depravity which reigns around them!

inhabitants to pay some small sum for the rent of their area, which is immediately covered with pig-sties, and converted into a dung-heap and receptacle of the pestilent garbage upon which the animals are fed, as also of the refuse which is now heedlessly flung into it from all the surrounding dwellings. The offensive odour which sometimes arises from these areas cannot be conceived.

Add to this !

One privy on an average to 250 persons ; and 430 gin-shops among a people thus reduced by sickness, pauperism, and filth.

“ I observed,” says a person residing on this spot, “ the number of persons entering ONE of these (gin) shops in five minutes during eight successive Saturday evenings, and at various periods from seven till ten ; the average result was 112 men and 163 women, or 275 in forty minutes, which is equal to 415 per hour.

“ It is painful to know that *children* and young *girls* are initiated into this fatal practice at a very early age.”

Now what town am I describing ? What part of the world am I alluding to ? Where is this wretched haunt of loathsome misery and vice ?

Let us visit it ! we shall see commerce gathering into her storehouses the produce of every clime ; and industry, toiling with indefatigable zeal, to surpass in wealth all the nations of the world. The city I have been describing is *Manchester*—one of the first manufacturing cities in the first manufacturing country in the universe !

You may tell me that this is a necessary sacrifice of human happiness to human grandeur, and that our nation would never have been so powerful, but for the incessant labour of its people.

I acknowledge it, as I acknowledge that the pyramids would never have been built, if the race of Egypt had not been slaves.

But you may tell me that the vices of a system are not necessarily compatible with its existence, and that the great mass of the English need not be so miserable a race, yet that England might remain the mart of the world.—I acknowledge it ; and

I might say in England, do not change your system, but make every endeavour to destroy its defects! still I own, that seeing such a system in England, loaded with such defects, I should pause before I told France, in the stern voice of imperative philosophy, to imitate the course we had pursued.

There is a great difference in preserving what exists by amelioration, and changing what is good in the hope of improvement.

I remember to this day a picture which hung up over the door of my little study at Harrow, the picture of a very robust and corpulent couple, in consultation with a quack doctor.

“What’s the matter, my friend?” says the pharmacopolist. “Why, sir, we eats wery well—we drinks wery well—we sleeps wery well; but, somehow or other, we feels wery queerish.” “Ha! ha!—you eat very well—you drink very well—you sleep very well.—I’ll give you something, good people, that will take away all those disagreeable symptoms.”

I wish I had the picture before me now; I would venture to send it with my very humble compliments to some one of the gentlemen whose voyages I have had occasion to notice, or if I might take so great a liberty, I would present it, most respectfully, to Mr. Macculloch himself.

There is something really too absurd in the calm and decided way with which we tell a people, whom we confess to be decently well off, that if they did but knew it, they are in the most melancholy condition.

Nor is this all; although I believe, with the persons from whom I have largely quoted, that many of the evils I have observed, as existing amongst ourselves, are capable of a remedy, I yet believe that there are certain evils we must be content to submit to.

A manufacturing population will be more liable to those physical complaints which, in affecting the digestive organs, create at once a disposition to discontent and to drink: it will then, under equal influence of education, be more liable to moral depravity and to political agitation: its lot also, more exposed to local fluctuations, is more difficult to reconcile to stable legislation.

“Déjà,” said M. Pasquier, 29th March, 1826, “on en a subi dans ce pays (l’Angleterre) des conséquences qui méritent de fixer l’attention des législateurs et des hommes d’état. Pour quiconque ne se dissimule pas de combien de chances sont entourés les travaux manufacturiers, il est permis de n’être pas sans inquiétude, à la longue, sur le sort d’une masse aussi considérable d’individus auxquels une guerre malheureuse, ou une habile rivalité, peuvent enlever presque subitement la plus grande partie de son existence—”

But if a country like England, occupied by a race, slow of disposition, and capable of much endurance—if such a country has any thing to fear from a large manufacturing population—what would be the case in France?

Evoke the events of Lyons! See a people impatient of suffering, eager of hope, careless of consequences, fighting in every house, barricading every street, and signaling each disastrous epoch of commercial speculation, by a political revolution or revolt!

Besides, with the manufactures of England is, in a certain degree, connected the naval power of England, and we, the children of an isle, my countrymen, must be great as a naval nation.

But if we are destined to carry to new lands the cares and interests of civilization—we, whose home is on the ocean,—another fate is attached to the people who have to defend those interests on yonder continent.

What the English are as a maritime people, the Freuch are as a military people—and show me the successful army which was not drafted from an agricultural population!

Besides: The division of landed property, in attaching to the soil a large proportion of the inhabitants of France, not only makes good soldiers, but makes good soldiers of good citizens.

The recruit who leaves his father’s cot for the camp, returns from the camp to cultivate his own field; he does not readily lend himself to the government against the nation, because he is part of the nation.

“Avec une plus grande division des propriétés, l’esprit de propriétaire se répand nécessairement dans une plus grande

portion de la société—;” * the labouring classes, elsewhere denounced as the lovers of change, become here the protectors of order; and to the warrior uprises an interest not inferior to that of his sword.

A country of proprietors may know many transitions, but it can know no convulsions: and when the revolution of 1830 differed from that of 1789, it was because the one was a revolution of paupers—the other a revolution of proprietors.

CHAPTER XV.

Though the example of France may not be a wise one for all countries to imitate, it appears a wise one for her to have adopted—The Law of Primogeniture not sanctioned by private right, though it may be by public advantage—Real results arising from it—Past conduct defective—Fate of Aristocracy in England.

It follows, from all I have just been saying, that though I in no wise mean to assert that the example of France ought to be universally followed, yet that I believe the laws of succession she has established for herself, capable of salutary modifications, are the best adapted to the character, the position, the happiness of her people.

Her riches do not increase so fast as ours; but they increase in a happy proportion with her intelligence and population.

The comforts of the great masses of her inhabitants are, to say the least, as great as those of our own labourers—and upon the whole their condition is better. To use the words of Mr. Birkbeck, “there are in France none of those exhibitions of profligacy which disgust you at every step in our country villages—no ragged wretches staggering home from a filthy ale-house—nor is this to be attributed to poverty; the earnings of the labourers are at least one third more in proportion than in England.”—(P. 101—2.)

* M. Pasquier.

In fact, the man who cultivates his own field is morally a different man from the one who cultivates the field of another.

It is with a nobler and a better mind that he pursues his toil. He has a motive for energy which at once awakes his prudence and develops his affections.*

It is the feeling of independence which Mr. Macculloch condemns, and which property gives, that raises the heart of the French peasant; making him a better soldier, a better citizen, a better husband, a better father.

But if the passion for property has improved the character of the lower classes, the division of property has produced a beneficial effect upon the character of the upper.

It has replaced the ridiculous ostentation of the old courtly time, by a perfect indifference to stile and show.

It has brought into manly companionship the man of wealth, the man of letters, the artist and the legislator, the noble and the manufacturer of cotton; it has destroyed prejudices which have been long passing away in England, but which, we must not forget, existed in full force in France but fifty years ago.

It has made a parent the friend of his child, instead of the patron; it has made the son obey his father from affection, instead of adulating him from interest. "Ah! on le voit trop," said Mirabeau, in that celebrated oration read by M. de Talleyrand after his death, "ce sont les pères qui ont fait ces lois (the old laws then existing), mais en les faisant ils n'ont pensé qu'à leur empire, et ils ont oublié leur paternité;" yes; the parents of those times thought too much of their power, too little of their paternity!—nor can I, for my own part, bow before that prejudice which arises from an absurd confusion of ideas, and concedes, because a man may dispose of his for-

* "It is usual for a youth of sixteen to hire himself as a domestic servant in agriculture, and when he arrives at twenty-one or twenty-two, to have laid up 400 or 500 francs—(18*l.* or 20*l.*)—With 400 francs, he buys a cottage and marries;—his wife has probably a little portion. He has an opportunity also of buying 1,500 square toises (nearly an acre and half, English) of uncultivated mountain land—rocky and poor, but fit for vines—for this he pays fifteen or twenty francs, and becomes proprietor, having a constant resource of profitable industry in winter, when work may be scarce."—(*Birkbeck*, p. 60.)

time as he pleases during his life, that he has the same privilege after his death.

There is as much difference between the rights of a man alive and dead, as between death and life.

The rights you derive from society are the result of duties you have to perform to society; talk then of the rights of a defunct—what are his duties?

How many instances are there where the testament which asserts the one, violates the other! How many instances are there, where the dead man commits an act of injustice from behind the tomb, which he dared not have committed in the face of public opinion!

It is not the dead father who has rights, but the living son. He has a right to the fortune left in the world by the persons who brought him into the world. He has this right equally, whether he was born first or last. The parent has no natural power over the goods he has left behind; they belong, in simple justice, to all his children. But the state has a power to supersede private rights on public grounds—and here—and here alone—is the basis on which the law of primogeniture can be founded, or the custom sanctioned and maintained.

Alas! for the mother who has watched her four sons receiving the same education, and imbibing the same desires; who has guarded the equality of their boyhood, and is now expecting the moment when life's inequalities are to commence, and they who have been play-fellows and brothers are to become acquaintances and men! Lo! to one a fortune, which pampers desire—to the rest, a poverty, made insupportable by education. Alas! I say, for the mother who sees her youngest born thrown into the world—tortured by its ambition and exposed to its temptations—crossing the seas to climes which harbour pestilence and death; sitting in the morning of life, surrounded by dark cares, in the gloomy corner of a counting house; driven, in the despair of an unsatisfied and querulous existence, to the turf, to the gambling-house, to Crockford's, to Newmarket! and now, across that bright spot in the heart where hope was made compatible with honour, passes the up-springing shadow of those mean and desperate thoughts which, while they offer only an ignoble object, excite a terrible determination. I see you too, na-

happy woman! gazing bitterly on the blighted and drying-up youth of yonder daughter—on the cheek, yellow and pale, on the bosom disappearing, and the eye fading; I see your agony as you turn away from the encouragement of that poor girl's affections, because forsooth she loves a younger brother, and has but a poor sister's portion! Who shall comfort you by saying that your eldest born keeps his thirty horses at Melton, and can give 1,000*l.* with facility for the embraces of a harlot!

But in this private injustice, there is, I do not deny it, a great political combination. Individual affection is not sacrificed without the idea of procuring state advantage; a certain class is created, defending the crown, protecting the people—a certain class, carrying into the state that principle of conservation to which it owes the transmission of its own power—furnishing, in its names and its position, a history of the past and an example to the future.

The real and great result of the system of inheritance, adopted by France, as compared with that system which still maintains, and which, let me allow the truth, is still cherished by many of all classes, in England,—is—not the minute and dangerous division of land, but—the separation of land from the name of its hereditary possessor. The soil of a province may be no more divided than it was; but in ten years—still having the same number of proprietors—it may have changed those proprietors fifty times. Thus ends the connexion between a particular family and a particular spot of ground; a connexion, which whatever be the barbarity of its origin, we have long been accustomed to consider natural, and to environ with our tender respect. Thus perish those associations that yet cling to the venerable avenue and antiquated porch—associations which—let us not deny it—decorate human nature, and give to the present generation, so insufficient in itself, the memory of times gone by. Thus pass away those feelings which of old taught the peasant to believe he was born under the wing of a legitimate protector; feelings which, whether feudal or patriarchal, sprang from something stronger than prejudice, even if they be not consecrated by philosophy.

Adieu to yon vestiges, dim and daily-fading, of other days!—You vanish altogether, should that principle vanish, which has

placed England for centuries under the sway of an aristocracy, not forgetful of itself, but still mindful, I admit, of the greatness and the honour of the country.

You who would defend this aristocracy, will best do so—not by denying its faults, but by placing by the side of those faults, its virtues; not by saying that it is careless of place, repudiative of pensions, uncorrupted by kingly favour or vulgar applause; but by asserting, that, in spite of its various temptations, and its various transgressions, it nevertheless has had a heart alive to its country's greatness, and not insensible to popular rights. This aristocracy it was which carried through the camps of contending parties—which saved from the fanatic hands of Cromwell, from the faithless guardianship of Charles; which rescued from the tyranny of James, and did not lay at the feet of William—those inspiring principles which make a nation consist in a nation's people, and of which the English, though they may now be surpassed by their disciples, were the great original apostles. This aristocracy it was which, when the sovereigns of Europe were prostrate at the feet of a military despot, alone, and fearlessly placed themselves athwart his path. Nor would there, perchance, at this moment, be a democracy in France, if at the time of which I am speaking, there had not been an aristocracy in England! In truth, the nobility of this country, notwithstanding their errors, has been a great and illustrious race, such as few chronicles can show and few nations ever possessed; nor would I be the mean and unjust traducer of a body, that may have a date assigned to it, but of which the glory and the recollection will long remain.

If such a nobility fall—it will fall, not because it was exposed to the rant and cant of any raving demagogue—but because placed in a new state of society its old place no longer remains to it; because inheriting the possessions of other times, it has not inherited the respect which yet attaches to yonder portraits in our ancestral halls; because other ideas have created other superiorities, and stript an order, still disposed to struggle, of all faith in its force!

Continuation of the "Fugate of French Studies"
to "James' Parisian Nights &c."

SOCIAL CONDITION.

BOOK V.

But we'll descant on general nature,
This is a system, not a satire.—PRIOR'S *Poems*.

CHAPTER I.

The two questions still left to treat.—The condition of society and the method of government among the French people.

THE reader who has kindly followed me thus far, will be sensible that I have very imperfectly, but still with some industry, attempted to bring before him a variety of subjects which lead me naturally to those I am now entering upon.

In the first volume, after a description of the gay capital of France, to which a voyager's attention is first directed, I sought for the peculiar characteristics of the French people. Those characteristics, partly the effect of temperament, but partly likewise the effect of accident and custom, induced me to travel back over such events as it was fair to presume the present generation had been affected by. The state of existing parties (the postscript to all past history) furnished me then of necessity with a few pages. But, from the character and history of a people arise certain influences by which present parties, sometimes sensibly, sometimes less visibly, are directed towards the future.

Such influences I ventured to describe. One, however, was omitted; for I felt anxious to trace its power through the organs by which an age expresses itself, before I treated directly of itself. Literature in its various branches, including the press—religion, and those new doctrines which are called philosophies—all furnished me with proofs that the state of pro-

erty in a country extends over every thing within it. Thus I came to the state of property in France;—and of that I have just been speaking.

Now, it is on the character, on the history, on the state of property in a nation—expressed in various ways—that the social condition, and the method of government in that nation, depend.

These are the two questions still left to us :

The condition of society—the method of government—in France!

MANNERS.

CHAPTER II.

The sociability of the French—Charm of French society—Description, traits, sayings—Facts.

THE first thing that strikes one in social France, is the characteristic sociability of the French people. A Frenchman cannot be alone; he lives for the movement of a crowd, and the clang of conversation. You would hardly find, from Calais to Marseilles, three persons of that large class in England, but more especially in Germany, who pass their lives with their own thoughts. No reputation that Frenchmen possess—no situation in which they are, can reconcile them to the loss—not of friendly intercourse with those whom they esteem and love—that we all prize:—no : what they pine at losing is—the jargon and chatter of a parcel of persons totally indifferent to them. There was Madame de Staël, who saw only, in the success of her works, the filling of her drawing-room!* and so, even in the woods of America, “my countryman,” says Lemontey, “will often quit his cabin, and take a walk of five hundred leagues, just to have a chat in New Orleans!”

The German dislikes conversation, for it distracts him from

* “Mon salon redevint peuplé, et je retrouvai ce plaisir de causer à Paris, qui j'avoue, a toujours été pour moi le plus piquant de tous.”

his meditations. The Englishman dislikes conversation, for it distracts him from his affairs. The Frenchman both thinks and acts, in order to talk about what he has done and reflected upon.

Thus, society is divided into small cliques and classes, where every one, by tacit arrangement, is allowed to speak of himself, and to collect around him a kind of social republic, each member of which takes a conventional interest in the other's affairs. Every circle has its great men, its very great men, and its GENIUS,—like the Chinese, considering all without it but the corners of the world. This renders France the only country, perhaps, where a foreigner, going from place to place, and from house to house, may form a juster estimate of persons and opinions, than a native can do; for the native is less a citizen of his city than of his clique. He sees things through a glass, which can only carry to a particular distance, and which only represents through the medium of a particular colour. Nothing is so happy for inferiority, or so fatal to superiority. The one is flattered into the belief of talent, the other into the belief of perfection. But if the statesman and the author suffer, it is impossible to say, without experience, how much social intercourse gains. Society becomes, in fact, a family, invested with the charm, and yet relieved from the monotony of relationship. The poet feels a pride in the success of the orator, the orator in that of the poet. The mineralogist is enchanted with the discovery of the chemist; and the chemist rejoices in that which has been made by the mineralogist. The beauty takes an interest in the conquests made by her circle, and the chaperone, in the marriages. The stranger who enters a certain drawing-room, finds himself immediately amongst a number of friends, and becomes, in an instant, if he pleases, the friend of all.

You, who observe the world, will frequently have seen, that no one admires gaiety so much as a person of a serious turn of mind, and that in two bosom friends you may often find the pattern of joviality and ease, and the model of frigidity and formality. I believe there is much of this in the way in which an Englishman is struck by France, and the attachment which, if he reside there, he will be apt to feel for it.

The easy and uncreaking manner in which the world moves

on all its hinges, the facility with which you may see every thing that is to be seen, and go to every place that is to be gone to; the noiseless step with which you glide into the circle accustomed to receive you, and to which you are ushered by no trumpet-sound of invitation;—the carelessness with which you can slip from society into solitude, and from solitude into society, without any question as to where you have been, or any effort to regain your dropped acquaintance;—the familiarity, and yet the variety, which attends your steps, as you drive from house to house, in search of one that shall occupy you for the evening;—the happy way in which letters, and science, and even politics and the arts, are mingled together in happy and classical confusion;—all this—so different from the well-dressed drudgery with which we toil to keep in sight of a monotonous crowd—the perpetual effort and the perpetual failure to be amused—the miserable Morning Post notoriety, which glimmers upon a miserable race, as the substitute for reputation;—all this, which, concentrated, forms a kind of sun for society, and breathes upon it the lazzaroni feeling of careless, voluptuous, independent enjoyment—all this—by the worn, and stiff, and jaded Englishman, accustomed to nothing of pleasure but the wearisomeness of its chase—is welcomed with a grateful sense of delight, such as he never before experienced, and never afterwards forgets.

There is one difficulty, in a chapter of this kind, which a writer necessarily has to encounter. Some people expect him to depict every drawing-room he has entered, and as a return for the civility he has met with, to set forth with severity the eccentricities of his hosts:—others again accuse him of frivolity, if he descends from dissertation, and deem that the dignity of an author should elevate him above all descriptions. A miserable and frivolous curiosity I should be loth to indulge; but my object is to interest all classes of good-natured persons; while I do not deem any thing beneath a writer's attention, which amuses a reader without perverting him, and portrays a country without insulting it.

DESCRIPTIONS.

A Public Sitting of the Institut—Eloge funèbre.

BEHOLD that old grey-headed academician in spectacles, and that young and smirking coquette in feathers; and that dandy with a gold-headed cane; and that veteran with the grand cross of the legion of honour! But you are not at the Opera—nor at the Théâtre Français—nor at the Variétés. You are at the Institut! At a public sitting of the Institut—and sages and soldiers, and beaux and beauties, are all come to listen to yonder gentleman with a manuscript before him and two glasses of water! Thus it is that science, as smart as fashion, talks to the world with the air of the world, about one of her departed professors. For in France she is not a recluse; the finest gentlemen and ladies are on terms of visiting acquaintance with her.

THE CHAMBER OF PEERS.—This room at one of the extremities of Paris, and in that Hotel of the Luxembourg where the Directory, entering upon their functions with two chairs and a table, maintained the war fearlessly against Europe—is pretty and unimposing, in the form of a semicircle, and surrounded by boxes like a théâtre.

Every peer has his chair and his bureau, and from the quiet that reigns on all occasions—state trials excepted—you may guess pretty well that this assembly, though it contains many of the most distinguished men of the day, has no very active share in the government. The most inspiring thing about it, is the Austrian flag, which now once again waves over the president's head, enlivened, to all appearance, by its long sojourn in M. de Semonville's cellar.*

THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.—M. ———*gesticule beaucoup et crie vivement de sa place;*" from this very common and descriptive phrase, our idea of a French deputy is taken, and if we drew from

* These trophies were supposed to have been taken from Paris at the time of the occupation; but no: they had been carefully and secretly—very carefully and secretly preserved by the Grand Référéndaire, who when his patriotism is doubted, appeals to this glorious exhumation.

our imagination, we should paint, as the Chamber of Deputies, an assemblage of little gentlemen, all gesticulating very much, and shrieking from their places, in accompaniment to one gesticulating still more, and shrieking still louder at the tribune. But this would not be a fair portrait. The newspapers which give these descriptions are far more gesticulatory than the orators they describe. The French chamber, notwithstanding the "*ici le Président sonne*" — "*ici la chambre est en émeute,*" is upon the whole more orderly than ours. No gentleman ever testifies his natural propensity to bray or to crow, nor are there even such violent coughs caught there, as the air of the House of Commons is frequently—and as it seems to me, I confess, sometimes very naturally—impregnated with. The interruptions too, that "the orator" (to use the magnificent expression given the gentleman speaking in France) meets with—are rather of a nature to animate and draw him on, than to put him out. It is not inattention, but attention which is apt to be noisy. It is only the person accustomed to the agitations of popular assemblies who experiences interruption, and he who, if a skilful master of his art, has frequently studied how to procure a remark, a contradiction, or a smile, gladly seizes the occasion to bring forth as an impromptu retort, the more elaborate part of his discourse.

What would our discussions appear, if the countenances of the audience were watched, and its whispers noted?—"Here Mr. O'Connell frowned,"—"Here Lord Stanley started,"—"Here Sir Robert Peel looked attentive,"—"Here Lord John Russell smiled,"—"movement of impatience to the left"—"movement of anger to the right," "the House much agitated,"—"the speaker evidently affected, cried *order* three times in a sonorous voice." The difference is more in the reporting than the proceedings. The ringing of the bell, to be sure, is indecorous, and the president's manner too much that of a school-master, who says, "hold your tongue! be quiet sir! don't talk! mind your lesson!" &c. The tribune also, though less formal than one imagines it, still gives a theatrical and rhetorical tone to the discussion, which is admirably avoided in the simplicity of our own debates.

FRENCH ELOQUENCE—The style of French eloquence, indeed,

in this popular assembly, is that which strikes an English listener the most, because it is what he least expects, or is least accustomed to. With the exception of Monsieur Dupin, who, with a good deal of pedantry, mixes up the ease and abruptness of our own way of speaking, reminding you, now of Lord Brougham, and now of Mr. O'Connell,—with the exception of M. Dupin, and I must add M. Thiers, who carries into discussion all that is witty, brilliant, and striking in conversation—with these two exceptions, the parliamentary men of France proceed with a stately and solemn march, totally inconsistent with our ideas of the most frivolous, and lively, and volatile people upon earth.

Certainly it would be very difficult for any one who read the two discourses translated into German, and who was acquainted solely with the characters of the two countries, to believe that Lord Brougham's light-hearted and passionate effusion on Reform was delivered by the Lord Chancellor of England, or that Monsieur Royer Collard's profound metaphysical disquisition on the peerage was the popular speech of the Chamber of Deputies. The two nations, on crossing the threshold of their representative assemblies, seem to exchange characters. The life, the animation, the action of the French citizen passes into the English orator. The cold, abstruse, and deeply reflective spirit of the English philosopher transmigrates into the volatile person of the French statesman. And this is to be remarked: even in the first French Revolution except in moments of peculiar excitement, when men were striving for their lives, rather than contending for any legislative theory, the same cold and philosophic tone was perceptible. The usual style of the passionate and impetuous Mirabeau himself, whose character and energy were rather displayed in short, abrupt, and timely exclamations, such as the reply to M. de Brezé, than in lengthened discourses, wore so much the appearance of the calm meditation of the closet, that he was commonly accused of repeating the lectures of Monsieur Dumont.

How is it that the character and the eloquence of a people are in such direct opposition? To say that the orator reads in the French chamber and extemporizes in ours, is not sufficient, since most of the French speak extempore, without any *very apparent* premeditation. Besides, if the ex-cathedra species of

oratory were not in some degree conformable with the genius of the place, it would not occasionally be received and admired there. To account for this, we must remember, that that love for detail, and that passion for generalities by which the two countries are respectively characterized, are singularly remarkable in their respective constitutions. In England, the progress of improvement has been slow and piece-meal; we have added on a little here, we have cut off a little there, and we have continued mending, and sometimes, though not frequently, adding, from casual motives of expediency. We have argued upon legislative questions as upon turnpike acts; but, with one exception only, we have never solved the elements of society in order to recompose it. We have never taken abstract views of our form of government, and attempted to base it on general principles. Even in moments of change, we have adopted the language of Burke, and considering our constitution "a sacred legacy," rather asserted the justice of restoration than the necessity of improvement.

It rarely happened, therefore, previous to the few last years, that in the questions agitated, there was wherewithal to engross the whole mind and faculties of the statesman, or deeply to excite the attention of the assembly or the public. Doddington's Diary furnishes us with amusing instances of the manner in which an opposition went about looking for a grievance. The subjects ordinarily brought forward derived their importance less from themselves than from the opportunity they afforded to two parties of delivering battle. The excitement was in the strife, and not in its cause. A personal, passionate, amusing way of speaking, therefore, naturally introduced itself, without the charm and colour of which a debate would frequently have resembled Uncle Tom's dispute with nephew John on the difference between a chestnut horse and a horse chestnut.

In France, on the contrary, when the builder in 1789 took the trowel into his hands, the first stone of the building was not laid. The principle on which it was to be deposited and consecrated was the subject of long deliberation. The rights of man were declared, before any attempt to deduce social happiness and political power from them was made. There was enough in the gigantic questions which started every instant

into discussion, to fill the mind of the politician, and to arrest the attention of those to whom he was communicating new and important truths. A philosophical treatise was wanted, rather than a spirited harangue; and it was only at the fall of the Girondists, when principles were forgotten and persons were contending—less indeed to obtain the honours of the state than to escape the revolutionary scaffold—that we find frequent specimens of another eloquence in those beautiful and impassioned bursts—one of which escaped from Madame Roland's unfortunate admirer, who vainly hoped and declared that his voice—“qui plus d'une fois avait porté la terreur dans ce palais d'où elle avait précipité la tyrannie, la porterait aussi dans l'âme des scélérats qui voulaient substituer leur tyrannie à celle de la royauté.”

A BALL AT THE TUILERIES.—You drive into the court-yard, get out at one of the great doors. The staircase to the right is broad and straight, with two columns at the top. The suite of rooms you enter fine. The first, white and plain; the second, surrounded by a kind of balcony and pannelled with the pictures of different *maréchals*. The third, very large and handsome, and leading to another that contains a velvet canopy and throne; the fifth is the last.

Before you is company—such as it is described—of a mixed kind; “one might fancy oneself in Heaven,” said a lady near me—“for there, also, there is no distinction of persons.”

This is abused and sneered at; very ignorantly and ridiculously, as it seems to me. A gentleman or nobleman has *his* society; but a king is of all societies. He is the head of the nation, and not the head of a clique.

At all events these balls represent France* and the epoch, and are interesting on that account.

A MINISTER'S RECEPTION.—Here you are struck, in most cases, by the splendid hotel of the minister, and manner, simple and plain, of the man. In fact you see two parts of society; the manners of old times and the ideas of new, but ill-joined together.

There is not a courtier but speaks the language of a repub-

* The most magnificent balls were those of Charles the Tenth—the best regulated and acted, Bonaparte's.

lican, nor a republican who does not sit on a chair rich with the luxury of Louis XV.

The ministers of one end of the town receive one night, those of the other end another. The same troop rushes from salon to salon—diplomates and deputies, generals and procureurs-généraux.

But the person for whom these soirées are really wanted is—the provincial gentleman, who would honestly imagine that no government existed, if he could not see it, and talk to it, and court it.

The bow and the smile he receives is hailed as “la loi vivante,” and he enters the court yard of the president of the council with the same sacred feeling of security with which he lays his hand upon the code of the constitution.

A MEMBER OF THE OPPOSITION.—Monsieur —— lives *au troisième* in a small apartment, the salon of which opens, as is frequent in France, to the *chambre à coucher*. Every thing is as decent and simple as possible in the furniture and arrangement of the apartment, and there is an air of respectability about it and the owner, completely English.*

“Did you read my article in the *National*?” “I ought to know, for I was in the last campaign in Spain, and I say that the army is in a state of the most deplorable insubordination.” “We have nothing to do with her (the Duchess de Berri), she ought to be taken before the proper tribunals.” “Oui, la dissection était très-belle”—“of course you have a box for Victor Hugo’s new drama”—were the mingled sounds that I once heard, and which proceeding from no common assemblage of journalists, generals, deputies, doctors, lawyers, and men of letters, gave an idea of the manner in which professions in France are intermingled, as well as of the ranks of which the opposition is composed.

BEAUTY OF THE EMPIRE.—The apartment of Madame ——, filled

* Monsieur —— is altogether worthy of his reputation; moderate, sagacious, active, eloquent, and liked by all parties, though known to be devoted to his own. On Madame, at once remarkable for her virtue, her wit, and her charms, even a still longer eulogium might be written.

with large fauteuils, beautiful porcelain, book-cases, statues, bronzes, etc. is a model of luxury and good taste. The lady herself, equally celebrated for her manners and her wit, and exercising at one time no inconsiderable influence, retains many of the charms and all the originality for which she was once distinguished. Never was person more quick, more vivacious, more powerful, or more extraordinary in conversation.

She jumps upon a subject, kicks it here, and kicks it there ; thumps it about, without respect and in all directions ; then she stops breathless, and before you can collect yourself for reply, seizes another subject and treats it in the same manner. [Nothing can be compared to her eloquence, her fire, her manner of deciding a question in a phrase, or painting a person by a word. A stranger, however, might be startled to hear her speak of Bonaparte.

“Oh ! le petit homme, il était charmant ! des dents comme des perles, toutes petites, toutes petites—des mains mignonnes—il se parfumait—oh ! il était gentil, il était gourmand—le petit homme !”

THE SUCCESSFUL JOURNALIST.—Monsieur de —— first hit upon a method, since become common, of making his fortune by a paper. He announced formally, that a society of good royalists was formed, with a journal—his own journal, of course—for their organ. The society was generous, prizes were to be given for the best essays, the literary youth of France were invited to enter a noble field of competition, and the less lettered gentlemen of wealth were also invited to subscribe funds for this very laudable undertaking.

Such was the project announced during the restoration, and when loyalty was at its height. The prospectus took, contributions flowed in, the society received and answered a very flowery and golden correspondence—and who formed the society ? and who wrote the journal ? and who received the subscriptions ? and who gained the prizes ?

Monsieur de —— alone formed the society ; Monsieur de —— alone wrote the journal ; Monsieur de —— alone touched the subscriptions ; Monsieur de —— alone gained the prizes.

A GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD REGIME.—The Marquis de —, with powdered hair and a great deal of very fine linen, was all the fashion in the time of Louis XVI., and saw Madame Dubarry dine with Louis XV.

“What do you think of society now and society then, Marquis?”

“For society—to those who lived when I did, there is no society now. How can there be, when here was my young friend (bowing to a young gentleman opposite), who was near cutting my throat just now, because we do not quite agree in political opinions? When I was a young man, Sir, the only thought and occupation was—how shall we most amuse ourselves? All the wit, all the talent, all the energy, which is now working itself out in such a variety of ways, was then concentrated in creating pleasure.” “And luxury, Marquis?” “How can you talk of luxury?—the only luxurious creature of modern society that I remember, is gone, disappeared altogether. The courtesan is as antediluvian as the mammoth. In my time she kept her carriages, had her most beautiful and classically epicurean apartment, or her delightful *petite maison*; where she gave *soirées* far more difficult to get to than those of the queen. She studied the art of giving pleasure as a science; every thing about her breathed that *volupté* and that desire to which she devoted herself—and then her conversation was as piquant as her person!”

“But how did she support all this extravagance?” “Oh! she lived either with a gambler or a grand seigneur. I remember your father, Monsieur de —, saying, when he had lost everything—*au moins puis-je garder Julie et un cabriolet!* The Prince de Soubise, in my time, kept seven figurantes, who had each their allotted night. He allowed them lovers in the meantime, but they were peremptorily to be of the noblesse. Poor Ségur, I remember, was very much in love with one of them, Mlle. Adèle. ‘Oh! Prince,’ said some one to him, ‘if you knew the pain you give poor Ségur every Tuesday!’ ‘*Mais qu’a-t-il donc?*’ ‘*Il aime Adèle.*’ ‘*Quels enfans! et pourquoi ne me l’ont-ils pas dit? Elle ne viendra plus jusqu’à ce que cela soit passé—cela passera.*’”

A NOTARY.—Is my English reader a ward in chancery? if so, he has been more than once in Lincoln's-Inn. What comfortless chambers are those of his most respectable solicitor!

Well, he goes to Paris to a small entresol in a large hôtel! He is shown into a little boudoir;—the table is covered with splendid pieces of Sèvres, and the chimney-piece loaded with or-moulu. A book-case, surmounted by every variety of Venus, fronts the chimney, and contains the most richly bound and the most splendid gilt books in the world.

Is he at his lady's?—no; he is at his lawyer's—who will be with him in five minutes in the splendidly brocaded dressing-gown of the courtier of Louis XV.

A LITERARY LADY.—Climb up two or three pair of stairs—pull the bell at a small door—and enter a little room, simple and in good taste. There is a doctor, a couple of journalists, a poet, a bookseller, and a mathematician! The doctor cures his patients by magnetism; the journalist intends saving his country by a war, a bankruptcy, and the guillotine; the poet writes long romances, which he calls lyrics; the bookseller despises Walter Scott and Lord Byron, but respects the manner in which they are printed. The mathematician is a clever man and makes love to the lady: and the lady, half poet, half journalist, half physiologist, half author, and half coquette, talks to the doctor about magnetism, to the journalist about guillotining, to the poet about romances, to the bookseller about printing, to the mathematician about love, and to the last visitor about all these.

A PHILOSOPHIC MODIST.—The Demoiselle F....., modist, aged twenty years, living Rue du Faubourg St. Martin, had contracted the bad habit of play. Gay and pretty, she had many adorers, and some had presented money with their heart; but her passion for play was such, that in less than three years she lost 60,000 francs. She then began to sell her furniture; and alas! the more her distress was known, the less pressing her lovers became. At last, too idle to work, and too distressed to live without it, she determined to put an end to her existence, and chose the first day of the year for her project.

But before lighting the charçcoal, she wrote the following letter to her mother :—

“ My dear Mamma,

“ The year just passed has been to me a very unhappy one— I hope that the one now commencing will bring you those consolations you stand in need of. You know, my dear mamma, that for some time past my resources have been daily diminishing. It is painful to live in privation after one has been accustomed to luxury. It is disagreeable to work after one has been free, and accustomed, from early youth, to follow one’s pursuits, and one’s pleasures. Then forgive me, my dear mamma, if, having lost all those advantages I ought to have been careful of—I do not now want to sigh over my misfortunes.

“ Alas ! my pen refuses to obey my will, or I would paint to you all my past tribulations. But death is waiting for me, and I shall be gone before midday. So I kiss you, my dear mamma, as I love you, that is to say, with all my soul.

‘ Your respectful daughter,

“ JOSEPHINE ———.

“ Paris, Jan. 1, 1835.”

(*Gazette des Tribunaux.*)

A WISE COCHER DE CABRIOLET.—“ They want to make me join them, Sir, in their émeutes and nonsense.

“ Ma foi,” I said to myself, “ et qu’est-ce que tu as été, toi, sous l’empire ?” “ Cocher de cabriolet.”—“ And under Charles X. ?” “ Cocher de cabriolet.”—“ And under Louis-Philippe ?” “ Cocher de cabriolet.”—“ And if there were a republic, what would you be ?” “ Cocher de cabriolet. Alors, que la dynastie aille comme elle pourra. Je ne m’en mêlerai point, moi qui ne serai jamais que cocher de cabriolet.”*

* “ Faith,” I said to myself, “ and what have you been—you—under the the empire ?” “ Cocher de cabriolet.”—“ And under Charles X. ?” “ Cocher de cabriolet.”—“ And under Louis-Philippe ?” “ Cocher de cabriolet ;”—“ and if there were a republic, what would you be ?” “ Cocher de cabriolet. Then let

A MILITARY PORTER.—“I met my porter, yesterday,” said a gay officer to me, “my porter, who is an old soldier of the ‘*vieille garde*’ with my sword in his hand. ‘It is as bright now as ever it was,’ said he. ‘I did not know it had ever been soiled,’ said I. ‘Alas! yes, Sir, I had some words yesterday with a carabineer; we met in the morning, and this weapon that you see passed through his body. *Pauvre garçon! il est tombé là raide mort.*’”

TRAITS.

IMPORTANT NEWS.

“My dear Cecile,

“THE FATHER left yesterday the port of Marseilles, in the ship called ‘*Le Prince héréditaire.*’ The captain’s name is Vianello. You first announced to me his DEPARTURE from prison. I announce to you his DEPARTURE from *the west.*”

“THE FATHER has quitted *the west!*.... let this great fact resound in the ears of all men and of all women!!!—

“&c. &c. &c. &c.”

“RODREGUER BARRAULT.”

“*24th September, year of the mother.*” *

A READING.—This kind of demi-publicity still continues, and keeps the vanity of the author in breath until he has finished his work. If he is writing a tragedy, he will read it scene by scene; if a novel, chapter by chapter. Nobody is invited who is not a good admirer, except on very rare occasions. I remember one of these—a gentleman had written a comedy which he thought too indecent for the stage—and in order to make up his mind, invited the most modest of his female acquaintance to hear it.

A PENSION.—The persons one meets at these places are on an average—a French colonel on half-pay—an English shopkeeper

the dynasty go on as it will. I’ll not meddle with it, who shall always be—*côcher de cabriolet.*”

* Copied verbatim.

—a couple of journalists—and a respectable old English lady with her youngest daughter.

The English mother does not know French, and has gone to a *pension* in order that her daughter may learn it. The French colonel sits at dinner between the two—and seduces the simpering girl under the mother's unsuspecting apron.

