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THE

WIT AND WISDOM

OF

SYDNEY SMITH

A SELECTION OF THE MOST MEMORABLE PASSAGES IN HIS WRITINGS AND CONVERSATION

NEW YORK AND LONDON

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

The Knickerbocker Press

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WIT AND WISDOM OF SYDNEY SMITH.

ORIGIN OF THE EDINBURGH REVIEW (1802).—Towards the end of my residence in Edinburgh, Brougham, Jeffrey, and myself happened to meet in the eighth or ninth story or flat in Buccleugh Place, the then elevated residence of Mr. Jeffrey. I proposed that we should set up a Review. This was acceded to with acclamation. I was appointed editor, and remained long enough in Edinburgh to edit the first number of the Review. The motto I proposed for the Review was, "Tenui Musam meditamur avenâ"—"We cultivate literature on a little oatmeal." But this was too near the truth to be admitted; so we took our present grave motto from Publius Syrus, of whom none of us had, I am sure, read a single line; and so began what has since turned out to be a very important and able journal.

PUBLIC OPINION IN ENGLAND IN 1802.—From the beginning of the century (about

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which time the Review began), to the death of Lord Liverpool, was an awful period for those who ventured to maintain liberal opinions; and who were too honest to sell them for the ermine of the judge, or the lawn of the prelate. A long and hopeless career in your profession, the chuckling grin of noodles, the sarcastic leer of the genuine political rogue; prebendaries, deans, bishops, made over your head; reverend renegades advanced to the highest dignities of the Church, for helping to rivet the fetters of Catholic and Protestant Dissenters; and no more chance of a Whig administration than of a thaw in Zembla. These were the penalties exacted for liberality of opinion at that period; and not only was there no pay, but there were many stripes.

It is always considered a piece of impertinence in England if a man of less than two or three thousand a year has any opinions at all on important subjects; and in addition he was sure to be assailed with all the Billingsgate of the French Revolution. Jacobin, leveller, atheist, Socinian, incendiary, regicide, were the gentlest appellations used; and any man who breathed a syllable against the senseless bigotry of the two Georges, or hinted at the abominable tyranny and persecution exercised against Catholic Ireland, was shunned as unfit for the

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relations of social life. Not a murmur against any abuse was permitted. To say a word against the suitorcide delays of the Court of Chancery, or the cruel punishments of the Game Laws, or against any abuse which a rich man inflicted and a poor man suffered, was treason against the plousiocracy, and was bitterly and steadily resented. Lord Grey had not then taken off the bearing-rein from the English people, as Sir Francis Head has now done from horses.

LABORS OF THE LIBERAL PARTY.—To appreciate the value of the *Edinburgh Review*, the state of England at the period when that journal began should be had in remembrance. The Catholics were not emancipated—the Corporation and Test Acts were unrepealed—the Game Laws were horribly oppressive—Steel Traps and Spring Guns were set all over the country—Prisoners tried for their Lives could have no Counsel—Lord Eldon and the Court of Chancery pressed heavily upon mankind—Libel was punished by the most cruel and vindictive imprisonments—the principles of Political Economy were little understood—the Law of Debt and Conspiracy were upon the worst possible footing—the enormous wickedness of the Slave Trade was tolerated—a thousand evils were in existence, which the talents of good

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and able men have since lessened or removed; and these effects have been not a little assisted by the honest boldness of the *Edinburgh Review*.

MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.—

"The good of ancient times let others state,
I think it lucky I was born so late."

MR. EDITOR,—It is of some importance at what period a man is born. A young man, alive at this period, hardly knows to what improvements of human life he has been introduced; and I would bring before his notice the following eighteen changes which have taken place in England since I first began to breathe in it the breath of life—a period amounting now to nearly seventy-three years.

Gas was unknown: I groped about the streets of London in all but the utter darkness of a twinkling oil lamp, under the protection of watchmen in their grand climacteric, and exposed to every species of depredation and insult.

I have been nine hours in sailing from Dover to Calais before the invention of steam. It took me nine hours to go from Taunton to Bath, before the invention of railroads, and I now go in six hours from Taunton to London! In going from Taunton to Bath, I suffered

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between 10,000 and 12,000 severe contusions, before stone-breaking Macadam was born.

I paid 15*l.* in a single year for repairs of carriage-springs on the pavement of London; and I now glide without noise or fracture, on wooden pavements.

I can walk, by the assistance of the police, from one end of London to the other, without molestation; or if tired, get into a cheap and active cab, instead of those cottages on wheels, which the hackney coaches were at the beginning of my life.

I had no umbrella! They were little used, and very dear. There were no waterproof hats, and *my* hat has often been reduced by rains into its primitive pulp.

I could not keep my smallclothes in their proper place, for braces were unknown. If I had the gout, there was no colchicum. If I was bilious, there was no calomel. If I was attacked by ague, there was no quinine. There were filthy coffee-houses instead of elegant clubs. Game could not be bought. Quarrels about uncommuted tithes were endless. The corruption of Parliament, before Reform, infamous. There were no banks to receive the savings of the poor. The Poor Laws were gradually sapping the vitals of the country; and whatever miseries I suffered, I had no post to whisk my

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complaints for a single penny to the remotest corners of the empire; and yet, in spite of all these privations, I lived on quietly, and am now ashamed that I was not more discontented, and utterly surprised that all these changes and inventions did not occur two centuries ago.

I forgot to add, that as the basket of stage coaches, in which luggage was then carried, had no springs, your clothes were rubbed all to pieces; and that even in the best society one third of the gentlemen at least were always drunk.—[*Memoir.*]

SCOTLAND IN 1798.—It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding. Their only idea of wit, or rather that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of WUT, is so infinitely distressing to people of good taste, is laughing immoderately at stated intervals. They are so imbued with metaphysics that they even make love metaphysically. I overheard a young lady of my acquaintance, at a dance in Edinburgh, exclaim, in a sudden pause of the music: "What you say, my Lord, is very true of love in the *aibstract*, but—" here the fiddlers began fiddling furiously, and the rest was lost. No nation has so large a stock of benevolence of

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heart : if you meet with an accident, half Edinburgh immediately flocks to your door to inquire after your *pure* hand or your *pure* foot, and with a degree of interest that convinces you their whole hearts are in the inquiry. You find they usually arrange their dishes at dinner by the points of the compass ; " Sandy, put the gigot of mutton to the south, and move the singet sheep's head a wee bit to the nor-wast." If you knock at the door, you hear a shrill female voice from the fifth flat shriek out : " Wha's chapping at the door ? " which is presently opened by a lassie with short petticoats, bare legs, and thick ankles. My Scotch servants bargained they were not to have salmon more than three times a week, and always pulled off their stockings, in spite of my repeated objurgations, the moment my back was turned. Their temper stands any thing but an attack on their climate. They would have you even believe they can ripen fruit ; and, to be candid, I must own in remarkably warm summers I have tasted peaches that made most excellent pickles ; and it is upon record that at the siege of Perth, on one occasion, the ammunition failing, their nectarines made admirable cannon balls. Even the enlightened mind of Jeffrey cannot shake off the illusion that myrtles flourished at Craig Crook. In vain I have

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represented to him that they are of the genus *Carduus*, and pointed out their prickly peculiarities. In vain I have reminded him that I have seen hackney coaches drawn by four horses in the winter, on account of the snow; that I had rescued a man blown flat against my door by the violence of the winds, and black in the face; that even the experienced Scotch fowls did not venture to cross the streets, but sidled along, tails aloft, without venturing to encounter the gale. Jeffrey sticks to his myrtle illusions, and treats my attacks with as much contempt as if I had been a wild visionary, who had never breathed his caller air, nor lived and suffered under the rigor of his climate, nor spent five years in discussing metaphysics and medicine in that garret of the earth — that knuckle-end of England—that land of Calvin, oat-cakes, and sulphur.—[*Memoir.*]