THE ENGLISH AT THE CAFE DE PARIS.—I remember being seated at the window of this café near a very decent English family. "Very good chicken! capital wine! it's Volney," says the gentleman, "Volney," you know my dear, (very loud!) called after the famous traveller."*

DUELS OF THE CHAMBER.—You can buy what are called "les balles de député." These balls evaporating in the air, are sure to do no mischief to the senatorial combatants. Was there ever such a criticism on the age? *Men fight for honour and cheat it.*

* I would not pass by this subject without one or two words of regret given to my unfortunate countrymen. Go to Calais, Boulogne, any of the British visiting provincial towns, or even to Paris itself, and see the queer figures who are passing themselves off as models of English elegance. Just look at their pinched-up, or broadened-out brimm'd hats, their indescribably-cut coats, their whiskers, their mustachoes, their swagger, their ignorance, their insolence and recollect to your horror that the costume, and the ton that would hardly be tolerated in Burlington Arcade or Covent Garden saloon, are very soberly considered by the French people, who have never passed the channel, as a fair specimen of the tip-top taste and breeding of their outlandish neighbours. Again, pass where you will on the Continent, and be sure, if anything very extraordinary, very ridiculous, very impertinent be done, be sure it is one of your countrymen who has the honour of doing it! If any man live in more scandalous indecency than the habits even of Italy will allow, be sure it is a native of that country which prides itself on its especial prudery and morality. If any body be noted for a greater freedom of language, and a more unconscionable incontinency than another, ten to one but it is a lady of that land which is so proud of the modest purity of its women.

England abroad and England at home, thank heaven! are in this respect two countries as different as Kamschatka and Otaheiti. People of all sexes and all classes seem to take a pride in convincing the world, that they change their climate, and that if they conduct themselves with decency and propriety in May Fair and Fleet Street, they can be guilty of every species of indecorum when in sight of the Champs-Élysées and the Coliseum.

SAYINGS.

CARLISM.—"Cette pauvre princesse (the Duchess of Berri) elle donnait de si jolis bals!" such is the attachment of one half the Faubourg to the heroine of la Vendée.

LOVE OF NATURE.—A young Frenchman was abusing Italy as nothing extraordinary.—"Ah!" said Madame—"you were not there when M. de Laval was minister."

CONJUGAL VIRTUE.—"La vertu d'une femme mariée, c'est de garder son amant même quand il lui déplaît."

OBEDIENCE.—"Certainement," said a young lady, very seriously, to one then about to be married—"les femmes doivent obéir dans les petites choses, mais les hommes assurément dans les grandes."

ABSENCE.—"I do not love my husband enough to leave him."

ANCESTRY.—"Je me moque des mes ancêtres; jugez donc, mon cher, ce que je dois faire des vôtres." *

TYRANNY.—"What a tyranny we live under!" says a gay carlist. "And where have you just come from, Sir?" "Oh! from Prague; two hundred of us went to offer our homage to Henry V." "And is this generally known?" "Certainly, every body knows it."

"To be sure it is a terrible tyranny you live under."

TIES OF RELATIONSHIP.—An enraged husband was about to slay the lover of his wife.—"Arrête, malheureux!" cried the lady, "tu vas tuer le père de tes enfans." †

* I laugh at my own ancestors, judge then, my dear fellow, what I might do with yours.

† Stop, unhappy man! you are about to kill the father of your children.

PARAGRAPHS THAT SUCCEED EACH OTHER IN A NEWSPAPER.

STATISTIQUE.—LEGIION OF HONOUR.

Difference between 1881 and 1882.

Great cross.	7
Grand officers.	12
Commanders.	99
Officers.	419
Chevalliers.	5,821

INSTRUCTION PRIMAIRE.

There are in France 1,935,000 children, who receive primary instruction. There are 41,000 schools; and upwards of 11, private.

MODES.

We omitted, by mistake, in our last number, to speak of the dress which the Queen wore at the court ball. *We hasten* to repair this error. Not only was Her Majesty's toilette magnificent, but elegant. The gown was — *white satin embroidered with roses, &c. &c.*

DES ENFANS DE-MAR-
SEILLES.

A report of *M. le Maire de Marseilles* relates to us the grave inconveniences and accidents that result from the pitched battles fought daily between the two parties among *the Children* in different quarters of the town.

Then follows a list of the jury for the department of the Seine.

Surely these paragraphs, thus running and blended together, give no bad picture of France as it is. Her impetuous youth, her military honours, her primary instruction, her jury list, and then—*the gown embroidered with roses!*

Thus have I sketched, as illustrations to my subject, two or three scenes and portraits, and even noted a few traits and observations. I will now throw together a few facts.

Of books published in 1833, I find Poetry of different kinds.	275
Modern law, the sciences, natural history, and administrations.	532
Romances, Novels, and translations of the same.	355
Histories, narratives and the like.	213
Philosophy, metaphysics.	102
Travels and fine arts.	170
Devotion, Theology, etc.	235
Theatrical pieces in verse and prose.	179
Foreign books of different languages.	604
Pamphlets, libels, prospectusses, and speeches	4,346
<hr/>	
Total.	7,011

What do we see here?—in the first place, an enormous appetite for momentary and frivolous discussion; that one expected;—but by the side of it behold a love for the sciences, for natural history, and the theories of government, which we might have supposed less general amongst so volatile and excitable a people!

Then again, novels, poetry, and the drama, those branches of literature that, judging from the surface of things, we should have deemed most in abundance, furnish less than metaphysics, devotion, history, and the arts.

Novels, etc. including translations.	355
Poetry.	275
Drama.	179
<hr/>	
	709
Metaphysics.	109
Devotion.	235
History.	213
The arts.	170
<hr/>	
	720

And now if we take the theatres! there we find the returns of:

The Opéra, dancing and French music;	
The Porte St. Martin, Mélodrame;	
Vaudeville,	} little farces ;
Variétés,	
Gymnase,	

to be as much as the twelve other theatres of Paris, including the Théâtre Français, the Opéra Comique, and the Italian Opera put together.

Turn we to the Institut! who are the candidates?

M. Châteauneuff,* an historian.

M. de Salvandy, a very remarkable periodical writer.†

And M. Scribe, the well known and happy farce writer—on this occasion as on others successful.

In the exposition at the same time, I remark—nor is this unuseful in tracing the habits of a population—

15,000 clocks, average price.	250 francs.
40,000 pairs of flambeaux.	20 „
3,000 do candalabres.	200 „
60,000 glass cylinders.	10 „
Lustres and lamps to the value of	1,000,000 „
Small articles of bronze.	1,800,000 „
More costly do.	2,000,000 „

In all this, there is a strange mixture of different and opposing qualities, such as are to be found in a nation not moulded in a day, but which, on the contrary, has passed through a variety of changes, and presents, in its molten mass, a variegated and heterogenous composition. We see old tastes by the side of new, and new tastes which almost seem incompatible with the old!

The everlasting appetite for scandal and science!

The love for the melodrame and the joke!

The struggle between history, metaphysics, and farce!

The luxury of tastes, and the mediocrity of fortunes.

* Author of "the History of the great Captains."

† The author of "Alonzo," which also had four editions, and of "the History of Poland."

YOUNG FRANCE.

CHAPTER III.

Modern Cataline—Journalist—Dramatist—Suicide—Son of a tallow-chandler—Monsieur Marinote Fathay—Baron de ————Royalist—Doctrinaire—Artist—Young Doctors, and Philosophers of the hour.

LET us see! There has been a conspiracy. Who are at the bar? a cabinet maker, a certain number of shoemakers, a locksmith, a painter, a button-maker, an engraver, a shopkeeper, a doctor, and a lady, whose more peaceful occupation is to sit at the counter of a café. All eyes are of course turned upon the lady and the chief of this terrible band, whose plots have disquieted the dreams of the good citizen King, and exercised the arms of his valorous national guard.

Come forth, most renowned Cataline! "Who are you?" "I am the son of a prolétaire (peasant). I belong to that class which the rich repudiate and misunderstand. My temper is irritable and nervous;—chafing at little obstacles—calm before a battalion with fixed bayonets. I do not know so much as I should wish to know, for education is not gratuitous in France.

"You ask me my life.—A boy, enlisting as volunteer, I fought under Napoleon's eagles. The restoration came, I returned to my father's cottage, and shared the rude labours of the old man. From that cottage, the revolution of July called me. The charter was violated. I wished for a republic. Wounded on the 28th, I leaped into the Louvre on the 29th.—In the Tuileries, a sabre-cut maimed this hand. In the rue de Rohan, a ball entered this shoulder. As I behaved in July, so I behaved in June."

President. "You are accused at that time of homicide with premeditation."

Republican. "I know it."

President. "You ran about the streets, shouting 'To arms!'"

Republican. "Yes."

President. "Did you distribute cartouches?"

Republican. "When they were wanted."

President. "Did you not fire upon a battalion of the line?"

Republican. "I traversed with ten comrades the whole of the first line. Eight fell, and I retired by the street."

Such are the answers of a slight young man, with hollow cheeks, penetrating eyes, and black moustaches.

He had fought for a republic. What did he want? A government without appointments, without taxes. Things, he thought, would go well, if left to themselves.*

Here is one of your "Young France," a type of that reckless and imaginative youth, ever ready to rush on the cannon.

Born of poor parents, with but little education, of daring character, impracticable ideas and good intentions;—consumed by unemployed energies and dissatisfied ambition.

Requiring action from his temperament;—the very soul of a state at war;—a canker into its repose in peace.

Let us turn to another class and another type!

"It happened to me," says M. Janin, "as it has happened to all men of letters, present and past—I entered a literary career without knowing it, and without wishing it. I was a writer, in ignorance that I did write;—by necessity, as every body is."

Oh! I remember my mother, her cottage by the Rhône side, and the diligence which carried me to Paris, on a speculation; for my father, and my uncles, and all my family thought me a real prodigy, and so did the ladies of my village, to whom I wrote verses, and who said that all I wanted was,—a little education.

Thus was I sent to the "*famous*" college—(for my friends were determined that every chance should be in my favour)—to the "*famous*" college—which had gained the prize that year,

* See National, 30th October, 1832.

and which I and my friends considered it a matter of course that I should gain the year following.

“ I passed three years at that college, did not gain the prize, and learned little for my pains ;—that is to say, I learned neither mathematics nor languages, nor history, nor indeed any kind of literary lore ; but I learned something, I confess, of the world’s lore ;—for I learned how one makes friends, and how one keeps them, and also with how little science, and how little merit, and how little industry, one may get on in life.

“ This, after all, was no despicable kind of knowledge. My comrades had friends, and prospects dependant on friends. What alas! has become of most of them?*

I had no expectations, no friends, beyond the walls of that memory-haunted place—no friends, save an old grand-aunt, eighty years old, who, hobbling along, the dear old creature! by the aid of her hooked stick, came, at last, to take me to her garret, *au quatrième*, to which she had brought all our old country furniture,—the chairs, the table, and the little sofa and bed, the very same I knew so well ;—and there we lived four happy years of my life.—Oh! what four happy years those were! How many passions given to the wind! how much useless poesy! what sighs wafted to the clouds! what labour, too, to gain my little livelihood as I could!†

“ Those years passed by me like a day. I desired nothing, feared nothing, I envied nothing. Living with my friends, having now and then with them a joyous and savoury repast,

* “ Some bandied on the sea, slain in battle; some fell in Greece, taken by surprise; many have fallen in the Bois de Boulogne, by a sword’s stab in a corner behind a tree; others again have lost their memory;—and then, what a host have perished by different modes of suicide—the vaudeville, the song, the epic, the hazard table, and love.

“ I saw them on the threshold of our college, I saw them quit it so beautiful! so laughing! so gay! so full of youthful folly.

“ Let us pray for them !”

† “ In the first place, I gave lessons, at so much a lesson; I taught a thousand things I knew little about; for instance, Latin, Greek, history, geography, and Heaven knows what besides; I’d have taught Hebrew or Syriac, if I had been asked; any thing but mathematics. Mathematics one cannot teach without knowing them, and this is why I have ever had a great respect for mathematics.

I made my scholars understand little from my lessons; but they taught somebody—they taught myself.”

happy in the happiness of my old aunt, and sticking up against the wall, when I could buy them, great red and blue daubs, which I thought very beautiful, and which were called Greeks then, as they would be called Poles now.

“That was life! and what heroines! with what names! Alexandrina, Rose, Lili,—German, Spanish, French,—great lady, or little grisette—all suited us.

“Thus I and those like me lived from day to day, trusting to chance; with little effort, no variety, and but slight privations.

“But I meant to speak of my entry into literature; how was it? Many volumes could be written on a literary life in France! I mean merely to write of my own. It is short, *but it will give a pretty good idea of the literary life of my epoch.*

“One evening, I remember it well, I was walking backwards and forwards before that theatre, which I then thought the perfection of the dramatic art, “l’Opéra Comique,” revolving in my mind, with no small degree of agitation, whether I would or would not give the 44 sous, that the Opéra Comique at that time exacted at its portal.

“At this critical moment, whom should I see but a young man, whose acquaintance I had made in the Luxembourg, by my dog making the acquaintance of his dog, and who had then under his arm, the arm of an elegant and beautiful lady. What were my feelings when he proposed to me a place in his box, a place by the side of that elegant and beautiful lady, who was no less,—my heart thrilled,—than a singer at the opera!

“My friend was a journalist—his happiness decided my profession: I became a journalist too; and a journalist I shall die, because I was walking one beautiful summer’s evening before the door of the Opéra Comique.*

* Not that I complain, in saying this, of a literary life. I am far from being so ungrateful towards the noblest career in this age of liberty. A literary life in France has, at all times, been a life apart and amidst the grandeurs of the world; it is better than that now; it is a life apart amidst the powers of the world.

The man of letters is what the Grand Seigneur was. They have both taken their place in our institutions—they are both citizens, but citizens out of the crowd, in spite of the crowd—citizens apart—citizen aristocrats, to say the truth, by passion, by sentiment, by thought, and by reputation.

“ It is but the first step that makes us fear—in a balloon, on a railroad, as the editor of a paper;—there you are seated comfortably and calm; and there is the crowd below you, trembling and affrighted—*voilà tout!* ”

“ Our age is the age of free thought, of independence—our age is the age of the press—the golden age for the periodical writer. Happy then and proud am I to belong to that press, to be a periodical writer.

“ When I commenced, what existed in France had an immense appearance. It appeared a universe to a gay journalist of twenty. Well, it is all gone—all—vanished—gone, Heaven knows where—gone, and devoured by the journal, that power so frail and dwarfish when I commenced my career, exposed as it was to the arbitrary will of a censor, who would cut you off a thought as an executioner does a head.

“ By what ruins am I surrounded! What a gulph between the time when I first mended my pen to write, and now when I take it up to trace the recollection of things gone by!

“ At first, I was a writer unknown, a writer of the opposition by epigram—harassing and attacking the ministers, of whom I knew little, and who knew less of me. Later, I rose from the little newspaper to the great newspaper—from the popular journal to the aristocratic journal, always the same man, in spite of what people have thought proper to say, always of the opposition, now here and now there.

“ They who reproach me with having passed from one pa-

The man of letters of to-day, has, with his pen, an existence assured and gained, quite as much as has the advocate, or the notary.

The constitution could not exist without debates and discussions of all kinds, for and against.

The journal to-day is more than a want, it is a duty. It is a necessity of every morning, of every evening, of every hour. The journal is the reproduction of a whole life, public, literary, philosophic, taking all the shades of society, from the first to the last. This power guides at will, and violently, every one and every thing: power inexorable, devouring itself when it has nought else to feed upon! Do you know how many writers, active, passionate, and devoted, it requires to suffice for all its exigencies, and all its wants, and all its life?

Do you know into what a gulph without bottom, are thrown at every instant such a multitude of passions, of ideas, of paradoxes, of follies, of every thing which is engendered by the heart, soul, passion, vices, and virtues of mankind?”

per to another, cannot reproach me with having changed from one opinion to another; always attacking whatever I thought strong; the enemy of the powerful; never guided in my hostilities by my interest, and ever quitting that side which became the victorious one. This is why I left my little liberal journal of the opposition when it triumphed[§] under M. Martignac; this is why I left my great royalist journal of opposition the day that M. Polignac came into power.

“Opposition has been my life, as to others is the support of power.”*

Such is the most popular journalist's description of his life and opinions.

And now we will pass from the journalist to the dramatist—to the criticised from the critic;—and here again we find a gentleman his own biographer.

“I was not twenty years old when my mother one morning entered my room, came to my bedside, kissed me weeping and said—

“ ‘ Mon ami, je viens de vendre tout ce que nous avons pour payer nos dettes ’.†

“ ‘ Eh bien ! ma mère ? ’‡

“ ‘ Eh bien ! my poor child, our debts paid, there remains to us 258 francs—’

“ ‘ A year ? ’

My mother smiled bitterly—

“ ‘ In all ? ’ said I.

“ ‘ In all.’

“ ‘ Well, my mother, I will take the fifty-three francs and start this evening for Paris.’

“ ‘ And what will you do there, mon pauvre ami ? ’

“ ‘ I'll see the friends of my father, the Duc de Bellune, Sébastiani, Jourdan.’

“ ‘ Do as you will,’ said my mother, kissing me once more—‘ perhaps it's the inspiration of God’—and she went out.

“ My first visit was to Marshal Jourdan; he had some vague

* This writer seems to consider that to be always in the opposition is always to be consistent, and that it matters not what you oppose.

† My child, I have just sold everything we had to pay our debts.

‡ “Well, my mother.”

recollection of my father, it is true; but had never heard that he had a son. I left him in ten minutes, very imperfectly convinced of my existence.

“ I next went to General Sébastiani.

“ The general was in his ‘ cabinet de travail;’ four or five secretaries were writing under his dictation, each of whom had upon his bureau, besides his open, his paper, and his pen-knife, a gold snuff-box, which he presented to the general whenever he stopped before him in those perambulations which, like the *malade imaginaire*, he conducted across his chamber now in one direction, now in the other.

“ My visit was short; whatever might be my consideration for the general, I had no wish to become his snuff-box bearer.

“ The day after, I presented myself at General Foy’s.

“ I was introduced into his library; he was then occupied with his History of the Peninsular War. At the moment I entered, he was writing on one of those tables which lift up and down at pleasure; scattered around him were speeches, maps, and half open volumes.

“ Turning round with his accustomed vivacity, and hearing the door of his sanctuary open, he fixed his penetrating eyes on me—I trembled.

“ ‘ Monsieur * * * * * ?’ said he, ‘ are you son of the general who commanded the army of the Alps ?’

“ ‘ Yes, general.’

“ ‘ *C’était un brave.* What can we make of you ?’

“ ‘ Any thing you like, general.’

“ The next day I returned to the hotel of the general, he was my sole hope.

“ ‘ Eh bien,’ said he, your business is settled. You are supernumerary clerk, with an appointment of 1,200 francs per annum,* in the office of the Duke of Orleans!’ ”

This is the opening scene in the theatrical life of one of the first writers of the French stage. † But there are other pretenders less fortunate.

“ A few days ago,” says a late journal, “ a body was dragged from the Seine, near Pont St. Nicolas, the dead body of a

* About 50/.

† M. Alexandre Dumas.

young man aged twenty years. It was the body of a young poet, by name—Jules Mercier. In his pocket was found an elegy entitled, ‘*A Emma*,’ and bearing the date of April last.

“At the bottom of the elegy was the following note—‘This piece ought to have been part of a collection that my editor should publish immediately.’”

“It is now about a month,” continues the journal, “since a young man presented himself at our bureau, and asked to speak to the editor of our paper. The editor was absent, and one of our contributors received him.

“He was a young man, about twenty years old, with a countenance pale, interesting, and betraying suffering. This young man was—Jules Mercier.

“He offered with a timid air a little roll of paper; the roll contained some verses, entitled, ‘*To Lelia!*’ These verses we could not receive, having already, a few days before, inserted some on the same subject, and bearing the same title. A week after, the young man returned, bringing another set of verses, which he begged us to admit; though the space they would occupy was considerable.

“This piece was called ‘*The Gulph.*’ We promised that it should be examined.

“The young poet seemed well satisfied, and promised to come the next day and receive our observations.

“We expected him the next day—he did not come. We are never to see him more.”

* * * * *

But what dark and cadaverous gentleman is yonder, with a slight moustache, pointed beard and tuft, and long hair, stuck up in the middle and combed down on each side, so as to hang upon his shoulders?

That gothic chevalier is the son of a tallow-chandler, corner of rue St. Denis. He does not think that the reign of chivalry is gone. No! but that he, the son of the tallow-chandler, has become the chevalier.

Thus, here and there the prestige of an aristocracy remains; but then every one thinks he may be an aristocrat.

Just listen!—

Monsieur Marmote Fathay, the respectable son of a respectable bookseller, publishes some poems. "Fathay," pronounced "Fatty," is a most unpoetical name, and the poems have little success. What happens?

Behold, in a new edition, "Fathay," odious appellation! has disappeared, "de" is before the "Marmote," and "Alphonse" before the "de," and read instead of "Poems by Marmote Fathay,"—

"Poems by Alphonse de Marmote." Alphonse de Marmote! Who would dream that a name so aristocratic and so sonorous should have been formulated (I use the French expression), from plain Marmote Fathay, the plebeian signature of a good-natured young bookseller.

But so it is, and half the world who doubt in christianity believe firmly in the nominal identity of—

"Alphonse de Marmote!"

Nor is this a singular transmogrification!

I was sitting the other day at the café de Paris; a tilbury with red wheels drove up to it, and a gentleman, with a Brobdignagian beard and whiskers to match, descended therefrom.

His hat, of singular shape, was nicely balanced on one side of his head, displaying an immense *chevelure* on the other. His coat built about the skirts in the stern fashion of a Dutch frigate, was *bleu de ciel*. * His waistcoat, as variegatedly dazzling as a well shaken kaleidoscope, opened in the middle to display a green satin neckcloth, be-pinned and be-chained from the top to the bottom like a lady's stomacher. This individual was nearly six feet high, and having taken a careful survey of his undusted boots, entered the café, humming a tune, and pulling about his curls, and brandishing his cane, and making as much as possible of all that appertained to his large and magnificently apparelled person,—'Eh! bonjour, Baron!' said a creature, to all seeming of the same genus, who was standing at the entrance of the small room to the right, picking

* Sky blue.

his teeth. "Do you know who that is?" said the friend I was dining with. We were sitting at one of that line of tables to the left, and nearly opposite the door, which the Baron had entered.

"Not I, indeed," said I.

"Well, I'll tell you more about him than he thinks, I dare say, that any body here is acquainted with.

"A lady,—do not ask about her virtue! first pointed out to me yonder hero. It was at the Variétés,—we were in a little dark box, and could not be seen; he was, as you may suppose, in the most conspicuous part of the theatre.

"'Voilà un homme,' cried the lady, 'qui me doit beaucoup, —beaucoup,— beaucoup.'*

"Now, as I suspected my friend of being rather more addicted to borrowing than to lending, I uttered with great naïveté, a rather surprized '*Comment ?*' †

"'Oui, oui'" said she.

"That young gentleman was the son of a French washer-woman, who said his father was an English general. For many years the old man had the malice to doubt this very creditable fact, and for many years, in consequence, *mon ami, que voilà!* ‡ ran about in very ragged *déshabille*, carrying, not unfrequently, a well-filled basket, now of clean and now of dirty clothes, from and to the maternal garret.

"The aptitude, however, which a death-bed creates, to believe in miracles, convinced the old gentleman, when he was about to die, that he might have, could have, and must have begotten the unfortunate and long forgotten Albert.

"A will, in consequence, was made, a fortune bequeathed, a soul, perhaps, saved, and a dirty lad who went to bed with five *sous* in his pocket, awoke the heir to 100,000 fr. per annum, inscribed *sur le grand livre*.

"Albert was then 19 years old. His mother washed for me.

"'Take my advice,' said I to the mother, 'return this very night all your customers' dirty linen, and start you by to-morrow's

* See there, a man who owes me a great deal—a great deal.

† How is that?

‡ My friend, whom you all see.

diligence, off to your province. As to your son, I will make gentleman of him.' The old lady listened to my counsels, which I actually advanced 500 francs in support of; and Monsieur Albert was told that two little rooms in my apartments were at his service. Well, I kept him quiet, and had him taught to read and write,—he never made a very good scholar;—and to ride and to walk;—oh! mon Dieu, what pains I had with his elbows; and to put on his hat, and to swing his stick,—you see he is always swinging his stick! and then what drives we had in the Bois de Boulogne before I could make him sit decently in a cabriolet, or hold the reins like a christian.

"At last Albert only wanted four months of coming of age. 'Go and travel,' I said: 'that is, go to my aunt in the country, (I have got an old aunt in Auvergne), and wait there till I write to you.'

"Well, I took a large apartment for him on the Boulevards, and had it magnificently furnished, with a little boudoir *en gothique*. I had then all his table-cloths, and all his knives and forks, and all his porcelain, and all his pocket handkerchiefs, handsomely worked with a coronet, and the day before his arrival came a large packet from the country—to the *Baron* * * *.

"Would you believe it? for the first week of his arrival I sent him,—in different handwriting too—some by the twopenny post, some by the general post, some by a page, some by a groom, and some by a commissionaire—five hundred and sixty-two letters, all properly addressed, 'To the Baron * * *.'

"From that week he was 'Baron' to all the world. His servants said, 'Monsieur le Baron,' I said 'Monsieur le Baron,' his new acquaintances said 'Monsieur le Baron,' and he himself signed himself 'Le Baron de' with all the natural dignity of a hero whose history was incorporated with the crusades.

"The young gentleman who walked into the café just now," continued my friend, "is the identical Baron, who owes so much to the good lady to whom I owe his history."

This is a fact!

But some titles are more ancient, and accompanied with greater worth.

The young M. de—, who was lately compromised in the

affair of La Vendée, is a liberal royalist of the school of Châteaubriand and Martignac, and one of the most distinguished among the young nobility.

Never seen at the Tuileries during the prosperity of Charles X., immediately on arriving from Algiers, he hurried to Lulworth, and disdaining, as he says, to control a sentiment which he thinks chivalrous and noble, by prudential calculations, he has ever since been ready for any enterprise, however desperate, which the misguided family in exile have felt inclined to sanction. He will neither permit himself nor any one else to reason with him on this subject. "If the mob had been reasonable," he says, "they would never have ventured with an army of hackney coaches to overthrow the ancient dynasty at Rambouillet."

One observes in this young man, more strongly than in any instance I ever saw, how much depends on circumstances: the benumbing, soporific effects of prosperity, and the advantages which, in the development of intellect and character, adversity has the merit to bestow.

Five years ago ——— was a French dandy—occupied with little but his horses, his tilbury,—his neckcloths, his waistcoats, and pantaloons. Hurrying from amusement to amusement—the only thought that ever came across him at times—was that he was bored. With an easy income, and one of the most illustrious names in France (at that time a fortune), handsome, graceful, and just married to a wife in every way accomplished, he had all that could be desired; and yet, despite of this, there is no comparison in the measure of respect which he received from those who knew him then, and that which is paid him by those who know him now.

The life he leads, and has led since the revolution of 1830—is curious as a specimen of that pursued by many of his class. For the last two years he has spent eight months of each year in a lonely château in the country, with his thoughts and books. He has dismissed even the appearances of pleasure—horses, equipage, &c. In Paris he goes no where but to the club: at home, he never receives visitors, and is only to be found by one or two friends, whom he invites to a dinner which is nowise changed on their account. If he has any society, it is that of

artists and men of letters, who, as he feels by a certain instinct, throw a dignity and poesy about his position. Such, too, is in general the society of that set of royalists to which he belongs—partly because the head of their party (M. de Châteaubriand) inspires a respect for his distinction—and partly because there is in their own feelings, and politics, and hazardous situation, a something noble, imaginative, and dangerous, which seeks for thoughts and sympathies higher than those of the ordinary kind.

But hostile as are the ardent and high-spirited youth of the Faubourg St. Germain to the Prince chosen by the nation—there are few amongst them who attach any divine right to the principle of hereditary succession. They consider it simply as a link between the past and the present; as a guarantee of stability and durability, as a decoration and illustration to the throne, but not as the sole foundation on which a monarchy can be founded.

As the party of Henry V. has some few rational adherents amongst the young nobility, so the party of Louis-Philippe enlists from the higher *bourgeoisie*, and the gentry, a certain number of young men of serious habits and very extensive information.

These, as a class, however, belong rather to the Young France of the old régime which they opposed, than to the Young France of the new régime, which has embraced them. They were the young men who wrote in the *Globe*, and frequented the salon of the Duc de Broglie; a cold, enlightened, reasonable, pale-faced set of young men, who dream of liberty in a quaker's uniform, and have a code of politics as prim as their persons.

Born to be the partizans of the *juste-milieu*, they support conscientiously and with intelligence, the government of Louis-Philippe, and only commit the error of mis-judging the character and the temperament of the French. They will always be respected; they can never be beloved; and in a career which will be honorable, they must resign the hope of being popular among their fellow countrymen.

I know, many of my friends in France! that you blame the *juste-milieu*; you detest, you abhor the *juste-milieu*; there is

much to say against it, I accord to you. But good heavens! to what is not one driven as an anchor from the restless nonsense which I have heard promulgated with the frantic air of philosophy, by some of those who are for launching the state vessel, rudderless, and compassless, and ballastless, on the immense ocean that lies immeasurable before you?

Monsieur D***, a young artist, a hero of July, and decorated with the blue ribbon, called on me the other morning. He hates the government—why?—“It is not noble and pure.” He wishes for another—but what? “That is not his business; all he undertakes is, to destroy.” Then a constituent assembly is to be called together; a constituent assembly nominated by the poorer classes, *because the poorer classes are the most intelligent.*

“Well,” said I, “what would you first abolish?”

“Oh! les charges surtout! Les honnêtes hommes feront les affaires pour rien. Il ne faut point de droits, ni d’impôts, ni de police. Le peuple est conservateur; on l’a vu à Paris et à Lyon. C’est inutile de prendre des précautions contre le bon peuple.”*

“And what is your especial grievance now?”

“Some people have not enough, and some have a superfluity—and this must be remedied.”

“How?”

“Oh! that is not my affair. Les pères de famille arrangeront tout cela. D’ailleurs, l’éducation doit être gratuite.”†

“But you say the people are already so well educated! Besides, if you educate the people, somebody will pay; if they (the people) do not,—the state must; but if the state pays, there must be taxes, and then, where’s your theory?”

“C’est égal!—Je rêve de belles choses; nous les verrons. Il faut chasser cette canaille; tous les gens d’énergie pensent comme moi. Il y a des associations!”‡

* Appointments above every thing. Honest men will manage the public affairs for nothing. We must have neither excise, nor taxes, nor police. The people is conservative; we saw this at Paris and Lyons. It is useless to take precautions against the people.

† The fathers of families will arrange all that. Besides, education should be gratuitous.

‡ Never mind. I dream beautiful things. We shall see them yet. But

"What is the aim of your associations?"

"To associate—to know our number."

"But have you no especial idea attached to these societies?"

"Yes; que le monde soit plus heureux."*

And many young men in France are like M. D***, and talk of great things and sublime things—vast pyramidal speculations—enormous at the base, imperceptible at the conclusion.

There they go, promising you a new future; a new political deluge, and a new political creation; the Noahs of their time, and carrying about the ark of salvation from the Boulevards to the Palais Royal, from the Vaudeville to the Variétés—sauntering at a café—ogling a grisette—flourishing a switch—humming an opera,—saying you are a brute if you do not admire the extravagances of Victor Hugo, or a rogue if you do not confess that M. — — should be first Consul of the Republic.

Reader, if I wished to give you an idea of this section of "Young France," I could do so exactly. Look at Mlle Déjazet, † in the uniform of Napoleon!!!

There is, however, a darker and more serious group in this otherwise unimposing picture.

I have spoken of the brave and ignorant republican, of the clever and careless man of letters, of the adventurous and successful poet, of the sensitive and enthusiastic suicide, of the vain and would-be-fashionable sonneteer, of the expensive and nameless noble, of the chivalric and rational royalist, of the calm and sensible ministerialist, of the wild and vague, and imaginative and well-meaning artist; every character I have sketched is a mirror of many more. But lo! with arms folded and lips compressed, a more thick-browed, and deep-thinking youth!

Here is the band which, from a good education and an ardent temperament, build up—with much learning and labour—impossible theories.

Strange to say, even in that science which has taught us to look with intelligence into the Heaven above our heads; which has led us from consequence to consequence through the mys-

first, let us rout these rascals. Every body with energy thinks as I do. There are associations.

* That the world may be more happy.

† A very clever, impudent-looking little actress.

terious systems of a thousand worlds—even in this exact and sublime science, there is, (on account, perchance, of its very sublimity and exactitude,) but a deceitful guide, when we would thread the labyrinth of human philosophy, or navigate the storms of political life.

Strange to say, much that we blame as vague speculation, has been derived from logical and dogmatical conclusion. Much that we have considered as the wild ravings of a distempered imagination, has resulted from the desire to introduce a precise and mathematical absolutism into thought and action. Hence, of late years, in France, the singular, and to many, unaccountable spectacle, of the greatest theorists among men least addicted to visionary pursuits.

Go into yonder salon, where you meet the young doctors and philosophers of the hour!

This legist carries the principle of equality so far, that he believes ~~there is no difference in intellect~~; that philosopher imagines the superiority of one individual over another so divine, that he would have set no limits to Bonaparte's despotism. Here is the christian geologist, who has just composed a new Genesis! There is the practical experimentalist, who has just performed a new miracle! The philosopher proves we shall have tails,* and the moralist counsels promiscuous intercourse. There is a mixture of sense and nonsense, of virtue and vice, of learning and want of sound wisdom, about this race which sometimes astonishes a foreigner, and sometimes amuses.

True; they are free from what the man of books or the man of solitude would call "ignorance." They have learned most that study teaches, or meditation inspires. But there is a knowledge of human kind and of human affairs, which the practical mingling with the one in its variety of climes and races, and the practical handling of the other, except in rare and almost miraculous instances, can alone give.

It is this knowledge which sets us on the right side of that almost invisible line which separates the possible from the impossible; the ingenious theory from the profound reality; the lofty speculation on what will never happen, from the sober

* See "New Philosophies."

and derivative divination of what is about to come to pass. It is this knowledge which elevates the sophist into the philosopher; the speculator into the statesman: it is this knowledge which alone decyphers the mysterious scroll on which Providence writes—**THE NECESSITY OF THINGS.**

When Pythagoras and Plato conceived the idea of preaching a philosophy to their countrymen, they considered it a necessary part of their undertaking to visit Egypt and the Indies, and to acquaint themselves with the countries, and the history, and the civilization of the countries which surrounded them. Not so the more positive and impatient founders of systems in Paris!

They live in a "set," they talk in a "set," they think in a "set," and their thoughts are thus frequently most bounded, when they conceive they are most enlarged; and their language next to unintelligible, when they deem that they have arrived at the *ne plus ultra* of perspicuous expression. They believe those ideas to be most general, which they hear most frequently repeated, and those terms to be most explicit, which they have invented as mere pass-words among themselves.

As for other countries, they never take them into account.

The wants of the present epoch, and the philosophy of the present epoch—always supposing that these are to affect humanity in general—are never considered but as the wants of the present epoch, and the philosophy of the present epoch in France.

Christianity is to disappear, and a system of universal association to take place, because there are in France symptoms unfavourable to the one, and favourable to the other. The mind of England, the mind of America, the mind of Germany, at least as influential over the world's doctrines, as that of our enlightened, but somewhat variable neighbours, are considered as natural effervescences from the solid spirit of a French imagination.

I do not say this in despite, nor am I inclined to throw even a momentary ridicule upon the powerful workings of generous and ingenuous persons, whom I believe to be actuated by the noblest desire, viz. that of elevating and improving mankind.

But the mischief of jejeune creeds, is their ever accompanying intolerance; and when I see young men, who have thought much, but who have beheld little, altogether ignorant of other lands, having but a partial knowledge of their own, necessarily unacquainted with the practice of government, not easily delivered of even their own visions of philosophy, set up unhesitatingly some newly invented standard for every man's honesty and intelligence, and deem without scruple that all who do not submit to it are rogues, or fools, or despots, or aristocrats, I own that I do feel a strong desire to speak, not against the preaching of great changes in society and religion, if the necessity for these changes should force themselves after long and deep meditation upon our sober consciences; but against the adopting hastily, and preaching intemperately, such strange and startling doctrines as those which it is impossible for the philosophers of the medical and polytechnic schools to have imbibed, except on very superficial reasonings, and very brief observation.

“Stand upon the ancient roads,” says Bacon, “and see which is the good and the right one, and walk on in that.”

Antiquity deserveth so much reverence as that we should rest thereupon, and first discover which is the best way; *then*—when the discovery is well made, we may take progression.

But if a man will begin with certainties, he will end with doubts; whereas, if he be content to begin with doubts, he will end with certainties.

CHAPTER IV.

Describe different classes of French society—The middle class is different in France from the middle class elsewhere, and more imbued with the spirit of other classes—Still the character of the shop-keepers on the whole prevails—Chamber, Jury, National Guard, &c. in the hands of this class.

I WILL now divide what remains for me to say on this subject, into a view of the different classes of French society.

THE MIDDLE CLASS.

The middle class in France holds a particular position, and is different from any body that we should call by the same name in any other country.

In England the middle class is entirely composed of persons engaged in trade, the lower branches of commerce, farmers, attorneys, and persons retired from business, and living on the small capital they may have acquired in it. Their respectability is great, their views and feelings sensible and moderate, but their influence has been much exaggerated: it is crushed between the great fortunes of the aristocracy on the one hand, and the extensive elective franchise of the working classes on the other.

In America there is no especial middle class; all the nation is composed of *our* middle class. This class were its original founders, and have been its constant settlers.

In France there is a middle class, not like the nation in America, not like the middle class in this country, but a middle class composed of the ruins of an old, and the elements of a new state of society. We see there, as in those strata of the earth where we find the mingled fossils of animals, and of

fish, and of herbs, some antediluvian, the traces of a mighty shock which threw into unexpected companionship things once heterogeneous, and buried the witnesses of a former world in the womb of the present one. Not only did the revolution of 89 break down the fortunes which separate ranks—it broke down the habits. During that terrible reign, in which a noble name was a title of proscription, the lower classes lost all deference for the upper, and the upper all contempt for the lower.

The feelings which, on either side, had kept the two portions of society apart, disappeared; and as the victories of the consulate succeeded, elevating the peasant to the command of provinces and armies, and carrying a successful soldier of fortune to the topmost pinnacle of power, even that halo which sheds itself upon the aristocratic mansion and the princely palace, descended upon the cottage. High place and great consideration obtained by a quality—which, for the very reason, perhaps, that it is the most common among men, is the most commonly respected,—high place and great consideration—the consequence of successful valour—created a nobility without ancestors, and which had frequently its relations among the humbler orders of the people.