ANIMOSITY OF ENGLAND AND FRANCE IN 1798.—I now consider the war between France and England no longer as an occasional quarrel or temporary dispute, but as an antipathy and national horror, after the same kind as subsists between the kite and the crow, or the churchwarden and the pauper, the weasel and the rat, the parson and the Deist, the bailiff and the half-pay captain, etc., etc., who have persecuted

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each other from the beginning of time, and will peck, swear, fly, preach at, and lie in wait for each other till the end of time.—[*Memoir.*]

REVOLUTIONARY STATE OF FRANCE.—If it be visionary to suppose the grandeur and safety of the two nations as compatible and coëxistent, we have the important (though the cruel) consolation of reflecting, that the French have yet to put together the very elements of a civil and political constitution; that they have to experience all the danger and all the inconvenience which result from the rashness and the imperfect views of legislators, who have every thing to conjecture, and every thing to create; that they must submit to the confusion of repeated change, or the greater evil of obstinate perseverance in error; that they must live for a century in that state of perilous uncertainty in which every revolutionized nation remains, before rational liberty becomes feeling and habit, as well as law, and is written in the hearts of men as plainly as in the letter of the statute; and that the opportunity of beginning this immense edifice of human happiness is so far from being presented to them at present, that it is extremely problematical whether or not they are to be bandied from one vulgar usurper to another, and remain for a century subjugated to

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the rigor of a military government, at once the scorn and the scourge of Europe.*—[*E. R. 1803.*]

REACTION IN FRANCE.—Is not the tide of opinions, at this moment, in France, setting back with a strength equal to its flow? and is there not reason to presume, that, for some time to come, their ancient institutions may be adored with as much fury as they were destroyed?—[*E. R. 1803.*]

REPUBLICAN GOVERNMENT IN FRANCE.—A love of equality is a very strong principle in a republic; therefore it does not tolerate hereditary honor or wealth; and all the effect produced upon the minds of the people by this factitious power is lost, and the government weakened; but in proportion as the government is less able to command, the people should be more willing to obey; therefore a republic is better suited to a moral than an immoral people.

Yet, though narrowness of territory, purity of morals, and recent escape from despotism, appear to be the circumstances which most

* All this is, unfortunately, as true now as it was when written thirty years ago.—(S. S.) And not less true after the lapse of another period of nearly thirty years in 1860.

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strongly recommend a republic, M. Necker proposes it to the most numerous and the most profligate people in Europe, who are disgusted with the very name of liberty, from the incredible evils they have suffered in pursuit of it. Whatever be the species of free government adopted by France, she can adopt none without the greatest peril.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

POLITICAL EXPERIENCE.—To call upon a nation, on a sudden, totally destitute of such knowledge and experience, to perform all the manifold functions of a free constitution, is to entrust valuable, delicate, and abstruse mechanism to the rudest skill and the grossest ignorance.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

OBSTACLES TO FREEDOM IN FRANCE.—The want of all the true elements of constitutional government must retard, for a very long period, the practical enjoyment of liberty in France, and present very serious obstacles to her prosperity; obstacles little dreamed of by men who seem to measure the happiness and future grandeur of France by degrees of longitude and latitude, and who believe she might acquire liberty with as much facility as she would acquire Switzerland or Naples.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

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SUDDEN FREEDOM.—A nation grown free in a single day is a child born with the limbs and the vigor of a man, who would take a drawn sword for his rattle, and set the house in a blaze, that he might chuckle over the splendor.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

VALUE OF ELECTIONS.—The only foundation of political liberty is the spirit of the people; and the only circumstance which makes a lively impression upon their senses, and powerfully reminds them of their importance, their power, and their rights, is the periodical choice of their representatives.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

POPULAR ELECTIONS.—The uproar even, and the confusion and the clamor of a popular election in England, have their use; they give a stamp to the names, *Liberty*, *Constitution*, and *People*.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

ENGLISH MOBS.—An English mob, which, to a foreigner, might convey the belief of an impending massacre, is often contented by the demolition of a few windows.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

EXTENSION OF THE FRANCHISE.—No person considers himself as so completely deprived of a share in the government, which he is to enjoy

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when he becomes older, as he would do, were that privilege deferred till he became richer ;— time comes to all, wealth to a few.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.—The sea-ports, the universities, the great commercial towns, should all have their separate organs in the parliament of a great country. There should be some means of bringing in active, able, young men, who would submit to the labor of business from the stimulus of honor and wealth. Others should be there, expressly to speak the sentiments, and defend the interests, of the executive. Every popular assembly must be grossly imperfect, that is not composed of such heterogeneous materials as these. Our own parliament may perhaps contain within itself *too many* of that species of representatives, who could never have arrived at the dignity under a pure and perfect system of election ; but, for all the practical purposes of government, amidst a great majority fairly elected by the people, we should always wish to see a certain number of the legislative body representing interests very distinct from those of the people.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

SECOND CHAMBERS.—The institution of two assemblies constitutes a check upon the passion

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and precipitation by which the resolutions of any single popular assembly may occasionally be governed.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

DIVISION OF POWER.—The prize of supreme power is too tempting to admit of fair play in the game of ambition; and it is wise to lessen its value by dividing it; at least it is wise to do so, under a form of government that cannot admit the better expedient of rendering the executive hereditary; an expedient (gross and absurd as it *seems* to be) the best calculated, perhaps, to obviate the effects of ambition upon the stability of government, by narrowing the field on which it acts, and the object for which it contends.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

AMERICAN INSTITUTIONS IN 1803.—America presents such an immediate, and such a seducing species of provision to all its inhabitants, that it has no idle discontented populace; its population amounts only to six millions, and it is not condensed in such masses as the population of Europe. After all, an experiment of twenty years is never to be cited in politics; nothing can be built upon such a slender inference. Even if America were to remain stationary, she might find that she had presented too fascinating and irresistible an object to human

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ambition ; of course, that peril is increased by every augmentation of a people, who are hastening on, with rapid and irresistible pace, to the highest eminences of human grandeur. Some contest for power there must be in every free state ; but the contest for vicarial and deputed power, as it implies the presence of a moderator and a master, is more prudent than the struggle for that which is original and supreme.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

THE SALIC LAW.—A most sensible and valuable law, banishing gallantry and chivalry from Cabinets, and preventing the amiable antics of grave statesmen.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

LIFE PEERAGES.—The partial creation of peers for life only, would appear to remedy a very material defect in the English constitution. An hereditary legislative aristocracy not only adds to the dignity of the throne, and establishes that gradation of ranks which is perhaps absolutely necessary to its security, but it transacts a considerable share of the business of the nation as well in the framing of laws as in the discharge of its juridical functions. But men of rank and wealth, though they are interested by a splendid debate, will not submit to the drudgery of business, much less can they be

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supposed conversant in all the niceties of law questions. It is therefore necessary to add to their number a certain portion of *novi homines*, men of established character for talents, and upon whom the previous tenor of their lives has necessarily impressed the habits of business. The evil of this is that the title descends to their posterity, without the talents and the utility that procured it; and the dignity of the peerage is impaired by the increase of its numbers; not only so, but as the peerage is the reward of military, as well as the earnest of civil services, and as the annuity commonly granted with it is only for one or two lives, we are in some danger of seeing a race of nobles wholly dependent upon the Crown for their support, and sacrificing their political freedom to their necessities. These evils are effectually, as it should seem, obviated by the creation of a *certain number* of peers for life only. The most useless and offensive tumor in the body politic, is the titled son of a great man whose merit has placed him in the peerage. The name, face, and perhaps the pension, remain. The dæmon is gone; or there is a slight flavor from the cask, but it is empty.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

DR. PARR.—Whoever has had the good fortune to see Dr. Parr's wig, must have observed,

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that while it trespasses a little on the orthodox magnitude of perukes in the anterior parts, it scorns even episcopal limits behind, and swells out into boundless convexity of frizz, the *μέγα θαῦμα* of barbers, and the terror of the literary world. After the manner of his wig, the Doctor has constructed his sermon, giving us a discourse of no common length, and subjoining an immeasurable mass of notes, which appear to concern every learned thing, every learned man, and almost every unlearned man since the beginning of the world.—[*E. R. 1802.*]

DR. PARR'S STYLE.—Dr. Parr seems to think that eloquence consists not in an exuberance of beautiful images—not in simple and sublime conceptions—not in the feelings of the passions; but in a studious arrangement of *sonorous, exotic, and sesquipedal* words; a very ancient error, which corrupts the style of young and wearies the patience of sensible men.