Here the daughter of an illustrious race, brought up by a mother almost starving, with no fortune and little education, was too happy to espouse the son of a grocer, whose bill it would have been difficult to pay. Here, too, the son of a grocer, risen into a distinguished general, emulated the equipage, lived in the society, and perhaps married into one of the families of that courtly set, who enchanted the modern master with the ancient recollections of Versailles. All men had been every thing, and connected with every body, during those few eventful years, which only form half the life of this generation, but which will be the history of a republic and an empire—to posterity. The middle class in France then—I mean that class who have a moderate, or what we should call a small fortune, and move in an ordinary sphere of life—cannot be said to have altogether one particular set of habits, or one particular set of recollections, or one particular set of desires.

The seigneur has *fallen* into this class, the servant has *risen*

into it, and these changes have taken place, and this amalgamation has been brought about, not by the steady hand of Time, that great but slow revolutionist, but by the running blow of Fortune, which, altering the position of men, still leaves their manners and their memories.

Thus, though the middle class in France may to a certain degree represent what may be called the shopkeepers, still it does not wholly represent them;—while the shopkeepers themselves are not, if I may thus express myself, so completely shopkeepers as in other countries. They are more connected and more in the habit of mixing with other persons and other classes. They have less of frugality and caution, and more of elegance and luxury in their tastes and pursuits. They live in intimate companionship with the artist, the literateur, the soldier; and feel no sort of barrier, either between themselves and those who have not yet risen into their sphere, or between themselves and those whose fortunes are superior to theirs.

It is because they are not so much a body apart in France as in other countries, that they better fill the station that is assigned to them in the French nation. They have not, to the same extent, those feelings of *caste* which belong to the middling order in governments where ranks have been less mingled, and history is less violent and confused. They do not feel so alien to the lower classes, nor so distinct from the higher.

Still, the man who has sunk from opulence to mediocrity, or the man who is rising from indigence to wealth, is equally partial to order and tranquillity; and here the middle class in France, though composed so differently from that elsewhere, is moved by the same impulse. Containing the soldier, it is averse to war, and springing in part from the lower ranks of the people, it is averse to revolution. Besides, though the middle class in France is not exclusively a class of shopkeepers, though the shopkeepers in France are different in many respects from those in countries where they form a rank, as it were, of their own,—yet it is the shopkeepers who compose the most bulky and important part of this class; nor are they wholly without the feelings and disposition natural to their calling. The government of the middle class, then, is sometimes called “the government of the shopkeepers,” and represents sufficient of its

characteristics, when we oppose it to what might be called "the government of the army," or "the government of the aristocracy," or "the government of the working classes," to justify such a description.

I say "the government of the middle class,"—for it is the object of the present constitution in France to give this class (though within a very limited sphere) the legal and representative power of the state. The chamber of deputies, the municipal councils, the juries, are all the representatives of this body—voting the public money, regulating the provincial administration, wielding the judicial power, and thus maintaining in the will of the government that unity, which a centralized administration gives to its force.

"The law takes a fair estimate of the different influences and opinions, which in our state of society are the most proper to advance the cause of civilization and the interest of the country. Is it necessary to say, that these opinions and these influences are the opinions and the influences of the middle classes, whose accession to power is the greatest and most prolific result of our fifty years of revolution?"

"And when people, in a spirit more philosophic than politic, reproach us for not establishing between all the opinions and all the influences a perfect equilibrium—when, in the name of the people who take no part in the dispute, these persons complain that the law gives to what they call the shopkeepers a decided preponderance, they only, in my idea, declare that the electoral law, as it exists, is good, just according to the principles of the revolution, and adapted to the wants of society.

"To whom indeed ought power to be given, if not to that *bourgeoisie* of whom we speak? To the aristocracy? I am far from undervaluing the services that those classes have rendered in former times, or to deny the kind of historical pomp which still surrounds them. *But the blindest must see that the time for an aristocracy is gone by.*

"To the classes the most numerous and the poorest?"

"I know not, for my own part, if these classes will ever arrive at such a degree of intelligence, of civilization, and of leisure, as will give them the power of governing instead of being governed; but this I know, that at the present time they are not arrived at this state of capacity; that at all events we must govern, not by them, but for them.

"To the middle classes, then, to the middle classes alone belongs the government of France!"

Such is the language of Monsieur Duvergier D'Hauranne, one of the most distinguished among the young deputies of the *juste-milieu*.

THE ARISTOCRACY.

CHAPTER V.

Aristocracy still found 'in the drawing-room—Driven from the forum—Origin of government of the middle class—Bonaparte's two aristocracies—Destruction of majorats—Impossibility of hereditary peerage in France—Law respecting present peerage and fault of—

“AN aristocracy in France,” says Monsieur Duvergier, “is gone by.”

Let us go to Paris with this idea! Who is at the head of society there? The king? the court? that handsome and well-favoured prince whose apartments are so tastefully adorned in the Pavillon Marsan?

To the king, and his court—to the prince who is to be king and to have a court—behold! yonder salons of the elect are barred, banned!

To whom does the banker bow so low? To the lady in favour at the illuminated Tuileries—or the dame who receives in a dark hotel in the Rue St. Dominique?

You tell me, Monsieur Duvergier, that the aristocracy is gone by. I know no country where it is more alive—in the drawing-room.

There is a club at the corner of the Rue de Grammont, composed of the persons best known in *society* at Paris.

The Duc de Luxembourg, the type of the old aristocracy, is chosen president by a great majority.

But enter a new arena! a complimentary address is to be presented to M. de Châteaubriand.*

* On account of the pamphlet containing that famous phrase—

“Votre fils, Madame, est mon Roi,”

addressed to the Duchesse de Berri.

The address is to produce a sensation : who should present it? The young royalists hold council together.

What person do they select to place at their head—this time? Do the young journalists and bankers and *rentiers* select Monsieur de Luxembourg, or Monsieur de Fitz-James; or Monsieur de Montmorency? No; but the Duc de Luxembourg, the Marquis de Fitz-James, select—Monsieur Thomas.

“We have got a capital person,” said a Carlist to me. “We have got a capital person to present the address; a Monsieur Thomas!!! Dieu merci, il n’y a rien, d’aristocratique dans ce nom là.” *

This is the circumstance to be remarked in France, a circumstance puzzling to most strangers.

That class, which we call the aristocracy, at the same time takes the lead in private society, and the tail in public affairs.

Defeated in the market place and the forum, it has entrenched itself in the salon; and if driven from the chamber finds a consolation in breaking the hearts of the deputies’ wives.

An aristocracy then and the pretensions of an aristocracy still exist in France, where an aristocracy and its pretensions can do little harm. When I say “harm,” I may be using a wrong expression.

That elegant and graceful clique which flitted but five years ago, in all the suavity of power—for it is not power that is insolent and exclusive—round the royal person; hostile as a favoured band to the interests of the people, forms as a discontented faction the best opposition to a court. They who would sneer at the just rebuke of M. Odillon Barrot, will writhe beneath the courtly satire of Madame de Noailles; and even Napoleon, after unhesitatingly crushing the constitution and the press, halted more than once before the whispered censure of a little brocaded circle, who respected his power to make kings, and smiled at his efforts to make chamberlains.

We may trace the fall, I mean the political fall, of the old nobility in France to Richelieu and to Louis XIV.; undoubtedly they humbled the pride and weakened the provincial power of the feudal chieftains; but it is singular, as an historical fact, that

* Thank God! there is nothing aristocratic in this name.

the rise of that commercial class, on which M. Duvergier states the present government to be based, and which certainly placed the present monarch upon his throne, was more especially owing to the accidental reign of a Prince of the House of Orleans.

“ In the middle of a populous part of the town, between the streets of St. Denis and St. Martin, extends in the same direction an obscure passage, 450 feet long and 5 broad, bordered on either side by about ninety houses.

“ It is called Rue Quincampoix ; at a celebrated epoch it was called *la rue*, as Rome was called *la ville*. The two extremities of this street or passage were occupied by a guard, and fortified by an iron grate, which opened at six in the morning and closed at nine at night. The nobility entered by one end, the vulgar by another ; *but the barrier once passed, the most fraternal equality reigned within.*”*

This was the vortex amidst the hissing eddies of which the materials of two revolutions were first forged.

At the head of a banking company sat Philippe, Regent of France, and grand seigneurs and sovereigns petitioned to be introduced, under such illustrious auspices, to the mines and the mysteries of jobbing.

What was an aristocracy ready to sell its birthright for a mess of pottage, and which threw the prestige of its nobility at the feet of a set of swindling Jews and brokers ?—Every consideration had been sacrificed for the sake of money, and money became, in consequence, the sole measure of consideration.

In vain then were the velvet hats, and nodding plumes, and graceful mantles of the ancient chivalry of France ! on the plain and simple body, which represented the interests of industry and commerce, all eyes in 1789 were fixed ; and, when the Tiers-Etat declared themselves the National Assembly, every one felt that in fact they *did* represent the nation.†

* See Lemontey—Louis XV.

† Law it was who founded that reign of the *bourgeoisie* which expired with the Gironde, began recommencing after the empire, and has existed since the revolution of July, amidst, as I have elsewhere said, a variety of influences and opinions that are opposed to it.

And now, over the gorgeous superiorities of the past, roll heavily the wheels of the revolution. Napoleon, after the 18th of Brumaire, becomes first magistrate of France; but what is society around him?—to use his own expression—“a mass of pulverized ruins,”—no part does he find more solid and elevated than the rest, on which the seat that he holds may repose, or the throne to which he aspires may be raised. He sought then to form an aristocracy; but a new aristocracy—consistent with—nay, naturally arising out of—the new ideas, by which the old one had been consigned to the tomb.

In the “Legion of Honour” was incorporated a body, which, distinguished for arms and letters, possessed the two titles which at the time obtained national respect.

But the empire succeeded to the consulate: an hereditary principle was to govern the state, and not wishing that the transmission of his sceptre should be a political anomaly, Bonaparte placed the fortune of his favourites upon the pedestal to which he had raised his own power.

Hence the institution of majorats: which, lying for the most part in a conquered territory, were given with the double object of attaching the nobility to the crown, and its conquests to the empire.*

* Majorats were unknown in the old French law, and were first instituted under the imperial régime.

The emperor, by the decree of 30th August, 1806, created a number of different great fiefs, but in foreign countries, which were to be given to great services, and descend by order of primogeniture from *male* to *male*.

The alienation of these fiefs in foreign countries was authorised on the condition that other estates should be acquired in France and transmitted in the same manner.

A clause always enjoining the acquisition of such property by the man in case of defect of male issue.

This was one species of majorat.

There was also another; the emperor being authorised to create a majorat in favour of any citizen who should have distinguished himself, which majorat was to be founded with the citizen's own private property.

In respect to entails, they were first limited to the second degree by an ordinance 1747, and afterwards prohibited 14th August, 1806. But they were again introduced by a law 3rd October, 1807, in an exceptional case thus expressed:—

“Néanmoins les biens libres formant la dotation de titres héréditaires que l'empereur aurait érigé en faveur d'un prince ou chef de famille pourront être transmis héréditairement.”

In the first instance, this extraordinary personage was governed by the opinions of his time; in the second, he endeavoured to impose upon that time his own ideas.

But in the attempt to turn back the current which had carried him so far forward, even the greatest man whom history has recorded was unsuccessful; and thus the reign of Bonaparte remains—but an episode in the history of the French revolution.

Hark! at the very moment that I write, a new crash is heard among that feudal *échafaudage* which this Charlemagne of the nineteenth century sought to raise amidst the ideas of Rousseau and the recollections of the convention.*

In all these laws the emperor, as is evident, had the object in view—of creating and perpetuating an aristocracy founded on merit.

They were attacked in discussion on three different grounds:—

1. As contrary to the best principles of political economy.
2. As opposed to the best rules of legislation.
3. As hostile to the soundest interests of morality.

On the ground, it was said, that, by making any property inalienable, you took it out of commerce and circulation. The revenue of those majorats that were founded on the property of the emigrants, was valued at four millions of francs.

On the second ground, it was urged that it established in perpetuity an unequal lot amongst families, and an impediment to merit.

On the third, the numerous social evils arising out of the poverty of one part of a family, and the exorbitant wealth of another, were demonstrated.

* LAW RELATIVE TO THE ABOLITION OF MAJORATS, AND SUBSTITUTIONS OR ENTAILS.

Article 1. All majorats are interdicted for the future.

2. All majorats, or portions of majorats, founded with private property before the promulgation of the present law, and which before such promulgation shall not have been transmitted, will return to their founders.

3. The majorats of the same nature, created before the promulgation of this law, shall only have effect in favour of those who shall be in possession of the properties thus affected, or who shall have acquired the right to claim them.

4. Nevertheless, in the case foreseen (by the article 2 above), the property cannot be alienated or mortgaged by the founder, if he is married since the creation of the majorat, or before the present law, or if, having become a widower, he has children from the marriage he contracted.

So also in respect to the incumbent, when he shall have married since the institution of the majorat.

* This and the following article were inserted in favour of the women, who, since marriages are always an affair of calculation in families, had been induced most probably to marry under such considerations and expectations.

Surely if any proof were wanting for the justification of those who, five years ago, proclaimed the impossibility of supporting an hereditary peerage in the country of which I am writing, such proof would be found in the present enactment of laws,— laws dictated less by the head than the heart of the nation,— laws the most popular among that middle class which M. Duvergier says *must reign*,— laws destroying the sole foundation on which an aristocracy of descent can be maintained.

Let us be sure of this! when there exists any body in a state, mingled up in the people's concerns, but about which the people feel no interest—a body, the opinion of which can be crushed by the will of a minister, without exciting a murmur in the nation—the persons whose titles, under such circumstances, the monarch may attach to the peerage, are of no more importance than those whose names he, with the same benevolence, affixes on the pension list. They are debtors to the royal bounty, but they are not invested with public consideration.

The object of a second chamber is the institution of a court of national appeal. For its decisions to be valid, such a court must be independent of the crown, and respected by the people;—for its decisions to be just, such a court must be intimately

Nevertheless, the possessor of the majorat can, with the consent of his wife, dispose of the property, for the establishment of their common children, within the limits of the civil code.

5. If, at the time of the present law being promulgated, there exist expectants in succession, married since the ceation of a majorat, there shall be in their favour an exception to articles 2 and 3, and they will in consequence receive the majorat, and enjoy it in conformity with the restrictions contained in article 4.

6. The shares which the younger children or widows shall have acquired over property composing such majorats shall be preserved to them.

7. * The dotations, or the portions of dotations, consisting of property subjected to the right of returning to the state, will continue to be held and transmitted according to the article of investiture, and without prejudice to the expectations opened by the law of 5th October, 1814.

8. The disposition of the five above-named articles are applicable to the entails made in virtue of the law of 27th May, 1826.

9. Abolished in every thing contradictory to the present law the act imperial of 30th March 1806, the "*sénatus consulte*" of the 14th August following, and the decrees of the 18th of March 1808, and the law of 17th May, 1826.

* In the preceding articles mention only has been made of majorats founded on private property.

connected with the habits, the state of property, the sentiments, and the state of society in that country where it exists.

But, even before these later edicts, during the haughtiest times of the restoration, what, in France, was the hereditary chamber ?

There it stood! the image of Nebuchadnezzar's idol. On its front were written great names and historical recollections; its head was of gold, but its feet were of clay.

It could not be an efficient body in the government of France, for it was not a body analogous with the society of France.

If the property of the peerage were allowed to undergo the ordinary rule of succession, royalty had before it a small number of families whom it might be necessary to gain for political purposes, and easy to gain by ministerial and courtly favours.

If, on the contrary, laws were made for the continual accumulation of wealth in these families, there was created, in a state where the whole nation was interested in a particular distribution of fortune, and the social political consequences resulting from it,—a small band, perpetually alone, and aloof from that nation—a band which must have ideas, and habits, and interests totally different from those for whom they were legislating.

Leave this body in the ordinary condition of their fellow citizens, and you deliver them into the hands of the sovereign; separate them and their children's children from their fellow-citizens, and you destroy that identity which is necessary between the governor and the governed.

Besides, in forming a chamber which ought to comprise the superiorities of a country, it is always necessary to consider what, in that country, will most readily be considered superiorities.

If ancient descent, if large fortune form those distinctions which the people most willingly acknowledge—on ancient descent and on large fortune base your upper chamber!

The possessor of a large fortune may be looked up to for protection in a country where there is a great class possessing large fortunes.

Such is still the case in England.

The possessor of ancient descent is looked up to in a country,

the great nobles of which enjoy an independent existence, and are by action and history connected with the popular cause.

Such was the case in England.

But show me a state with thirty-two millions of inhabitants, and where there are not above 1,500 landed proprietors with 1,200*l.* a year!*

What sentiment will a great fortune, entailed on a few families, create? Respect and confidence?—no: suspicion—suspicion, because instead of being the guarantee to a large class that their condition will be maintained, these few families exist as a perpetual source of fear to the country, that its existence will be changed.

So, if I find amongst a nation become deeply attached to popular privileges, a nobility which, during the days of its grandeur was nourished by courtly favour, I know that the names which revive national antipathies will not be proper conductors to public respect?

The two conditions necessary to hereditary legislation exist not in France; and if you give, as a reason for its institution, the advantages it once produced in England, you may as well advocate the culture of the sugar cane in Norway, because it flourished in St. Domingo.

But the most amusing circumstance in the very remarkable discussion which took place a short time ago in respect to the nature of the peerage in France, was this!

All the necessities on which an hereditary assembly is founded—nobody desired. A different distribution of property, a great respect for privileged orders—God forbid!

The state of society out of which such an institution naturally arises, was declared to be abominable on all sides; it was the institution itself that a few, no doubt very wise statesmen and philosophers, wanted, without any of its effects, or any of its causes.

This isolated peerage was not to be directly connected with the country, but something separate from the country; not a

* About 939 properties pay from 4,000 to 5,000 francs—the 6th of their revenue; but as other properties joined are in the hands of the same possessor, from 1,400 to 1,500 is about the calculation.—See Introduction, France, 'Literary, Social, and Political.'—p. xvi.

body reposing upon 80,000* great proprietors—this was denounced as most atrocious—but a nice little body of 300 persons, dropping from the clouds, for there seemed nothing on earth they could arise from, and totally distinct from every body and every thing around them.

An aristocracy may be still possible and desirable in France, but not an hereditary aristocracy. For qualities that confer individual respect, individuals might be chosen, who would form a body universally respected; but these qualities would not be a pedigree posteriorating to the crusades, nor a fortune accumulated under laws at variance with the habits and ideas of the existing generation.

As the passion for military glory was stronger during the olden time than the pride of birth, so is it stronger at the present time than the pride of equality.

In the reign of Louis XIV., the court saw, without a murmur, the title of "duke," which was a right, submit to the title of "marshal," which was a gift. In the reign of Louis-Philippe, the nation elevates the distinctions of the camp above the doctrines that denounce distinctions among the people.

Nor is the sentiment inspired by success in letters, less than that which follows success in arms.

"Les dieux que nous avons maintenant," said a person of no small celebrity lately—"ce sont la science et l'art; nous sommes secoués dans les théâtres et dans la cour comme nous étions jadis dans les églises; les cœurs que nous avons enlevés aux prêtres, nous les devons tout entiers aux philosophes et aux poètes."

The French have one chamber composed of the mediocrities of their country;—a chamber neither elected by the people, who are always attached to the pomp and circumstance of talent; nor by the great proprietors, who, whatever their faults, usually take a noble aspect of public affairs. The chamber of deputies, chosen by a small body of the middle classes, represents the mediocrities of France.

If you wish for another assembly, which the king and the

* Ce n'est pas 80,000 tyrans que nous voulons imposer au pays, ce sont seulement 300 individus que nous voulons investir de hautes fonctions.—Voilà tout.—*M. Thiers.*

people shall respect, and to which the chamber of deputies can be appealed from, it must be an assembly composed—not of the superiorities of past times, nor of foreign states, but of the acknowledged and existing superiorities of France.

To create such an assembly, was the intention of those who founded the present chamber of peers; but I cannot but think there is a radical vice in the very origin of this institution.

You wish for an independent body, composed of persons whose distinctions shall impose a popular authority upon the sovereign's opinions, or give the sanction of superior capacity and intelligence to the counsels of the people's assembly.

You wish for this, and what do you do? you organize the existence of your political creation so as to cripple it at its very birth. Will those who are named by the king receive the faith of the people, or can they be firm against the sovereign's displeasure?—The head which should be crowned with popularity, is dishonoured by suspicion, and the hand that should be armed with independence, is paralyzed by gratitude.

LAW CONSTITUTING THE PEERAGE OF THE MONARCHY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Louis-Philippe, King of the French, to all present and to come—*salut!*

The chambers have adopted—we have ordained, and ordain as follows:

ARTICLE UNIQUE.—Replacing 23rd Article of the Charter.

The nomination of Members of the Chamber of Peers belongs to the King, *who can only choose among the notabilities following.**

The number of peers is illimited.

Their dignity shall be given for life, and is not transmissible by order of nomination..

L. PHILIPPE.

Palace of the Tuileries, 29th Dec. 1831.

* For Notabilities, see Appendix.

STATE OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

CHAPTER VI.

State of Working Classes more favorable than formerly—Division of Property—Saving Banks and Associations—Population in Towns and Country—The Population in the former require Poor Laws—System existing—But though the people in towns are badly off, this is rather on account of dissipated habits than want of wages—How to remedy this—Immediate necessity for improving the Working Classes, since the Government which has passed the Aristocracy must descend to them—Police Regulations promoting order amongst them—Causes of late disorders, &c.

THE monarch,* whose statue escaped the revolution of July, owes great part of his popularity to the wish, which no doubt he as honestly expressed as easily forgot, viz. “that every peasant should have a chicken in his pot for his Sunday’s repast;”—and still, the desire which every philanthropist feels to arrange society under a law that shall protect the interests and advance the happiness of the multitude—and the difficulty which every legislator finds in carrying into practice such benevolent intentions—makes us look with peculiar interest on any community, whence instruction is to be derived, in this, the great lesson, to be taught the rulers of mankind.

From what I have already said of “the lower classes” in France, it may be concluded that I have formed a favourable opinion as to their condition; but I would now enter into the present state and future prosperity of this body with more detail.

What a different picture shall I have to draw from that given us by Rousseau, when quitting the divided soil of Savoy, he first placed his foot on that country over which he was destined

* Henry IV.

to exercise so powerful a sway, and which he then found in the possession of a bankrupt nobility and a starving people!

In the first place :

The period of human existence has increased by seven years, since the calculations made in 1780 ; and when we consider that this increase, here taken in the average, ought to be almost entirely given to the poor, who have chiefly profited by it, we shall have some idea of the increased comforts and advantages they enjoy.

And now, much that I have said on the division of property comes again under consideration.

The number of landed proprietors may, certainly, be calculated at five millions.

The number of persons, who, as the head of some trade or industry, paid the tax on patents in 1832, were 1,118,500;—add the number of persons not included in either of the above denominations, and who possess mortgages, houses, or shares of houses, or capital invested in the funds!

Surely I may say, if to these holders of patents I add the various possessors and proprietors of land, of houses, of funded property, and of mortgages, there will, at the lowest estimate, be 7,000,000 persons, which, allowing four for a family, make 28,000,000 interested, because, according to the French law of succession, a share of this property will come to them—in some species of property or other : there remain then but 4,500,000, who have not property, or the expectation of it.

How many of these have accumulated, and are still accumulating the means of independence in those banks, institutions worthy of the social epoch in which we live—banks formed by the benevolent intelligence of the rich, in order to relieve the burthens, and at the same time encourage the industry of the poor—banks already existing in Amiens, Avignon, Besançon, Bordeaux, Douai, Dunkerque, Havre, Lyons, Lunéville, Metz, Mulhausen, Nantes, Orléans, Paris, Rennes, Rouen, Rheims, St. Etienne, Toulon, Toulouse, Versailles,—and demanded in Annonay, Carcassonne, Cherbourg, Lille, Mâcon, Montargis, Nancy, &c. &c.

SAVINGS' BANKS FORMED.

From 1818 to 1830,	11
1832,	4
1833,	12
1834,	20
Since,	39

 86*

In 1826, eight years after the creation of these establishments, in a hundred persons depositing their savings, there were not above 16 of the working classes; in 1831, there were 43.

A considerable portion of this body indeed in Paris, has savings deposited in the savings' banks,† and a great number also belongs to some kind of benevolent society.

The progress of these benevolent societies is worthy of notice.—

From 1810 to 1830, were authorized	185
From 1830 to 1834,	32
During . . . 1834,	27

 244

They are generally formed amongst workmen of the same profession, paying a small monthly contribution (from 1 to 3 francs), in consideration of which, relief is to be afforded (about 1 franc a day) when sickness, infirmity, or accident deprive them of employment.

The earliest associations of this description are:—

That of St. Anne, founded for all professions in 1694, and containing 160 members.

That of cabinet-makers founded 1760.

* It is to be remarked, that the lottery decreased in almost the same proportion—in the three first months in 1834, it had diminished by 3,687,000 francs:—it is now abolished.

† In 1830, the savings' bank of Paris alone received 93,284,325 francs, subdivided into 751,567 deposits made by different persons at different times.

That of typographers, founded 1789, possessing 80 members, and an income of 1,750 francs.

The most numerous are:—

That of the hatters, that of the paper-makers, that of the printers, and that of the painters on porcelain; some of these have a capital of 15,000 to 16,000 francs.

The persons absolutely dependent upon their daily labour for support—who if thrown out of employment have no kind of resource—must necessarily then be small. The population of the rural districts are frugal, sober, and laborious, anxious to obtain a piece of ground, or to extend that which they possess; proud of the title of “peasant” which is usually linked with that of “proprietor,” simple, indefatigable and independent. Here you will hardly find a pauper, except from malady or accident.

In rural villages, indeed, I have frequently found, upon inquiry, not more than two or three poor (I mean supported by charity) in a population of 1,500—and these were persons corresponding with Mr. Cobbett’s account, not unable to find work, but incapable of performing it.

In towns, however, the case is different.

M. Bigot de Morogues, in a work lately published, gives a curious notice of this distinction, and, according to him, indeed, the number of poor is almost relative to the number of large towns in any particular district.

In the towns of above 50,000 inhabitants, and in the departments they belong to, we find, he says, on 10,000 inhabitants,	Beggars or Indigent.	Under the “Surveillance” of the Police.
In 26 departments which have towns above 20,000 persons, on 10,000,	1,040	170
In 50 departments which have towns above 6,000 persons, on 10,000,	560	130
In those departments which have no town above 5,000 persons, on 10,000,	490	110
	380	60

Monsieur de Villeneuve draws similar conclusions:—

In towns of above 1,500 persons, he estimates one tenth as paupers.

And in the rest of France one thirtieth.

In the northern departments, where land is *less divided* than

in general, and cultivated with *larger capitals*, there is by far the greatest number of indigent; and in the towns of this division, pauperism has even risen to an alarming extent.

“Here,” says M. Villeneuve, “the poor consist of workmen, ignorant, improvident, brutified by debauchery, or enervated by manufacturing labours, and habitually unable to support their families.”

These statements are curious, for they corroborate much that we find, and which I have ventured to remark, in England—showing that in France also the greatest misery is frequently to be seen in those spots where wealth is on the most rapid increase.

A new consideration here arises, which, as it is connected with a question exciting deep interest amongst ourselves, I shall take the liberty to speak of. People have occupied themselves much with discussing whether there should be “poor laws,” or whether there should not be “poor laws,”—paying little attention, for the most part, to the state of society to which such institutions are to be applied: though it is precisely that state of society which may render them altogether useless or imperatively requisite.

When we look at France, which has no law upon the subject, we find a certain necessity making regulations, and preparing the minds of men for regulations, according to the various circumstances it has to provide for.

In the rural districts, and in those rural districts more especially, where property is in the greatest degree divided, the proposition of a poor law would be treated as absurd.

Because, first;—the labourer is not altogether dependant upon wages; he has something, when out of employ, to fall back upon, and his patch of ground supplies the place of the poor's rate.

Because, secondly;—the great mass who possess property, have no fear of the small number who have nothing: and because, thirdly;—the very small number who are out of employ, and have no bit of ground, or who, from sickness or accident, are incapable of working for themselves or others, are of the same class, and frequently of the same parentage, as those from whom relief is to come; therefore no law is required

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132,743

**E INDIGENT POPULATION OF PARIS,
TION RESPECTING THE SAME.**

ONDISSEMENTS.							TOTAL
6	7	8	9	10	11	12	
80,811	59,415	72,800	42,561	83,127	50,227	77,456	770.24
8,222	4,130	10,474	4,844	5,750	4,341	12,894	68.95
109,828	110,483	106,950	108,788	114,456	111,576	106,007	11011.11
2,279	1,785	2,528	1,870	1,757	1,285	3,581	20.30
1,461	240	1,788	481	1,172	920	2,238	11.42
3,740	2,025	4,316	2,351	2,929	2,205	5,819	31.72
1,970	984	2,452	1,207	1,194	1,038	3,090	16.16
3,320	1,723	3,864	2,036	2,599	1,958	5,102	28.02
1,438	689	2,045	753	967	679	2,282	12.00
1,494	734	2,113	848	990	668	2,420	12.71
8,222	4,130	10,474	4,844	5,750	4,341	12,894	68.95
1,584	795	2,011	928	1,116	785	2,500	13.17
1,503	914	1,683	1,011	1,243	887	2,155	12.57
453	253	458	329	545	385	796	4.11
200	93	164	83	25	148	338	1.72
1,301	581	1,384	694	771	596	2,151	9.22
633	320	925	292	481	276	892	5.43
1,806	1,144	2,007	1,267	1,677	1,331	2,043	10.73

to oblige persons to an act of duty and charity, which their own feeling, and affection, or the opinion of all around them would compel them to perform.

But just in the degree that you approach other places, where the labourer has nothing to depend upon but his wages—where the possessors of wealth are few, and naturally in dread of the desperation of the greater number;—and where, moreover, the different distribution of fortune has so separated the classes, as that the poor can appeal to no one among the rich, except on some regulation made among the rich themselves;—there you observe, as in the Department du Nord, for instance, where the greatest capitals are found, and where four towns,

Lisle,	}	Population.
Valenciennes,		121,309.
Cambrai,		
Dunkirk,		

furnish 36,230 paupers;—there, I say, you observe, to use the words of M. Villeneuve, *que la taxe des pauvres s'est forcément introduite*;—and so, let people reason as they will, it must introduce itself, as a wise and prudent policy of the wealthy, wherever society is fluctuating, and the many have nothing to depend upon more certain than their casual employment.

Paris, the natural reservoir for the enterprize of the kingdom, (out of 3,347 persons relieved in one of the arrondissements of Paris (1834), 2,196 were not of Parisian birth, and 179 not of French extraction), gives no idea of the state of tranquil sufficiency which prevails throughout the country in general; but it is there, that the present system for the relief of the poor is most developed. and can best be studied.

The budget of that metropolis contains a charge of 10,186,388 fr. for the poor;* the aid given being under the following heads :

* This charge is supplied by the following sources :—

Revenus en argent, loyers, fermages, etc.	1,196,271
Fermages en nature.	295,000
Rentes sur l'état.	1,201,472
	2,692,743
Carried forward	2,692,743

1. Public establishments, 24; 13 being hospitals destined to the sick, and containing 5,337 beds; and 11 *hospices* or houses where the indigent and infirm may be received to the number of 11,740 persons.

2. Relief sent to persons at their own houses.

3. Les enfans trouvés.

The movement, 1833, of the population in these establishments, was as follows :

	Hospitals.	Hospices.	Total.
Individuals there 1st Jan.	4,170	9,557	13,727
Admitted during the year.	61,765	3,190	64,955
	65,935	12,747	78,692

To these numbers are to be added—

1. Enfans trouvés, in the country or at Paris, on the 1st Jan. (orphans included).	17,435
2. Enfans trouvés, abandoned during the year.	5,693
3. Children placed out to nurse by the bureau des nourrices.*	1,760
4. Indigent assisted at home.	68,986
Total number altogether being	172,566 †

	Report	2,632,743
Rentes sur les particuliers.		11,000
Dons et legs.		100,000
Intérêts de capitaux.		12,000
Journées de malades, pensions payées pour l'admission.		386,100
Produits intérieurs, successions hospitalières.		81,200
Mont-de-Piété.		231,970
Spectacles.		600,000
Marchés créés.		296,300
Recettes diverses.		30,000
Subvention par la Ville de Paris.		5,238,000
Subvention par le département pour les enfans trouvés.		400,000
Subvention extraordinaire pour grands travaux.		92,000
Emploi des capitaux de l'administration.		75,075
		10,186,388

* A bureau to which persons desiring children to nurse can apply. The applicants are submitted to certain regulations, and must be monthly examined.

† *i. e.* one to eleven persons in Paris, double the proportion which the poor bear to the population in France in general.

There are also at the outskirts of Paris, large establishments, or houses of repression, where all persons, without employment or profession, are received—but these originally intended as charitable, are almost become penal institutions, and chiefly contain persons whom the police deem it expedient thus to dispose of.

The most interesting part of the statement I have entered into, is that relating to the aid given the indigent at their own houses, and which is extended, as it appears, to no less than 68,986 individuals; concerning whom I refer to the annexed statement.

This relief is chiefly administered in kind, and mostly through the medium of tickets upon the baker, the butcher, &c.; relief in money being reserved chiefly for the aged and infirm.

This is done by the aid of 12 bureaux of charity or benevolence, one to each of the arrondissements of Paris.

These bureaux are under the superintendence of the prefect of the department, and the council general, which has charge of the general administration of the hospitals, hospices, etc.

Each bureau is composed :

1. Of the mayor of the arrondissement (as president), and his two adjuncts; of the curate of the parish, and his desservans (curates or assistants).
2. Of 12 other administrators named by the Minister of the Interior, renewed every year by one-fourth, according to the order of their nomination.
3. Of an indefinite number of visitors to the poor, and "ladies of charity" (ladies who give up their time to charitable pursuits) named by the bureau, but not assisting at its deliberations, except when invited.
4. In those arrondissements where there is a protestant church, of the protestant clergyman.
5. Of a responsible agent, under the title of secretary and treasurer, who receives a salary and is obliged to give security.

Out of Paris—

Houses of repression, as established in 1793,* have been

* By a decree of the 20th of May, 1790, two convents were provisionally

found not to answer, and they now only exist where a number of different communes unite to form one.

Here too they act like the two establishments I have mentioned at the outskirts of Paris, less as charitable than as penal or restrictive institutions, and are principally maintained with a view of preventing the circulation of improper characters through the country.

assigned, one for the reception of the infirm poor, one for the reception and employment of those who were not unfit for labour.

18th of October, 1793, "houses of repression" were formed—establishments in which every able man was received and employed at 3-4ths the ordinary wages given in the canton.

Every "chef-lieu" of a department was to have one of these houses of repression, and every one begging, was to be punished in the first instance with one year's, in the second, with two year's imprisonment.

But the most remarkable attempt at a really wise poor law made in these times, was by a decree published May 11th 1794, commanding the formation of "a book of national benevolence," divided under three heads:

1. Cultivators, old and infirm.—2. Artisans, old and infirm.—3. Mothers and widows of the same, having children.

Under the first head, every poor man, sixty years old, furnished with a certificate attesting that he had been employed for twenty years in the cultivation of the soil, was to receive 160 francs a year.

The number of such persons was fixed at 400 for each department, and a sum of 7,544,000 francs for this purpose was placed at the disposal of the commission of public charities.

Under the second head, all artisans under sixty years old, infirm and who had exercised any industry for twenty-five years, were entitled to 120 francs per ann.

The number of these was fixed at 200 per department, and the sum allotted 2,040,000.

In respect to the mothers and widows having children, all mothers having two children under ten years, and a third at breast; all widows having one child under ten years and a second at breast, had a claim to the annual charity of sixty francs, and twenty francs additional, if at the expiration of the year, they presented their child alive to the agent of the commune.

Six hundred and fifty wives and widows thus situated, and one hundred and fifty widows, who had no children, and who received considerably less.

The sum here allotted was 3,060,000.

A recompense was also given by the same law to any "*mères filles*," to virgins with children!

The expense of this project, however congenial to the spirit of the time that produced it, was found more than the state, burthened with a war, could bear—and it only remains as a monument of the great and beneficent designs, which the madmen of the republic, at the very moment that they were sending their fellow-citizens by battalions to the guillotine, no doubt contemplated:—such are the contradictions of mankind! and such the injustice of history when it praises or condemns without restriction.

Each commune has a bureau of charity or bienfaisance, similar to those bureaux I have described in Paris, and a *hospice* or house of reception.

These are supported, partly by charitable bequests which form a permanent fund, partly by charitable donations, and partly by the sum voted by the municipal council, a sum regulated by the wants of the poor and the capacity of the commune.

The law still punishes any *valid* beggar with imprisonment, and the punishment becomes heavier if he begs out of his commune.*

Invalid beggars, also, may for the act of begging be sent to the *hospice* or house of reception, which, if they have any other means of subsistence, though the accommodation in most of these houses is good, they hate and avoid.

Thus, there are two methods of relief adopted, the one administered at home, to persons accidentally reduced to want, and who wish not to sink into the class of beggars in perpetuity; the other, given in houses of refuge, to persons less sensible of shame, and who would be inclined to imitate indigence in order to obtain the occasional luxuries of wealth.

But though the people in towns, and more particularly in manufacturing towns, seem liable to distress, it is fair and necessary to say, that this seems less caused by the real wants than the improvident habits of the people. I may cite one instance at Lyons.

The whole land-tax of the department of the Rhone (in which Lyons is situated) is 2,876,300 francs, and for 10 years prior to 1830, the annual amount of money put into the lottery in the town of Lyons alone, was 3,400,000 francs.†

I subjoin a table which I have taken much pains to form, and

* But this law, except in extraordinary cases, where the beggar is a known vagabond, or takes no pains to find employment, is rarely enforced. A calculation that gives 198,000 beggars in France, states that 500 were convicted of begging.

† It might be said, that it was the richer and not the poorer classes by whom this money was subscribed: this objection, however, is met by the fact, that since 1830, when the price of the lowest shares was raised to two francs, the produce of the whole decreased by one half.

which states many particulars relative to the class I am describing at Paris.

As it may be seen from this table, the characteristic weakness of the working classes in France is the desire for amusement, and for such amusements as cannot be enjoyed without expense. They waste the Sunday, very frequently the Monday or Tuesday, in the *guinguettes*, the theatre; there is no control over this habit. There is no duty, no passion to counterbalance it, for there is no religion, or little religion, in the cities more especially; neither has the education hitherto given to the working classes, offered more intellectual resources than the tavern at the *barrière*, or the *spectacle* on the Boulevards. The child, taking to any trade, having received little instruction during his boyhood, starts at eighteen, to make the tour of France. He passes from town to town, contracting, as it is easy to suppose, more vices than virtues in his way, and ends either by settling in the capital or returning to his native town, with the information he has thus acquired.