In the university of Benares, in the lettered kingdom of Ava, among the Mandarins at Pekin, there must, doubtless, be many men who have the eloquence of *Βάῤῥους*, the feeling of *Ταίλωρος*, and the judgment of *Ὦκηρος*, of whom Dr. Parr might be happy to say, that they have profundity without obscurity—perspicuity without prolixity—ornament without

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glare—terseness without barrenness—penetration without subtlety—comprehensiveness without digression—and a great number of other things without a great number of other things.—[*E. R. 1802.*]

A SOMNOLENT WRITER.—An accident, which happened to the gentleman engaged in reviewing this sermon, proves, in the most striking manner, the importance of the charity for which it was preached in restoring to life persons in whom the vital power is suspended. He was discovered with Dr. Langford's discourse lying open before him, in a state of the most profound sleep; from which he could not, by any means, be awakened for a great length of time. By attending, however, to the rules prescribed by the Humane Society, flinging in the smoke of tobacco, applying hot flannels, and carefully removing the discourse itself to a great distance, the critic was restored to his disconsolate brothers.—[*E. R. 1802.*]

BOOKSELLERS' HACKS.—We suppose the booksellers have authors at two different prices. Those who do write grammatically, and those who do not; and they have not thought fit to put any of their best hands upon this work.—[*E. R. 1802.*]

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FORESTALLING AND REGRATING.—The farmer has it not in his power to raise the price of corn; he never has fixed, and never can fix it. He is unquestionably justified in receiving any price he can obtain; for it happens very beautifully, that the effect of his efforts to better his fortune is as beneficial to the public as if his motive had not been selfish. To insist that he should take a less price when he can obtain a greater, is to insist upon laying on that order of men the whole burden of supporting the poor; a convenient system enough in the eyes of a a rich ecclesiastic; and objectionable only, because it is impracticable, pernicious, and unjust.*—[*E. R. 1802.*]

NATURAL PRODUCTIONS OF AUSTRALIA.—In this remote part of the earth, Nature (having made horses, oxen, ducks, geese, oaks, elms, and all regular and useful productions for the rest of the world), seems determined to have a bit of play, and to amuse herself as she pleases. Accordingly, she makes cherries with the stone

* If it is pleasant to notice the intellectual growth of an individual, it is still more pleasant to see the public growing wiser. This absurdity of attributing the high price of corn to the combinations of farmers, was the common nonsense talked in the days of my youth. I remember when ten judges out of twelve laid down this doctrine in their charges to the various grand juries on the circuits. The lowest attorney's clerk is now better instructed.—(S. S.)

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on the outside ; and a monstrous animal, as tall as a grenadier, with the head of a rabbit, a tail as big as a bed-post, hopping along at the rate of five hops to a mile, with three or four young kangaroos looking out of its false uterus, to see what is passing. Then comes a quadruped as big as a large cat, with the eyes, color, and skin of a mole, and the bill and web-feet of a duck—puzzling Dr. Shaw, and rendering the latter half of his life miserable, from his utter inability to determine whether it was a bird or a beast. Add to this a parrot, with the legs of a sea-gull ; a skate with the head of a shark ; and a bird of such monstrous dimensions that a side-bone of it will dine three real carniverous Englishmen ;—together with many other productions that agitate Sir Joseph, and fill him with mingled emotions of distress and delight. —[*E. R. 1819.*]

AUSTRALIAN ARISTOCRACY.—The time may come when some Botany Bay Tacitus shall recall the crimes of an emperor lineally descended from a London pickpocket, or paint the valor with which he has led his New Hollanders into the heart of China. At that period, when the Grand Lama is sending to supplicate alliance ; when the spice islands are purchasing peace with nutmegs ; when enormous tributes

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of green tea and nankeen are wafted into Port Jackson, and landed on the quays at Sydney, who will ever remember that the sawing of a few planks, and the knocking together of a few nails, were once a serious trial of the energies and resources of the nation?

When the history of the colony has been attentively perused in the parish of St. Giles, the ancient avocation of picking pockets will certainly not become more discreditable from the knowledge that it may eventually lead to the possession of a farm of a thousand acres on the river Hawkesbury.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

FUTURE INDEPENDENCE OF AUSTRALIA.—It may be a curious consideration, to reflect what we are to do with this colony when it comes to years of discretion. Are we to spend another hundred millions of money in discovering its strength, and to humble ourselves again before a fresh set of Washingtons and Franklins? The moment after we have suffered such serious mischief from the escape of the old tiger, we are breeding up a young cub, whom we cannot render less ferocious, or more secure. Endless blood and treasure will be exhausted to support a tax on kangaroos' skins; faithful Commons will go on voting fresh supplies to support a *just and necessary* war; and Newgate, then be-

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come a quarter of the world, will evince a heroism, not unworthy of the great characters by whom she was originally peopled.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

ATTRACTIONS OF AUSTRALIA.—A London thief, clothed in kangaroos' skins, lodged under the bark of the dwarf eucalyptus, and keeping sheep, fourteen thousand miles from Piccadilly, with a crook bent into the shape of a picklock, is not an uninteresting picture; and an engraving of it might have a very salutary effect—provided no engraving were made of his convict master, to whom the sheep belong.—[*E. R. 1823.*]

EMANCIPATED CONVICTS.—The history of emancipated convicts, who have made a great deal of money by their industry and their speculations, necessarily reaches this country, and prevents men who are goaded by want, and hovering between vice and virtue, from looking upon it as a place of suffering—perhaps leads them to consider it as the land of hope and refuge, to them unattainable, except by the commission of crime. And so they lift up their heads at the Bar, hoping to be transported,—

> "Stabant orantes primi transmittere cursum,
> Tendebantque manus, ripæ ulterioris amore."

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Another circumstance, which destroys all idea of punishment in transportation to New South Wales, is the enormous expense which that settlement would occasion if it really were made a place of punishment. A little wicked tailor arrives, of no use to the architectural projects of the Governor. He is turned over to a settler, who leases this sartorial Borgia his liberty for five shillings per week, and allows him to steal and snip, what, when, and where he can. The excuse for all this mockery of law and justice is, that the expense of his maintenance is saved to the Government at home. But the expense is not saved to the country at large. The nefarious needleman writes home, that he is as comfortable as a finger in a thimble! that though a fraction only of humanity, he has several wives, and is filled every day with rum and kangaroo. This, of course, is not lost upon the shopboard, and, for the saving of fifteen pence per day, the foundation of many criminal tailors is laid.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

Moral Equality of Man.—All honest men, whether counts or cobblers, are of the same rank, if classed by moral distinctions.—[*E. R. 1823.*]

Society at Botany Bay.—It is seldom, we

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suspect, that absolute dunces go to the Bay, but commonly men of active minds, and considerable talents in their various lines—who have not learnt, indeed, the art of self-discipline and control, but who are sent to learn it in the bitter school of adversity. And when this medicine produces its proper effect — when sufficient time has been given to show a thorough change in character and disposition —a young colony really cannot afford to dispense with the services of any person of superior talents. Activity, resolution, and acuteness are of such immense importance in the hard circumstances of a new State, that they must be eagerly caught at, and employed as soon as they are discovered. Though all may not be quite so objectionable as could be wished—

> "Res dura, et regni novitas me talia cogunt
> Moliri"—

To sit down to dinner with men who have not been tried for their lives, is a luxury which cannot be enjoyed in such a country. It is entirely out of the question; and persons so dainty, and so truly admirable, had better settle at Clapham Common than at Botany Bay.