It does not so often happen, then, that a fair subsistence cannot be acquired in the towns, as that it is either extravagantly expended, or not sought to be procured. The evil to remedy is a moral evil, which can only be remedied by moral improvement. The new law on education must produce its effect; but there is a particular species of education adapted to the working classes, adapted especially to the working classes of France, and which, existing in France, to a certain extent, it is to be expected, that an intelligent and philanthropic government will attempt to improve. If you tell the man and his wife, who are just starting off for their Sunday's debauch, that they would do much better to come and hear a lecture on painting or chemistry, they will not be likely to listen very patiently to your injunction. But if you show them a beautiful picture, explain its subject, mark and make them remark the characteristics, and the talents of the artist, they will receive your lesson as an amusement, and have the satisfaction of learning without the suspicion of being taught. The same may be said of chemistry, even of astronomy, the illustrations of which I remember seeing when a boy, with a kind of mysterious

PROFESSION OR TRADES.	OBSERVATIONS.	GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON THE SEVERAL PROFESSIONS.		
		NO.	OBSERVATIONS.	
Carpenters. House Joiners.		1 Carpenters. 2 House-Joiners. 3 Tilers. 4 Masons. 16 House-Painters	It is to be well understood, that the hours of labour pointed out only apply to the fine season of the year, with respect to workmen employed in house-building. In bad weather, they work according to the length of day, and a deduction is made from their wages, for the difference between the hours of <i>actual</i> labour, and the time of labour <i>required of them</i> . The line of difference, in respect to house-joiners, arises from their working in the shop one hour more than in town; because, in the latter case, they have the walk to take in addition.	
Tilers. Masons. Seymen masons only earn 2 francs.				
Stonecutters. Glaziers. Shoemakers. Hatters. Tailors. Nappers. Cotton-Spinners Cabinet-Makers				
Paper-stainer Upholsterers. Printers, and other gous trade				
House-Painter Marble-cutters Paviors.	with respect to the number of the workmen belonging to the	7 Shoemakers. 9 Tailors.		Amongst the shoemakers and tailors, some are found to work in their masters' shops, others at home. The latter ha-

pleasure, resembling, but far exceeding, that which I should have received from a play.

Monsieur le Chevalier, an officer in the engineers, of very considerable attainments, instituted shortly after the revolution of July a gratuitous course of lectures upon this plan, and especially adapted to the working classes. These lectures were delivered in the Theatre Molière, and attended by about 3,000 of the working classes of Paris. M. le Chevalier would sometimes conduct these men to the Louvre, point out to them the pictures most deserving attention, recount the history of the artist, the subject of the piece, and every day so entertaining a professor found himself surrounded by new disciples.

It is to be regretted that these lectures, which commenced with the simple intention of improving the moral condition of the poor, were afterwards converted to political purposes. The government then found itself obliged to discourage them, and M. le Chevalier himself abandoned his voluntary professorship. Since which time, though still continued, they are little attended, and only exist as a memorial of what might be achieved on a similar plan, and which, if instituted by the government, would be under its controul.*

It may be asked, of what use is painting, of what use is history or chemistry to the poor? I answer, that all knowledge is useful in softening the mind, in opening the intelligence;—all knowledge is useful moreover which comes as a substitute for some more vicious gratification. But a practical illustration is

* I shall be much misunderstood, if it be supposed that I mean to deny amusements to the poor, and condemn them, as the condition of their destiny, to unceasing toil. But there are amusements which elevate the character, and there are amusements which debase it; amusements which strengthen the body, amusements which enfeeble it. There are expenses also which lead to improvement and comfort, as there are expenses which lead to idleness and want. The money spent in drinking, which is an amusement, is better spent on a book, which, read to the family, is an amusement also. A more comfortable piece of furniture, a larger and more healthy apartment, warmer clothing;—these are not amusements certainly, but the poor man would frequently do well in these respects to sacrifice a day's pleasures, in order to procure what will add considerably to his year's happiness. It is not that I wish to circumscribe the relaxations of the poor there, I only wish to give them such relaxations as will not withdraw them from industry nor deprive them of their comforts.

now before me;—the best proof for or against a disputed theory.

Travel over France, visit every great town of that great empire, where will you find the working classes most decent in their behaviour, most respectable in their appearance? at Metz: and why at Metz? There, there are lectures established and supported by the respectable inhabitants and officers of the town,—lectures on chemistry, history, etc.*

The change which has been produced among the working classes of Metz by these means is something marvellous. It is to be traced immediately in their manners. If you meet a working man, you find him polite, polished, correct in his language, easy without being confident in his conversation. You would take him, if he were not worse dressed and better informed, for a respectable *bourgeois* of Paris.

There seems, I admit, something theoretical in these projects of excessive perfection; but in France—attention is invited to them, not by any benevolent dream of distant philanthropy, nor any prospective consideration for future generations. The wisdom and policy of the day, of the hour, call the legislature to active and incessant preparation for that great scheme of democracy, now in the first stage of its development, but which is likely, even during the lifetime of us whose eyes are now open—to have a prosperous or fatal trial.

There is that sanctity in great names and deeds, there is so natural and almost holy a veneration implanted in us for antique recollections and superstitions, that it is possible for society long to make a stand on the line which separates the mass from the nobility. But that barrier once passed, who can for a moment pretend that all others will not shortly give way? Monsieur Thomas and Monsieur de Montmorency stand already in the same position before the state;—can Monsieur Thomas, who pays 200 frs. of direct taxes, and Monsieur Thomas, who pays 100 frs. stand long in a different one?

It is to this sentiment of their force—and also to the presen-

* Every person may have a ticket on applying for it; but if he misses *three* times, his name is erased from the list, and the ticket is forthwith refused to him.

timent of their destiny—it is to the conviction (forced on them from the tribune, and the stage, by the press and the revolution of July)—it is to the conviction that they have a power unacknowledged by the state, which power is daily becoming greater, that we may attribute those transient disorders that for the last four or five years have broken out among the working classes,—now exercised against the government, now against their masters.

Few countries, indeed, are so called upon to watch over their manufacturing population, as that France which adds all the fickleness and fierceness of its own character to the frequent variations and occasional severities of commerce.

Prior to the first revolution, all disputes between the different orders in trade were confined to the corporations which had each their own banner, (forming thus—so few institutions are there without their precedent—a species of national guard) their own government, their own laws, their own hierarchy—an hierarchy which repressed industry, but regulated its movements, and infused the conservative spirit of an aristocracy into the breast of the artisan and the mechanic.

The revolution which visited the chateau did not spare the workshop—those bodies, the constitution of which it might have been wiser to alter and modify, were at once destroyed. None could any longer say that their talents were unacknowledged and repressed by the society they belonged to; but none could any longer say that they belonged to a society which had a right to redress their grievances and relieve their wants.

These old associations—condemn them as we may—gave to every class and to every age an assigned and an expected place. The lad on quitting his parents found a family in the profession into which he entered—a family which profited by his labour, and provided for him when he was incapable of finding employment. The master and the workmen then united together to support their trade, instead of struggling, as now, to divide its profits. Industry was confined within certain channels and order gave peculiar securities.

The abrupt abolition of a vast assemblage of old laws, some of which must, even from their long continuance, have created necessities—was followed shortly afterwards by a succession of

new laws, having for their object the restoration of that discipline which had been too suddenly disarranged.

The decree of 22 Germinal an XI (12 April, 1803), and of 9 Frimaire (1 December, 1803), established the livret—a certificate which every workman, under the penalty of being treated as a vagabond, is obliged to have.* On this certificate is written his age, the place of his birth, and the name of the person whom he last served, or to whom he was apprenticed.

Here too the money he receives, the debts he incurs, the agreements he enters into, the character he has deserved, are all recorded.† On quitting one master, he presents it to the other, whose service he is about to enter:—the manufacturer knows the antecedents of the man he employs, the police, of the man who travels, *soi-disant*, in search of employment. In this manner the surveillance of the old corporations has been in some degree restored; so also, in some respect, have been their tribunals,

Formerly the mayors, or *échevins des villes*, sometimes the syndics, used to decide upon the disputes between workmen and their masters. Such disputes are now decided by the *conseils des prud'hommes*, first formed 18th March 1806. These judges, composed in a fair proportion of manufacturers, *chef d'ateliers*, and workmen, form a popular court, of which it is difficult to over-estimate the utility.

At Lyons in 1828, out of 3,362 cases, all, except 22, were terminated at once, without expense, to the satisfaction of both parties; and the jurisdiction of these councils, the best proof of their advantage, has been extended from affairs of 60 to affairs of 100 francs.

Owing, as many believe, to such regulations, there were not in France, until within a very few years, any of those disputes between the manufacturer and his workmen, against which we have abandoned all hopes of legislating.‡

In a report of the committee appointed in 1819 to inquire

* The livret has been extended to soldiers and servants in large towns.

† On entering any service, the master writes the date on the livret; it must be visited by the police within twenty-four hours.

‡ Any violent attempt at raising wages subjects the participator to one, two, or three months' imprisonment, the promoter to three, four, or five years' imprisonment.

into the exposition and the state of manufactures, I find it especially asserted—"que la France a le bonheur de n'être point affligée par ces dissensions, qui, dans d'autres contrées, divisent la classe ouvrière et les manufacturiers qui la font travailler."

And if the artisan be less satisfied now, it is not because the events that have since occurred have lowered his fortunes, but because those events have increased his expectations, and given him the idea that his situation is to be raised by a greater share of power from the government, and a greater share of profit from the capitalist.

The same cause is at the bottom of the associations which are for procuring the "rights of man," and the heightening of wages—an equality, first founded on theories, and now daily establishing itself in practice.

EQUALITY.

CHAPTER VII.

Equality to be discovered in the preceding Chapters—King of England first gentleman in his kingdom—King of the French first citizen—The effect of law does in France what the law did by compulsion in Florence—Social advantages of equality—Political results uncertain—Struggle between opinions and manners, between local government and centralization.

WHAT have we seen in France? A popular literature that acknowledges no privileged order of critics; a cheap press that addresses itself to all classes of readers; a church establishment that embraces all sects of religion; strange philosophies founded on the association of all capacities; a soil partitioned amongst all ranks of persons; an upper class, whose exclusive pretensions are treated with ridicule; a middle class possessing great political authority; a working class almost independent, and demanding an increase of riches and power.—And are not these things the sign of that fact which I take as a title to this chapter?

"The King of England," said M. Odillon Barrot, "is the first gentleman in his kingdom;—the King of the French is the first citizen." The one is the chief of a long aristocratic hierarchy, the other the ruler over a people who recognize no other than personal distinctions.

The principle of equality as understood, and as existing in France, is this—A man *may* be every thing; but he has *no right* to be any thing; he may be every thing *by ability*, he has no right to be any thing *by privilege*.

What is the question you ask of any one in England?—*Is he gentlemanlike?*

What is the question you ask of any one in France?—*A-t-il de l'esprit?*

In these two questions lie the genius of two nations, which I do not compare, but contrast.

In one, the nobility descends into the arena where power is acquired by talent.

In the other, talent, as the consequence of its power, mounts into the nobility.

Does any one want to know what is republican in the institutions of the French?

That which the law did by compulsion in the republican days of republican Florence, is the simple effect of the law in the intelligent days of monarchical France.

The Capponis were enrolled on the books of the plebeians, and the Fitz-James's have descended into the Chamber of Deputies.

"Tous les hommes naissent égaux et libres; aucun d'eux n'a plus de droit que les autres de faire usage de ses facultés naturelles ou acquises; ce droit commun à tous n'a d'autre limite que la conscience même de celui qui l'exerce, laquelle lui interdit d'en faire usage au détriment de ses semblables."

These were the words of Mirabeau in proposing that famous declaration of "the Rights of Man," with which the discussions of the National Assembly opened, and which the existing government has ultimately adopted.

For the pleasures of society,—and by society I mean every relation of social intercourse,—there is certainly no comparison between the effects of those feelings which, in France, bring to

the same table every variety of character and station, and the effects of those opposite feelings which, in England, draw a barrier as fearful as the Rubicon between Mr. Roberts and Mr. Rogers, who are both wholesale or retail dealers in mutton suet.

There is a fretfulness about every man's position with us, which is positively frightful. He is never easy, for there is always some little line of demarcation between himself and his neighbour, which he toils to pass over. The aristocracy descends through every link, from the golden to the copper of the country. The Duke of Devonshire is not more exclusive than the Duke's poulterer. Society is a long series of little uprising ridges, which, from the first to the last, offer no valley of repose. Wherever you take your stand, you are looked down upon by those above you, and reviled and pelted by those below you. Every creature you see is a farthing Sisyphus, pushing his little stone up some Liliputian molecule. This is our world! The social advantages, then, that result from equality, are great; the political consequences that may arise from it are more uncertain.

For there is this to be said of the French: a marked difference exists between the ideas and the habits of that people.

The ideas date from the revolution of 1789; the habits develop a longer history.

The ideas prevent the grand seigneur from assuming a superiority over the stockbroker. The habits have carried down to the stockbroker all the luxuries and some of the airs of the grand seigneur.

Who has the best box and the prettiest dancers at the opera? Who has the best horses at the race course? Who is "the fashionable," the *petit marquis* of the epoch?

That young "agent-de-change," whose outspread coat-skirts obscure the fire at the club in the Rue de Grammont, dressed with a simple pretension, and talking, with a doctrinal air, of the merits of lobster soup, and ministerial stability.

The Hotel de Montmorency has not been destroyed, but let out in apartments, and you see the traces of the ancient régime in modern society, as you find on modern furniture those cu-

rious and beautiful old damasks which decorated our grandfather's apartments.

The struggle then, is, and has been since the directorship of Barras, between new opinions and old manners.

Equality is in itself neither republican, as some people believe, nor anti-republican as others suppose. It is republican among the poor, anti-republican among the rich; the first it makes jealous of power,—the second it makes anxious for place.

The opinions that agitate one body would establish a democracy—the desires that prevail among the other would re-establish a court. What reigns is a system of compromise. There is no hereditary House of Lords, and there is a very unpopular law of election. The lower classes are excluded from the government, because the middle have not left an upper. Nor is this all; where there is no aristocracy to ease the government of part of its affairs, there must either be an active and intelligent democracy ruling in every village, or a powerful administration concentrated in the executive authority. As the government at one time stripped the people of power, so the people have lately been acquiring some rights from the government. But still there is a conflict here—not, as with us, between the middle orders, who begin to proclaim equality, and the upper who would maintain privileges; but between the community who demand greater local authority, and the minister who contends for preserving centralization.

BOOK VI.

SYSTEM OF GOVERNMENT.

"The very best administration must encounter a great deal of opposition, and the worst will find more support than it deserves."—BURKE. *Thoughts on French Revolution.*

CENTRALIZATION.

CHAPTER VIII.

La Révolution a désossé la France—Idea of the Convention—of Bonaparte—Circumstances of France and England in respect to centralization—Late changes in system in France—Existing administration.

EVERY thing in France is small; France itself is great.

Individual existence in this country is insignificant; for where there are no prejudices of birth; no great fortunes, no established and fixed positions, as it were, one man is the centre of but a small circle of considerations. Nor are there any bodies, so formed and organized, as to interpose between the great masses of the community, and the executive power of the state. The first revolution, to use an expression attributed to Mr. de Talleyrand, *unboned France*. The great corporations, to which I have alluded, and so also the ancient provincial divisions and administrations, every institution, in short, which, having local power, placed any check upon, or created any barrier against central power, was swept away.

All that law could alter—habits and manners are not within its immediate jurisdiction—it did destroy and alter in a mo-

ment. Nor was the terrible Triumvirate, over whose doors were written—"liberty, indivisibility, and death," without a great idea; an idea always difficult to realize, difficult then, but pressed upon their attention by foreign war, domestic discord, and that turbulent and sanguinary spirit which it was at once their object to nourish and control. "Liberty to all, tyranny over all," was in fact their motto—words not so incompatible as we may suppose; for they simply determine, that in proportion to the check which the people have on the government, should be the power which the government has over the people.

What the men of those times wished, was to make the authority which they said should represent the masses, strong; the citizens over whom that authority extended, equal.

An enemy's bayonets gleamed on their frontier, a hostile aristocracy lurked in their capital, jealous rivalries agitated their provinces. To drive back that enemy, to put down that aristocracy, to tranquillize those jealousies one thing was wanted—a system of centralization. Who shall blame them for adopting it?

Bonaparte arrived with a genius just proper to consolidate and regulate what his predecessors in the revolution had conceived; but into their plans he carried a new idea.

He looked at things with the eye of a great captain.

He saw less, perhaps, the necessity of making the nation, over which he was to rule, powerful, than that of giving a quick and rapid impulsion to its power. What he wished was to have a government that vibrated at his touch, whose whole force he was able to combine instantaneously, and to drive in one direction. Hence the civil and military system of the empire, intended to unite so many radii round a common centre, by the action of which they were all to be imperatively controlled.*

There have been various doctrines propounded, of late

* The principle of centralization, though established on very different grounds, pervades, to a certain extent, our own government, though this fact is generally overlooked. A committee of the House of Commons is but a bad tribunal to decide upon the propriety of provincial improvement. Here, however, the supreme authority is the popular assembly; in France it is the executive power.

years, amongst ourselves, as to the excellencies or evils of that system of unity under which French affairs are administered, and many have considered that we have something to learn, in this respect, from our neighbours, while others have thought that they had rather much to imitate and adopt from us. In any consideration we give this subject, let us carefully separate the circumstances of the two countries to which we would apply the same principles.

I have already spoken of the differences naturally created by a great landed gentry, who, from their property and station, take the place of the government, at is were, and are frequently able to discharge its duties: besides, heavy hands have weighed on England. The dominion of the Tudors coming at a time when, enfeebled by her civil dissensions, she was plastic to every impression, destroyed many of the differences then remaining of her ancient divisions. And now, the multiplication of roads, of canals, the facility and the expedition of conveyances, have so mingled and mixed up the various provinces together, that a slight accent is all that continues to distinguish their inhabitants one from another. England, moreover, defended by her insular position and her maritime superiority, has no occasion, in the administration of her civil government, to consider what may be required as a security from foreign aggression. France, on the contrary, is a continental empire, more likely than any other, from its situation, and the character of its inhabitants, to be called to arms, and demanding, therefore, even in the administration which is to govern it in peace, an attention to the administration which might be required in the event of war; moreover, it is impossible for the most casual observer who visits them not to be struck by the motley character of those various races now collected under one sway, and held together by the Northern Ocean, the Mediterranean, the Atlantic, and the Rhine. The Breton speaks of France and the French as distinguished from himself, and tells you that a Frenchman has bought this château, or lives at that place. In a great part of France, French is not the language spoken by the people; the west, since the revolution of 1830, may be looked upon as a hostile and subdued country. Ruled by its priests and its women, served by its chivalric nobility and its

martial peasantry, superstitious, adventurous, determined, difficult to be subdued,—the institutions which made it independent would render it hostile and dangerous. To keep the fanatic south, the irreligious north, the republican east, and the royalist west together and quiet, no doubt a strong government, quick in its action, and determined in its purpose, is necessary, and no wise Frenchman would desire a perfection in the laws of a country that would tend to the disorganization and dissolution of the state.

Looking, then, at the equality among the French people, which prevents the local government of an aristocracy—at the position and divisions of France, which render dangerous the uncontrolled local government of a democracy—centralization, if an evil, is almost an evil of necessity, and cannot be abandoned, though, perhaps, it may yet be capable of further modification. Already, as I have said, many changes have taken place since the destruction of the empire, and more especially, since the revolution of July, and over these changes a spirit of wisdom and moderation has prevailed. To maintain the unity of the state, to stimulate the energies of the provinces, and to set bounds to the authority of the executive government, seem to be the triple object under which these alterations ought to have been undertaken, and have been accomplished.

Here the general councils have been made elective, the judges immoveable. There, the formation of a local force, on popular principles, has placed a check upon the unlimited power of the regular soldiery.

But as the best key to this subject, I will give a rapid sketch of the civil and military administration of the country.

CIVIL ADMINISTRATION.

CHAPTER IX.

Minister of Finance and system of Taxation—Minister of Justice and Judicial system—Minister of Police, and the origin, effect, and attributes of that office—Minister of Commerce, Commercial Chambers, etc.—Minister of Instruction, system of education, etc.—Minister of the Interior, and departmental and governmental divisions.

FINANCE.

IN the Minister of Finance centres the administration of the public revenue, the national debt, and the mint.

He superintends the assessment and collection of taxes, direct and indirect; and as the centre to whom all the other ministries address their accounts, seems the most proper to mention first.

It is after having received the estimates of the different administrations, that this minister determines how much will be requisite for the service of the coming year, and proposes in advance a budget accordingly.

The budget of the state fixed, the object is to secure its payment: and in order to understand how this is done, it is necessary to know from what sources the public revenue proceeds.

The most important of these are the direct and indirect taxes. The direct taxes are:

1. The house and land tax, in proportion to the clear annual income.
2. The poll tax, extending to all but the very poor, and amounting to the value of three days' labour.
3. The door and window tax.

4. The licences to trade.*

From the nature of these taxes, it is necessary, first, to provide for their distribution, and secondly, for their perception.

In respect to the distribution, the minister proposes to the chamber in his budget the contingent of each department for land tax, poll tax, and window tax. The councils of the departments fix the proportion to be paid by their arrondissements, and the councils of the arrondissements the proportion to be paid by their communes.†

A list of tax-payers is drawn up every three years, stating the names of each individual, and the nature and the amount of the taxes to which he is liable.

This list, annually supervised, is signed by the prefect every year, on or before the 12th of January, and then becomes available. The direct taxes are made payable by twelfths, and the tax-payer can be called upon the first of every month for the taxes of the months previous.‡

Such taxes are collected by collectors named in every department by the minister of finance, out of a list presented by the prefect; § and every tenth day, in large towns at shorter periods, they must pay the sums levied to authorities appointed for that purpose. These authorities are stationed in every arrondissement, under the title of receivers of arrondissement, and are all subordinate to the receiver-general of the department, who is responsible for their integrity.**

The indirect taxes are:

1. On drink (i. e. wine, beer, and spirituous liquors). 2
- Produce of the sale of the monopolies of gunpowder and to-

* The licences must be paid for when issued, except in some particular cases.

† The prefect fixes the house tax in the departments, and the sub-prefect in the arrondissements.

‡ Those who have not paid their twelfth on the first of the month are liable to proceedings, which consist 1. Of a notice.—2. Summons.—3. Seizure.—4. Sale.

§ They must, however, be consented to by the receivers, who are responsible for them.

** A commune which has a revenue of 20,000 frs. has a receiver also.

bacco.* 3. Tenth of all the commercial octrois. 4. Miscellaneous.—Public carriages.—Cards.—Salt at the pits, and in the country.—On stamps guaranteeing the quality of articles fabricated in gold and silver.—On passage of bridges, &c. 5. Registration stamps. † 6. Post and lottery. ‡

The machinery of receipts is the same as for the direct taxes.

Directors of direct and indirect taxes are appointed to superintend the method of perception; and functionaries, called “inspectors general,” who, travelling over the country, may take any district by surprise, keep a watchful and constant control over the accounts.

But the finance ministry is not only charged with the collection of the public revenue, it is also charged with the payment of the public expenses. The machinery it employs is therefore of a double nature.

By the side of the “receiver general” of the department, there is a paymaster for the department also. The receivers are in fact the government *bankers*, and the paymasters the government *agents*.

The receiver general, for instance, has so much in hand, on account of the treasury, in his department. The treasury issues a mandate, or draws a draft, in favour of the paymaster, to be applied to a particular use: the paymaster receives the money and executes the commission.

But as the speedy transition of the funds, from the public debtor to the public creditor, is the great object of the government, a board is established, called the “bureau des fonds,” for this special purpose. Every ten days the accounts of the receivers general are sent to this board, which thus knowing the funds that the state has to dispose of, in each part of the

* The persons allowed to sell these articles, take them from the government at a certain price, and are allowed, as their remuneration, to sell them at another.

† The rest of the receipts is composed of the revenues of public lands, of falls of timber, produce of the contract from gaming-houses, profits from coinage, &c.

‡ Lottery is now abolished.

country, transmits a daily account thereof to the ministry, according to which the public payments are regulated.*

The different state establishments in each of the eighty-six departments, therefore, whether military, clerical, or judicial, are defrayed, as far as possible, by the receipts of that part of the country in which they are situated.†

The speedy collection, secure deposit, and rapid payment of the public money, being thus provided for, the only remaining thing to desire, is the clearness and correctness of the accounts through which these different movements of cash are to be traced.

The system of accounts in France, to which our attention was first called by Sir H. Parnell, has since that time considerably occupied the attention of parliament; and Dr. Bowring, commissioned for that purpose, has published reports that might be more clear and less voluminous, perhaps, but which are still highly interesting and creditable to their author.

The merit of the French accounts is in their system; a system which comprises the utmost detail on the one hand, and the utmost centralisation on the other.

To effect this—the first thing necessary is that all accounts, based on a recapitulation of the most minute particulars, should be kept by all parties in certain similar and specified forms, and ultimately brought under one well-devised control.

The persons who receive for the receivers, the receivers, and the receivers-general themselves, must all then maintain a general journal and ledger, in which every transaction is first entered, as it takes place, and afterwards copied out in an organized shape under leading heads. The copies of these journals and ledgers, together with the statement for which they furnish the materials, are transmitted at short intervals to the ministry of finance, as are the receipts and vouchers of the paymasters. In that office they are entered, and centralised in the books of the cashier general, who is at the head of the

* The minister, therefore, can see at a glance, what funds are disposable in every part of the empire.

† But, as this cannot always take place, a transfer of revenue is sometimes necessary; and this transfer is calculated to cost annually 2,900,000 fra.

receivers general, and in the books of the paymaster general, who is at the head of the paymasters.

Thus, every fact, whether of receipt or payment, is a matter of daily record and of arranged report to the central financial authorities; while the cashier's and general paymaster's accounts are again centralized by being brought before a board; called the "*comptabilité générale!*" which compares every statement and looks into every account.

The *Cour des comptes*,* as a judicial board, acts finally as a check upon the "*comptabilité générale*," which is purely a financial board; and as the one sees whether the different transactions are rightly stated, so the other determines whether they formally and legally took place.

It is after this various superintendence that the public accounts come back at last, collected into the hands of the minister, by whom they were originally proposed, and who is charged with their defence.

It is impossible, in so short a space, to do more than give this

* This court is composed of a first president and of three presidents of chambers, of eighteen master councillors, and eighty referee councillors, of a king's advocate and a chief clerk; and was first organised during the empire, in September, 1807.

For its ordinary business, the court is divided into three chambers, each composed of a president and six master councillors.

The first, or chief president, presides over the chambers united, or when he pleases, over any particular chamber. He distributes the accounts to the referees, and indicates the chamber to which they are to make their report. He has, in short, the general control of his court and the three chambers. In his absence his place is supplied by the senior president of the other chambers.

The presidents have the direction of the business of their respective chambers; and distribute to the master councillors who form them, the affairs or the accounts of which they are to report.

The referee councillors are charged with the verification of the accounts submitted to them, and may be said to fulfil the duty of auditors as well as accountants.

The king's advocate takes care that the public officers and receivers transmit their accounts within the period prescribed by law. He also sees that the chambers hold their sittings regularly, and that the referees do their duty. It is to him that the prefects address the public accounts of their departments when there are any disputes concerning them. The correspondence with the ministers for the execution of the decrees or orders of the court, is also entrusted to him.

The chief clerk receives the accounts and vouchers from the public officers, and has the charge of all papers.

general outline,* which will, however, suffice to show the main parts of that machinery by which the cash concerns of a mighty state are conducted with a precision and regularity that is rare in the affairs of a private commercial establishment.

It now only remains to notice the local expenses.

These are in part defrayed by a portion of a general tax, proposed by the minister in his budget, and called centimes additionnels,† a certain amount of which, set apart for such charges, is paid by the receivers to the paymasters who defray them. What remains is met by the budgets of the departments, of the towns of chef-lieu, and of the communes.

The budgets of the departments have for receipts the centimes additionnels, which they vote as supplementary to those I have already mentioned, as voted for their use by the chambers.

Their expenses are those of the prefecture, central houses of detention, royal departmental roads, &c.

The towns of chef-lieu have the same species of receipt and expense as the communes, and it is to the budget of the latter that we ought especially to look for local expenses.

These budgets, which must be approved by the sub-prefect, if the commune has only 100 francs ordinary revenue; by the prefect, if from 100 to 100,000 francs; and by a royal ordinance, if above that sum, are all transmitted to the minister of finance, who has thus before him the whole expenses, local as well as general, of the kingdom.

The revenues of the communes are ordinary and extraordinary. The ordinary revenues are: five additional centimes on each individual, claims on licences, fines for various misdemeanours, fines for non-service in the national guard, funds, customs, right of location in halles, fairs, markets, ports, walks, &c., fees for administration acts, income from woods, contributions to the service of the highways.

The extraordinary revenues are: credit balance of last account, interest of funds invested in the treasury, sale of

* I have endeavoured to disembarraas this statement as much as possible, from all minor details.

† The centimes additionnels consist of 36 cents. on the land tax; 36 on the personal and furniture tax; 16 on the house and windows; 4 on the patents.

moveables, immoveables or funds, legacies and donations, price of extraordinary cutting of forests, rates to supply deficiency of ordinary revenues, loans and accidental receipts.

The disbursements of a commune are also ordinary and extraordinary. The ordinary disbursements are expenses of local administration receivers, collectors, payeurs, &c. expenses of communal property, national guard and barracks, poor laws, public instruction, religion, public festivals and unforeseen expenses. The extraordinary disbursements are unusual expenses of administration, purchase of property, heavy repairs, &c., extraordinary expenses of national guards, extraordinary expenses of public establishments, public instruction or religion, payment of arrears, law expenses, accidental expenses, &c.

The hospitals and bureaux de bienfaisance, as far as they have funds of their own, form a separate budget.

The whole receipts and expenses in 1832, were as follows :

	RECEIPT. frs.	EXPENSES. frs.
General budget, in which are included the centimes additionels, voted by the departments.	1,064,031,269	1,106,618,270
Budget of communes.	161,786,000	147,574,775
Towns of chef-lieu.	69,362,870	68,132,000
Hospitals and houses of reception, either from gifts, legacies, or the like, and produce of the work of persons employed.	51,222,063	48,842,097
Bureaux de Bienfaisance,* do.	10,315,746	8,956,036
Total.	1,356,717,975	1,380,123,178

JUSTICE.

To the Minister of Justice is intrusted the organisation and surveillance of the whole judiciary system.†

* Bureaux of charity.

† The transmittal of all orders and instructions to the royal courts, and other tribunals for the execution of the laws and regulations promulgated.

For instance, the correspondence with the advocates-general and advocates of the king on all matters committed to the surveillance of the minister.

The duty of reporting to the king on matters of legislation, on the adminis-

The judicial system in France, much calumniated because little understood, is certainly not so defective as we are apt to consider it, and contains a mixture of diffused and centralised power well worthy of attention.

There is the authority that pursues and the authority that judges: we will consider each. The authority that pursues, is called "the public ministry," (*le ministère public*) and is a great social power charged with the preservation of order and tranquillity, and the punishment of those by whom the laws, in respect to these blessings, are infringed.

This power is, in fact, a personification of the community it protects. An individual is injured—the public ministry pursues the criminal, not for the sake of the individual, but for the sake of the public of which he forms a part; and the prosecution of course takes place at the public expense.*

The public ministry, though one in its object, is composed of a variety of separate and divergent authorities. The principal of these are the procureurs-généraux and the procureurs du roi.

There are in France, twenty-seven courts royal and three hundred and sixty-five tribunals of the first instance: at the chef-lieu † of each of these courts royal there is a procureur-général and at the chief-lieu of each department, a procureur du roi.

tration of justice, on the conflicts between the civil and judicial authorities regarding naturalization, marriage, change of name, &c., as well as on matters regarding pardons, commutations of punishments, &c.

The decisions of the courts royal, which pronounce or confirm the censure or reprimand of a magistrate, cannot be put in execution unless they have been approved by the keeper of the seals, who has the power to order into his presence the members of the courts and tribunals, as well as of their officers, to explain all the charges which may be imputed to them.

The measures of discipline and regulation adopted by the courts and tribunals must also be submitted for his approbation, and without it can have no effect.

* There may, however, be two parts of the same case, one public and one private. For instance, an individual has been robbed of 200*l.*—the public ministry prosecutes the robber for the crime—the person robbed prosecutes him to recover the money. Here the ministry has nothing to do with the money—the person robbed nothing to do with the crime.

† Capital.

All the procureurs du roi within the jurisdiction of a court royal, are under the control of the procureur-général, follow his directions, and act in his name.

The different procureurs-généraux are altogether independent of each other, and there would be no common bond between them but for the establishment in the centre of France of a minister of justice.

This minister, however, has not, in point of form, the power of forcing the procureurs-généraux to act as he wishes.

Still he has in reality this power, since he can deprive them of their office if they act contrary to his wishes.

So far the whole machinery of the prosecution is calculated for energy and force, and might be terrible as an instrument of despotism, if not placed under some efficient control.

This control over the power that pursues, exists in the power that judges.

The first is centralized round the executive authority, the second has a dispersed and independent existence.

The procureur du roi, who looks up to the procureur-général, the procureur général who looks up to the minister of justice, may be considered one and the same person. But the procureur du roi, removeable at pleasure, can only bring the culprit before a magistrate who is immoveable, who has no orders to receive, either from the procureur du roi, or from the procureur-général, or from the minister of justice, and this humble and simple magistrate can at once disarm all the well organised and terrible force of the public ministry.

The judicial powers are thus arranged: as every arrondissement has a procureur du roi, so every arrondissement has one juge d'instruction* and two assistant judges.

In the same manner, as every division has a procureur-général, it has also a court royal, and in proportion to the facility and the power given to the executive authority for prosecuting the culprit, is the difficulty laid in the way of his being rashly and improperly condemned. The course of procedure is as follows: John Niles infringes the law—a police agent, or the party aggrieved, applies to a commissary of police, a chief of

* The number varies according to the importance of the place, and the business there is to do; but there must be three at least.

gendarmerie, a mayor, or a justice * of peace, or it may be to the procureur du roi.

The procureur sends a minute of what has been stated to the juge d'instruction; a summons to appear, or an order to be brought before the bench, is issued against the accused. Here the juge d'instruction questions, examines, releases or commits him; † for without a warrant, no citizen can be confined more than twenty-four hours. When the juge d'instruction considers there is good ground for a prosecution, he endeavours to find clear proofs of the supposed crime, and this stage of the proceedings is peculiarly liable to abuse. The juge d'instruction, with the natural bias of a lawyer, is too apt to feel a pride in placing the prisoner's guilt in the clearest light before the tribunal by which he is to be tried. He is, therefore, far more anxious to find precise proofs of the culpability of the accused than fearful to deprive him of liberty if he should be innocent.

When at last, however, he thinks his case as clear as it can be made, the prisoner is brought before the chamber of council — i. e. before three judges, of whom the juge d'instruction of the arrondissement is one. This court decides whether there is ground for proceeding with the cause or not. If the three judges decide in the negative, the prisoner is released; but he may perhaps have previously endured eight or nine months' imprisonment without guilt. There is, however, a check on this abuse. Every month the juge d'instruction is obliged to state to his two assistants why he does not try the prisoners, and they can either admit or overrule his reason. Sometimes this is a mere form, since the three judges may be very good friends, and confide in each other. But if a prisoner is urgent for a quick trial, and the public show interest in the matter, the judges apply to the case, and there is seldom avoidable delay. This part of the criminal law, however, requires reform—abuses may, and do, arise.

The accused has thus had two opportunities of being released: one by the juge d'instruction, at his first examination, the other by the chamber of council. He has one more. The chamber of accusation, composed of so many members of the cour

* The mayor is only where there is no commissaire of police.

† The great fault of this proceeding is that it is private.

royale,* an independent, immoveable court, may still declare that there is no cause for proceeding to judgment. But should the three courts concur in finding the prisoner guilty, he is then tried at the assizes. A member of the cour royale presides. A jury of thirty persons is chosen by ballot, from tax-payers to the amount of 200 francs, to which physicians, barristers, etc. have a right, on account of their profession merely, to belong. Before trial the prisoner and the public accuser each strike off nine. The president is assisted by two fellow members of the cour royale, who weigh with him the due punishment of the offender, and any mistakes that may have arisen in the procedure. The procureur-général opens the trial, states the grounds of prosecution, names the witnesses, etc. The avocat-général then appeals to the jury to do justice to the outraged community. After which the president interrogates the prisoner—too often† with an evident desire to entrap, and convict him. Questions so put, justify the insolence of the accused, who sometimes answers impatiently and disrespectfully: thus taking from justice much of the awe, which, when gravely and impartially administered, it must inspire.

The president next examines the witnesses. The prisoner and his counsel have the great advantage of cross-examining them, of rebutting or explaining the facts which they depose; and, consequently, of dissipating every unfavourable impression at the very moment it arises; but this advantage is more than counter-balanced by the supposition on which the whole trial proceeds, viz. that the prisoner is guilty until he is found innocent—and not, as with us, innocent until he has been proved guilty. After the witnesses have given their evidence, the

* A cour royale must be composed of at least twenty-four councillors, and is divided into different chambers—one at least for civil causes, as I shall mention presently, one of correctional police, and one chamber of accusation.

† The interrogation of the prisoner too often produces an unjust or a ridiculous effect. If the president is an able man, and the accused not so, the latter is too often self-convicted at the very outset of the trial; and, if on the contrary, as sometimes is the case in political trials, the prisoner has more ability than his interrogator, he perplexes, confounds, crushes, degrades him, and robs of all dignity the prosecution by which society vindicates its rights.

It would surely be more just, more reasonable, to hear the evidence against the prisoner, and let him rebut it as well as he could, and omit the interrogations altogether. Girod de l'Aine never questions the accused.

avocat-général sums up the facts against the accused, and endeavours to convince the reason and influence the passions of the jury. The prisoner's counsel then rises, and places his view of the evidence before them. The prisoner himself may now speak in his own defence, and is always allowed to speak last. The president should next sum up, with an impartiality more desirable than common, the facts of the case. The jury then declare the prisoner guilty or not guilty. This is the extent of their office. The court determines the punishment according to law on the demand of the avocat-général.