Mr. Marsden, who has no happiness from six o'clock Monday morning, till the same hour the week following, will not meet pardoned convicts

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in society. We have no doubt Mr. Marsden is a very respectable clergyman; but is there not something very different from this in the Gospel? The most resolute and inflexible persons in the rejection of pardoned convicts were some of the marching regiments stationed at Botany Bay,—men, of course, who had uniformly shunned in the Old World the society of gamesters, prostitutes, drunkards, and blasphemers —who had ruined no tailors, corrupted no wives, and had entitled themselves by a long course of solemnity and decorum, to indulge in all the insolence of purity and virtue.—[*E. R. 1823.*]

DINNERS AT SYDNEY.—An officer, invited to dinner by the Governor, cannot refuse, unless in case of sickness. This is the most complete tyranny we ever heard of. If the officer comes out to his duty at the proper minute, with his proper number of buttons and epaulettes, what matters it to the Governor or anybody else where he dines? He may as well be ordered what to eat, as where to dine—be confined to the upper or under side of the meat—be denied gravy, or refused melted butter. But there is no end to the small tyranny and puerile vexations of a military life.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

TRANSPORTATION.—Men are governed by

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words; and under the infamous term *convict* are comprehended crimes of the most different degrees and species of guilt. One man is transported for stealing three hams and a pot of sausages; and in the next berth to him on board the transport is a young surgeon, who has been engaged in the mutiny at the Nore; the third man is for extorting money; the fourth was in a respectable situation in life at the time of the Irish Rebellion, and was so ill-read in history as to imagine that Ireland had been ill-treated by England, and so bad a reasoner as to suppose that nine Catholics ought not to pay tithes to one Protestant. Then comes a man who set his house on fire to cheat the Phœnix Office; and, lastly, that most glaring of all human villains, a poacher, driven from Europe, wife and child, by thirty lords of manors, at the Quarter Sessions, for killing a partridge. Now, all these are crimes no doubt —particularly the last; but they are surely crimes of very different degrees of intensity, to which different degrees of contempt and horror are attached—and from which those who have committed them may, by subsequent morality, emancipate themselves, with different degrees of difficulty, and with more or less of success. A warrant granted by a reformed bacon-stealer would be absurd; but there is hardly any rea-

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son why a foolish hot-brained young blockhead, who chose to favor the mutineers at the Nore when he was sixteen years of age, may not make a very loyal subject, and a very respected magistrate when he is forty years of age, and has cast his Jacobine teeth, and fallen into the practical jobbing and loyal business which so commonly develops itself about that period of life.

Is it to be believed that a governor, placed over a land of convicts, and capable of guarding his limbs from any sudden collision with odemetrous stones, or vertical posts of direction, should make no distinction between the simple convict and the double and treble convict—the man of three juries, who has three times appeared at the Bailey, trilarcenous—three times driven over the seas?—[*E. R. 1823.*]

TRANSPORT SHIPS.—We were a little surprised at the scanty limits allowed to convicts for sleeping on board the transports. Mr. Bigge (of whose sense and humanity we really have not the slightest doubt) states eighteen inches to be quite sufficient—twice the length of a small sheet of letter paper. The printer's devil, who carries our works to the press, informs us that the allowance to the demons of the type is double foolscap length, or twenty-

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four inches. The great city upholsterers generally consider six feet as barely sufficient for a person rising in business, and assisting occasionally at official banquets.—[*E. R. 1823.*]

A Voyage to Botany Bay.—While a convict vessel lay at anchor, about to sail, a boat from shore reached the ship, and from it stepped a clerk from the Bank of England. The convicts felicitated themselves upon the acquisition of so gentlemanlike a companion; but it soon turned out that the visitant had no intention of making so long a voyage. Finding that they were not to have the pleasure of his company, the convicts very naturally thought of picking his pockets, the necessity of which professional measure was prevented by a speedy distribution of their contents. Forth from his bill-case this votary of Plutus drew his nitid Newlands; all the forgers and utterers were mustered on deck, and to each of them was well and truly paid into his hand a five pound note: less acceptable, perhaps, than if privately removed from the person, but still joyfully received. This was well intended on the part of the directors, but the consequences it is scarcely necessary to enumerate; a large stock of rum was immediately laid in from the circumambient slop boats, and the materials of constant

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intoxication secured for the rest of the voyage. —[*E. R. 1823.*]

ARCHITECTURE AT BOTANY BAY.—Ornamental architecture in Botany Bay! How it could enter into the head of any human being to adorn public buildings at the Bay, or to aim at any other architectural purpose but the exclusion of wind and rain, we are utterly at a loss to conceive. Such an expense is not only lamentable for the waste of property it makes in the particular instance, but because it destroys that guaranty of sound sense which the Government at home must require in those who preside over distant colonies. A man who thinks of pillars and pilasters, when half the colony are wet through for want of any covering at all, cannot be a wise or prudent person. He seems to be ignorant, that the prevention of rheumatism in all young colonies is a much more important object than the gratification of taste, or the display of skill.—[*E. R. 1823.*]

COLONIAL BREWERIES.—What two ideas are more inseparable than Beer and Britannia?—what event more awfully important to an English colony, than the erection of its first brewhouse?—[*E. R. 1823.*]

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SELF-GOVERNMENT IN AUSTRALIA.—The time of course will come when it would be in the highest degree unjust and absurd to refuse to that settlement the benefit of popular institutions. But they are too young, too few, and too deficient for such civilized machinery at present. "I cannot come to serve upon the jury—the waters of the Hawkesbury are out, and I have a mile to swim—the kangaroos will break into my corn—the convicts have robbed me—my little boy has been bitten by an ornithorynchus paradoxus—I have sent a man fifty miles with a sack of flour to buy a pair of breeches for the assizes, and he is not returned." These are the excuses which, in new colonies, always prevent Trial by Jury; and make it desirable, for the first half ceutury of their existence, that they should live under the simplicity and convenience of despotism—such modified despotism (we mean) as a British House of Commons will permit, in the governors of their distant colonies. — [*E. R. 1823.*]

CEYLON IN 1803.—The geographical figure of our possessions in Ceylon is whimsical enough; we possess the whole of the sea-coast, and enclose in a periphery the unfortunate King of Candia, whose rugged and mountainous do-

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minions may be compared to a coarse mass of iron, set in a circle of silver. The Popilian ring, in which this votary of Buddha has been so long held by the Portuguese and Dutch, has infused the most vigilant jealousy into the government, and rendered it as difficult to enter the kingdom of Candia, as if it were Paradise or China; and yet, once there, always; for the difficulty of departing is just as great as the difficulty of arriving; and his Candian Excellency, who has used every device in his power to keep them out, is seized with such an affection for those who baffle his defensive artifices, that he can on no account suffer them to depart. He has been known to retain a string of four or five Dutch embassies, till various members of the legation died of old age at his court, while they were expecting an answer to their questions, and a return to their presents; and his Majesty once exasperated a little French ambassador to such a degree, by the various pretences under which he kept him at his court, that this lively member of the Corps Diplomatique, one day, in a furious passion, attacked six or seven of his Majesty's largest elephants sword in hand, and would, in all probability, have reduced them to mince-meat, if the poor beasts had not been saved from the unequal combat.—[*E. R. 1823.*]

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MALAYS.—This is truly a tremendous people! When assassins and blood-hounds will fall into rank and file, and the most furious savages submit (with no diminution of their ferocity) to the science and discipline of war, they only want a Malay Bonaparte to lead them to the conquest of the world. Our curiosity has always been very highly excited by the accounts of this singular people; and we cannot help thinking, that, one day or another, when they are more full of opium than usual, they *will run a muck* from Cape Comorin to the Caspian.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

THE KING OF KANDY.—The King of Candia is of course despotic; and the history of his life and reign presents the same monotonous ostentation, and baby-like caprice, which characterize Oriental governments. In public audiences he appears like a great fool, squatting on his hands; far surpassing gingerbread in splendor; and, after asking some such idiotical question, as whether Europe is in Asia or Africa, retired with a flourish of trumpets very much out of tune. For his private amusement, he rides on the nose of an elephant, plays with his jewels, sprinkles his courtiers with rose-water, and feeds his gold and silver fish. If his tea is not sweet enough, he impales the footman; and smites