I may mention, that if the prisoner cannot pay a pleader, the president is obliged to appoint one,—who receives 10 francs if his client is condemned, and something more if he is acquitted.*

Should the president assign the first pleader in the court, common usage admits no demur.†

Those infringements of the law which come under the term *délits* (or offences) in the French code—I have been speaking of crimes—are punished in a different and more summary way. The court of arrondissement, in which they occurred, deciding upon them at once, but subject to an appeal to the cour royale;—a justice of peace or a tribunal of police can punish petty offences.‡

The courts which serve for the criminal are also used for the civil law. The justice of peace decides questions of trifling amount; the court of sessions, consisting of the juge d'instruction and his two colleagues, decides finally all cases under 1000 francs, to check the spirit of litigation that would prolong trials of little consequence. The court royal, a court of appeal, to which may be carried all cases of more than 1000 francs, is

* It is a very common practice with the counsel thus assigned to give their fee to the poor client. This is a slight instance of good feeling among the French avocats, who are often men of great moral courage and worth.

† This never occurs in Paris, where the young pleaders gladly exercise their eloquence for the poor; but it does happen, not unfrequently, in the departments.

The length of the trial, and the support of witnesses, make criminal proceedings very expensive in France. It would seem just for the public to pay the expense of the innocent.

‡ '*Délits*' (or 'offences') of the press are an exception; these are tried by a jury, or by the new law, if liable to be called *attentats* (treason), by the chamber of peers.

final. But the minister of justice may object to any decision that seems to him inconsistent with the written statute law.

Formerly the parliaments were independent of each other ; each decided according to its own precedents and views. Their decisions therefore not unfrequently clashed ; the law in different provinces was not the same. To remedy this abuse, the King, from time to time, declared in council that such and such a construction of the law was the only true one. Of course this threw the law into the hands of the King and council.

To secure the advantages without the defects of this system, was the origin of the court of cassation. If a decision in any civil or criminal case appears to the minister of justice contrary to law, he complains of it to the court of cassation. If this court declares that the *cour royale* has decided illegally, the whole case is referred to another tribunal. If the jury in a criminal, or the court in a civil cause decide contrary to the opinion of the court of cassation, that court assembles all its members, and reconsiders the case. Its first decision might be formed by half. If the full court of cassation confirms the first decree, the cause is carried before another court, and if this court decides as the two others, the cause is finished ; but the minister is bound to lay before the chamber in the next session a law to clear up the doubtful point. In civil cases the aggrieved individual prefers his complaint against the aggressor, except in the case of minors, idiots, persons absent, &c. ; for then the minister of justice is bound to speak in favour of the plaintiff after his advocate has spoken, In all other cases, the *avocat-général* has a right, if he pleases, to state his opinion to the court ; he frequently uses this privilege, but is not obliged to do so.*

* There is also at Paris a court, consisting of a *juge d'instruction* and assistant, for the dispatch of affairs. It sits constantly in the Palace of Justice, and decides whether or no the person summoned before it ought to be committed or not. The case is then referred to another *juge d'instruction*.

I may observe that the prefect of police, an office existing only in Paris, has a right of search in private dwellings, and can put any one under confinement for twenty-four hours. He cannot, however, imprison any one for a longer time without the authority of a *juge d'instruction*.

Commerce has its separate tribunals, which, however, are still under the ministry and surveillance of the minister of justice. These tribunals exist in those *arrondissements* that require them.*

They are composed of a presiding judge, of judges and supernumerary judges, all chosen among the merchants the most respectable, and named at a meeting of merchants. The King ratifies the nomination.

The presiding judge must be forty years of age, and is chosen from the most ancient judges. The other judges must be thirty years of age, and have been engaged in commerce at least five years.

The president and the judges remain but two years in office, and can only be re-elected after the interval of a year.

Their functions are honorary.†

Advocates are not allowed to plead before this tribunal, but any other person can plead if authorised. Custom has allowed certain persons to plead who are authorised and admitted by the tribunal, under the title of *agr  e*, an individual, as the name would imply, whose duty it is to bring the disputing parties to an amicable settlement or agreement.

The tribunals of commerce take cognizance of—first, all disputes relative to engagements and transactions between merchants and bankers, and between all personal disputes into which commerce enters. Secondly, all disputes between commercial agents and their principals; and thirdly, all disputes that concern bankruptcy.

The decisions of this court are final in cases not exceeding 1000 francs (or 40*l.*), and in other mercantile cases, where the parties beforehand forego their right of appeal; otherwise the appeals from the tribunal of commerce are carried to the court royal of their districts.

Such is the French judicial system, liable to abuses, as all institutions are, and more essentially subject to those abuses

* In those *arrondissements* where there are no tribunals of commerce the civil tribunals are applied to instead.

† A clerk and attendant officer, named by the government, are attached to each tribunal.

which are not abuses of the law, but against the law, resulting from the mind and manners of the people by whom and for whom it is exercised.

These are principally the detention of criminals on inadequate proofs (though the frequency of this is rather exaggerated), and the bias too frequently seen in the mind of the judge in favour of that power to which he owes his authority.

A great contempt for personal liberty, and a strong leaning towards the executive government, result necessarily from the history and habits of the French; and to that history and those habits the present generation must at all events be subject.

But a time, I hope, will come when a new generation, educated in new ideas, will put this machinery in motion with a different spirit.

The following remarks may not be without interest.

The expenses of justice amount to about 3,632,000 fr.* distributed amongst :

1. Persons brought before the correctional tribunal.	35,486
2. Brought before the Cours d'Assises.	7,315
3. Liberated by the chambers of conseil.	10,044
4. By the chambers of accusation.	779
	53,620
Total.	53,620

Giving an expense of about 56 fr. 55 cent. by individual.

In 1833, the number of persons arrested and dismissed without trial by the chambers of conseil, endured a captivity of 7,910 months; by the chamber of accusation, 1,670 months.

Again, the persons judged by the correctional tribunals were condemned to 34,490 months imprisonment.

The persons judged by the courts of assizes, 26,350 months. Total 70,420 months, i. e. 5,869 years.

From this statement, we see the number of persons dismissed without trial, and the time of their imprisonment; the number of persons brought up to trial, and the time of the confinement they were condemned to; and lastly, by comparing the number of individuals in prison with the number of months of their im-

* The charge is 3,300,000 frs.; but of this a certain sum is subject to recovery.

prisonment, and allowing an expense of about 27 fr. 10 sous* to each individual, and adding that to the 56 fr. 55 cent. already mentioned, we shall make the sum of

56 fr. 55 c. }
27 fr. 10 c. } 89 fr. 50 c. † as the average cost of every person arrested.

POLICE.

As a fitting instrument of the public ministry, which pursues the crime, is the ministry of police which watches and apprehends the criminal.

At the head of this ministry is the minister of police, † who has in the department of the Seine an active agent in the prefect of police. And, indeed, as it is chiefly in Paris that the business of minister of police lies, the officer, subordinate to him in the capital, is an important personage, and almost a minister himself.

Under his inspection are placed all the prisons in the department of the Seine, all the gambling establishments, all the houses licensed for prostitution. He sees that peace is preserved at the markets, and in places of public worship—attending in every thing to the cleanliness and good order of the city.

He can order searches in private houses, arrest in urgent cases, and take any means he may think proper to disperse or prevent numerous and tumultuous meetings; and at once seize, and commit all persons taken *en flagrant délit* (in the fact.)

The officers under him, are:—Les commissaires de police. (Commissaries of police.)—Les officiers de paix. (Peace officers.)—Les commissaires de police de la Bourse. (Commissaries of police attached to the exchange.)—Les commissaires de la petite voirée.—Les commissaires et inspecteurs des halles et marchés. (Commissaries and inspectors of the market halls

* See reports of the minister of justice and budget.

† This is higher than the estimate allowed, viz. 200 frs. for each individual—but I add to this the presumed cost of maintaining the buildings of administration, &c.

‡ The functions of minister of police are for the moment absorbed in the department of the minister of the interior; still they are to be considered as attached to a separate department.

and public markets.)—*Les inspecteurs des ports.* (Inspectors of harbours.)

In the provinces, except under peculiar circumstances, such as that of La Vendée, the police rarely acts, save in its subordinate capacities; but in all cases the prefects of the departments execute in their respective jurisdictions the duties that would be required from a *prefet de police*; and the provincial agents of this ministry are placed under them.

The whole service centralizes itself in Paris in two bureaux—the one relating to the action of the police, and the other to its administration.

The duties of the minister too, are of a double nature :

Those relating to the criminal police.

Those relating to the political police.

As the head of the criminal police, the *gendarmérie*,* the *pompier*s, and that class of persons which would answer to our description of Bow Street runners, are at his orders: as the head of the political police, he directs and corresponds with an army of spies, taken from every class of society, and to be encountered in almost every scene of life. The system of passports over which he presides affords to his functions, where exercised for the preservation of property, a peculiar efficiency, which though obtained at the expense of personal liberty, the citizen, long accustomed to it, is willing to purchase at that price. But his most despotic, and as it is called important, employment is that of watching over the safety of the state;—which is in fact prying into the conduct of every individual, who can be supposed hostile to the administration in power.

Strange to say, this practice, abominable and useless as it is, has been preserved through a long series of years, and under almost every species of government without interruption. Introduced into France by Louis XI., and resorted to by the Medici against the protestants, it was soon after systematized by Richelieu, and pursued with equal ardour by the timid and crafty character of his Italian successor.

* This force, centralized in the ministry I am describing, follows the division of other parts of the French administration; every *arrondissement* has its troop—every *chef-lieu* its colonel.

Louis XIV., Louis XV., and even Louis XVI., continued it, and indeed, one of the first demands of the National assembly was the abolition of a bureau,* called especially *bureau du roi*, and which was charged with the shameful duty of opening private correspondence.

The government of the Convention, though the system of espionage was never perhaps more infamously practised than by itself, disavowed the principle of that violation of social confidence, as it did indeed the principle of all its tyrannies. But the unblushing Directory avowed and justified it, and Bonaparte multiplied its dignities and duties in a manner almost ludicrous. Then came the Restoration, keeping the country in a perpetual state of alarm by plots supposed, sought after, and undiscovered: and now, the new government is almost as active as its predecessors, in the pursuit of every paltry intrigue; and yet, did all the agents of Napoleon discover the conspiracy of Mallet? Did all the agents of Monsieur de Polignac breathe a warning whisper of the revolution of July? and here again, under the government of Louis-Philippe, Don Carlos quietly traverses his kingdom, and an Italian adventurer almost succeeds in blowing up his family and his court; and even M. Thiers—the clever, active, indefatigable M. Thiers—is just as wise as the rest of the world about the matter.

INSTRUCTION.

As the system of public prosecution is conducted under the title of “*ministère public*,” so the system of instruction, which in France is also an affair of the state, is conducted in the name of “the university”—the minister of instruction† being appointed the grand-master thereof.

The university, to adopt this expression, is charged exclusively with the care of teaching; and no school of any des-

* A curious set of documents, found in the Bastille in 1789, were afterwards published, and among other curious facts, it was discovered that in one year, and in Paris alone, two hundred priests had been caught *flagrante delicto*.

† The minister of instruction is also minister of religion; but there remains little for me to say upon that subject.

cription can be carried on without its express authorization.* Under the minister of instruction, then, there is the *conseil royal de l'instruction publique*,† composed of six members, whose duty it is to superintend every thing relative to the expenses required by the public establishments, as well as the books to be used and the course of education to be followed therein.

Such being the central board of administration, France is divided into divisions of instruction called *academies* (*academies*), which are situated in the *chefs-lieu* of the different courts royal, and every academy has a governor acting as minister of instruction in his circumscription, and assisted by a *conseil académique* (academic council), answering to the *conseil royal* (royal council) at Paris.

The different public establishments within each academy are classed under one of the following heads:

1. The faculties.—2. The royal colleges. The communal colleges.—3. Institution and schools (private establishments).—4. Primary schools (public or private).

The establishments for instruction being thus classed, instruction has also its classification.

Superior instruction.‡—Secondary instruction.—Primary instruction.

Superior instruction consists in the faculties, divided into classes of theology, droit, médecine, science, and letters, which confer the degrees of bachelier, licencié, and docteur (bachelor, licenciate, and doctor).

The places where the faculties are taught, answer to our universities:—of these there are in France 35.

Instruction secondaire (secondary instruction) consists, in philosophy, natural history, elementary mathematics, latin, greek, foreign languages, &c.

* In order to keep in use the regulations prescribed by the university, whether of discipline or teaching, there are two inspecteurs-généraux who are charged with the continual examination and inspection of the different establishments for education—both in respect to the masters or pupils.

† The royal council of public instruction.

‡ There is also attached to the department of superior instruction, eighteen secondary schools of medicine, and one establishment for the instruction of professors at Paris.

These are taught in the royal and communal colleges, which answer to our public schools; and in some of the private establishments I have mentioned. There are in France, for secondary instruction, Royal colleges, 39.—Communal colleges, 320.—Private colleges, 2.—Private institutions, 120.—Small private schools, 1,025.

Primary instruction is divided into two branches, primary superior instruction, and primary instruction. The first consists in reading, writing, summing, history, geography, and some notion of chemistry and surveying. The second, simply in reading, writing, and summing.

There were in 1832 fifty schools for the education of masters of primary education, and sixteen more were then about to be formed: the number of primary schools is upwards of 45,000; of which, nearly 32,000 are communal; the rest are private.

In these different establishments there are masters, about 10,000.

Scholars:

Superior instruction.	16,303
Secondary instruction.	71,036
Primary instruction.	1,935,624
	<hr/>
	2,022,963

By comparing the number of pupils with the sum expended in secondary and primary instruction (board of course not included),

Every pupil at a royal college receives his education for	162f. 65 c.
—————communal college	87 17
—————primary school	4 15

The royal colleges are supported by their own funds, by a grant from the university, and by a royal donation of 601,500 fr. which go to the education of scholars who distinguish themselves.

Communal colleges are supported by any funds they may possess, and by departmental, and communal contributions. It

is endeavoured to have one of these colleges in each arrondissement.*

The funds then applied to the general expenses of instruction proceed from the vote of the budget—the monies belonging to the university, now consolidated and left at different times to former establishments, for the purposes of education—the revenues of the royal communal colleges—and the votes of the conseils-généraux (general council) of the departments, and of the conseils-municipaux (municipal council) of the communes; and these funds, most of them called for by the government, are all applied under the regulations of the government towards the attainment of the object in view.†

COMMERCE.

The minister of this department, whose functions have also been sometimes appended to those of the minister of the interior, had his duties fixed in 1814, and presiding over every thing connected with commerce, except its tribunals, is the centre of a variety of chambers created for the purpose of promoting commercial and manufacturing interests.

There are, for instance, in the great commercial and manufacturing towns, chambers authorized by the King, and composed

* Primary instruction is paid by the communes, by the departments, and by the state. Every commune is obliged, either by itself or by uniting with another commune, to have at least one school of instruction primaire. All communes having more than 6,000 inhabitants are obliged, besides, to have instruction primaire supérieure, and every department is obliged, either by itself or by uniting with another department, to have a normal^a school of primary instruction. In the elementary schools, all the pupils that the municipal council declare incapable of paying, receive instruction gratis.

In every primary superior school, there are a certain number of places given to pupils who cannot pay, and who distinguish themselves in examination.

A committee is appointed in every commune, and in every arrondissement, to overlook, and assist the instruction of their particular district. Much of this is stated in the Introduction, Vol. 1. France Social, Literary and Political.

† Besides these establishments dependent upon the university, there is, independent the "collège of France," of which the professors, named by the minister of instruction on a double presentation from the establishment, and the Institute, are so justly celebrated.

^a A school for the education of schoolmasters.

of a certain number of merchants called "chambers of commerce."*

The duty of these chambers is to make known to the minister, with whom they directly correspond, their views both as to what would improve, or as to what injuriously affect the commercial interests of the towns they belong to.

There are also chambers of a similar nature, called "chambers of arts and manufactures," which have for their object the improvement of manufactures by the experiments of art and science.

The "council general of commerce" is a more central council resident at the seat of government, composed of one person from each chamber of commerce, and of twenty persons from among the principal merchants of France. This council expresses its opinion to the minister on all questions of legislation or administration relative to the commerce of the country, and is consulted on all laws that are introduced in respect to this subject.

Paris names eight, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Nantes, Rouen, and Havre, two.

There is then the "conseil général des manufactures" composed of twenty members named for three years by the chambers of arts and manufactures, and of forty members named by the minister of commerce, with the approbation of the King.† This second council holds the same situation in respect to manufactures that the council does to commerce.

The *Conseil supérieur de Commerce* is a small body of twenty-four persons named by the King, a sort of privy council for the minister, who can consult it in respect to the demands or views of the two other councils which are representative.

Thus the whole system, beginning with the chambers of commerce and manufactures, continues centralizing, through the councils of commerce and manufactures, and then through the conseil supérieur de commerce, until at last it arrives at the minister himself.

* When these chambers are in the capital of a department, they are presided over by the government; otherwise, their president is the mayor of the commune.

† Ten members of the council of commerce, belonging to the manufacturing town, also have the permission to enter it.

THE MINISTRY OF THE INTERIOR.

The duties of this minister* resemble, in a great measure, those of our secretary for the home department, and when stripped of the accidental functions he is now invested with, his office is pretty well confined to presiding over the administration of the interior.

France, as we know, is divided into departments, which are subdivided into arrondissements, which are re-divided into cantons and communes.

There are for each department, a prefect, a council of prefecture, and a council general of department.

There is for each arrondissement, except in that in which the prefect resides, a sub-prefect, and under the immediate orders of the prefect, a council of arrondissement.

In each commune there is a mayor, or chief magistrate, one or more adjuncts or deputies, and a municipal council.

I proceed to detail the various functions of these authorities, commencing with the department.

The prefect in France, named by the King, is at the head of the administration of every department, and in centralizing the government of the province, he is one of the links in the central government of the country.

His duty is to see that the laws are obeyed. He has the power to suspend from their functions the mayors of the communes and their substitutes, and, himself dismissable at pleasure, is controlled by the minister of the interior only. †

The council of the prefecture, named also by the King, is

* The office of minister of foreign affairs can offer no details necessary to elucidate this subject. That of minister of public works is now also engrossed by the minister of the interior; but I have not thought it necessary to enter into details of this department, which is pretty well explained by its title, and answers to our minister of the woods and forests, with this exception, that the public roads are under his management, and that all buildings erected, even by the communes, for public purposes, must have their plans submitted to his sanction.

† His salary sometimes amounts to 80,000 franca. His office, therefore, is one of the most eagerly sought after, and bestowed only on persons in whom the government can implicitly confide.

the prefect's council, with whom he advises, and over whom he presides.

This body decides all disputes or difficulties between the undertakers of public works and the administration, as well as all damages due to private citizens from the erection of roads, &c. It has also the management of all national property in the department.

By the side of this assembly there is another—more popular, viz. the council general;—composed of the same number of members as there are cantons in the department, with this exception, however, that it must not contain more than thirty members.

A member of the general council is elected in each canton by an electoral assembly composed of electors and citizens who are on the jury list. If their number is under fifty, the complement is formed by calling to vote such other citizens as pay the greatest proportion of taxes.*

To be eligible to the council general of the department, the party must be in the enjoyment of all civil and political rights. He must be twenty-five years of age, and have paid, for a year and upwards, 200 francs (8*l.*) of direct taxes.

The King can dissolve a council general; in which case a new election must take place within three months from the date of the dissolution.

The council meets once a year; its sittings are not public, and cannot exceed *fifteen days* in duration.

The duty of this assembly is, as I have said, to divide the direct contributions of the department among the arrondissements, and to determine the demands for reduction made by the different councils of the arrondissements, cities, burghs, and villages under its control. It also, as I have shown, regulates, within the limits allowed by law, the number of additional

* In the departments, which have more than thirty cantons, the extra number is joined to others who elect their representative.

Public functionaries, salaried by the government, cannot be nominated members of the general council.

The members are nominated for nine years, and are renewed by one-third every three years.

The members are re-eligible.

centimes of which the imposition is required for departmental expenses; receives from the prefect an account of these sums, and expresses its opinion of the state and the wants of the department, in an address to the minister of the interior.

The duties of the sub-prefect resemble those of the prefect, but are confined to his own *arrondissement*.

The sub-prefect receives his orders from the prefect, and is accountable to him for their performance.

In each *arrondissement*, over which the sub-prefect presides, there is a council composed of as many members as there are cantons in the *arrondissement*.

The councillors are elected in these cantons by an electoral assembly, composed in the same manner as that which elects the councils general of departments.

The qualification requires the persons so elected to be aged twenty-five years and upwards, to be in the enjoyment of all civil and political rights, and to have been paying in the department, during a year at least, 150 francs (6*l.*) of direct contributions, one-third of which must have been payable in the *arrondissement*, wherein their domicile has been.*

This council assembles once a year, at periods fixed by the King. The session cannot be more than fifteen days; being ten days before and five days after the meeting of the council-general.

The direct taxes are distributed by the *arrondissement* among the villages and burghs in its jurisdiction, as in the council-general; the direct taxes of the department are apportioned amongst the *arrondissements*.†

The council of the *arrondissement* also replies to all demands for diminution in their burthen, made by these villages and burghs.

It listens to the annual account of the sub-prefect as to the employment of the *centimes additionnels* for the local expenses of the department, and expresses an opinion on the wants and wishes of the *arrondissement*.

In the *commune* there are a mayor and two adjuncts,

* The same disqualifications which apply to members of the council-general apply also to councillors of the *arrondissement*.

† See Finance.

chosen from the municipal council, and named by the King in the chef-lieu of an arrondissement, and in all communes where the population exceeds 3,000 inhabitants.

In the other communes these officers are named by the prefect.

The appointment is for three years, and the persons nominated must be twenty-five years old, and have their domicile in the commune.*

Every commune has a municipal council (the mayor and his adjuncts are comprised).

This council consists of ten members, where the commune has no more than 500 inhabitants.—Of twelve, where the commune contains from 500 to 1,500 inhabitants.—Of sixteen where the commune contains from 1,500 to 2,500 inhabitants.—Of twenty-one, where the commune contains from 2,500 to 3,500 inhabitants.—Of twenty-three, where the commune contains from 3,500 to 10,000 inhabitants.—Of twenty-seven, where the commune contains from 10,000 to 30,000 inhabitants.

—Of thirty-six, where the commune contains 30,000 inhabitants, and upwards.

The council municipal is chosen by the electors of the commune.

The electors of communes are the most imposed among its inhabitants in the following proportions :

For communes of 1,100 souls and under, one-tenth of the population. This number will increase by five for every one hundred inhabitants above 1,000 up to 5,000.—By four for every one hundred above 5,000, up to 15,000.—By three for every one hundred above 15,000.

Besides the persons voting on account of their taxation, the members of courts of law, justices of peace, members of any chamber of commerce, or council of prud'hommes; of any commission of colleges, or charitable establishments; all officers in the national guard, all members and correspondents of the

* PERSONS DISQUALIFIED TO SERVE: The members of the courts and tribunals of the first instance, and justices of the peace. The ministers of any religion. The officers of the navy or army in service. The engineers on service. The financial agents of the administration. The commissaries and agents of police. The mayor sees that public order is maintained, and the laws executed.

Institut, all doctors of law, science or medicine; all advocates or notaries, all ancient functionaries of state, all officers of the army or navy receiving pensions; all scholars of the polytechnic school declared, on quitting, admissible to the public service, and who have resided a year in the commune; all persons voting for the elective deputies of councils-general of the departments, whatever be their contributions in the commune—all these vote as communal electors.*

The council of the commune is elected for six years (the members being re-eligible), and it is renewed by one half every three years.

The King, however, can dissolve it at any time, and a re-election must then take place within three months.

It sits four times a year, and each sitting may last for ten days.

The business of this body is to investigate the wants, and provide for the expenses of the commune; and in this, its jurisdiction is prescribed by the obligation of a definitive sanction, either from the sub-prefect or the prefect, who depend upon the central government, or from the minister of the interior himself.†

Thus we see a perpetual series of links—the mayor in the commune, the sub-prefect in the arrondissement, the prefect and his council in the department, all connecting the administration of the village with that of the empire; and lastly, in the very circumstance where men may be supposed most free, viz. the expenditure of their own money, they are subject to a control, which is sometimes advantageous in preventing their extravagances and mistakes, but which can never form their judgment.‡

* The council municipal must be chosen from the list of the electors of the commune, and three-fourths must at least be domiciled within it.

† See Finance.

‡ The minister of the interior is at the head of the civil force of the country, i. e. the national guard; but this is mentioned subsequently.

MILITARY ADMINISTRATION.

CHAPTER X.

The Army—The Legion of Honour—The National Guard.

MINISTER OF WAR, &c.

I now come to that part of the public service where centralization is most wanted, and its construction most perfect:—I mean the Army.

The minister of war in France contains within his jurisdiction, the direction of every branch of the military service. The armament, the recruitment, the discipline, the punishments, the movement, the victualling of the troops, all come under his inspection, and form the rays as it were that centre in his control.

In his office there is to every kind of service and species of administration, its separate superintendence, under the following terms: 1. Direction du cabinet du ministre.—2. Direction des archives or du dépôt de la guerre.—3. Direction de l'infanterie.—4. Direction de la cavalerie.—5. Direction de l'artillerie.—6. Direction du génie.—7. Direction de la justice militaire.—8. Direction des mouvemens de troupes et des transports et convois.—9. Direction de l'intendance militaire.—10. Direction de la comptabilité.*

All these boards, thus concentrated in the ministry of war,

* 1. Direction of the cabinet of the minister.—2. Direction of the archives or of the depot of war.—3. Direction of the infantry.—4. Direction of the cavalry.—5. Direction of the artillery.—6. Direction of the engineers.—7. Direction of military justice.—8. Direction of the movement of troops, transports, convoys, &c.—9. Direction of the military intendance.—10. Direction of accounts.

correspond with two great administrations, viz. *des divisions militaires, des intendances militaires**—administrations disseminated throughout the kingdom—which for this purpose is divided into sixteen jurisdictions, each of which has two sub-jurisdictions, formed ordinarily of a department.

“The military divisions,” as they are called, have altogether a military character; at the head of each is a lieutenant-général, who has under him at the head of each sub-division a *maréchal-de-camp*. The lieutenant-general has the control and inspection of all the troops within the sphere allotted to him. Their recruiting, their exercise and instruction, their police and distribution into garrisons and detachments; cavalry, infantry, artillery, engineers (*gendarmerie*, even, though that force is set in motion by a separate authority), are all and equally under him, and he reports from time to time to the ministry of war, the numbers, and discipline; everything in short relating to the force of the troops under his command.

These reports are made under their special heads, and go accordingly to the different directions allotted to them in the war office.

The chiefs of these directions make a report thereupon to the minister of war, and he sometimes decides himself, sometimes takes the advice of the King, respecting them.

The military intendances are the civil-administration of the army, and are directed by intendants and sub-intendants stationed through the country, in the same manner as the generals and *maréchaux-de-camps*. Thus the intendant-general resides in the same town as the lieutenant-général, and the sub-intendant in the same town as the *maréchal-de-camp*.

There are as many intendants therefore as divisions, and as many sub-intendants as sub-divisions.

The intendant, in the same manner as the lieutenant-général, communicates with all the corps stationed in his district and with the minister of war respecting them; but his functions lie wholly in the details respecting the pay and commissariat of the army, the purchasing and accounting for all victuals, &c. &c.

† Military divisions and military intendances.

His communications on these subjects pass through the bureaux de comptabilité (boards of accounts), the financial board of the war office; and are there submitted to the minister of war himself, who usually confers upon them with the King. Thus, every thing relating to the army arrives at the minister of war by two channels; the one relating to the military, and the other to the economical part of the service.

The separate reports he thus receives, he can compare together, and in this manner pretty easily acquaint himself not only with the efficiency of the parties reporting, but also with the actual state of the army in the district referred to. The report of the general specifies the numbers of the troops in his division; the report of the intendant, the pay, provisions and expense: one account checks the other.

But in order to have some still further check upon these officers themselves, there are appointed inspectors-general, officers of the rank of lieutenant-général or maréchal-de-camp, who are sent every year into the different divisions.

The inspector-general examines into every part, military and economic of the service, enters into the minutest details, passing seven or eight days with each regiment. There he receives every man, from the colonel to the private soldier; listens to all complaints and demands, and reports in the fullest manner on what has passed to the minister of war, who thereby sees the accuracy of the statements already made to him.

The army of France forms so interesting a part of the power and policy of that country, that perhaps it will not be uninteresting if I go into further details respecting it.

COMPOSITION OF THE ARMY.

The French army is composed of infantry, cavalry, artillery, and engineers.

The infantry is divided into infantry of the line, and light infantry. The infantry of the line consists of sixty-six regiments, each of three thousand six hundred and twenty men, in four battalions of eight hundred and sixty-two men each. A battalion has eight companies of one hundred and eight men, to each of which are attached a captain, a lieutenant, and sub-

lieutenant. There is attached, besides, to each of these regiments a company called—*hors-rang* (out of the ranks), composed of the servants of the small staff, the musicians, the master, workmen, &c.

The light infantry is composed of twenty-one regiments, each of three battalions only.*

The cavalry is divided into the *cavalerie de réserve*, *cavalerie de ligne*, and *cavalerie légère*. †

The cavalry of the reserve comprises two regiments of *carabineers*, and ten of *cuirassiers*; every regiment being nine hundred and sixty men, and seven hundred and sixty-nine horses strong. The regiment is divided into six squadrons, each squadron being commanded by a captain commandant, a second captain, two lieutenants, and two sub-lieutenants. A *chef d'escadron* has two squadrons under his command.

The *cavalry of the line* consists of twelve regiments of dragoons, and six regiments of lancers. The only difference between these regiments and the others, is the circumstance that they are stronger in numbers; their effective being one thousand and fifty-six men, and eight hundred and sixty-five horses.

The *light cavalry* consists of twelve regiments of *chasseurs* and six of hussars. These regiments have the same divisions and force as the lancers.

The artillery has eleven regiments of four squadrons each. Each squadron has four batteries; the numerical force of these regiments is of two thousand men, and one thousand horses.

The *engineers* have three regiments, whose strength is the same as that of the light infantry. A train company is attached to each of these regiments; there is also a battalion of *pontoniers* whose duty it is to construct bridges, &c. during war; six train squadrons of park artillery; and a train corps for military equipages; but as these bodies are only useful in time

* In the epaulettes of the officers there is also a trifling difference; those of the line are gold, those of the light infantry silver. This forms the sole difference between the light infantry and the infantry of the line, with the exception that the light infantry uniform has yellow, that of the line red, facings.

† Cavalry of reserve, cavalry of line, and light cavalry.

of war, it is impossible now to state their effective force, which varies with the expectation of their being wanted.

There are, besides what I have mentioned, a number of corps that also form part of the army, but which are stationary, and not destined for active service. The *gendarmerie* which forms the *police municipale* (municipal police) are spread in the sixteen great divisions over the whole surface of France. The company of veterans do duty in forts. The company of *garde-côtes* (coast guards) are stationed at seaports. The municipal guard of Paris abides there under the orders of the prefect of police. The company of *douaniers* (custom-house officers) are in the service of the custom house. Other small bodies might also be mentioned of a similar character.

RECRUITING.

Such being the composition of the army, it is recruited in two manners; by conscription (*appels*), or by voluntary enlistment. The calls are made once a year in virtue of a law, which the chambers pass, and which is approved of by the King. This law calls under the tricolor from sixty, to eighty thousand men per annum, according to circumstances, and the government distributes between the departments the proper contingent of each to the general levy. At the commencement of the year, the different mayors meet at the *chef-lieu* (chief town) of their *arrondissement*, bringing with them all the young men belonging to the several communes, who have completed their twentieth year; the sub-prefect, who administers in the *arrondissement*, having already prepared a list for that *arrondissement* containing the names of the young men liable to the conscription. After the effective of the contingent is determined, and the number which each canton is to supply ascertained, the young men inscribed on the list proceed to draw lots, and the lowest numbers drawn design those to be enrolled. A short time after this, however, a council of revision is held, at which claims for exemption and other objections against the service are heard. A final list is then made out, and the individuals, whose names are found in it, are sub-

sequently and definitively called to the ranks of the army in virtue of a royal ordonnance.

The military authorities then direct the young soldiers by detachments, more or less considerable, to the corps of which they are to compose a part. Arrived at their destination, they are incorporated in the companies or squadrons, so as to be properly mixed with the ancient soldiers. Their uniform is given to them, and, on the first review of the regiment, they are brought forward to take an oath of fidelity to the king, to the country, and to the tricoloured flag. The form of the oath is, " Je jure d'être fidèle au roi, à l'honneur et à la patrie, et de ne jamais abandonner les drapeaux!"* The transformation of the peasant, the artisan, the labourer, or the *bourgeois*, is now complete! †

The legal duration of service in the army is seven years. ‡ At the expiration of that period the soldier receives his discharge, and generally returns to his native district, and former employment. Some, however, re-engage in the army for two or four years, but these are generally of a class who would find it difficult to gain their livelihood in another manner.

The conditions of voluntary enlistment differ in no way from the conditions imposed on the soldier by conscription. Like him, the volunteer cannot retire from the service during the period of his engagement, till he has found a proper substitute. During the times of peace the number of volunteers is small. But, in war, or at a whisper of war, the military spirit of France revives. Immediately after the revolution of July, sixty thousand rushed to the national standard. § In 1892, there were eleven thousand nine hundred and eight volunteers, of whom, one thousand three hundred and fifty-five were from the department of the Seine.

* I swear to be faithful to the king, to the honour of the country, and never to quit my standard.

† None are admitted to the army who have been condemned for any disgraceful offence.

‡ About one sixth, it is calculated, re-enlist for two or four years. These receive a bounty of 22 francs for two years, and 44 francs for four years; besides, 8 centimes per day additional, after two years' service, and 10 centimes after six. I speak of infantry of the line. The other corps receive something more.

§ Most of these, on the chance of war disappearing, purchased substitutes

In 1833, there were but five thousand five hundred and ninety-one—of whom, eight hundred and thirty-nine came from the department of the capital.

The persons so engaging, in time of peace; are naturally men for the most part without employment, persons whose enterprising and adventurous character has already embarked them in scrapes; but sometimes young men of respectability, wishing to enter the military career without undergoing the discipline of the military schools, engage in this humble manner.

The sons of the greatest and richest families of France; of dukes and peers, have not disdained to arrive at the rank of an officer, by passing through the duties of a common soldier. And this not in appearance merely, but in reality. Many are the instances that could be cited of these young gentlemen doing their duty in every respect as a private of the ranks; supporting the severest fatigues and privations; currying their horses, cleaning their stables, and carrying the forage on their shoulders; nor is it extraordinary to meet in a soldier's room, the descendant of a noble family and the bearer of a great name, sharing his bed with the son of one of his domestics. These examples were frequent under the restoration—more so immediately after its overthrow:—not so frequent at the present time.

THE PAY.—The pay of the army is much the same now, that it was prior to the revolution of 1789. The necessity for a great army, and the difficulty of supporting a great expense, made this almost a matter of course; and under these circumstances it has even required an effort to keep up the ancient scale.

The pay then of the officer and the soldier, the former perhaps has the least to complain of, is in France as elsewhere, but a miserable pittance for the services he has to perform, and the station he ought to maintain.

At the present moment the grade of a *sous-lieutenant* of the line—a rank equivalent to our ensign or cornet, is 1,500 francs per annum, in the foot regiments, and 1,725 francs in the cavalry. This is about the salary of a secondary merchant's junior clerk.*

* See Manuel de la Législation Militaire.

The pay of all the other superior officers is in the same proportion, as that of the sub-lieutenant. A colonel has 6,250 francs per annum in the infantry, and 6,875 in the cavalry. A lieutenant-colonel 5,275 in the infantry, and 5,875 in the cavalry. A chef-de-bataillon or d'escadron 4,500 in the infantry, 5,000 in the cavalry.

INFANTRY.—Captains.	{	1st class, 3,600 francs.
	{	2nd class, 3,000
Lieutenants.	{	1st class, 1,875
	{	2nd class, 1,650
CAVALRY. — Captains.	{	1st class, 3,750
	{	2nd class, 3,450
Lieutenants.	{	1st class, 2,175
	{	2nd class, 1,875

A marshal of France has 40,000 francs; a lieutenant-general, if commanding, 40,000 frs.; if not, 15,000 in peace, and 18,750 in war; a maréchal-de-camp has 10,000 francs in peace, and 12,500 in war.

It is to be remembered that commissions are not purchased, and that, therefore, the pay, such as it is, which the officer receives, is wholly reward for his services, and not interest for his money. As to the soldier, his cost to the state cannot perhaps be exactly calculated, because his arms, accoutrements, his barrack-room, the principal part of his clothing, are furnished by the public magazines and manufactories; but his daily allowance will give an adequate idea, in other respects, of his situation.* It amounts, on an average, to 48 centimes, 4½d a day. From this pittance 10 centimes, one penny, are withheld as a provision for the linen and stockings he may require, and for the small articles necessary to his dress and cleanliness; 30 centimes, three pence, are kept for his food, and he is supplied with one pound and a half of tolerable bread in addition; 8 centimes, about three farthings, are given to him for pocket money. Such is the state of the French soldier.†

It will be easily believed, that with resources apparently so

* Nouveau Guide des Sous-Officers.—(New guide for non-commissioned officers.)

† The two flank companies receive a halfpenny (5 cent) a day more; and, as we have seen, those re-engaging after 8 years service, 8 cents. more.

inadequate, it would be impossible for him to exist but under a system of the most rigid economy. For this purpose, a subaltern officer is charged in each company with the control of the sum appropriated for food, and is in fact the superintendent of the mess, for it is by *messing* the food that a sum so minute is rendered sufficient for the purpose. This officer purchases himself at market the articles necessary; some soldiers are metamorphosed into cooks, and the dinner is divided into small tin dishes, and distributed fairly to each soldier in the company. The soldier has two meals a day, one at ten o'clock, and the other at five. The first is composed of soup, and a quarter of a pound of boiled beef; the second of a small portion of vegetables, generally of potatoes or beans, with a quarter of a pound of mutton or veal. The only drink given is water; wine, brandy, or other spirits are only distributed, and then, in very small proportions, on the occasion of public rejoicings, or on a visit of the general.*

PENSIONS.—As some atonement for the exiguity of his pay, the soldier has the prospective of a pension.

In time of peace this is earned by thirty years; in time of war, by fifteen years' service.†

Besides this, the orphans and widows of those who have perished in battle,‡ receive a portion (about one-fourth) of the pension that their husbands or fathers would have been en-

* When the soldier is in the colonies a slight difference in the arrangements takes place. He has 1 lb. 9½ oz. of bread, with 8½ oz. of salt or fresh beef, or 7 oz. of pork daily. When on the war establishment, 1 oz. of rice, or 2 oz. of peas, and half an ounce of salt. Instead of paying 30 cents. for his messing, he pays only 20 in the colonies, and 14 on the war establishment.

Soldiers of good conduct are sometimes allowed to absent themselves from regimental duties, and work on their own account in the towns where they are quartered. They pay, in this case, five centimes per day to the mess, and six francs a month to the soldier who does their duty, and cleans their arms. They must also pay for their linen, etc. unless their stock be complete.