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off the heads of half a dozen of his noblemen, if he has a pain in his own.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

PEARL FISHERY.—A common mode of theft practised by the common people engaged in the pearl fishery, is by swallowing the pearls. Whenever any one is suspected of having swallowed these precious pills of Cleopatra, the police apothecaries are instantly sent for; a *brisk* cathartic is immediately dispatched after the truant pearl, with the strictest orders to apprehend it, in whatever corner of the *viscera* it may be found lurking.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

RELATIONS OF MANKIND.—By what curious links, and fantastical relations, are mankind connected together! At the distance of half the globe, a Hindoo gains his support by groping at the bottom of the sea for the morbid concretion of a shell-fish, to decorate the throat of a London alderman's wife.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

THE HONEY-BIRD OF CEYLON.—Among the great variety of birds in Ceylon, we were struck with Mr. Percival's account of the honey-bird, into whose body the soul of a common informer appears to have migrated. It makes a loud and shrill noise, to attract the notice of anybody whom it may perceive; and thus inducing him

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to follow the course it points out leads him to the tree where the bees have concealed their treasure; after the apiary has been robbed, this feathered scoundrel gleans his reward from the hive. The list of Ceylonese snakes is hideous; and we become reconciled to the crude and cloudy land in which we live, from reflecting that the indiscriminate activity of the sun generates what is loathsome, as well as what is lovely; that the asp reposes under the rose; and the scorpion crawls under the fragrant flower and the luscious fruit.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

An Easy Indian Chaplaincy.—The best history of a serpent we ever remember to have read, was of one killed near one of our settlements in the East Indies, in whose body they found the chaplain of the garrison, all in black, the Rev. Mr. —— (somebody or other, whose name we have forgotten), and who, after having been missing for above a week, was discovered in this very inconvenient situation.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

The Talipot Tree.—A leaf of the talipot tree is a tent to the soldier, a parasol to the traveller, and a book to the scholar. It is a natural umbrella, and is of as eminent service in that country as a great-coat tree would be in this.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

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COUNTRY GENTLEMEN AS NATURALISTS.—There is something, too, to be highly respected and praised in the conduct of a country gentleman who, instead of exhausting life in the chase, has dedicated a considerable portion of it to the pursuit of knowledge. There are so many temptations to complete idleness in the life of a country gentleman, so many examples of it, and so much loss to the community from it, that every exception from the practice is deserving of great praise. Some country gentlemen must remain to do the business of their counties; but, in general, there are many more than are wanted; and, generally speaking also, they are a class who should be stimulated to greater exertions. Sir Joseph Banks, a squire of large fortune in Lincolnshire, might have given up his existence to double-barrelled guns and persecutions of poachers—and all the benefits derived from his wealth, industry, and personal exertion in the cause of science, would have been lost to the community.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

MR. WATERTON'S WANDERINGS.—Mr. Waterton complains that the trees of Guiana are not more than six yards in circumference—a magnitude in trees which it is not easy for a Scotch imagination to reach.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

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THE FORESTS OF GUIANA.—How far does the gentle reader imagine the campanero may be heard, whose size is that of a jay? Perhaps three hundred yards. Poor innocent, ignorant reader! unconscious of what Nature has done in the forests of Cayenne, and measuring the force of tropical intonation by the sounds of a Scotch duck! The campanero may be heard three miles!—this single little bird being more powerful than the belfry of a cathedral, ringing for a new dean—just appointed on account of shabby politics, small understanding, and good family!

It is impossible to contradict a gentleman who has been in the forests of Cayenne; but we are determined, as soon as a campanero is brought to England, to make him toll in a public place, and have the distance measured. —[*E. R. 1826.*]

CUI BONO.—The toucan has an enormous bill, makes a noise like a puppy dog, and lays his eggs in hollow trees. How astonishing are the freaks and fancies of nature! To what purpose, we say, is a bird placed in the woods of Cayenne with a bill a yard long, making a noise like a puppy dog, and laying eggs in hollow trees? The toucans, to be sure, might retort, to what purpose were gentlemen in Bond

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Street created? To what purpose were certain foolish prating Members of Parliament created? —pestering the House of Commons with their ignorance and folly, and impeding the business of the country? There is no end of such questions. So we will not enter into the metaphysics of the toucan.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

In Suspense.—The sloth, in its wild state, spends its life in trees, and never leaves them but from force or accident. The eagle to the sky, the mole to the ground, the sloth to the tree, but what is most extraordinary, he lives not *upon* the branches, but *under* them. He moves suspended, rests suspended, sleeps suspended, and passes his life in suspense—like a young clergyman distantly related to a bishop. [*E. R. 1826.*]

Insects in the Tropics.—Insects are the curse of tropical climates. The Bête rouge lays the foundation of a tremendous ulcer. In a moment you are covered with ticks. Chigoes bury themselves in your flesh, and hatch a large colony of young chigoes in a few hours. They will not live together, but every chigoe sets up a separate ulcer, and has his own private portion of pus. Flies get entry into your mouth, into your eyes, into your nose; you eat flies, drink

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flies, and breathe flies. Lizards, cockroaches, and snakes, get into the bed; ants eat up the books; scorpions sting you on the foot. Every thing bites, stings, or bruises; every second of your existence you are wounded by some piece of animal life that nobody has ever seen before, except Swammerdam and Meriam. An insect with eleven legs is swimming in your teacup, a nondescript with nine wings is struggling in the small beer, or a caterpillar with several dozen eyes in his belly is hastening over the bread and butter! All nature is alive, and seems to be gathering all her entomological hosts to eat you up, as you are standing, out of your coat, waistcoat, and breeches. Such are the tropics. All this reconciles us to our dews, fogs, vapors, and drizzle—to our apothecaries rushing about with gargles and tinctures—to our old, British, constitutional coughs, sore throats, and swelled faces.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

THE DANES.—The Danish character is not agreeable. It is marked by silence, phlegm, and reserve. A Dane is the excess and extravagance of a Dutchman; more breeched, more ponderous, and more saturnine. He is not often a bad member of society in the great points of morals, and seldom a good one in the lighter requisites of manners. His understand-

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ing is alive only to the useful and the profitable : he never lives for what is merely gracious, courteous, and ornamental. His faculties seem to be drenched and slackened by the eternal fogs in which he resides ; he is never alert, elastic, or serene. His state of animal spirits is so low, that what in other countries would be deemed dejection, proceeding from casual misfortune, is the habitual tenor and complexion of his mind. In all the operations of his understanding he must have time. He is capable of undertaking great journeys ; but he travels only a foot pace, and never leaps nor runs. He loves arithmetic better than lyric poetry, and affects Cocker rather than Pindar. He is slow to speak of fountains and amorous maidens : but can take a spell at porisms as well as another ; and will make profound and extensive combinations of thought, if you pay him for it, and do not insist that he shall either be brisk or brief. —[*E. R. 1803.*]

LAPLANDERS. — In reading Mr. Catteau's account of the congealed and blighted Laplanders, we were struck with the infinite delight they must have in dying ; the only circumstance in which they can enjoy any superiority over the rest of mankind ; or which tends, in their instance, to verify the theory

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of the equality of human condition.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

MEDICAL COURAGE.—The boldness and enterprise of medical men is quite as striking as the courage displayed in battle, and evinces how much the power of encountering danger depends upon habit. Many a military veteran would tremble to feed upon *pus ;* to sleep in sheets running with water ; or to draw up the breath of feverish patients. Dr. White might not, perhaps, have marched up to a battery with great alacrity ; but Dr. White, in the year 1801, inoculated himself in the arms with recent matter taken from the bubo of a pestiferous patient, and rubbed the same matter upon different parts of his body. With somewhat less of courage, and more of injustice, he wrapt his Arab servant in the bed of a person just dead of the plague. The Doctor died ; and the Doctor's man (perhaps to prove his master's theory, that the plague was not contagious) ran away.—The bravery of our naval officers never produced any thing superior to this therapeutic heroism of the Doctor's.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