† Two years in the colonies are counted as three years.

‡ There is also for the officers what is called "*Traitement de réforme*," (half pay allowance,) in which he is in a middle state, between being in the army and out of it. Those who have served 20. years may receive this pay for ten, without being called upon to re-enter the service; those who have six years for three, etc., etc. The allowance for a colonel is 1,200 fr.; for a sub-lieutenant, 320 frs.

titled to for retirement, whatever may have been the period of their service, in the rank they held. The widows and children of pensioners are also paid according to the same regulation; and the pension to a soldier's wife cannot be less than 100 frs.

The pensions of course vary according to rank, and the following table will exhibit their rates and proportions.

STATEMENT OF HALF-PAY ALLOWANCES, SHOWING THE RATE ACCORDING TO RANK AND CORPS.

		Marchese.	Minuten.
		France.	France.
General Staff.	Lieutenant general.	6,000	5,000
	Maréchal-de-camp.	4,000	3,500
Royal Staff Corps.	Colonel.	3,000	2,500
	Lieutenant-colonel.	2,400	2,000
	Chief of battalion.	2,200	1,800
	Captain.	1,600	1,200
	Lieutenant.	1,200	1,000
	Sub-lieutenant.	1,000	800
Military intendance.	Military intendant.	4,000	3,500
	Sub-intendant.	3,000	2,500
Commandants of Towns.	Colonel.	3,000	2,500
	Chief of battalion.	2,000	1,800
Town Adjutants.	Captain.	1,500	1,200
	Lieutenant.	1,200	1,000
Board of Health.	Sub-lieutenant.	1,000	800
	Head surgeon.	2,000	1,600
	Assistant surgeon.	1,000	800
Gendarmerie.	Colonel.	3,000	2,500
	Chief of squadron.	2,200	1,800
	Captain.	1,600	1,200
	Lieutenant.	1,200	1,000
	Quarter-master.	450	400
	Brigadier.	360	310
Infantry of the Line.	Gendarme.	320	220
	Colonel.	3,000	2,500
	Lieutenant-colonel.	2,400	2,000
	Chief of battalion.	2,000	1,800
	Captain.	1,600	1,300
Light Infantry.	Lieutenant.	1,200	1,000
	Sub-lieutenant.	1,000	800
Veteran Non-commissioned officers.	Adjutant non-commissioned officer.	600	500
	Serjeant-major.	500	400
Veteran fusileers.	Serjeant.	400	300
	Corporals.	350	200
Artillery.	Soldiers.	300	200
	Colonel.	3,000	2,500
	Lieutenant-colonel.	2,400	2,000
Cavalry.	Chief of squadron.	2,000	1,800
	Major.	2,000	1,800
	Captain.	1,600	1,200
Artillery.	Lieutenant.	1,200	1,000
	Sub-lieutenant.	1,000	800
Artillery Train.	Adjutant.	600	500
	Head quarter-master.	500	400
	Quarter-master.	400	300
	Brigadier.	350	250
	Soldiers.	300	200

	Number of soldiers tried.	To death.	Number of sentences passed.	Number of witnesses heard.
Military offences (provided against by the military code).				
1. Desertion to the enemy, or in face of the enemy.	33	11	10	37
2. — to foreign countries.	92	4	84	232
3. — to the interior by change of resolution.	68	16	46	145
4. — to the interior with arms and uniform.	472	3	477	1,312
5. — to the interior, not singly, but with others.	20	"	11	30
6. — to the interior singly	1,154	"	155	1,625
Total of desertion.	1,839	34	1,783	3,381
7. Offences classed under the heads of treason, spies, and persuading men to desert.	45	9	21	99
8. — under the head of insubordination.	873	42	753	4,192
9. — under the head of thefts, breach of trust, dishonesty and bribery.	1,266	4	1,195	5,299
10. Offences other than those above specified.	2,033	"	1,912	6,268
Total of military offences, inclusive of desertion.	6,056	89	5,664	19,239
Common offences (provided against by the civil courts).				
11. Thefts from private citizens	401	"	190	1,892
12. Assassinations and assaults.	235	17	153	1,228
13. Rapes, and offences against morals	18	"	14	159
14. Common offences, other than those above specified.	223	"	160	886
Grand Total.	6,933	106	6,181	23,404
			126	660
			6,307	24,064

TO FACE PAGE

DISCIPLINE.

We now come to the discipline of the French army.

ADMINISTRATION OF A REGIMENT.—The administration of each regiment is confided to a council, composed of the colonel, a *chef d'escadron* or *de bataillon*, a major, a captain, and the officer *d'habillement*.* All these officers are convoked by the colonel, and deliberate, in common, on such matters as are connected with the administration of the regiment, excepting of course those which belong to the sovereign authority of the colonel, to whom the times of exercise, the rewards, punishments, and the general power over the troops is reserved. An account, however, is rendered by him once a week to the *maréchal de camp* of all matters regarding his regiment. He corresponds also with the minister of war, who, in very extraordinary circumstances, communicates his instructions directly through him. Without orders, however, he can do nothing of importance, forming merely a link in the system, which passing through the general and the intendant, centres at last in the war department.

PUNISHMENTS.—In every country, but in France particularly, military legislation must be severe. The principles of equality which have circulated among all classes, oppose and weaken the principles of military obedience. The military code, therefore, is necessarily more terrible in its provisions and punishments than the civil code. Twenty-two cases are made punishable with death. Revolt, insubordination, a blow from an inferior to a superior are certain to be followed by that punishment. Theft, which, by the ordinary law, is punished by imprisonment, and sometimes by solitary confinement, according to the military law, subjects the offender to the galleys. Every enactment is in the same proportion:—in 1832, out of an army composed of 388,402 men, 6,858 were brought up for justice (proportion to the total, 1 in 70).

* Who attends to the dress, etc.

Of this 6,858,—14 were sent before the ordinary tribunals, from the incompetence of the Council of War—2,217 were acquitted—4,627 were condemned, 93 to death—391 to hard labour—130 to seclusion—308 to the *boulet**—1,149 to labour on the public works—2,556 to imprisonment.

It is to be observed that 1,555 were tried in the same month as their offence—2,267 in two months after their offence, and 3,111 subsequently to that period.—24,064 witnesses were heard, and the expenses of the proceedings were 156,217 fr.

The sentences pronounced were not all executed.—Of the 4,627 condemned, 496 obtained an entire pardon; 656 a commutation of sentence; and 13 capital sentences were alone put into execution.

From the report of the minister of war we learn a very curious fact, viz. that of the 6,858 persons tried, 2,806 were volunteers, and 2,359 substitutes for those who had enrolled; and but 1,693 persons entering by conscription, though the great bulk of the army is composed of these. It also appears that in the persons tried and condemned, there were out of 17 soldiers,—7 volunteers,—6 substitutes,—and 4 conscripts.

This sufficiently shows the great superiority of the conscripts over the other two classes of soldiers.

There was but one of the scholars from the military schools tried, and he was acquitted; and from the gendarmerie, a force of 15,514 men, but 15 were brought to trial. Two facts important to France—as well in respect to the discipline of her troops as the security of her citizens.

The officers of rank brought to trial, offering a total of 16,642—15. Of the sub-officers, of a total of 20,524—176. Of the corporals, &c. 26,012—216.

The annexed tables give these and other particulars.

MODE OF PROCEDURE.—In every division, there are established two permanent councils of war, and one council of revision—which is to the military courts what the “*cour de cassation*” (court of cassation) is to the civil.

The permanent councils are formed from every rank, and

* To drag the shot.

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Soldiers volun
enlisted. . .
Recruits. .
Substitutes.
Pupils of the mil
colleges. . . .
Gagistes. . . .

Natives of cong

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contain a colonel who presides, a chef-de-bataillon, two captains, one lieutenant, one sub-lieutenant, and one non-commissioned officer.

The council of revision consists of five members: one general officer who presides, one colonel, one chef-de-bataillon or d'escadron, and two captains.*

The mode of proceeding is as follows: directly a person, subject to military law, is accused of an offence, his commanding officer arrests him, and institutes an enquiry into his conduct. Then, if against the person accused there appears a fair probability of guilt, he, (the commanding officer) convokes the permanent council in his division—and before this council the offender is brought.

The tribunal hears the accusation, the witnesses on both sides, the defence, and then pronounces sentence. If three out of seven members declare the accused innocent, he is at once discharged—if five pronounce him guilty, the commissary of the King demands the application of the law against him.

The president reads the law, and again, if five determine on the same punishment, that one is adopted; if not, the opinion in favour of the mildest sentence is the one acted upon.

The criminal is then told the result of his trial, and twenty-four hours allowed him for demanding his case to be brought before a council of revision.

The council of revision can annul the sentence :—1. When the permanent council of war has not been formed in a legal manner.—2. When it shall have passed beyond its competence, either in respect to the criminal, or the laws.—3. When it shall have declared itself incompetent in the case.—4. When the trial has not been conducted properly.—5. When the punishment adjudged is not a legal one.

Within twenty-four hours after the decision of the permanent court, if the case be not adjourned to the court of revision—and immediately after the judgment of the court of re-

* For generals-in-chef or of division, for colonels, majors, and chef-de-bataillon or d'escadron, as well as for permanent military intendants, and sub-intendants, the councils of war are rather differently composed. In besieged towns, in departments in a state of trouble or civil war, councils are formed on the same principle of the best materials that can be found.

viation, if it be—the criminal, if sentenced to be put in irons, or to be sent to the galleys, or to proceed to a *compagnie de discipline*,* or to a military penitentiary,† is escorted by the gendarmes to his destination. Should he be condemned to death, he is taken back to his regiment, and there, unless a pardon or reprieve be anticipated, shot forthwith.‡

I believe great severity is required in the French military code; it has, however, been considered unnecessarily great, and whatever might be required in time of war, it appears possible to many military men in France, to do without the punishment of death in time of peace, except in cases of murder, or perhaps treason. Acts of mere insubordination are rarely the result of calculation or deliberation beforehand. They result in most cases from some momentary effervescence; and then the punishment of death, or any other penalty, is never thought of or cared for by the excited soldier. §

* There are about 2,000 men in what are called the companies of discipline—to which soldiers maiming themselves to prevent serving, or of a refractory disposition, are sent. In these companies, which are always in fortified towns, besides the ordinary military duties, the soldiers are employed in works of fortification, where the latter is in general very severe.

† The military penitentiaries are recent and experimental institutions, to which soldiers, whom there may be the hope of reclaiming, are sent to instead of to the galleys. Here the prisoners are employed in different useful trades, receive the elements of instruction, and have a careful attention paid to their comparative conduct.

‡ There are, besides the great military tribunals that I have described, two for the officers, and one for the soldiers of a secondary description.

Those for the officers are called *conseils d'enquête* (councils of inquiry); and those for the soldiers *conseils de discipline* (councils of discipline.)

The *conseils d'enquête* are divided into *conseils de divisions* (councils of division), and *conseils de régiment* (regimental councils).

The first concerns all officers in a division as high as the rank of colonel; the second the inferior officers of a regiment.

These councils take cognizance of such offences as become sufficiently serious to disturb the good order of the army, though they do not subject the offender to the military code. And they can punish by suspension of rank or employment.

The *conseil de discipline* (council of discipline), is for offences of the same description. and may send a soldier to the *compagnie de discipline* (discipline company).

§ It may be here worth observing, that in the same year which I have been speaking of in France, as giving the result upon 388,000 men, of 6,858 committals on serious offences, there were within our force in Ireland and Great Britain, (about 50,000 men,) 920 soldiers in gaol, while 379 corporal punishments took place in the same year.

If some offences, however, are punished so severely in the French army, others receive a mild and honourable chastisement, directed especially at the mind of the soldier and that sentiment which is the basis of his service.

These smaller punishments are the *corvée*, (excessive labour) a *consigne au quartier* (confinement to his quarter)—*la salle de police* (imprisonment)—the *cachot* (dungeon)—and interdiction to carry his sabre out of the ranks. The small faults or negligences are all punished by the *corvée*, or by confinement to quarters. The *corvée* is work imposed on the soldier, who is obliged, when not on duty, to devote himself to it, and is generally both of a tiresome and fatiguing description. He is made to bring the soup into town for his comrades on guard; to carry forage, and do any other menial offices required. The punishment of confinement to his quarters, in addition to his being interdicted from leaving his barracks, subjects him also to those portions of the punishment I have just described, which can be performed in quarters. He is besides placed in a corps which is designated the *peloton de punition*, which *peloton* is commanded by a non-commissioned officer equally confined; and here the sergeant and soldier, if they do not pay the same attention to their duty as in ordinary exercise, are subjected to a continuation of their punishment. Sometimes the nature of the offence will be printed in large letters, and the soldier made to appear with it on his jacket turned inside out; a punishment sufficiently humiliating to him, especially when the exercise which he is obliged to go through is performed in some public place out of the barracks.

La salle de police includes the above punishments; but the culprit, in addition, is deprived of his room and bed, and obliged to sleep on bare plank—his duty and exercise continuing as before. The *prison* only differs from the *salle de police*, in this, that the offender is immediately locked up when he has performed either his military service, or the degrading duties of the other punishments. *Le cachot* is close imprisonment. The prohibition to carry his side-arms when off duty, another punishment which I have mentioned, attacks the *amour-propre* of the French soldier, and is invariably found to be equally se-

vere and effective. In order, indeed, to give it the appearance of great degradation, the colonel has only the power of interdicting the soldier from carrying his side-arms for the space of sixty days; it requires the general of the division to prolong that term.

Every superior has the right to punish his inferior for any fault he may be guilty of. But the law provides and specifies the amount of the punishment, which *cannot be exceeded*. From the corporal, who can inflict four days' confinement to the barracks, or two days to the *salle de police*, up to the colonel, who can sentence to a month's confinement to the barracks, and fifteen days to the *cachot*; the different powers of the various ranks of officers, in everything concerning these punishments, are explained and determined by military regulations; at the same time the *colonel* has, of course, the power to augment or diminish the punishment, or to pardon the offence if he thinks proper. He is entitled also to punish the superior officer who has exceeded or abused his authority in inflicting an extravagant or unmerited punishment on his inferior.

The faults of the most frequent occurrence are generally the lightest, and are punished as soon as committed. But even when any of these trifling delinquencies are frequently repeated by the same individual, and when any species of incorrigibility is exhibited, the punishment very properly becomes more severe. A non-commissioned officer, or corporal, or soldier of the first class, is degraded. This punishment, which affects the future prospects of the offender, is, however, considered an exceedingly severe one, and but rarely inflicted, except when all other means of correction have been tried and failed. The degradation is inflicted in the French army in presence of the regiment on parade.

PUNISHMENT OF OFFICERS.—The severer punishments of the officers are regulated, of course, by the ordinary provisions of the military code: the minor punishments to which they are subjected, are, simple arrests, reprimand, close arrests, imprisonment. The *simple arrests* oblige the officer to confine himself to his chamber, without authority to leave it, but when

called to perform his military duty, from which it would appear that he is not even provisionally suspended. The *reprimand*, which must proceed from the colonel, or officer in command of the regiment, is given to the officer in presence of one or more of his brother officers. *Close arrest* does not permit the officer to leave his room under any pretext, nor receive any person there, but under express authorization of his commanding officer. A sentinel is generally placed at his door, and an inferior officer is sent to demand and take away his sword. Confinement in *prison*, is only resorted to in very serious cases. The colonel can sentence an officer to fifteen days;—the lieutenant-general or the minister at war can only exceed that period.

One peculiarity which I may notice is, that it is the duty of the officer punished, when that punishment has been undergone, to make a formal visit to the colonel or commandant by whose orders it was inflicted. He must be accompanied by an officer of his own rank, and by another of a superior grade, and the visit must be gone through with all the established forms of politeness. It will not do to leave a card at the colonel's door; the colonel takes care to inform the punished officer of the day and the hour on which he will have the honour of receiving him.

The military ordonnance, which prescribes these details, has had in view the wish to re-establish, by the visit, the good understanding which it supposes the punishment of the officer may have broken; this may be a reasonable supposition, perhaps, where the fault and the punishment have been both trifling, or where the officer is conscious of his error and is glad of the opportunity to redeem it. But it too often happens that this formal visit renders more inveterate the private feelings of hatred that may have existed before. When an officer conceives that he has been unjustly treated, or punished with unnecessary severity, such a visit, it may easily be imagined, can only be regarded by him as an addition to the treatment he complains of; and he can scarcely be expected to use such language, or to conduct himself so guardedly, as to fulfil the praiseworthy object for which the visit was ordered. It happens, therefore, but too frequently, that in place of

friendship being renewed, and peace restored among the parties, a new and more implacable enmity commences, finally terminated by the death of one or other of the parties.*

HABITS, &c.—Exercise of the person, racing, dancing, horsemanship, and all the exercises which are calculated to strengthen the constitution, and to develop address and agility, and daring on horseback, are encouraged among the troops. Gymnasiums have been established for this purpose in the principal garrisons, where a master in each of these different sorts of exercise directs the young soldiers. In fine weather they are occupied daily in learning to swim, and in the exercise of swimming, as well as in swimming their horses across a river or a pond of sufficient depth. It is especially in the art of fencing that the soldiers are taught to excel. To be a good fencer is considered a great honour in the French army. Care is taken to give great solemnity to the competitions among the good swordsmen, so as to preserve the taste for this sort of exercise. It is easy to suppose that the practice of this art renders quarrels of very frequent occurrence—nothing, in fact, is more common than duelling among the soldiers. It might be in vain to oppose this propensity, but the chiefs of the corps seem rather to encourage it than otherwise, for, although they punish the offender with fifteen days' imprisonment, if he accept a challenge, they are the first to testify their contempt; and endeavour by all means in their power to expel him the army, if he decline one.

The life of the soldier in some measure resembles that of a monk. He passes as much time in the barrack as the monk does in the monastery. He has no connexion with the interior of a city. Scarcely has he time to make a slight acquaintance in the place where he is in garrison, before he receives orders to march to another quarter, where he is an utter stranger. The change of garrisons takes place very frequently, and it would seem as if the government adopted the plan for the purpose of isolating more and more the soldier, and preventing his forming too close a relationship with the

* In some cases, indeed, where this visit is considered too painful for the feelings of the officer forced to make it, it is dispensed with.

people. The very ties which bind him to his family are attempted to be broken, for he is only permitted under the most pressing circumstances to visit his relations; and to marry is almost prohibited him. The officer, it is true, may marry, but *only* on the authorization of the minister of war, who never consents but in cases where the *pecuniary interests* of the officer are to be *benefitted*. The colonel of a regiment has also the power of granting permission to the non-commissioned officers, and even to the soldiers under him to marry; but it is only under very peculiar circumstances that this favour is allowed; it occurs, therefore, but very rarely; and in fact, is almost entirely confined to the soldiers who wish to marry some woman who may be useful to the regiment as *cantinière* or washer-woman.*

But while every endeavour is made to break the links which connect the soldier with the mass of the people, every incitement and encouragement to maintain *l'esprit du corps* is given. The men of the same company, or troop, live together; they are expected to support and defend each other mutually, and the chief subaltern of the party is instructed to keep up this sentiment of fraternity, by punishment, as well as by recompense. If one man conduct himself badly, it often happens that all his party come in for a share of his punishment, as if the whole company were considered responsible for the conduct of any one of its members. If, on the contrary, the man acquire merited praise, either from some act of public service or private conduct, the company again comes in for a share of the eulogy to the individual, and is recompensed in a body, by some small favours, as an exemption from roll-call and the like.

What I have said of the company applies equally to the battalion, to the regiment, and to the brigade. It not unfrequently happens, when there is an unusual assemblage of troops, that some quarrel may spring up between two regiments, and it is then observed that other regiments take part on one side or the

* These regulations, it is to be observed, are not so severe as they may, with our own military habits, at first appear, because the soldier passes merely through the army in transition, and can in a short time return to the affections and habits of a civilian.

other, as they seem to be connected with the immediate parties, in respect to their similarity of military discipline. I remember seeing a singular quarrel of this description, which almost ended in a general battle between the infantry and cavalry at Versailles.

PROMOTION.—We are now come to the distinguishing feature of the French army, the principle of which, in fact, regulates and remedies the various parts of the system we have been considering.

The small pay, the severe discipline of the French soldier, must have struck us on the one side; the constant appeals to his honour and his love for his profession, must also have struck us on the other. What makes this severe discipline and small pay supportable? From what cause does the military pride which characterizes him proceed?

It is his method of promotion. The man who enters at fourpence halfpenny a day in the ranks, may become, nay, has become, one of the highest persons in the state. "The soldier carries in his *giberne*," (cartouch box,) said Napoleon, "the *bâton* of a marshal of France."

During the empire, the battle quickly cleared the intermediate spaces between subaltern and superior ranks. The restoration, desirous of encouraging the young nobility to arms, would gladly have given the same celerity to favour that had attended upon peril; here, however, the nation interposed.

In 1816 a law was passed regulating promotion; and this law, anxious only to fetter the court, cramped and depressed the military ardour, which the natural spirit of the people and their long train of conquests had tended, of late more especially, to develop. By this law, no person could pass from one rank to another without four years service in the preceding grade. Not the greatest favourite could obtain the rank of colonel until eighteen years had been passed in climbing the long ladder of inferior steps.

Nothing was more fatal to the old monarchy than this very law; for it drove all the nobility, and the richer and higher classes of society out of it, and thus, with the exception of a few regiments, the army in general was entirely democratic and

easily disposed, when a contest arose, to take the same views and the same course as the people.

In 1832, the new government, though composed of many of the men who contended for the law of 1816, presented another law entirely opposed to it. It is no longer, then, now, as under the restoration, an interval of four years of service in each grade, that renders the officer qualified for promotion. It is sufficient that he has served two years in an inferior, or three years in a superior, to be eligible to higher rank. There is also this difference between the two laws, that the present law requires a longer service in the superior rank than in the inferior; while the law of 1816, on the contrary, required longer service and, in consequence, more experience from the subaltern than from the superior officer, which was evidently an absurdity. This law has likewise guarded against favouritism, by being more favourable to seniority. The law of 1816 allowed only a third of the nominations to seniority, that of 1832 gives the moiety; with the exception, however, of the ranks of colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and general, where age cannot reasonably be taken as the title for elevation.*

According to this new law, the time necessary to pass from one grade to another is thus regulated :—Six months service for a soldier to become a soldier of the first class ;—Six months for a soldier of the first class to become *corporal* in the infantry, or *brigadier* in the cavalry ;—Six months for a corporal or *brigadier* to become sergeant in the infantry, or *maréchal des logis* or *fourrier* in the cavalry ;—six months sergeant or *maréchal de logis* to become sergeant major, or *maréchal des logis chef* ;—six months sergeant-major or *maréchal des logis chef* to become *adjudant-sous-officier* ;—three years service to become *sous-lieutenant*—the first and lowest rank of a commissioned officer ;—two years service as a sub-lieutenant, to become lieutenant ;—two years lieutenant to become captain ;—two years captain to become *chef de bataillon* in the infantry, or *chef-d'escadron* in the cavalry ;—three years major (the above ranks are equivalent to that of major in our service)

* It seems sufficient for officers to arrive to the rank of major with no other title to merit than their age.

to become lieutenant-colonel;—three years lieutenant-colonel to become colonel;—three years colonel to become *maréchal de camp*;—three years in this last rank to become lieutenant-general; that grade in the military hierarchy, above which the only dignity is *maréchal de France*.

It is thus seen, that the simple soldier rises as the rest, if his education and good conduct qualify him for promotion. Indeed, the law I have been quoting assigns a third of the nominations of sub-lieutenant to soldiers rising from the ranks*—the remaining two-thirds being reserved, one for the pupils of the military schools; and the other for the particular choice of the King.

Since the revolution of July, it has so happened that many officers of different corps having left the service, it became necessary to raise a great number of non-commissioned officers in each regiment, to the rank of officers.

This circumstance has been considered highly favourable to the good disposition of the army, and has awakened in the body of the non-commissioned officers, those hopes of distinction and promotion which attached them to the empire, a circumstance of which it is impossible to over-estimate the effects.

The non-commissioned officer lives with the soldier; and there being no aristocratic feelings operating against him, exercises almost an absolute authority over his inferior. A body of unruly or undisciplined non-commissioned officers carry with them in a revolt the entire regiment, and can equally in times of trouble secure its discipline and obedience.

I have said that one-third of the commissions are given to the military schools; it will be interesting to say something of these.

The *Ecole Polytechnique* (Polytechnic school) at Paris is exclusively for artillery and engineers, and on quitting it, the young officer goes for two years to the *Ecole d'application d'Artillerie et du Génie* (the school for the artillery and engineers) at Metz.

The *Ecole Militaire de St. Cyr* (the military school of St. Cyr) is for young officers of the line, who, if they pass an

* Not only does the soldier in these cases give nothing for his commission, but he is made an allowance, when he receives it, for his equipment.

examination at the end of two years, are made sub-lieutenants. The admission to this school is in itself submitted to an examination, and can only be the result of successful competition.

On the 20th July every year this examination takes place in all the principal towns in France, the names of the candidates having been previously inscribed on the 10th June. The candidates must be not less than eighteen, nor more than twenty-one years of age.

The examination is in Latin, French, German, arithmetic, algebra, chemistry, geography, and history; and after these different local examinations, a jury at Paris, composed of three general officers, four special examiners, the commandant of the school of St. Cyr, the director of the studies of that academy, and a president, decides on the various claims.

The pupils pay 250 francs on admission for their trousseau, and 1,800 francs per annum;* on quitting St. Cyr, some are engaged in the duties of sub-lieutenant in the infantry, and others, a privileged class, in consequence of having obtained the prizes at the school competitions, pass two additional years at the *École spécial de l'état major* (school special for the staff), after which they can serve in the capacity of aid-de-camp to a general, or be employed on the staff. Some again, destined for the cavalry, are sent to the *École de Cavalerie de Saumur*, where they are taught riding and the service of the cavalry, and there qualify themselves to take rank among the officers of the cavalry regiments. In this school, which is one of the finest establishments of the sort in Europe, three classes receive a complete military education. The first class is composed of captains, lieutenants, and cornets of each regiment, who, at the end of two years' study, rejoin their corps and carry there, in quality of *instructors*, the knowledge which they have acquired during their residence at Saumur. The second is formed of young officers from St. Cyr, and the third of young volunteers who at the end of two years proceed, with the rank of non-commissioned officers, to the regiments of ca-

* One in every twenty-five is received and educated gratuitously. These must be persons in distress, and the children of officers in the army.

valry as *maréchaux des logis instructeurs* (instructors), and assist the principal *instructeur* (instructor) in the education of the soldiers.

The *Ecole d'état major* (school for the staff) is for officers destined for that branch of service. The scholars are admitted after an examination, at which, out of 60 candidates, 22 are chosen.

The candidates are of two descriptions,—30 from the military schools, and 30 from the army.

To these, three are added from the *Ecole Polytechnique*. The 25 entering form the first division; the 25 who have already been a year, the second. At the end of two years the scholars leave.

The military professors are:—1 of topography and of geodesia; 1 of geography, astronomy, and statistics; 1 of artillery; 1 of the military art, and of the service of the *état-major*; 1 of fortification, attack, and defence of fortresses; and 1 of military administration.

Besides, the *chef de bataillon*, charged with the police of the school, explains the theory of the *manceuvres* of infantry, and one of the *capitaines-adjoints* the theory of cavalry *manceuvres*.

The civil professors are:—1 *de machines et de lavis*; 1 of drawing landscape, shades, and perspective; and 2 of the German language.

The scholars are in barracks, but enjoy every liberty compatible with their studies.

Besides these principal schools, there are still others, called *écoles régimentaires*, which serve for the instruction of non-commissioned officers and soldiers; teaching reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, &c.

I have now run shortly over the principal features of the French army.

First, its administration which is very remarkable.

Secondly, its composition and formation, the striking circumstance of which is, the superior class of persons which by conscription it obtains.

And thirdly, its discipline sustained by the balance of severe

punishment on the one side, and great encouragement on the other: but, in reference to the encouragement given to military talent, I ought to say something of that institution which, though not wholly military, has been the greatest incentive to military ability, and furnishes at the present moment an example in every respect worthy of imitation to the rest of Europe;—I mean “the Institution of the Legion of Honour.”

LEGION OF HONOUR.—The royal order of the Legion of Honour was instituted by the law of the 29th *floréal*, year 10, to recompense military and civil virtues and services.

The order is composed of:

Chevaliers, of whom the number is unlimited.	
Officers.	2,000
Commanders.	400
Grand officers.	160
Grand-crosses.	80

Neither foreigners nor princes of the royal family are included in these numbers. The members swear fidelity to the King, to the charter and the laws.

No one can be admitted but with the first grade as chevalier, and the ordinary regulation requires twenty-five years service during peace* in civil or military functions. In time of war, a brave or brilliant action, or a severe wound, are deemed sufficient authorization for admission. The exception to the former rule is indeed so frequent that it is sufficient to say the King can grant the honour of the order to any person distinguished for his services, in the military or civil departments, or for any benefit he may have conferred upon the sciences or arts.

But to rise to a superior rank, it is indispensable to have passed through the inferior ranks, viz:—

1. For the rank of officer, it is necessary to have served four years as a chevalier.
2. For the rank of commander,—two years as an officer.
3. For the rank of grand officer,—three years as a commander.
4. For the rank of grand cross,—five years as a grand officer.

When any promotions are to take place, the King determines

* A year in time of war counts to the soldier as two.

the number of decorations of each grade—and a distribution is made by the grand-chancellor of the order, in the following proportion, 40 in 40.

3	to the Minister of Justice and Religion.
1	» Foreign Affairs.
5	» Home Affairs.
2	» Public Works.
3	» Finances.
20	» War.
5	» Marine.
1	» Public Instruction.
2	» the Grand Chancellerie.
<hr/>	
40	

To every person decorated with this order, certain military honours are due on all public occasions, and at all times a soldier on duty presents arms on seeing the decoration.

The salaries are as follows:—Officers, 1,000 fr.; commander, 2,000 fr.; grand officers, 5,000 fr.; and grand crosses, 5,000 fr. All other members of inferior grade, 250 fr.

A colonel may recommend the officers and soldiers of his regiment in the subjoined proportion.

Infantry line.

1 Officer for the Cross of Officer.

6 officers	} Regt. of 3 Battalions. {	} For the Cross of Chevalier.
3 subaltern officers or soldiers		
4 Officers	} Regt. of 2 Battalions. {	} For the Cross of Chevalier.
2 Subaltern officers or soldiers		

CAVALRY.

1 Officer for the Cross of Officer.

3 Officers	} For the Cross of Chevalier.
1 Subaltern officer or soldier	

There are, besides the order of the Legion of Honour,—The order of St. Esprit, St. Michel, and Mérite Militaire.

It is with extreme deference to military authorities that I venture on a few concluding remarks.

What I have been saying will have struck three classes of persons, I imagine, in three different manners.

The economist will have compared the four-pence $\frac{1}{2}$ d. a-

week given to the French soldier, with the thirteen pence given to the British.

The philanthropist will have compared the mental punishment inflicted on the French soldier, in many instances, and which raises his character, with the corporal punishment, in the same cases, inflicted on the British soldier, by which his character is degraded.

And the soldier himself will have compared the facilities for attaining military distinction in the one country, and the impediments placed in the way of his attaining military distinction in the other.

Exaggeration upon all these subjects is no doubt likely to arise.

The British soldier is not paid so much more than the French soldier, when you consider, first, the different expenses of washing, and many minor necessaries in France; especially when you see that the messing of the British soldier is eight-pence, and that of the French three-pence.

Neither is the punishment so much less severe in the French service than in the English, because, if the English soldier is sometimes flogged when the French soldier would not be so, the French soldier is sometimes shot where the English one would be flogged.

Neither is the hardship in respect to promotion entirely the same, as long as the two systems remain upon their present footing.

The English army is recruited by volunteers from the working class of England; that is to say, it is from the most destitute of a class, the great bulk of which is in a miserable state, and removed almost altogether, as well from the habits as the feelings of their country, from rising much above their native condition.

The French army, on the contrary, is recruited, not by volunteers of the working class, but by conscripts from every class, and the injustice would be terrible if you forced a man of fair prospects and education, to whom all professions were open, to engage in the army, and then did not allow him any chance of advancing himself in the service into which you had compelled him to enter.

The two armies are not to be compared as if the state of government and the state of society were the same in the two countries; they are to be contrasted as the results of two governments and two states of society entirely different.

I have painted in deplorable colours the condition of the British soldier. He is shown me in the heart of Asia panting beneath a tropical sun, subjected to the lash, unvisited by any gleam of promotion; and I am asked, is twenty-five years such service the melancholy vista through which he has to look for sixpence a day?

God knows, I think the case cruel and severe enough! *

But see what his case would have been at home! Would he have been happier as a Sussex labourer, or a handloom weaver, or even a cotton spinner, in his native country?

Now starved, now intoxicated, with his children here in the workhouse, and there in the factory! the situation of the British soldier is relative to the situation that he would have held if he had not been a soldier, and of this you have the best assurance in the voluntary nature of his service. His punishments, his advancement, are all according to the ideas which prevail in respect to the class he belongs to, and the position which, if a citizen, he would have filled.

You offer him a decent maintenance; this he expects if he works, because, as a peasant, he can get a scanty maintenance by law, if he does not work. You subject him to a life of much hardship and much constraint; this he submits to if he is paid, because, as a peasant, he would have also been subjected to severe toil and much constraint.

You do not offer him much prospect of rising in the army, because he enjoyed, poor fellow, little prospect of rising in the world! He is the creature of your laws and your habits, which declare that no man is to be compelled to any thing except by

* If any effective regulations can be made to remedy this, they might be, first, in relation to corporal punishment; secondly, in respect to pensions, and time of service. Better men might possibly enter the army, if the release they expected was of shorter date; and at all events, it would be fairer and kinder to give a more frequent opinion. A scale of pensions, not disadvantageous to the government, might easily be devised, favouring this,—allowing more than we now give after twenty-five years of service, and admitting the retirement on a small pension, or by purchase, at much shorter dates.

poverty, and, at the same time, subject the great masses of society to this law of voluntary compulsion.

All is liberty, if you please to call it so, and inequality.

In France it is just the reverse. In the first place, the law, by what we should call an arbitrary enactment, has diffused the advantages of fortune amongst all persons; and, in the second place, it has, by another arbitrary enactment, forced all persons to be soldiers.

You are not, then, in looking at the army, to consider merely the army, but the state of society from which the army comes.

Every part of a system is much more interwoven with the whole than we are at first sight disposed to imagine: we place property in a few hands. Our next consequence must be—in order to preserve property—to place power in a few hands also.

What follows?—the high ranks are for the rich, the low for the poor.

Apply this to the army!—Your officers buy their commissions;—your ranks are filled with the desperate and the starving. This army for a time serves the country it belongs to well, in spite of all theories to the contrary, because it reflects the society of that country where the rich are used to command and the poor to obey. But other notions in respect to society and government spring up; we discover things which we deem ought to be remedied. The first practice in medicine and legislation is to attack symptoms; it is not until after much experience that we really assail the disease. But the same distemper shows itself differently in different persons, and is met for a time in different ways.

You wish to elevate the working classes, and you make laws against pauperism; you wish to elevate the soldiery, and you make regulations against flagellation. You will come at last to some fact which lies at the bottom of all this.

NATIONAL GUARD. I shall now say one or two words on the civil force of France, which has occupied more or less of our attention of late years.

The National Guard was re-organized by a law of the 22nd March, 1831.

Every Frenchman, aged from twenty to sixty years, is obliged to serve in the district in which he is domiciled, with a few exceptions provided for by the law.

The service is divided into—service in the interior of the commune; and into—service by detachment out of the territory of the commune; *i. e.* the service of detached corps for the purpose of aiding the troops of the line.*

There is the ordinary service, comprising all citizens who pay a personal contribution; and there is a reserve, comprising all citizens for whom the habitual service would be too onerous; these latter are only called out under extraordinary circumstances.

A national guard of cavalry may also be formed in any commune or canton where it may be judged useful or necessary, always providing that *ten* persons will undertake to equip and furnish themselves with horses at their own expense.

In all fortified places there are companies of artillery.

There are, besides, companies of *sapeur-pompier*s in places where they do not exist, as belonging to the line; and in the sea-ports, companies of marines are also formed.

The punishments, in cases of disobedience or infraction of the regulations, are applied by a council of discipline, composed of a captain, as president, a lieutenant or sub-lieutenant, a sergeant, a corporal, and a private.

The government furnishes clothing, arms, and equipment, on the demand of those who have not themselves the means to purchase their outfit.

The national guards wounded in the service are entitled to the same indemnities as the troops of the line.

The King has power to dissolve the national guard at his pleasure, either entirely or by companies in the different districts.

* When the national guard furnishes detached corps for the defence of fortified towns on the frontiers, the service can only last for twelve months. In such cases, the national guards are subject to the laws of the army, and receive the same treatment and pay.

The object of the government in respect to this force is, to have it as much a local one as possible; and its formation is subject to the regulations most likely to effect this.

A commune, where it is possible, furnishes a company, and the adjoining parts of it a sub-division of a company.

FORMATION OF COMPANIES.

SUB-DIVISION OF A COMPANY.

	14 years.	15 to 20	20 to 30	30 to 40	40 to 50
Lieutenants . . .	0	0	0	1	1
Sub-lieuts. . .	0	1	1	1	1
Serjeants. . .	1	1	2	2	3
Corporals. . .	1	2	4	4	6
Drummers. . .	0	0	0	1	1

The ordinary force of a company is from 80 to 200 persons, according to the populousness of the locality; but if a commune can only furnish 50 men, that number forms a company.

A COMPANY CONSISTS OF

	50 to 80	80 to 100	100 to 140	140 to 200
1st Captain. . .	1	1	1	1
2nd Captain. . .	0	0	0	1
Lieutenants. . .	1	1	2	2
Sub-lieuts. . .	1	2	2	2
Serj. Major. . .	1	1	1	1
Serj. Fourrier. . .	1	1	1	1
Serjeants. . .	4	6	6	8
Corporals. . .	8	12	12	16
Drummers. . .	1	2	2	2

A battalion must be formed of four companies at least and eight at most.

The staff of a battalion is as follows:—A chef de bataillon.
—Captain adjutant major.—A standard bearer sub-lieutenant.
—A surgeon adjutant major.—An adjutant subaltern officer.—
And a tambour maître.

If more than one company is formed in any commune, the companies coming from the same commune cannot be allotted to different battalions.

In those cantons or towns where there are two battalions of 500 men each, these may be united into a legion, and in those

communes which furnish more legions than one, these may be united under a commander-in-chief—who is named by the King.

All the officers up to, and including, the captain in each company, are chosen by the persons designated to form it.