TURKISH DISCIPLINE.—There is at present, in the Turkish army, a curious mixture of the severest despotism in the commander, and the

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most rebellious insolence in the soldier. When the soldier misbehaves, the Vizier cuts his head off, and places it under his arm. When the soldier is dissatisfied with the Vizier, he fires his ball through his tent, and admonishes him, by these messengers, to a more pleasant exercise of his authority.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

ENERGY AND EXCESS.—The governed soon learn to distinguish between systematic energy and the excesses of casual and capricious cruelty; the one awes them into submission, the other rouses them to revenge.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

TURKISH REFORMS.—What is become of all the reforms of the famous Gazi Hassan? The blaze of partial talents is soon extinguished. Never was there so great a prospect of improvement as that afforded by the exertions of this celebrated man, who, in spite of the ridicule thrown upon him by Baron de Tott, was such a man as the Turks cannot expect to see again once in a century. He had the whole power of the Turkish empire at his disposal for fifteen years; and after repeated efforts to improve the army, abandoned the scheme as totally impracticable. The celebrated Bonneval, in his time, and De Tott since, made the same attempt with the same success. They are not to be

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taught; and six months after his death, every thing the present Capitan Pacha has done will be immediately pulled to pieces.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

National Characteristics. — There are goîtres out of the Valais, extortioners who do not worship Moses, oat cakes south of the Tweed, and balm beyond the precincts of Gilead. If nothing can be said to exist pre-eminently and emphatically in one country, which exists at all in another, then Frenchmen are not gay, nor Spaniards grave, nor are gentlemen of the Milesian race remarkable for their disinterested contempt of wealth in their connubial relations.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

Tenacity of Ignorance.—It must be a general fact, at all times, that gross ignorance more tenaciously adheres to a custom once adopted, because it respects that custom as an ultimate rule, and does not discern cases of exception by appealing to any higher rule upon which the first is founded.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

Providential Interference. — There is something so natural, and so closely derived from human governments, in the notion of the immediate interference of Providence, that

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mankind are only weaned from it by centuries of contradiction and discussion.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

AFRICAN SUPERSTITIONS. — The desire of penetrating into futurity, and the belief that some persons are capable of doing it, is as difficult to eradicate from the human mind, as is the belief in an *immediate* Providence ; and consequently, the Africans not only have their ordeal, but their conjurers and magicians, who are appealed to in all the difficulties and uncertainties of life, and who always, of course, preserve their authority, though they are perpetually showing, by the clearest evidence of facts, upon what sort of foundation.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

AFRICAN LITIGATION. — The Africans are very litigious ; and display, in their lawsuits or palavers, a most forensic exuberance of images, and loquacity of speech. Their criminal causes are frequently terminated by selling one of the parties into slavery ; and the Christians are always ready to purchase either the plaintiff or defendant, or both ; together with all the witnesses, and any other human creature who is of a dusky color, and worships the great idol Boo-Boo-Boo, with eleven heads.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

AFRICAN MERRIMENT.—The Pagan African

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is commonly a merry, dancing animal, given to every species of antic and apish amusement; and as he is unacquainted with the future and promised delights of the Arabian prophet, he enjoys the bad music and imperfect beauty of this world with a most eager and undisturbed relish.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

BLACKS AND WHITES.—The Ashantees believe that a higher sort of God takes care of the whites, and that they are left to the care of an inferior species of deities. Still the black kings and black nobility are to go to the upper gods after death, where they are to enjoy eternally the state and luxury which was their portion on earth. For this reason a certain number of cooks, butlers, and domestics of every description are sacrificed on their tombs.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

FORBIDDEN MEATS.—The Ashantees please their gods by avoiding particular sorts of meat; but the prohibited viand is not always the same. Some curry favor by eating no veal; some seek protection by avoiding pork; others say that the real monopoly which the celestials wish to establish is that of beef—and so they piously and prudently rush into a course of mutton.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

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USES OF CONQUEST.—Nothing in the world is created in vain: lions, tigers, conquerors have their use. Ambitious monarchs, who are the curse of civilized nations, are the civilizers of savage people. With a number of little independent hordes civilization is impossible. They must have a common interest before there can be peace, and be directed by one will before there can be order. When mankind are prevented from daily quarrelling and fighting they first begin to improve; and all this, we are afraid, is only to be accomplished, in the first instance, by some great conqueror. We sympathize, therefore, with the victories of the King of Ashantee—and feel ourselves, for the first time, in love with military glory. The ex-Emperor of the French would, at Coomassie, Dagwumba, or Inta, be an eminent benefactor to the human race.—[*E. R. 1823.*]

THE AMERICAN CHARACTER NOT HEROIC.—The Americans are a brave, industrious, and acute people; but they have hitherto given no indications of genius, and made no approaches to the heroic, either in their morality or character.

Their Franklins and Washingtons, and all other sages and heroes of their revolution, were born and bred subjects of the King of England

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—and not among the freest or most valued of his subjects. And, since the period of their separation, a far greater proportion of their statesmen and artists and political writers have been foreigners than ever occurred before in the history of any civilized and educated people. During the thirty or forty years of their independence they have done absolutely nothing for the Sciences, for the Arts, for Literature, or even for the statesman-like studies of Politics or Political Economy.—[*E. R. 1820.*]

WHAT HAS AMERICA DONE?—In the four quarters of the globe, who reads an American book? or goes to an American play? or looks at an American picture or statue? What does the world yet owe to American physicians or surgeons? What new substances have their chemists discovered? or what old ones have they analyzed? What new constellations have been discovered by the telescopes of Americans? What have they done in the mathematics? Who drinks out of American glasses? or eats from American plates? or wears American coats or gowns? or sleeps in American blankets? Finally, under which of the old tyrannical governments of Europe is every sixth man a slave, whom his fellow-creatures may buy and sell and torture?—[*E. R. 1820.*]

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SLAVERY IN THE UNITED STATES.—The great curse of America is the institution of Slavery—of itself far more than the foulest blot upon their national character, and an evil which counterbalances all the excisemen, licensers, and tax-gatherers of England. No virtuous man ought to trust his own character, or the character of his children, to the demoralizing effects produced by commanding slaves. Justice, gentleness, pity, and humility soon give way before them. Conscience suspends its functions. The love of command—the impatience of restraint, get the better of every other feeling, and cruelty has no other limit than fear.—[*E. R. 1818*]

THE BLOT OF AMERICA.—Every American who loves his country should dedicate his whole life, and every faculty of his soul, to efface this foul stain from its character. If nations rank according to their wisdom and their virtue, what right has the American, a scourger and murderer of slaves, to compare himself with the least and lowest of the European nations, much more with this great and humane country, where the greatest lord dare not lay a finger upon the meanest peasant? What is freedom, where all are not free? where the greatest of God's blessings is limited, with impious caprice, to the color of the body?—[*E. R. 1818.*]

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INCONSISTENCY OF SLAVERY AND FREE INSTITUTIONS.—Let the world judge which is the most liable to censure, we who, in the midst of our rottenness, have torn off the manacles of slaves all over the world, or they who, with their idle purity and useless perfection, have remained mute and careless while groans echoed and whips clanked around the very walls of their spotless Congress. We wish well to America; we rejoice in her prosperity, and are delighted to resist the absurd impertinence with which the character of her people is often treated in this country: but the existence of slavery in America is an atrocious crime with which no measure can be kept—for which her situation affords no sort of apology—which makes liberty itself distrusted and the boast of it disgusting.—[*E. R. 1818.*]

RUPTURE OF THE UNION.--The Americans are a very sensible, reflecting people, and have conducted their affairs extremely well; but it is scarcely possible to conceive that such an empire should very long remain undivided, or that the dwellers on the Columbia should have common interest with the navigators of the Hudson and the Delaware.—[*E. R. 1818.*]

OLD COUNTRIES LEAST EXPENSIVE.—Eng-

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land is, to be sure, a very expensive country; but a million of millions has been expended in making it habitable and comfortable; and this is a constant source of revenue, or what is the same thing, a constant diminution of expense to every man living in it. No country, in fact, is so expensive as one which human beings are just beginning to inhabit;—where there are no roads, no bridges, no skill, no help, no combination of powers, and no force of capital.—[*E. R. 1818.*]

NAVAL POWER OF ENGLAND AND THE UNITED STATES.—It would be the height of madness in America to run into another naval war with this country if it could be averted by any other means than a sacrifice of proper dignity and character. They have, comparatively, no land revenue; and, in spite of the *Franklin* and *Guerrière*, though lined with cedar and mounted with brass cannon, they must soon be reduced to the same state which has been described by Dr. Seybert, and from which they were so opportunely extricated by the treaty of Ghent.—[*E. R. 1820.*]

BRITISH TAXATION.—We can inform Jonathan what are the inevitable consequences of being too fond of glory: TAXES upon every

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article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under the foot—taxes upon every thing which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light, and locomotion—taxes on every thing on earth, and the waters under the earth—on every thing that comes from abroad, or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top,—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road,—and the dying Englishman, pouring his medicine, which has paid 7 per cent., into a spoon that has paid 15 per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid 22 per cent., and expires in the arms of an apothecary who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from 2 to 10 per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his

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virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more.—[*E. R. 1820.*]

AMERICAN PRIVILEGES. — America is exempted, by its very newness as a nation, from many of the evils of the old governments of Europe. It has no mischievous remains of feudal institutions, and no violations of political economy sanctioned by time, and older than the age of reason. If a man find a partridge upon his ground eating his corn, in any part of Kentucky or Indiana, he may kill it even if his father be not a Doctor of Divinity.—[*E.R. 1824.*]

LIBERTY OF TRADES.—Though America is a confederation of republics, they are in many cases much more amalgamated than the various parts of Great Britain. If a citizen of the United States can make a shoe, he is at liberty to make a shoe anywhere between Lake Ontario and New Orleans,—he may sole on the Mississippi,—heel on the Missouri,—measure Mr. Birkbeck on the little Wabash, or take (which our best politicians do not find an easy matter) the length of Mr. Monroe's foot on the banks of the Potomac. But woe to the cobbler who, having made Hessian boots for the alderman of Newcastle, should venture to invest with these coria-

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ceous integuments the leg of a liege subject at York. A yellow ant in a nest of red ants—a butcher's dog in a fox-kennel—a mouse in a bee-hive,—all feel the effects of untimely intrusion ;—but far preferable their fate to that of the misguided artisan who, misled by sixpenny histories of England, and conceiving his country to have been united at the Heptarchy, goes forth from his native town to stitch freely within the sea-girth limits of Albion. Him the mayor, him the alderman, him the recorder, him the quarter sessions would worry. Him the justices before trial would long to get into the treadmill ; but the moment he was tried, they would push him with redoubled energy, and leave him to tread himself into a conviction of the barbarous institutions of his corporation-divided country.—[*E. R. 1824.*]

WIGS AND GOWNS.—The Americans, we believe, are the first persons who have discarded the tailor in the administration of justice, and his auxiliary the barber—two persons of endless importance in the codes and pandects of Europe. A judge administers justice, without a calorific wig and parti-colored gown, in a coat and pantaloons. He is obeyed, however : and life and property are not badly protected in the United States.—[*E. R. 1824.*]

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EQUALITY OF DRESS.—The true progress of refinement, we conceive, is to discard all the mountebank drapery of barbarous ages. One row of gold and fur falls off after another from the robe of power, and is picked up and worn by the parish beadle and the exhibitor of wild beasts. Meantime, the afflicted wiseacre mourns over equality of garments; and wotteth not of two men, whose doublets have cost alike, how one shall command and the other obey.—[*E. R. 1824.*]

AMERICAN LITERATURE IN 1818.—Literature the Americans have none—no native literature, we mean. It is all imported. They had a Franklin, indeed; and may afford to live for half a century on his fame. There is, or was, a Mr. Dwight, who wrote some poems, and his baptismal name was Timothy. There is also a small account of Virginia by Jefferson, and an epic by Joel Barlow; and some pieces of pleasantry by Mr. Irving. But why should the Americans write books, when a six weeks' passage brings them, in their own tongue, our sense, science, and genius, in bales and hogsheads? Prairies, steamboats, grist-mills, are their natural objects for centuries to come. Then, when they have got to the Pacific Ocean—epic poems, plays, pleasures of memory, and all

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the elegant gratifications of ancient people who have tamed the wild earth and sat down to amuse themselves. This is the natural march of human affairs.—[*E. R. 1818.*]

American Sensitiveness. — It is rather surprising that such a people, spreading rapidly over so vast a portion of the earth, and cultivating all the liberal and useful arts so successfully, should be so extremely sensitive and touchy as the Americans are said to be.

It is very natural that we Scotch, who live in a little shabby scraggy corner of a remote island, with a climate which cannot ripen an apple, should be jealous of the aggressive pleasantry of more favored people; but that Americans, who have done so much for themselves, and received so much from nature, should be flung into such convulsions by English Reviewers and Magazines, is really a sad specimen of Columbian juvenility.—[*E. R. 1824.*]

Dr. Bull's Sulkiness.—There is nothing which an Englishman enjoys more than the pleasure of sulkiness,—of not being forced to hear a word from anybody which may occasion to him the necessity of replying. It is not so much that Mr. Bull disdains to talk, as that Mr. Bull has nothing to say. His forefathers have

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been out of spirits for six or seven hundred years, and seeing nothing but fog and vapor, he is out of spirits too; and when there is no selling or buying, or no business to settle, he prefers being alone and looking at the fire. If any gentleman were in distress, he would willingly lend a helping hand; but he thinks it no part of neighborhood to talk to a person because he happens to be near him. In short, with many excellent qualities, it must be acknowledged that the English are the most disagreeable of all the nations of Europe,—more surly and morose, with less disposition to please, to exert themselves for the good of society, to make small sacrifices, and to put themselves out of their way. They are content with Magna Charta and Trial by Jury, and think they are not bound to excel the rest of the world in small behavior, if they are superior to them in great institutions.—[*E. R. 1818.*]

EXPECTORATION.—We are terribly afraid that some Americans spit upon the floor, even when that floor is covered by good carpets. Now all claims to civilization are suspended till this secretion is otherwise disposed of. No English gentleman has spit upon the floor since the Heptarchy.—[*E. R. 1824.*]

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CAPTAIN ROCK IN AMERICA.—Captain Rock has his descendants in America. Mankind cannot live together without some approximation to justice; and if the actual government will not govern well, or cannot govern well, is too wicked or too weak to do so—then men prefer Rock to anarchy.—[*E. R. 1824.*]

AMERICAN FREEDOM AND AMERICAN SLAVERY.—America seems, on the whole, to be a country possessing vast advantages, and little inconveniences; they have a cheap government, and bad roads; they pay no tithes, and have stage coaches without springs. They have no poor laws and no monopolies—but their inns are inconvenient, and travellers are teased with questions. They have no collections in the fine arts; but they have no Lord Chancellor, and they can go to law without absolute ruin. They cannot make Latin verses, but they expend immense sums in the education of the poor. In all this the balance is prodigiously in their favor: but then comes the great disgrace and danger of America—the existence of slavery, which, if not timeously corrected, will one day entail (and ought to entail) a bloody servile war upon the Americans, which will separate America into slave States and States disclaiming slavery, and which remains at present as the