The chef de bataillon, and standard bearer of the battalion, are chosen by the officers and non-commissioned officers of that bataillon.

The chefs de légion and the lieutenant-colonels are chosen by the King, out of a list of ten candidates, designated by the persons who choose the chef de bataillon.

These are the principal regulations in respect to this municipal force intended to be at once an aid and check upon the army of the line, and placed under the authority of the mayors, prefects, and sub-prefects, as delegates of the minister of the interior;—who is to the national guard what the minister of war is to the army.

CENTRALIZATION.

CHAPTER XI.

Concluding Remarks.

I trust that I have not proceeded thus far, wading as a matter of necessity through many dry details, without conducting the reader, who has been patient enough to accompany me, to some knowledge of the matter we set out in quest of.

I mean, the civil and military administration of France—under a system of centralization.

We have seen the whole receipts and expenditure of the government managed by one office, and the accounts of a country thus kept with the exactitude of a counting-house; while every local budget is also brought under the eye of the executive, which learns in this manner, not only how much

the state requires for its common purposes, but how much the village requires for its especial ones.

We have seen all the tribunals of the law centralized in a particular court, and the administration of the laws also centralized in a particular ministry; the one preserving a universality in the decrees of justice, and the other, a universality in its motion.

We have seen, too, the system which detects or prevents the crime in harmony with that which judges the criminal; all the powers of pursuit directed by one hand, and all the duties of inspection centered in one great eye, which casts its regard over the whole empire, tracing by an especial process the footsteps of every individual, and watching with equal vigilance the petty felon who is stealing a watch, and the state criminal who is plotting a revolution.

We have seen the instruction of the people as well as the prosecution of the criminal, also considered a state affair, and entrusted to a ministry, the centre of a variety of ramifications, by which the branches of education are at once controlled and provided for.

We have seen even commerce and manufactures connected by a series of links with the department which presides over their prosperity, carried from the country to the towns—from the towns to the capital, and in the capital placed under a public functionary with whom they communicate.

We have seen the administration of the interior of the country extending like so many branches from a parent tree—which defends the region where it flourishes from many evils by the extent of its vast shadow—but prevents the growth of many advantages therein, by the extent of its vast roots.

We have seen, moreover, the elements of conquest combined in the same manner as the elements of peace. The military administration conducted on the same principle as the civil; and an immense army paid, punished, promoted, maintained, disbanded by one public officer, before whom every possible consideration is brought, and by whom every order is given.

The force which is to preserve France from aggression, is framed indeed on different principles from that which is to

carry out its ideas of conquest, but it has still, even in its local fractions, a connexion with the head of the state, and while the inferior officers are named by the people, its superior officers are chosen by the monarch.

The system of public receipt and expenditure in France, such as I have described it, the result of many experiments and alterations, is not only good in itself, but especially excellent for the country which adopts it, where long habits of financial speculation render it impossible to give great authority to subordinate functionaries, and yet where, from the absence of local banks and the smallness of general credit, it is necessary that the government should make every effort for the local receipt and payment of all monies where it is possible, and for their rapid circulation where it is not.

The judicial system possesses some faults, doubtless, but is frequently blamed, not because it is bad, but because it is badly administered.

There is no legal reason why the president of a *cour royale* should assail a prisoner as if he were a prosecutor instead of judge—there is no legal reason why the judge of a court of the first instance, before whom a prisoner must appear within twenty-four hours after his capture, should keep that prisoner in confinement, if he ought to let him loose. Here we can only say that the law, though favourable to freedom, is not sufficient in many instances to counterbalance the manners which are favourable to power.

But, take the judicial system as a whole—with the superb fiction of a public ministry charged with the prosecution of crimes—and which extending throughout the kingdom, has a *procureur du roi* in every *arrondissement*, and a *procureur-général* in every judicial division—with the local courts that offer such an easy access to justice, and where the government (as is generally the case) is not concerned, justice is invariably dealt out—with the prompt and conciliatory process on all minor civil cases, where the judgment of the magistrate is definitive—with the clearness, simplicity and unity of the law, which is maintained and defined by one ultimate and central court of appeal—take the judicial system as a whole, I say, and it must be admitted to contain great advantages, which might be ren-

dered greater; but which a people may be well content to purchase with some defects.

The criminal police, with its passports and gendarmerie, considered as attached to the system I have just been mentioning, might be a wise and beneficent, but is an immense exertion of power; such as a community accustomed to it might do well to continue, but which it would be fatal to transmigrate to other countries, long accustomed to privileges of individual freedom.

The political police is, I feel convinced, at once dangerous and useless. It sometimes creates plots, it never discovers them when they are worth discovering; it destroys social confidence; it creates a perpetual suspicion of the executive power, and sometimes teazes a nation into revolt when there really exists no great cause for disaffection.

The ministry of instruction, with that incongruity that pervades most of the French institutions, exercises rights the most arbitrary, and aims at objects the most popular. That the government should assume to itself the power of dictating to all private establishments the course of education they should pursue, and even the very books through which they should pursue it—would be considered by a nation such as ourselves, one of the most serious infringements of social liberty; on the other hand, that a state should charge itself with the careful provision of education for every one of its inhabitants, the poor as well as the rich, offering every encouragement, whether in the military or civil service, or through literary institutions, for every successful exercise of talent and assiduity, is a policy so enlightened and so paternal, that it is difficult to distrust the hand it proceeds from. In fact, the abuses such a ministry might be guilty of, are checked by that public opinion it must create; but though a liberal legislator would propose such a plan without hesitation, I doubt much whether a country long accustomed to freedom would be willing to receive it.

The scheme of commercial administration has many benefits. It brings the minister into direct and practical contact with all the wants and defects of industry. It presents him, through the means of a small and respectable body, with the state not merely of commerce and manufactures, but of the manufacturing and commercial classes throughout the country. It affords him the

opportunity of sifting statements, and comparing interests. In short, it gives to an able man immense facility in thoroughly understanding that important branch of administration over which he presides. But it also gives to the interests of the producer which are centralized and represented, a great superiority over those of the consumer, which are not so, and has, no doubt, had a sensible influence over the commercial policy which, in contradiction to our remonstrances, France still determines on pursuing.

The interior administration of the country, which is, in fact, the administration of the minister of the interior, though I mention it last, more especially deserves our consideration.

Wherever the aristocracy is in England, the government is in France. The magistrates are paid by—and attached to—the government. The Lord Lieutenants are paid by—and attached to—the government. As far as this goes, there is much to say not only against but in favour of the plan. It collects power, but it collects responsibility also, round one authority. It extinguishes the influence of all petty and local passions, and it gives to the administration, which is answerable for the peace of the country, a proper control over those who are appointed to preserve it.

That even the mayor should be an officer appointed by the crown is defensible; for, if otherwise chosen, he must in many places be an enemy of the state.

But the question most disputed and most disputable is the power which the government has, and which the government exercises, of interfering in all those minor affairs of expenditure and improvement, which it would appear that the locality itself might best decide on.

Not only cannot a commune determine its own expenses without the consent of the minister or one of his deputed functionaries, it cannot even erect a building, the cost of which shall have been sanctioned, without the plan being adopted by a board of public works attached to the central authority, and having the supervision and direction of every public building throughout the kingdom.

The arguments in support of this are many and plausible. In the first place, its advocates say, “the power of the minister

is only an economic one; he cannot compel the communes to any expense, but simply prevent or moderate the expenses they are anxious to incur. What motive can he have for exercising this authority that would make it likely that he should abuse it? Is he not rather likely to sanction than to refuse an undertaking which the inhabitants of the place consent to, and which, if successful, illustrates his administration?

Is not the board of works, too, composed of skilful architects and engineers, better able to furnish an elegant design, or to correct a bad one, than the village mason?

Is it not in this manner that France may be enriched, even in her remote hamlets, by the taste which presides in her capital; and edifices, really beautiful, erected at the same, or even at a less cost, than some monstrous pile of bricks and mortar would be, if provincial barbarism had no check upon its inventions?

All these are plausible arguments and easy to find, because, as there is no good without its evil, so there is no evil without its good. But they disappear at once, as merely involving small questions of detail, when, taking a broader view of the question, we look at human nature as the guide to legislation, and consider what breathes into a people that spirit and that energy which are the real elements of national greatness. The Indians teach their children to swim, by throwing them into the water beyond their depth. We learn most things in the same manner, by having to struggle against difficulties, and being left to our own resources.

What then is the consideration of a commune's accidental extravagance, or a prison's or a hospital's inelegant construction, compared with that habit of acting for ourselves, and thinking for ourselves, and relying upon ourselves, which gives not only to individuals, but to nations, that invaluable moral property which we call "character," and which never abandons us in any moment of our lives.

Centralization in a government is an excellent thing, providing you can place a proper control upon it, where the object is general; but it is, upon the whole, a foolish and an inexpedient thing where the object is local.

Of the army, I have spoken at such length and in such de-

tail, that if I pause upon it here again, it can only be to say, that the system under which it moves seems the best calculated to give a terrible energy to this terrible force ; which, strange to say, is less likely to be hostile to liberty from the greatest innovation of its rights ; for in forcing the citizen to become the soldier, we leave the soldier also in a great degree the citizen.

A militia or national guard is an institution well adapted to a military people, like the Prussians and the French, who amused by the drum and the uniform, give up their time, without reluctance, to bearing the duties of a soldier, while they retain all the tastes and principles of civil independence, guarding their country alike from the despotism of a native army, or the aggression of a foreign enemy. But to a nation of more commercial tastes and habits, it would be one of the greatest burthens, perhaps, that could possibly be imposed. Venice, Holland, and Carthage had, in the days of their glory, a mercenary force—so great, though they were brave, was their dislike to arms as a profession. And with us, who have no army to fear at home, and no aggression to apprehend from abroad, it would be difficult to find a more useless and odious, and (as it would be found to those whose time is more valuable than the pay of a soldier) a more expensive invention.*

I have thus passed, perhaps too hastily, over an immense system, the axis of which, turning by a regular and uniform motion, brings to the army on a certain day its soldiers, to the national guard its officers, to the arrondissements and departments their councillors, to the communes their corporations, mayors, and adjuncts.

Take to pieces the machinery of this system—you will see, in spite of the symmetry of the whole, a vast diversity in the parts ; some of which are of the most democratic, some of the most monarchical description.

No institution is so insignificant as not to be connected, in some way, with the crown—none so exclusive as not to offer the highest honours to the people. The mayor of the smallest

* Colonel Davies, late M. P. for Worcester, had some idea, I believe, of making the proposition.

commune is the king's officer, and the son of a butcher, in a field marshal's uniform, is the chief officer in the royal palace.

It may be all very well to say that this is the same as in Turkey; there is as much difference between this and any thing that exists, or ever did exist, in Turkey, as between any two things the most opposed: for the public spirit which prevails in France is in favour of intelligence and freedom, as the public spirit in Turkey is in favour of tyranny and ignorance. Besides, it is not the King who is all powerful in France, but the King's government. Here is a difference that may alter every thing—for the government is responsible before a body, which, according to the meaning of the constitution, should be popularly elected, and in spite of which it cannot exist.

The improvements, indeed, that we may expect in modern legislation lie in the proper combination of these two principles:—a great possibility of doing good, a strong check upon the power of doing evil.

It is to the chamber of deputies then that we have now to turn; and if that chamber be not what it ought to be, *there* is the place where we should propose alterations.

CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

CHAPTER XII.

Right of Election—Mode of electing—Eligibility—Proceedings of the Chamber—Laws and propositions—Constituency considered and Chamber dissected.

We have been led by the last chapter to the consideration of the chamber of deputies.

I shall first state its formation, attributes, and usages, and then consider it in general relation with the government, and the system of which it forms a part.

RIGHT OF ELECTION.—Every Frenchman, aged twenty-five years, enjoying his civil and political rights, and paying 200 fr. of direct contributions, is an elector.*

The number of electors is ascertained by the following process, which answers to our registration :

From the first to the tenth of June the mayors of the different communes in their respective cantons meet in the chef-lieu of the canton, and there, with the aid of the collectors of the taxes, revise the list of the year preceding. This list is sent by the sub-prefect of the arrondissement, with his observations, to the prefect of the department before the first of July, who in his turn revises it, stating his reasons for the decisions he comes to ; the list is then printed, and deposited at the mayoralty of every commune by the 15th of August ; any claims then made are judged by the prefect in council, from whom there is no appeal but to a "cour royale," which however is obliged to decide the case definitively, and *without expense*.

MODE OF ELECTING.—The chamber of deputies is composed of 459 deputies, † elected by 459 electoral colleges, each electing one deputy.

These colleges are convoked by the King, and in that town in the electoral arrondissement which he shall appoint ; no discussion is allowed. ‡

The college elects its president and examiners, and the election commences. A list of the electors being fixed up in the place of election, the president calls on the electors by name, and each receives from him a piece of paper open ; on this piece of paper he writes the name of the candidate he prefers, folds

* Officers in the army and navy, members and correspondents of the Institut, need only pay 100 fr.

Contributions counted as direct are the land tax, the personal and furniture tax, the door and window tax, taxes on patents, and every tax levied under the title of "centimes additionnels."

† A deputy accepting a public office at home, vacates his seat, but not until the reunion of the electoral college, by which he is to be re-elected.

A minister changing from one public office to another does not vacate his seat.

‡ No armed force can be in the neighbourhood unless demanded by the college itself.

it up, and gives it back to the president, who puts it in a box placed by him for that purpose.*

The box remains open for six hours, and is closed at 3 o'clock in the evening, when its contents are immediately examined : 1. The number of papers is compared with the number of persons who have voted. 2. An examiner opens each piece of paper, and gives it to the president, who calls out the name inscribed on it; the result is then made public, and the papers burnt.

A deputy to be elected immediately, must unite one-third of the total number of votes inscribed in the college, and one-half of the votes taken in his favour.

If the scrutiny, having once taken place, does not produce this result, the bureau declares the two candidates who have got the most votes, and no other can then compete with them; the one who on the next trial has the bare majority is elected.† A college is opened for ten days, and every matter of dispute that occurs is taken down and submitted afterwards for decision to the chamber of deputies.

ELIGIBILITY.—To be eligible for the chamber, ‡ the candidate must be thirty years of age, and pay 500 fr. of direct taxes (equal to an income six times the amount). Half the deputies in a department must be chosen amongst those whose political residence is in that department.§

PROCEEDINGS OF THE CHAMBER.—At the commencement of every session, the chamber is divided by lot into nine bureaux, composed, as much as possible, of an equal number of members.

* As the elector does this, an examiner takes down his name, as having voted.

† Whenever there is an equal number of votes on this occasion, the eldest has the preference.

‡ Neither a prefect, a sub-prefect, nor a receiver-general or a receiver of department, can be chosen deputy by the district in which he performs his functions. Neither general officers commanding divisions, nor procureurs du roi, nor procureurs-généraux, nor the directors of contributions, etc. can be elected within the sphere of their authority and jurisdiction; nor if they quit such post, can they be eligible there till six months after the time of their having done so.

§ When the contrary occurs, lots are drawn among the successful candidates.

Each bureau names its president and secretary.*

Each bureau discusses the question sent it by the chamber, and names a member to write a report of its opinion. When two-thirds of the bureaux declare themselves prepared, the reporters from each meet and discuss the questions amongst themselves, and then name a common reporter, who reports to the chamber twenty-four hours at least before the general discussion begins.†

For petitions there is a general commission: one member named by each bureau; it makes its report every week, in which is included the name and habitation of the petitioners, as well as the object of their request.

Except in case of dissolution, the legislative measures begun in one session continue on in the stage in which they were left, to the next.

The chamber is presided over by a president whom it chooses, and four vice-presidents.

LAWS AND PROPOSITIONS. Every law proposed to the chamber by the King or the chamber of peers, after being read to the chamber, is sent to the bureaux.

Every member who wishes to make a proposition must sign and depose it on the president's table, to be by him communicated to the different bureaux.

If three of these are of opinion it should be developed, it will be read at the next sitting, and the deputy will fix the day when he will speak upon it.

If then approved of, it will be printed and sent back again to the bureaux, which discuss and report upon it.

On all laws the vote is secret; on other propositions it is open, unless members demand the ballot.

Here then is the chamber of deputies, proceeding with much clearness and regularity in its proceedings, having in many of its forms—the institution of its bureaux, for instance—much

* These bureaux are renewed every month.

† Besides these different bureaux, there are commissions: one for the budget, for instance, which is formed of thirty-six members, four being named by each bureau of the chamber.

There will be to this commission as many reporters as there are ministers, each reporting on the expense of a particular minister.

that we ourselves might do well to consider, if not to imitate—having in the mode of its election, also, the advantage of that ballot which we are here contending for, and which seems to be conducted with perfect safety and facility*—but only elected by persons, who possess in property fifty pounds a year—i. e. who pay 200 francs of direct taxes—a proportion of about 173-4 electors, in a country containing 32,500,000 inhabitants.

Whichever way we consider this, the result seems equally injudicious.

In the first place, the more power you confide in the executive government (and in France, it appears necessary to confide a great deal of power to the executive government), the more popular ought to be the sources from which that government rises, and the more national the control by which its abuses are to be prevented and judged.—Secondly. The more places which a government has at its disposition (and the government of France has all over France places to dispose of) the wider you must extend a representation which should be beyond such influences.—Thirdly. The more property is diffused (and property is, as we have seen, most widely diffused in France), the more safely can you diffuse political power also.—Fourthly. As is the great bulk of the people, so ought to be the majority of the representatives; and yet by so confined a qualification, you give the towns, about one-fifth of the population, a majority in the representation over the country where fortunes are more divided; in short, I see no kind of reason, except the shallow, though plausible one, viz. that if there are only 173,185 electors, there are only 126,353 who present themselves for the exercise of this right.

To a chamber taken by a phrase, this reason would suffice; but to any person at all acquainted with the natural consequence of restricted and popular institutions—the argument used to show the inutility of extending the suffrage demonstrates its necessity. Men act greatly by sympathy and emulation, and only take an interest in those affairs, about which they see their neighbours bestirring themselves.

* The small number of voters of course aids this.

! The more restricted, therefore, you make the right of election, the fewer will be the persons anxious to exercise their right of electors; and an unwarrantable apathy, in respect to public affairs, becomes the best argument against the system which produces it.

What then must be the consequences of a constitution which gives the greatest circumference to the government, and the narrowest basis to the constituency?

The following is an analysis of the existing chamber, which represents pretty correctly its condition:—

Number of votes at the last Elections.

	37,966	in favour of	216	Deputies,	juste-milieu.
	21,982	"	125	"	third party.
	4,005	"	25	"	legitimist party.
	16,184	"	95	"	extreme left (or liberal).
	<hr/>				
	80,137				
For persons not elected	46,216				
	<hr/>				
Total voted	126,353				
Did not vote	46,832				
	<hr/>				
Electors	173,185				

SOCIAL POSITION OF PERSONS RETURNED.

Named by the government, or more or less under government influence.

ADMINISTRATION.	ARMY.
6 Ministers.	1 Marshal of France.
2 Secrétaires-généraux.	12 Lieutenant-generals.
2 Directeurs or inspecteurs-généraux.	5 Camp marshals.
39 Mayors.	7 Colonels.
1 Adjunct.	5 Lieutenant-colonels.
	2 Chiefs of battalion.
	7 Captains.
	3 Military Intendants.
	1 Marine Prefect.
	1 Captain of corvette.
	2 Engineers.
	COUS.
	4 Aids-de-camp to the King.
	1 Ordonnance officer to the King.
	4 Servants of the crown.
	4 Diplomacy.
<hr/>	
Named by the government.	204

Advocates	
Doctors	
Men of Letters	55
Manufacturers	
Bankers	
Notaries, etc.	45
Persons without any particular professions .	118
	<hr/>
Not named by government . . .	218
Under government	204
Not under government	213

Such is the chamber!

Now in speaking of the places which the government had to give away, I stated them in the analysis to this volume, at 55,000; this merely takes in the most considerable, since small places and large places taken together, there are in the ministry of finance alone above 57,000.

Still, for every place to be given away, there are three persons at least who expect to obtain it, while there are not much more upon an average than three electors to each place:—a constituency then is easily bribed by expectations from its representative, and a representative, as we have seen, meets with his recompense from the minister.

Thus the body I have been considering is not what it should be—a fair check upon the executive authority, by being a fair representation of public opinion.

SUMMARY.

CHAPTER XIII.

Review of past work—The amalgamation of different effects proceeding from different causes—Modern France, the consequence of former history and recent institutions—Whether the equality sprung from one and coloured by the other is compatible with free government—The effects of centralization and of a small constituency—Monarchy of the middle classes as it is, as it might be.

My title was ambitious; I undertook a great task. Is it nearly completed?—Doubtless much that I intended to say has been overlooked and forgotten! much remains to say for which neither time nor space are allowed me! and yet, reader, cast back your eyes over the road we have traversed—the view is an extensive one.

Behold again that Paris which we saw from yonder heights of *Père la Chaise*, crowded with bacchanalians, monks, cavaliers and mobs!—the recollections of fifteen centuries!

Behold again that people so gay, so witty, so warlike, and so vain, whose brow is chronicled with centuries, and whose character is still in its youth.

Behold again those revolutions, amidst which passed away a solemn and brocaded court—a terrible and sanguinary republic—a glorious and conquering empire—a prosperous but misguided monarchy!

Look at the influences which have survived; the literature, the religion, the philosophies which exist; the manner in which the soil of France is divided; the social condition which the French people enjoy; the species of government under which they are placed!—Look, I say, at these things—and here is the point where we should regard them, not one by one, but as

a whole;—and combining the past with the present, try to comprehend a country motleyed by its manners, its laws, its history, its ideas!

We see a nation fond of change and of glory from character; attached to luxury and elegance from education; a soil almost agrarianly distributed—making of its cultivators a people of proprietors, and a people of equals; a government concentrated in the hands of an executive authority, responsible before two tribunals, of which it names one, and must find it easy, except in extraordinary crises, to corrupt the other; and a public opinion founded on abstract rights, and daily more and more inclining towards liberal institutions.

In all this we have, in much, to modify the results of one circumstance by the results of another! a nation fond of change may be given to violent revolutions:—but a nation of proprietors is hostile to violent revolutions. A people of equals may depress talent as a distinction, and banish elegance as a vice: but a people glorious and luxurious, honour Genius as a divinity, and give to Taste a temple among the Arts. A government concentrated in the hands of the executive authority, controlling the power which ought to control it, may become a despotism:—but a public opinion favourable to liberty, if restrained for a time by the fear of its own excesses, can never by any species of government be ultimately crushed. How shall I describe the amalgamation of so many opposing effects, springing from so many opposing causes!

Shall I say that we find the popular feelings of the street amidst the ancient habits of a court;—a terrible machinery for despotism amidst the modern sentiments of democracy?—Before us, perhaps, is the spectacle of a people whose manners have been formed under an absolute government, and whose opinions tend to a republican government.

Indeed, in turning back once again to the volume I am concluding, its subject seems fairly enough divided into two parts;—the one referring rather to the effects of nature and of former times; the other rather to the effects of recent institutions.

Proceeding from the first—were those influences, female, literary, and military, which have made the French frivolous, literary, warlike. Proceeding from the second is—that custom

of succession, which, whether we look at literature or the press, addressing themselves to all classes—to the state, taking into its bosom all religions—to society, possessing neither grandees nor paupers—establishes on all sides, and in all things, an equality—which imbibing the colours of preceding circumstances, makes the French people what they are.

I say, “imbibing the colours of preceding circumstances,” for simply to say that France is distinguished by the equality that reigns there, would not be sufficiently characterizing this peculiar nation.

That equality might exist elsewhere amongst simple tastes, as here it exists amongst ostentatious tastes—or amongst peaceful desires as here amongst warlike desires—or amongst local popular institutions, as here under a centralized administration—or amongst ideas favourable to despotism, as here amongst ideas bordering upon license.

Whether for good or evil—that equality must remain; for it is based upon the two things most difficult to alter; the distribution of property and the natural affections of the human heart. It has made the French a happy people; need it prevent them from being a free one? I say—it need not.

The centralized administration I have described may be favoured by it, but it is not caused by it. A people formed into a democracy may govern in their villages as in their capital. Of this America is an example—if they do not wish to do so, it is less because they are a democracy now, than because they have not been a democracy long; if they ought not to do so, it is not because they are equal amongst themselves, but because they are divided amongst themselves, and that a delegated authority from the whole of the empire, is necessary to keep together its parts. Neither need such a system be necessarily, as I have elsewhere observed, one of despotism.

If the French ministry was the result of a majority of a chamber which represented the majority of the nation—that ministry, however powerful, would be merely the most efficient organ for working out the popular will. Nay more, if the French ministry are not this—the same cause which gives a danger to the tendency of centralization, places in reality, though not perhaps in appearance, a check upon its power.

A strong government is not merely a strong administrative machine for governing the affairs of a people, it must be a strong administrative machine that governs the people as well as their affairs. Held and directed by the hands of one man, or of twenty men, it must descend, if I may use such comparison, into the nation, like the wheel of yonder vessel descends into the waters; there is the force of that mysterious engine—in those free and stormy waves!

A government, I say, must be popular to be strong, whatever the source whence that popularity springs.

Oh! but Bonaparte!

Bonaparte did not indeed appeal to his people, through electoral chambers, and liberal laws; such was not the genius of the man. He did not appeal to the reason—he appealed to the passions of the French; and the drum beating, and the tricolour flying, with victory in the van, all France followed his heels. If Bonapartes were common, charters would be waste paper.

A conqueror is beloved by a vain and martial race as long as he conquers; he has little to study but the fortunes of his sword. When kings too were anointed with a divine oil—the vice-regents of God upon earth—their authority was fixed in one of the deepest recesses of the human heart, and the distant barbarian worshipped the sovereign, whose sceptre was a scourge, as he did the god of the storm which devastated his plains.

It is passed—all this:—the most revered monarchs are but men; and another Bonaparte may perchance arise in five hundred years.

Besides, a nation cannot always be at war; and to govern an active and intelligent people in peace, you must give a vent to their intelligence, a vent to their activity—that activity, that intelligence should not be out of the government, or it will destroy the government; but within the government, where it will animate the government.

Why is the press formidable to the existing state of things? Because the press appeals to the whole country, and the constitution appeals to one person in every 11,850 throughout the country. Why is the police maintained? Because it is ne-

cessary to know what the nation is thinking and doing—and the national chamber can hardly be said to represent the nation. The most popular institution is put down, the most unpopular preserved, for the same reason. The strongest species of administration that can be invented is not strong, because it does not proceed from a sufficient number of those for whom it administers.

In summing up the whole system, then, I stand again before that great fault—a confined representation. It relieves the government from a salutary restraint, but it exposes the government to a continual danger: it gives the government the appearance of arbitrary power, and at the same time really cripples the government with just apprehension: it exposes the people to the suspicion of oppression, and the state to the fear of resistance.

Let us look at the restoration!

From 1815 to 1830 the course followed was—not to choose a ministry from the majority of an assembly which represented the nation, but to obtain a majority in that assembly for some favourite minister in spite of the nation.

Thus cabinet after cabinet sustained itself. The men who had been accidentally called to power were not to be changed on any account—no; if any thing was to be altered, some fundamental part of the constitution might just be remodelled for the day, so as to disarm their opponents. The representative body became a mere political plaything. Mark the consequence!

M. de Villèle for a long time maintained his majority. But what was that majority? a veil between him and the nation he governed. Even he himself was actually blinded by that veil;—for a small constituency has this double disadvantage—it is *not inaccessible to public opinion, while it deceives a minister as to the progress of that opinion.*

What is in the nation reaches it at last—slowly, late, but it arrives. One morning the minister is in a minority in the chamber, which he has been accustomed to command; but this does not happen till he has been for years in a minority out of doors. Who then shall be his successor? a M. de Marti-

gnac—who cannot satisfy by concessions? A M. de Polignac—who cannot conquer by resistance?*

Still let us not exaggerate the evils which it is a duty to point out.

The monarchy of the middle classes, such as it exists in France, though susceptible of great improvements, is not a government (for the people to whom it is given) that can wisely be repudiated or justly despised. It has achieved, and if continued, will more perfectly perpetuate that which legislation long deemed impracticable.

I mean, a constitution containing no privileged class, and yet in which the monarch is not a cypher and the people are not slaves.

Such is the government at present;—if called upon to state what it might be with more advantage, I should describe something not wholly different, but which giving greater solidity, perhaps majesty, to the throne, would give greater power to the people, greater independence and nationality to the chamber of peers.

I should say, in short, that the best government for France, without starting forth in quest of any of those extraordinary changes which are to produce theoretical perfection, would be *a popular and splendid monarchy, supported here by a national army, there by a citizen guard—administered by a centralized administration, and having, for coadjutors, a chamber of Peers elected from the superiorities of the country, which would represent, as it were, its moral interests; and a chamber of deputies, elected by a large constituency, which would represent its material interests.*

Such a government would be consistent with the manners and the ideas I have described; it would make what belongs to old times compatible with the birth of new; and by placing

* But if a government is maintained by the army and the national guard! how is a government to know that it is supported by the army and the national guard? because they do not resist it? but men whose duty it is to obey will not resist, except in the most urgent cases, and at the latest moment.

When they resist the government, then the government cannot resist them; and thus only learns that it is disapproved by a fortunate revolution which upsets it. Surely, the science of legislation should produce some more happy result than this.

despotism under the legitimate control of a democracy, which now agitates society in opposition to the law, render possible the union of free institutions, with a confidence in the executive power.

Such a government would no doubt have its faults; but it would accord with all the predominant feelings of the French nation; and, at such a government, if the present dynasty be not overturned by some violent shock, it will—even in spite of itself—arrive.

POLICY

OF PRESENT ADMINISTRATION.

CHAPTER XIV.

The existing government in France a government of resistance, and why it is so—Considered as to where it should resist, and how resist—Has resisted open violence, popular representation, and the Press—How far justifiable—Recent laws against the Press—How far wrong—Character of administration—Necessary policy of government.

HAVING spoken of the present state and probable prospects of the existing monarchy, I am called to the consideration of the policy by which it is now supported.

I confess that this subject is one of difficulty, and that I approach it with no common diffidence in my judgment—no common hesitation, let me add, in respect to publishing my opinions—since they differ very essentially, as well from the party by whom the present French administration is attacked with unqualified violence, as from that party by which it is with equal violence defended.

The nature of all revolutions is to beget—however necessary they have been, and however sagely they may have been conducted—a tendency to revolutions; for men always imagine they can again attempt with success, that which they have seen

done in their own time with facility. It is equally certain that no country can prosper under a perpetual series of revolutions; it follows, therefore, as a matter of course, that the ministry which succeeds a revolution, will be, by duty and position, more or less a ministry of resistance; or, as I said, nearly two years ago—"the life of a prince, sprung from a popular convulsion, will be almost always passed in struggling against popular concessions."

Indeed, if we look at that revolution in England, with which the late French revolution has been frequently compared—we shall find that severe laws against liberty were not wanting under the government of a monarch, from whose accession to power, notwithstanding, our liberties spring.

It is idle then to expect what neither history warrants, nor human nature accords. Moreover, if revolutions were ever likely to have had enemies to oppose, and agitations to subdue, it was the revolution of July. The government founded on our revolution of 1688 rested in some sort on a religious enthusiasm; the government founded on *that* revolution of 1830 had *no enthusiasm* in its favour. The superstitions of old times, favourable to hereditary right, and of new times, inclined to impossible perfection, were equally against it. The present government in France then is, I repeat it, essentially and necessarily, what its defenders have frankly declared—a *government of resistance*. The only questions that can arise, are: where it should resist—how it should resist.

Open violence must of course be met by violence; but it is no small praise, and ought to be no small pride to the party which, through different men, has almost uninterruptedly ruled—that as yet—five years having elapsed—three rebellions having taken place—not a single political scaffold has recorded the triumph of a dominant faction.

There are not many such examples in all history!

The course of civil resistance adopted, has displayed itself on two points—a refusal to extend the elective franchise beyond its present limits—and an attempt to restrict the press within narrower bounds than it was inclined to assign itself.

My own humble opinion in respect to the electoral law has been expressed, and I own that I deem a small constituency in

a constitutional government, a very great danger and a very great evil, inasmuch as that it places that government in a false position, and does not afford it the warning or the assistance it would derive from the popular sentiment having a more faithful organ of expression.

I own that I think some alteration ought to take place—~~must~~ at no distant time take place on this subject—still the government established in 1830, though not walking with rapidity, did make a great step even on this point beyond the government which preceded it; and the present constituency of about 173,000, however small, is more than double the constituency of about 80,000 to which it succeeded.

That the doctrinal administration should resist here for a time, then, may be wrong in some of our opinions—is wrong in my opinion—but it hardly affords any just ground of violent reproach: for I am willing to admit that the result of nearly all revolutions (there are some exceptions) has been lost, when lost—by the principles on which they were founded having been carried out too suddenly and too far; and I also grant, that if there be any people in the world to whom freedom should be, if I may use the expression, cautiously measured out—it is that people, more than any other, volatile, capricious, prone to excess—amongst whom it is most necessary to create habits—and yet amongst whom habits are, with the most difficulty, created.

I come to the press, and the conduct, more especially within these few months, pursued towards it.

Now as for the object which the government had in view by that conduct, it appears a legitimate one. The laws brought forward were professedly only aimed at these things;—to preserve the person of the sovereign from abuse—and the principle of the monarchy from assault.

A state owes it to its own dignity to preserve, if possible, its first magistrate from indecent lampoons, and it can hardly be blamed for sheltering, and, if necessary, defending—not the manner in which the government is administered, but the principle on which it is founded. Resistance to the press in both these cases, then, would seem justifiable, if it were likely to attain its end by means justifiable also.

Here we arrive at the question—*how should the government resist ?*

I said but a short time since, that the best defence for those who refuse to sanction immediate constitutional changes rests on this ground—that it is desirable, above all things, for a people who, in fifty years, have never ceased changing every thing, to acquire at last the habit, even if what exists is not the best, of conserving something.

But if change be undesirable, who should give the example of enduring inconvenience? The minister who tells the people to pause before attempting to make their institutions yet more liberal, ought to be most careful in showing that he is as scrupulously determined not to make those institutions less liberal.

The rule, then, which should guide any administration in their resistance to alterations in the charter is—*the charter*. Now there are some who think by the laws lately passed that this charter has been evaded in one instance, and violated in another. The evasion, they say, consists in giving the appellation of “high treason” to certain offences of the press, which are thus brought before the chamber of peers (forming a court in that peculiar instance), whereas the offences of the press were, by the constitution, expressly assigned to a jury—the violation, they say, consists in changing the constitution of the jury itself, which jury formerly voted openly, and now votes secretly; which jury formerly condemned by a majority of four, and now condemns by a majority of one. I do not, for my own part, either adopt or defend any exaggerated party charges, still I cannot help thinking that any great fundamental alterations for a momentary object must be unwise; more especially when it is wished to keep the public mind in an even course within certain constitutional channels; which channels, if you dam them up for a time, will be afterwards dangerously overflowed. They unsettle and confound people’s opinions also, and make them consider that nothing is sacred, or superior to the exigencies of the hour.

Besides, they have another evil;—it is almost always necessary that they should be followed by measures of a similar

nature : for they create exaggerated suspicions which must be met by exaggerated defences and precautions, until a minister on one side, and a people on the other, are driven into a course contrary to the inclinations, the interests, and the intentions of either.*

It is on this account, indeed, that we should be more particularly regretful of late events; and here I speak, not merely as a man anxious for the prosperity of a fine and intelligent portion of the human race—but as an Englishman also anxious for the maintenance of that friendship between two nations—first at the present epoch of the world in arts and arms—whose alliance has afforded peace to Europe, and protection to the growth of liberal institutions in both countries.

That that alliance is chiefly one of opinion we well know; and yet some respectable English journals have been lately thought treasonable in France! Deeply then do I regret the circumstances which have caused this. But I would say nothing disrespectful of the ministry, from whose views in some respects I differ.

* This is a question of policy which should be well considered before we proceed to laws of repression.

Will they protect us?

To repress the *expression of opinion* is not to repress *opinion*.

There is a singular fact, to which, as it furnishes no mean argument of this, I call attention :

Under the empire the secret police cost	789,000,000
Under the restoration, from 1814 to 1818.	56,000,000
Afterwards, about	2,400,000
Under M. de Martignac	1,700,000

Thus in almost an exact proportion with the silence imposed, was the watch which it was found necessary to maintain.

There is another consideration not to be forgotten. A minister should well penetrate himself with the spirit, and give to himself, as it were, the character and the nature of the government which he administers! A despotism, when it is attacked, acts with sense in being despotic; it is constituted expressly for such crisis, and has all the power that is necessary for crushing every enemy, and stifling every cry. But a government of popular forms can never long depart from the principles on which it is founded: it may exercise a power foreign to its nature for a particular time, but that temporary power, given with reluctance, is too feeble to destroy the opposition which it silences. The road of violence in such governments then is short, and they who take it are almost sure to find the hostile passions which they drive before them in their march, collected and furious—where they pause.

In the volume published in 1834, I observed that this ministry would be difficult to replace; and the short administration of three days, which made its sudden appearance and disappearance last year, showed I was not mistaken.

It is formed of able, and intelligent, and conscientious men, the greater part of whose lives has been passed in struggling for those principles to which they now, I trust but for the moment, appear opposed:—opposed, however, not, I do believe, with any evil or tyrannical intention, but from a disgust at absurdities it were wiser to overlook, from a sudden dread of difficulties almost overcome, and also, perchance, from that impatience of character which they share with their countrymen in general, and which seems the national impediment to freedom and repose.

One there is more especially, born of the revolution of 1830, whose elevation fortune favoured, and who was endowed with many of those qualities which design the leaders for troublesome times. Assailed by the most atrocious calumnies that private envy could suggest, his talent broke through the jealous fetters that would have depressed it, and carried him at once to a high position in the country, of which he had studied the history—knew the character, and possessed in his love of the arts, in his passion for glory, in his native eloquence and amiability—all the means of governing with success; surrounded by a generous youth whose hearts he might have won, and whose ardour he might have moderated, admired by a monarch whose cultivated tastes were in sympathy with his own, and holding out the hand of good fellowship to the people from whose ranks he had sprung—that minister might have been—I trust may yet be—precious to his country.

There are certain perils which governments, placed in a peculiar position, are forced to undergo; and the monarchy of July—chosen, in the heat of a revolution, from three parties—must expect the enmity of those whom it was preferred to, and of those whom it does not represent; still it has one advantage: its duties are clearly pointed out; its position plainly determined. This monarchy has to preserve the honour of France with peace; the internal tranquillity of France with

constitutional government. It stands as the representative of justice, moderation, legality, amidst the violence of contending passions and the tumult of perpetual crisis. *There is its glory, there its danger.* When reproached with its moderation, its love of peace and order, it is performing the task assigned to it;—a task difficult, but honourable; and which, owing to the courage and the discretion of its defenders, it seemed at one moment certain of accomplishing.

But a government that wishes to perpetuate itself, must above all things be faithful to its origin! One man wished to be an emperor among emperors—and he fell;—for he was naturally the popular chief among a people of soldiers. / Another man wished to be absolute monarch over a nation which had received him as its constitutional king—and he fell;—for his charter was—his crown. !

That charter, picked up from the pavement, where it had fallen, and blessed by a new sanction, was again placed—a popular diadem—upon the head of a monarch—justly chosen for his citizen-like virtues, his probity, his firmness, his regard for his duties and engagements. Elected by the multitude who had conquered, he was consecrated by the press for which they had fought.

His lot is to conciliate his power with the causes of his power! that he will do so, is the belief—that he may do so, is the prayer of one who, no wrangler for theoretical perfection, no advocate for successive changes, deems that having once been chosen sovereign, the continuance of his reign is best adapted to the prosperity of his country and the general interests of civilization and mankind.

Placed on the French throne, the head of the house of Orleans carried there many of the qualities of a great prince; prudent, eloquent, instructed, courageous, he has the prospect of leaving a dynasty in repose, beneath the protecting shadow of an illustrious name.

Yet is there no foundation for our affairs in desperate courses. Public as well as private life has an usurious policy—which, to satisfy the emergencies of the instant, borrows too largely from the times that will come.

Let all ministers beware of this policy! it saves for the moment—but it ruins in the end, and is equally unworthy of a people who love freedom, and of a monarchy which, with the aid of time and Providence, is well calculated to couple liberty with order.

POSTSCRIPT.

CHAPTER XV.

Two comparisons between France and England.

AND NOW, France disappearing from our view, as I turn, not unwillingly, homewards, it may not be incurious to enter, though but cursorily, into certain comparisons that this work suggests:—i. e. to consider how far England and France resemble one another at this moment;—what period in French history admits the semblance of a parallel with that which will soon be English history, and is at this time passing before us.

At the present moment there can be no doubt that it would be impossible to find two countries, which, with institutions apparently similar, are so entirely different as those I have just mentioned. This is easily accounted for—the character and history of the two people are different, and the distribution of property amongst them is also totally different;—on these three things, which fashion society, and social habits—the movement, if not the form, of government depends. There is liberty and a powerful aristocracy in one country—a powerful aristocracy will never submit to slavery;—there is equality and a democracy in the other—a democracy will never tolerate privileges. Money and birth are respected here; power and talent there. The law does in point of fact and practice subject the poor man to the rich man in England; the law does

in point of fact and practice subject the individual to the governing authority in France. In either case the theory of the law would not do this. In France too, the lower classes have property, and are tranquil and independent; the higher are comparatively poor and servile. Talent, whether in arms, or literature, or through the press, governs both. In England, the lower class is daring, factious, and intelligent—the higher, prejudiced but high principled, and certainly not meanly avid of power—a middle order running between them, has hitherto kept these two extremes together.

In France again, you meet the government every where—the gendarme—the prefect—the police. In England all your affronts and annoyances come from individuals—the great man elbows you, the pauper taxes you, the pickpocket plunders you.

On one side of the channel the great man takes off his hat to the government, and asks for a place, but he calls his valet “his friend,”* and would not refuse to fight a duel with his “decorated” coachman. On the other side of the channel, the great man snaps his fingers at the government, sends the poacher to prison for a pheasant, and pays respect to nothing, save some greater man than he is: viz. somebody better born or wealthier.

Much of this will no doubt alter with time in both countries: nor is it difficult to feel, as I write, that we breathe the quiet air of great but healthy changes.

This brings me to consider what foundation there exists for that other comparison, not rarely made, between the period in France of 1788, and that in England of 1835.

In 1788 there was in France—a nobility much indebted, too prone to idleness and dissipation, far alienated by haughty and exclusive habits from the provincial influence it had once possessed—but proud, courageous—unwilling to take a place in the new society which had grown up above it lower than that which its ancestors occupied in the old society they overshadowed—a nobility which in the days of its power menaced the authority—in the days of its decay lived upon the bounty—

* “Mon ami!”

and in the hour of its unpopularity cling to the protection—of the crown.

At this period also there was in France a middle class rising—rich, ambitious, and disgusted at the pride of an order whose privileges had lost their charm.

An active race taken from all classes, save the aristocracy, and who, eager for employment, found in the army, in the church, in the colonies, in politics in general, that the road was obstructed to all but the peculiar set they did not belong to.

A people without property, and from a variety of circumstances (those which are operating in England, are different from those which had been operating in France) utterly without attachment to the possessors of the soil.

A church, independent of the state, with immense funds most unequally distributed—furnishing a worldly provision to the aristocracy, rather than a spiritual comfort to the people.

Corporations that had outlived their purposes, already attacked in principle and but weakly defended, even by the patrons of existing things.

A public opinion strongly in favour of changes amongst the great masses of the nation, and a public opinion as strongly against innovation amongst the fashionable circles of society.

In the royal family—one prince an advocate of liberal principles (the Comte de Provence); another forming secret societies in the army (le Comte d'Artois).

In the senate—a nobility defending itself by a distinguished and eloquent man sprung from the people (Casalès); a people assailing that nobility, and headed by the great aristocracy of the land—(the Montmorencys, Noailles, Lafayettes, Mirabeaus, Périgords).

So far some persons might fancy they traced a likeness; but, as we advance further, all resemblance disappears: for France had not a prudent monarch brought up in constitutional principles, nor a sober-charactered people, who had received a long political education, nor a bold and intelligent minister, equally remarkable for the sagacity of his views and his frank and manly manner of carrying them into execution.

Yet, if our comparisons fail, we shall have found in their pursuit two important lessons, really coinciding, if apparently opposed.

The one—that no class can stand against the liberal intelligence of its time :

The other—that a people adopting false and exaggerated notions of liberty may delay for a century the real enjoyment of it.

APPENDIX.

PRESS.

CHANGES IN RESPECT TO POST-OFFICE.

I hoped to be able, when I referred to the Appendix, to mention that some change had already been effected. Such, however, is not the case: the matter rests where it did two years ago; but a Bill is before the House, which, if carried, will make some important alterations, evincing in the meantime the government's favourable disposition. Since the article on the Press was written and printed, slight alterations have taken place, such, for instance, as the suppression of the Tribune.

I here give all the laws regulating the Press prior to the last, which, as I trust a temporary and exceptional one, I have placed apart at the end of this volume.

Loi sur le Cautionnement, le Droit de timbre et le Port des Journaux ou Ecrits périodiques,

A Paris, le 14 Décembre 1830.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE, ROI DES FRANÇAIS, à tous présens et à venir, salut.

Les Chambres ont adopté, nous avons ordonné et ordonnons ce qui suit :

ART. 1.—Si un journal ou écrit périodique paraît plus de deux fois par semaine, soit à jour fixe, soit par livraison et régulièrement, le cautionnement sera de deux mille quatre cents francs de rente.

Le cautionnement sera égal aux trois quarts du taux fixé, si le journal ou écrit périodique ne paraît que deux fois par semaine.

Il sera égal à la moitié, si le journal ou écrit périodique ne paraît qu'une fois par semaine.

Il sera égal au quart, si le journal ou écrit périodique paraît seulement plus d'une fois par mois.

Le cautionnement des journaux quotidiens publiés dans les départemens autres que ceux de la Seine et de Seine-et-Oise sera de huit cents francs de rente dans les villes de cinquante mille âmes et au-dessus, de cinq cents francs de rente dans les autres villes, et respectivement de la moitié de ces deux rentes pour les journaux ou écrits périodiques qui paraissent à des termes moins rapprochés.

Le gérant responsable du journal devra posséder en son propre et privé nom la totalité du cautionnement.

S'il y a plusieurs gérans responsables, ils devront posséder en leur propre et privé nom et par portions égales, la totalité du cautionnement.

Il est accordé aux gérans responsables des journaux qui auront déposé leur cautionnement à l'époque où la présente loi sera promulguée, un délai de six mois pour se conformer à ses dispositions.

La partie du cautionnement déjà fournie qui excède le taux ci-dessus fixé, sera remboursée.

ART. 2.—Le droit de timbre fixe ou de dimension, sur les journaux ou écrits périodiques, sera de six centimes pour chaque feuille de trente décimètres carrés et au-dessus, et de trois centimes pour chaque demi-feuille de quinze décimètres carrés et au-dessous.

Tout journal ou écrit périodique imprimé sur une demi-feuille de plus de quinze décimètres et de moins de trente décimètres carrés, paiera un centime en sus pour chaque cinq décimètres carrés.

Il ne sera perçu aucun droit pour un supplément qui n'excèdera pas trente décimètres carrés, publié par les journaux imprimés sur une feuille de trente décimètres carrés et au-dessus.

La loi du 13 vendémiaire an vi et l'article 89 de la loi du 15 mai 1818 sont et demeurent abrogés.

La loi du 6 prairial an vii est abrogée en ce qui concerne le droit de timbre sur les journaux ou feuilles périodiques.

ART. 3.—Le droit de cinq centimes fixé par l'article 8 de la loi du 15 mars 1827 pour le port sur les journaux et autres feuilles transportés hors des limites du département dans lequel ils sont publiés, sera réduit à quatre centimes.

Les mêmes feuilles ne paieront que deux centimes toutes les fois qu'elles seront destinées pour l'intérieur du département où elles auront été publiées.

ART. 4.—Les journaux imprimés en langues étrangères et ceux venant des pays d'outre-mer seront taxés au maximum du tarif établi pour les journaux français.

La présente loi, discutée, délibérée et adoptée par la Chambre des Pairs et par celle des Députés, et sanctionnée par nous ce jourd'hui, sera exécutée comme loi de l'État.

Donnons en mandement à nos Cours et Tribunaux, Préfets, Corps administratifs, et tous autres, que les présentes ils gardent et maintiennent, fassent garder, observer et maintenir, et, pour les rendre plus notoires à tous, ils les fassent publier et enregistrer partout où besoin sera; et, afin que ce soit chose ferme et stable à toujours, nous y avons fait mettre notre sceau.

Fait à Paris, au Palais-Royal, le quatorzième jour du mois de décembre, l'an 1830.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

A Paris, le 15 Décembre 1830.

Loi sur la Procédure en matière de délits de la Presse, d'affichage et de criage public.

A Paris, au Palais-Royal, le 8 avril, 1831.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE, ROI DES FRANÇAIS, à tous présens et à venir, salut.
Les Chambres ont adopté, nous avons ordonné et ordonnons ce qui suit :

ART. 1.—Le ministère public aura la faculté de saisir les cours d'assises de la connaissance des délits commis par la voie de la presse, ou par les autres moyens de publication énoncés en l'article 1 de la loi du 17 mai 1819, en vertu de citation donnée directement au prévenu.

La même faculté existera en cas de poursuites contre les afficheurs et crieurs publics, en exécution des articles 5 et 6 de la loi du 10 décembre 1830.

ART. 2.—Le ministère public adressera son réquisitoire au président de la cour d'assises, pour obtenir indication du jour auquel le prévenu sera sommé de comparaître.

Il sera tenu d'articuler et de qualifier les provocations, attaques, offenses, outrages, faits diffamatoires ou injures, à raison desquels la poursuite est intentée, et ce, à peine de nullité de la poursuite. Le président fixera le jour de la comparution devant la cour d'assises, et commettra l'huissier qui sera chargé de la notification.

La notification du réquisitoire et de l'ordonnance du président sera faite au prévenu dix jours au moins avant celui de la comparution, outre un jour par cinq myriamètres de distance.

Si le prévenu ne comparait pas au jour fixé, il sera jugé par défaut : la cour statuera sans assistance ni intervention de jurés, tant sur l'action publique que sur l'action civile.

ART. 3.—Le prévenu pourra former opposition à l'arrêt par défaut dans les cinq jours de la notification qui en aura été faite à sa personne ou à son domicile, outre un jour par cinq myriamètres de distance, à charge de notifier son opposition tant au ministère public qu'à la partie civile.

Le prévenu supportera sans recours les frais de l'expédition et de la signification de l'arrêt par défaut, et de l'opposition, ainsi que de l'assignation et de la taxe des témoins appelés à l'audience pour le jugement de l'opposition.

ART. 4.—Dans les cinq jours de la notification de l'opposition, le prévenu devra déposer au greffe une requête tendant à obtenir du président de la cour d'assises une ordonnance fixant le jour du jugement de l'opposition ; elle sera signifiée à la requête du ministère public, tant au prévenu qu'au plaignant, avec assignation au jour fixé, cinq jours au moins avant l'échéance. Faut par le prévenu de remplir les formalités mises à sa charge par le présent article, ou de comparaître par lui-même au jour fixé par l'ordonnance, l'opposition sera réputée non avenue, et l'arrêt par défaut sera définitif.

ARTICLE 5.—Dans le cas de saisie autorisée par l'article 7 de la loi du 26 mai 1819, les formes et délais prescrits par cette loi seront observés.

La présente loi, discutée, délibérée et adoptée par la Chambre des Pairs et par celle des Députés, et sanctionnée par nous ce jourd'hui sera exécutée comme loi de l'État.

Donnons en mandement à nos Cours et Tribunaux, Préfets, Corps administratifs, et tous autres, que les présentes ils gardent et maintiennent, fassent garder, observer et maintenir, et, pour les rendre plus notoires à tous, ils les fassent publier et enregistrer partout où besoin sera ; et, afin que ce soit chose ferme et stable à toujours, nous y avons fait mettre notre sceau.

Fait à Paris, au Palais-Royal, le huitième jour du mois d'avril, l'an 1831.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

Loi sur le cautionnement des Journaux ou Ecrits périodiques, paraissant même irrégulièrement.

A Paris, au Palais-Royal, le 8 Avril 1831.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE, ROI DES FRANÇAIS, à tous présens et à venir, salut.
Les Chambres ont adopté, nous avons ordonné et ordonnons ce qui suit :

ART. 1.— Si un journal ou écrit périodique paraît plus de deux fois par semaine, soit à jour fixe, soit par livraisons et irrégulièrement, le cautionnement sera de deux mille quatre cents francs de rente.

ART. 2.— Le premier paragraphe de l'article 1 de la loi du 14 décembre 1830 est abrogé.

La présente loi, discutée, délibérée et adoptée par la Chambre des Pairs et par celle des Députés, et sanctionnée par nous ce jourd'hui, sera exécutée comme loi de l'État.

Donnons en mandement à nos Cours et Tribunaux, Préfets et Corps administratifs, et tous autres, que les présentes ils gardent et maintiennent, fassent garder, observer et maintenir, et, pour les rendre plus notoires à tous, ils les fassent publier et enregistrer partout où besoin sera ; et, afin que ce soit chose ferme et stable à toujours, nous y avons fait mettre notre sceau.

Fait à Paris, au Palais-Royal, le huitième jour du mois d'avril, l'an 1831.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

Loi sur les Crieurs publics.

A Paris, au Palais des Tuileries, le 16 Février, 1834.]

LOUIS-PHILIPPE, ROI DES FRANÇAIS, à tous présens et à venir, salut.
Les Chambres ont adopté, nous avons ordonné et ordonnons ce qui suit :

ART. 1.—Nul ne pourra exercer, même temporairement, la profession de crieur, de vendeur ou de distributeur sur la voie publique, d'écrits, dessins ou emblèmes imprimés, lithographiés, autographiés, moulés, gravés ou à la main, sans autorisation préalable de l'autorité municipale.

Cette autorisation pourra être retirée.

Les dispositions ci-dessus sont applicables aux chanteurs sur la voie publique.

ART. 2.—Toute contravention à la disposition ci-dessus sera punie d'un emprisonnement de six jours à deux mois pour la première fois, et de deux mois à un an en cas de récidive. Les contrevenans seront traduits devant les tribunaux correctionnels, qui pourront, dans tous les cas, appliquer les dispositions de l'article 463 du Code pénal.

La présente loi discutée, délibérée et adoptée par la Chambre des Pairs et par celle des Députés, et sanctionnée par nous cejourd'hui, sera exécutée comme loi de l'État.

Donnons en mandement à nos Cours et Tribunaux, Préfets, Corps administratifs, et tous autres, que les présentes ils gardent et maintiennent, fassent garder, observer et maintenir, et, pour les rendre plus notoires à tous, ils les fassent publier et enregistrer partout où besoin sera ; et, afin que ce soit chose ferme et stable à toujours, nous y avons fait mettre notre sceau.

Fait à Paris, au palais des Tuileries, le seizième jour du mois de février, l'an 1834.

LOUIS-PHILIPPE.

NUMBER OF NEWSPAPERS IN PROPORTION TO INHABITANTS.

ONE PAPER TO INHABITANTS.

The Globe.	230,000	Oceana.	2,200,000
Asia.	14,400,000	Europe.	106,000
Africa.	5,000,000	America.	40,000

STATES OF EUROPE.

Spain	869,000	France	52,117
Russia and Poland	674,000	Sweden and Norway	47,000
Sardinia	540,000	Britannic Isles	48,800
Austrian Empire	367,471	Germanic Confederation	44,000
Portugal		Prussian Monarchy	48,970
Grand Duchy of Tuscany }	210,000	Low Countries	40,953
Confed. of Switzerland	66,000		

TOWNS.

Rome	51,000	Berlin	4,074
Madrid	50,000	Paris	2,739
Lisbon	21,670	Brussels	2,620
Vienna	11,338	Stockholm	2,600
Petersburg	10,667	Leipsic, Weimar, Jena	1,100
Geneva	6,250	London*	11,250

RELIGION.

“ On avait séduit la France,” says M. de Châteaubriand, “ en lui disant que le christianisme était un culte né du sein de la barbarie, absurde dans ses dogmes, ridicule dans ses cérémonies, ennemi des arts et des lettres, de la raison et de la beauté ; un culte qui n'avait fait que verser le sang, enchaîner les hommes, et retarder le bonheur et les lumières du genre humain : on devait donc chercher à prouver, au contraire, que de toutes les religions qui ont jamais existé, la religion chrétienne est la plus *poétique*, la plus humaine, la plus favorable à la liberté, *aux arts et aux lettres* ; que le monde moderne lui doit tout, depuis l'agriculture jusqu'aux sciences abstraites ; depuis l'hospice pour les malheureux, jusqu'aux temples bâtis par Michel-Ange, et décorés par Raphaël. On devait montrer qu'il n'y a rien de plus divin que sa morale ; rien de plus aimable, de plus pompeux que ses dogmes, sa doctrine et son culte : on devait dire qu'elle favorise le génie, *épure le goût*, développe les passions vertueuses, donne de la vigueur à la pensée, offre des formes nobles à l'écrivain, et des moules parfaits à l'artiste ; qu'il n'y a point de honte à croire avec Newton et Bossuet, Pascal et Racine : enfin il fallait appeler tous les enchantemens de l'imagination, et tous les intérêts du cœur au secours de cette même religion contre laquelle on les avait armés.”—*Génie du Christianisme*, p. 10, 11. vol. I.

* M. A. Balbi.

LAW CONSTITUTING THE PEERAGE OF THE MONARCHY OF THE REVOLUTION.

20th December, 1831.

Louis Philippe, King of the French, to all present and to come salut!

PAGE 218. The President of the Chamber of Deputies and other legislative assemblies.—The Deputies who shall have been named in three different Parliaments, and who shall, for six years, have exercised their functions.—The Marshals and Admirals of France.—The Lieutenants-General and Vice-Admirals of the armies of land and sea, after two years' rank.—The Ministers of any Department.—Ambassadors after three years, and Ministers Plenipotentiaries after six years' functions.—Councillors of State, after ten years of ordinary service.—The Prefects of Departments or of marine situations, after six years' service.—Colonial Governors after five years' exercise of their functions.—The Members of General Councils formed by election, after three elections to the presidency.—The Mayors of towns, of thirty thousand souls and above, after two elections, at least, as members of the municipal body, and after five years' performance of the functions of mayoralty.—The Presidents of the Court of Cassation and of the Court of Accounts.—The Procureurs-Généraux to these two courts, after five years' service in this quality.—The counsellors of the Court of Cassation, and the *Conseillers-maitres* of the Court of Accounts, after five years.—The Avocats-Généraux to the Court of Cassation, after ten years' exercise of their duties.—The Premiers-Présidents of the Cours Royales, after five years of magistracy in their courts.—The Procureurs-Généraux to the same courts, after ten years' functions.—The Presidents of the Tribunaux of Commerce, in the towns of thirty thousand souls and above, after four nominations to these functions.—*The titular members of the four academies of the Institut.*—The citizens to whom, either by any law or on account of eminent services, there shall have been given a national recompense.—All Proprietors or Heads of any manufacture, or any commercial house paying 3,000 francs of direct contributions, either on account of their landed property during three years, or on account of their patents during five years, when they shall have belonged for six years to a chamber of commerce of a conseil-général.—Proprietors, manufacturers, traders, or bankers, paying 3,000 francs of imposition, who shall have been named Deputies of Judges of the Tribunaux of Commerce, can be admitted at once as peers without any other condition.

The Titularies who shall have successively exercised the functions above mentioned, can add up their services in all their different branches of employment, in order to complete the time necessary to their elevation.

Shall be dispensed from the time of employment required by the paragraphs 5, 7, 8, 9, 10, 14, 15, 16, and 17, above mentioned, the citizens who shall have been named in the year following the 30th July, 1830, to the functions announced in these paragraphs: shall be dispensed in the same manner until the 7th January, 1837, from the time of employment required by the

paragraphs 3, 11, 12, 21, the citizens named or maintained since 30th July, 1830, in the functions announced in these five paragraphs.

These conditions of eligibility can be modified into a law.

The ordinances among peers shall be individual. The ordinances shall mention the services and state the titles on which the nomination shall be founded.

In future, no salary, no pension, no donation, shall be attached to the dignity of peer.

The Present Law discussed, deliberated, and adopted by the Chamber of Peers, and by that of the Deputies, and sanctioned by us this day, shall be executed as a law of the State.

L. PHILIPPE.

Palace of the Tuilleries, 29th Dec. 1831.

Loi sur la Presse.

(1) *Loi du 17 mai 1819, art 1^{er}* “ Quiconque, soit par des discours, des cris ou menaces proférés dans des lieux ou réunions publics, soit par des écrits, des imprimés, des dessins, des gravures, des peintures ou emblèmes vendus ou distribués, mis en vente, ou exposés dans des lieux ou réunions publics, soit par des placards et affiches exposés aux regards du public, aura provoqué l'auteur ou les auteurs de toute action qualifiée crime ou délit à la commettre, sera réputé complice et puni comme tel.”

(2) *Code pénal, art. 86.* “ L'attentat contre la vie ou contre la personne du roi est puni de la peine du parricide.—L'attentat contre la vie ou contre la personne des membres de la famille royale, est puni de la peine de mort.— Toute offense commise publiquement envers la personne du roi, sera punie d'un emprisonnement de six mois à cinq ans, et d'une amende de cinq cents francs à dix mille francs ; le coupable pourra en outre être interdit de tout ou partie des droits mentionnés en l'article 42, pendant un temps égal à celui de l'emprisonnement auquel il aura été condamné. Le temps courra à compter du jour où le coupable aura subi sa peine.”

Art. 87. “ L'attentat dont le but sera, soit de détruire, soit de changer le gouvernement ou l'ordre de successibilité au trône, soit d'exciter les citoyens ou habitans à s'armer contre l'autorité royale, sera puni de mort.”

(3) *Loi du 17 mai 1819, art. 9.* “ Quiconque par l'un des moyens énoncés en l'art. 1^{er} de la présente loi, se sera rendu coupable d'offenses envers la personne du roi, sera puni d'un emprisonnement qui ne pourra être de moins de six mois, ni excéder cinq années, et d'une amende qui ne pourra être au-dessous de 500 francs, ni excéder 10,000 fr.—Le coupable pourra en outre être interdit de tout ou partie des droits mentionnés en l'art 42 du Code pénal, pendant un temps égal à celui de l'emprisonnement auquel il aura été condamné. Ce temps courra à compter du jour où le coupable aura subi sa peine.” Voir ci-après (6).

(4) [*Loi du 29 novembre 1830, art. 1^{er}*: “Toute attaque par l'un des moyens énoncés en l'article 1^{er} de la loi du 17 mai 1819, contre la dignité royale, l'ordre de successibilité au trône, les droits que le roi tient du vœu de la nation française, exprimé dans la déclaration du 7 août 1830, et de la charte constitutionnelle, par lui acceptée et jurée dans la séance du 9 août de la même année, son autorité constitutionnelle, l'inviolabilité de sa personne, les droits et l'autorité des chambres, sera punie d'un emprisonnement de trois à cinq ans, et d'une amende de 300 fr. à 6,000 fr.”—Art. 2: “L'article 2 de la loi du 25 mars 1822 est et demeure abrogé.”

(5) [*Loi du 17 mai 1819, art. 8*: “Tout outrage à la morale publique et religieuse ou aux bonnes mœurs, par l'un des moyens énoncés en l'art. 1^{er}, sera puni d'un emprisonnement d'un mois à un an et d'une amende de 16 fr. à 500 fr.”

(6) [*Code pénal, art. 42*: “Les tribunaux, jugeant correctionnellement, pourront, dans certains cas, interdire en tout ou en partie l'exercice des droits civils, civils et de famille suivans: 1^o de vote et d'élection; 2^o d'éligibilité; 3^o d'être appelé ou nommé aux fonctions de juré ou autres fonctions publiques, ou aux emplois de l'administration, ou d'exercer ces fonctions ou emplois: 4^o de port d'armes; 5^o de vote et de suffrage dans les délibérations de famille; 6^o d'être tuteur, curateur, si ce n'est de ses enfans, et sur l'avis seulement de la famille; 7^o d'être expert ou employé comme témoin dans les actes, 8^o de témoignage en justice autrement que pour y faire de simples déclarations.”

(7) [*Loi du 9 juin 1819, art. 9*: “Les propriétaires ou éditeurs responsables d'un journal ou écrit périodique, ou auteur ou rédacteur d'articles imprimés dans ledit journal ou écrit, prévenus de crimes ou délits pour fait de publication, seront poursuivis et jugés dans les formes et suivant les distinctions prescrites à l'égard de toutes les autres publications.” Art. 10: “En cas de condamnations, les mêmes peines leur seront appliquées: toutefois les amendes pourront être élevées au double, et en cas de récidive portées au quadruple sans préjudice des peines de la récidive prononcées par le Code pénal.”

(8) [*Loi du 18 juillet 1828, art. 3*: “Seront exempts de tout cautionnement:

“1^o Les journaux ou écrits périodiques qui ne paraissent qu'une fois par mois ou plus rarement.

“2^o Les journaux ou écrits périodiques exclusivement consacrés, soit aux sciences mathématiques, physiques, et naturelles, soit aux travaux et recherches d'érudition, soit aux arts mécaniques et libéraux, c'est-à-dire aux sciences et aux arts dont s'occupent les trois académies des sciences, des inscriptions et des beaux-arts de l'Institut royal.

“3^o Les journaux ou écrits périodiques étrangers aux matières politiques, et exclusivement consacrés aux lettres ou autres branches de connaissances non spécifiées précédemment, pourvu qu'ils ne paraissent au plus que deux fois par semaine.

“4^o Tous les écrits périodiques étrangers aux matières politiques, et qui seront publiés dans une autre langue que la langue française.

“ 5o Les feuilles périodiques, exclusivement consacrées aux avis, annonces, affiches judiciaires, arrivages maritimes, mercatoriales et prix courans.

“ Toute contravention aux dispositions du présent article sera punie conformément à l'art. 6 de la loi du 9 juin 1819.” (Voir note 9.)

(9) *Loi du 9 juin 1819, art. 6.* “ Quiconque publiera un journal ou écrit périodique sans avoir satisfait aux conditions prescrites par les articles 1, 4 et 5 de la présente loi, sera puni correctionnellement d'un emprisonnement d'un mois à six mois, et d'une amende de deux cents francs à douze cents francs.”

(10) *Loi du 18 juillet 1828, art. 8 :* “ Chaque numéro de l'écrit périodique sera signé en minute par le propriétaire, s'il est unique; par l'un des gérans responsables, si l'écrit périodique est publié par une société en nom collectif ou en commandite; et par l'un des administrateurs, s'il est publié par une société anonyme.—L'exemplaire signé pour minute sera, au moment de la publication, déposé au parquet du procureur du roi du lieu de l'impression, à la mairie dans les villes où il n'y a pas de tribunal de première instance, ou à peine de cinq cents francs d'amende contre les gérans. Il sera donné récépissé du dépôt.—La signature sera imprimée au bas de tous les exemplaires, à peine de cinq cents francs d'amende contre l'imprimeur, sans que la révocation du brevet puisse s'ensuivre.—Les signataires de chaque feuille ou livraison seront responsables de son contenu et passibles de toutes les peines portées par la loi à raison de la publication des articles ou passages incriminés, sans préjudice de la poursuite contre l'auteur ou les auteurs desdits articles ou passages, comme complices. En conséquence, les poursuites judiciaires pourront être dirigées, tant contre les signataires des feuilles ou livraisons, que contre l'auteur ou les auteurs des passages incriminés, si ces auteurs peuvent être connus ou mis en cause.”

(11) *Loi du 25 mars 1822, art. 11 :* “ Les propriétaires ou éditeurs de tout journal ou écrit périodique seront tenus d'y insérer, dans les trois jours de la réception, ou dans le plus prochain numéro, s'il n'en était pas publié avant l'expiration des trois jours, la réponse de toute personne nommée ou désignée dans le journal ou écrit périodique, sous peine d'une amende de 50 fr. à 500 fr.; sans préjudice des autres peines et dommages-intérêts auxquels l'article incriminé pourrait donner lieu. Cette insertion sera gratuite, et la réponse pourra avoir le double de la longueur de l'article auquel elle sera faite.”

ALL PASSAGES OR WORDS NOT TRANSLATED IN THE TEXT
WILL BE FOUND AMONG THE FOLLOWING :

Page 25.—NEANT—is equivalent to CHAOS.

Page 30.—The Jesuits with short gowns—The Scids of power.

Page 37.—The temple of the Newspaper-office.

—The responsibility of the National rests from this day entirely upon my head; if any man shall indulge himself in gross abuse of that paper, he will find one who will call him to an account.

Page 53.—His Most Christian Majesty.

Page 54.—The Stag Park.

Page 59.—The Church Party—and the self-styled Royalist Party.

Page 60.—Down with the Jesuits.

Page 52.—But he is a Methodist, is he not?

Well, I will tell you what passed between him and me.

You are a Protestant, I suppose, Sir?

No, Sir, I am no Protestant.

You are no Protestant, and no Catholic; are you then a Mahometan or a Jew?

No, I am neither Protestant, Catholic, Mahometan, nor Jew.

What religion are you of, then?

Sir, I profess the religion of Socrates.

Well, will you believe me? this member of your House of Commons appeared much shocked.

Page 66.—A box at the theatre, obscured from public view by railing.

Page 66.—A cassock.

Page 72.—The Clergy under Oath of 1789.

The Clergy of the Romish party.

The late dispute between M. de la Mennais and the Pope deprived him, no doubt, in some degree of that title of which he was formerly ostentatious.

Page 73.—“The Words of a Believer,” by the Abbé de la Mennais.

Page 77.—Mixed Churches.

Page 79.—A district town.

Page 80.—Deacons.

Page 83.—The pastors and deputies of the churches, present at Paris at the sitting of the religious associations, and met in a brotherly conference on Wednesday, April 24, 1833, in the hall of the consistory of the Church of the Oratory, unanimously agreed :

1stly. That, henceforth, in each year, on the day of General Assembly of the Biblical Society, at 9 o'clock in the morning, the co-pastors and suffragan-pastors of the National Churches of the two Evangelical Congregations,

and the lay-deputies of the said churches, shall meet in brotherly conference.

2ndly. That these conferences shall commence with solemn prayer.

3rdly. That the sitting shall continue under the Presidency of the Dean by seniority of the pastors, by the nomination, by secret ballot, of a President and a Secretary, who shall immediately enter on their functions.

4thly. That these sittings shall re-commence daily at the same hour.

5thly. That the verified report of conferences shall be lithographed, or printed, and be transmitted to all the churches, and to all the pastors throughout France.

6thly. That the pastors of the two congregations of Paris shall form a committee of correspondence with the consistories and pastors, shall give them information of the present resolutions, and shall prepare, as far as possible, the documents and subjects for discussion.

Page 92.—Letters to the Board of Longitude.

Letters on the *Encyclopédie*.

An introduction to the scientific works of the nineteenth century.

“Memoirs” upon Gravitation.

Page 98.—The theory of the four movements.

Page 100.—O my cotemporaries! I see you all in search of a religion, neither for yourselves, nor for your immediate posterity; but each day in your reveries, the word religion hangs upon your lip.

Page 108.—The custom of fallows was formerly general in Normandy, but it is every day passing away. At the beginning of this century, this custom might be esteemed, or the department in general, to extend over only half the soil it extended over in 1790 and 92, and now it is only seen in one tenth of the land consecrated to cultivation.—*M. Loid*.

Page 120.—To the War-office.

Page 122.—*Note*.—The division of landed estates, which has taken place in every quarter of the kingdom, has caused an independence more uniformly diffused; it has given the means for wealth and health to numerous families which partook not of them at any earlier period. Moreover, the new channels of industry have given work to many artisans and labourers.

On the Productive and Commercial Means.

In contemplating the rapid progress which France has made in agriculture.

Page 132.—Each of us could, more or less easily, fulfil a task, easy for the government, more difficult for individuals, not indeed for the whole of France, but for some particular spot, which, once known, would lead to an appreciation of the rest.

I have done it, Gentlemen, in part for the arrondissement, which is more particularly known to me, and in the prosperity of which gratitude and all the sentiments of nature command me to feel a more particular interest.

With a small exception, all the inhabitants are proprietors. The love of

property is pushed to its greatest extent; among the fathers of families and among their children; among the rich, and among the poor—it is the prevailing want and sentiment of all.

* * * * *

The equal partition of successions is the most common and general rule; there, as in the great majority of the other arrondissements of France, the persons at their ease dispose rarely of the share at their disposition. The examples of it are few, I know none near me in any class of society, the peasants excepted; and with these it is not the whole “*préciput*” which they dispose of, but this or that piece of land; not from any habitual preference in favour of the eldest, but more often from gratitude to that one of their children who has remained near them, partaken of their labours, and taken care of their age.

Well, in that arrondissement—*instead of the division of property having increased* within the last twelve years, property has agglomerated.

In 1815, the number of persons paying the tax was forty-two thousand and some hundreds; in 1825, by a diminution, gradual and successive, this figure is reduced to about forty thousand. So that the agglomeration in ten years has been about two thousand proprietors, or about two-fortieths.

I do not pretend that it is thus in every arrondissement in the kingdom; nevertheless, all the other isolated information, which others of my colleagues have had the kindness to show me, are far from contrary to the example which I have just been citing.—*Duc de Decazes.*

Page 134.—In the Lower Pyrenees, the law of inheritance is readily followed out in the customary division of paternal lands—and there is but little parcelling out of estates.

The parcelling out is caused by the desire of each child inheriting, to have a portion of each description of land.

Page 136.—When I inhabited the ports of Flanders, and more especially those of Provence, I was always astonished to hear the people of the country distinguish the persons born in the centre of France, calling them “*Francists*” and treating them as strangers..... When, in 1825 and 1826, I occupied myself with procuring, from the working classes of our departments, the most simple elements of the sciences, applied to the arts, I fell into an astonishment, from which I can hardly yet return, in seeing, that on all the points of our immense frontiers, at Bayonne as at Dunkerque, at Strasbourg as at Quimper, at Montpellier as at Mulhouse, one of the greatest obstacles that the professors had encountered, was in the difficulty they had to make intelligible the French language, so expressive and correct, to men who can only think with facility by the aid of strange idioms and a barbarous patois.—*Ch. Dupin.*

Page 156.—Even already, said M. Pasquier, consequences resulting therefrom have arisen in that country (England), which imperatively demand the attention of legislators and statesmen. Whoever does not shut his eyes to all the chances of afflictions, with which the manufacturing classes are con-

stantly menaced, must necessarily contemplate with uneasiness the future possible fate of so considerable a mass of the population, whom a disastrous war, or a successful rivalry, may deprive suddenly of the greater part of their means of support.

Page 156.—With a greater division of property, the spirit of the proprietors necessarily spreads itself into a greater portion of society.—*M. Pasquier*.

Page 158.—Ah! it is too evident that those laws were made by fathers, who in passing them thought only of maintaining their own authority, and lost sight of their parental affection.

Page 163.—*Note*.—My drawing-room again had its crowds, and I once more had the pleasure of conversation, in Paris, which I confess was always, to me, the most captivating of all.

Page 166.—Monsieur —, with much gesticulation, and uttering loud outcries from his bench.

Page 167.—Here the President rings his bell.—At this moment the chamber is in confusion.

Page 170.—His voice, which more than once had carried terror to the palace whence it had cast out tyranny, might carry terror also to the souls of those traitors who desired to substitute their tyranny in place of the monarchy.

Page 171.—Yes, a fine school of anatomy.

Page 173.—Oh! the charming little man, as he was! How white his teeth, like pearls; small—yes, small—delicate hands—perfumed! How elegant the little man was—and how great an eater!

Page 173.—At all events I can continue Julia, and my phaeton. But what is the matter with him? He adores Adela—What fine children!—and why did not they tell me of it?—She will not return again until it is over—All will be soon well.

Page 176.—Poor fellow! down he fell, dead!

Page 178.—The poor Princess gave such fine balls.

Conjugal virtue. Virtue, in a married woman, is to continue attached to her lover even though he is disagreeable to her.

Page 190.—Head of hair.

Page 207.—Nevertheless estates in possession, which form the grants for support of hereditary titles, which the Emperor shall have made to a Prince or to the head of a family, must be transmitted to the heir [as an entailed estate].

Page 212.—We did not wish to burden the country with eighty thousand tyrants, but only three hundred individuals whom we wished to invest with high functions. That was all.

The gods we have at present are Science and Art; we are excited in the theatres and the court, as we once were in the churches; the heart which formerly was obedient to priests, we now consecrate entirely to philosophers and poets.

Page 219.—The poor's rate was raised compulsorily.

Page 229.—That France has the blessing of not being distracted by those dissensions, which in other countries cause discord betwixt the workmen and the manufacturer who employs them.

Page 230.—All men are equal and free from their birth; no one has a greater right than others to employ his natural or acquired talents; this privilege, partaken by all, is alone limited by the conscience of the man exercising it, which forbids him to make any use of it to the detriment of his fellow-men.

17th June 1953

THE END.

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