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foulest blot in the moral character of that people. A high-spirited nation, who cannot endure the slightest act of foreign aggression, and who revolt at the very shadow of domestic tyranny, beat with cart-whips, and bind with chains, and murder for the merest trifles, wretched human beings who are of a more dusky color than themselves; and have recently admitted into their Union a new State, with the express permission of ingrafting this atrocious wickedness into their Constitution! No one can admire the simple wisdom and manly firmness of the Americans more than we do, or more despise the pitiful propensity which exists among government runners to vent their small spite at their character; but on the subject of slavery, the conduct of America is, and has been, most reprehensible. It is impossible to speak of it with too much indignation and contempt; but for it we should look forward with uuqualified pleasure to such a land of freedom and such a magnificent spectacle of human happiness.—[*E. R. 1824.*]

AMERICAN REPUDIATION.—The Americans, who boast to have improved the institutions of the old world, have at least equalled its crimes. A great nation, after trampling under foot all earthly tyranny, has been guilty of a fraud as

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enormous as ever disgraced the worst king of the most degraded nation of Europe.—[*Letters on American Debts.*]

AMERICAN BAD FAITH.—Little did the friends of America expect it, and sad is the spectacle to see you rejected by every state in Europe, as a nation with whom no contract can be made, because none will be kept; unstable in the very foundations of social life, deficient in the elements of good faith, men who prefer any load of infamy however great, to any pressure of taxation however light.—[*Letters on American Debts.*]

REVULSION CAUSED BY AMERICAN REPUDIATION.—I am no enemy to America. I loved and admired honest America when she respected the laws of pounds, shillings, and pence; and I thought the United States the most magnificent picture of human happiness: I meddle now in these matters because I hate fraud—because I pity the misery it has occasioned—because I mourn over the hatred it has excited against free institutions.—[*Letters on American Debts.*]

PENNSYLVANIA PLUNDERERS.—I never meet a Pennsylvanian at a London dinner without

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feeling a disposition to seize and divide him,—to allot his beaver to one sufferer and his coat to another, to appropriate his pocket-handkerchief to the orphan, and to comfort the widow with his silver watch, Broadway rings, and the London Guide, which he always carries in his pockets. How such a man can set himself down at an English table without feeling that he owes two or three pounds to every man in company I am at a loss to conceive; he has no more right to eat with honest men than a leper has to eat with clean men. If he have a particle of honor in his composition he should shut himself up, and say: "I cannot mingle with you, I belong to a degraded people—I must hide myself—I am a plunderer from Pennsylvania."

Figure to yourself a Pennsylvanian receiving foreigners in his own country, walking over the public works with them, and showing them Larcenous Lake, Swindling Swamp, Crafty Canal, and Rogues' Railway, and other dishonest works. "This swamp we gained, (says the patriotic borrower), by the repudiated loan of 1828. Our canal robbery was in 1830; we pocketed your good people's money for the railroad only last year." All this may seem very smart to the Americans; but if I had the misfortune to be born among such a people, the land of my fathers should not retain me a single

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moment after the act of repudiation. I would appeal from my fathers to my forefathers. I would fly to Newgate for greater purity of thought, and seek in the prisons of England for better rules of life.—[*Letters on American Debts.*]

AMERICAN CREDIT.—This new and vain people can never forgive us for having preceded them 300 years in civilization. They are prepared to enter into the most bloody wars in England, not on account of Oregon, or boundaries, or right of search, but because our clothes and carriages are better made, and because Bond Street beats Broadway. Wise Webster does all he can to convince the people that these are not lawful causes of war; but wars and long wars, they will one day or another produce; and this, perhaps, is the only advantage of repudiation. The Americans cannot gratify their avarice and ambition at once; they cannot cheat and conquer at the same time. The warlike power of every country depends on their Three per Cents. If Cæsar were to reappear upon earth, Wettenhall's list would be more important than his Commentaries; Rothschild would open and shut the temple of Janus; Thomas Baring, or Bates, would probably command the Tenth Legion, and the soldiers

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would march to battle with loud cries of Scrip and Omnium reduced, Consols, and Cæsar! Now, the Americans have cut themselves off from all resources of credit. Having been as dishonest as they can be, they are prevented from being as foolish as they wish to be. In the whole habitable globe they cannot borrow a guinea, and they cannot draw the sword because they have not money to buy it.

If I were an American of any of the honest States, I would never rest till I had compelled Pennsylvania to be as honest as myself. The bad faith of that State brings disgrace on all; just as common snakes are killed because vipers are dangerous.

THE FOLLY OF REPUDIATION.—We all know that the Americans can fight. Nobody doubts their courage. I see now in my mind's eye a whole army on the plains of Pennsylvania in battle array, immense corps of insolvent light infantry, regiments of heavy-horse debtors, battalions of repudiators, brigades of bankrupts, with *Vivre sans payer*, *ou mourir*, on their banners, and *ære alieno* on their trumpets: all these desperate debtors would fight to the death for their country, and probably drive into the sea their invading creditors. Of their courage, I repeat again, I have no doubt. I wish I had

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the same confidence in their wisdom. But I believe they will become intoxicated by the flattery of unprincipled orators ; and, instead of entering with us into a noble competition in making calico (the great object for which the Anglo-Saxon race appears to have been created), they will waste their happiness and their money (if they can get any) in years of silly, bloody, foolish, and accursed war, to prove to the world that Perkins is a real fine gentleman, and that the carronades of the Washington steamer will carry farther than those of the Britisher *Victoria*, or the *Robert Peel* vessel of war.

AMERICAN PENANCE.—As for me, as soon as I hear that the last farthing is paid to the last creditor, I will appear on my knees at the bar of the Pennsylvania Senate in the plumeopicean robe of American controversy. Each Conscript Jonathan shall trickle over me a few drops of tar, and help to decorate me with those penal plumes in which the vanquished reasoner of the transatlantic world does homage to the physical superiority of his opponents.

VALUE OF PRINCIPLE. — And now, drab-colored men of Pennsylvania, there is yet a moment left: the eyes of all Europe are anchored upon you—

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" Surrexit mundus justis furiis : "

start up from that trance of dishonesty into which you are plunged ; don't think of the flesh which walls about your life, but of that sin which has hurled you from the heaven of character, which hangs over you like a devouring pestilence, and makes good men sad, and ruffians dance and sing. It is not for Gin Sling and Sherry Cobbler alone that man is to live, but for those great principles against which no argument can be listened to—principles which give to every power a double power above their functions and their offices, which are the books, the arts, the academies that teach, lift up, and nourish the world—principles (I am quite serious in what I say) above cash, superior to cotton, higher than currency—principles, without which it is better to die than to live, which every servant of God, over every sea and in all lands, should cherish—*usque ad abdita spiramenta animæ.*

SCIENTIFIC FRUITS OF CONQUEST.—To military men we have been, and must be, indebted for our first acquaintance with the interior of many countries. Conquest has explored more than ever curiosity has done ; and the path for science has been commonly opened by the sword.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

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ENGLISH RESERVE.—The society into which a transient stranger gains the most easy access in any country, is not often that which ought to stamp the national character ; and no criterion can be more fallible, in a people so reserved and inaccessible as the British, who (even when they open their doors to letters of introduction) cannot for years overcome the awkward timidity of their nature.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

FRENCH PRECIPITATION. — The late Mr. Pétion, who was sent over into this country to acquire a knowledge of our criminal law, is said to have declared himself thoroughly informed upon the subject, after remaining precisely *two and thirty minutes* in the Old Bailey.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

BENEFITS OF AVARICE.—The avaricious love of gain, which is so feelingly deplored, appears to us a principle which, in able hands, might be guided to the most salutary purposes. The object is to encourage the love of labor, which is best encouraged by the love of money.—[*E. R.*]

PLAIN WRITING. — Such men, to be sure, have existed as Julius Cæsar ; but, in general, a correct and elegant style is hardly attainable

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by those who have passed their lives in action: and no one has such a pedantic love of good writing, as to prefer mendacious finery to rough and ungrammatical truth.—[*E. R.*]

THE INDICATIVE MOOD.—The whole merit of violent deviations from common style depends upon their rarity, and nothing does, for ten pages together, but the indicative mood.—[*E. R.*]

ACQUISITION OF GOOD FORGOTTEN.—The laborious acquisition of any good we have long enjoyed is apt to be forgotten.—[*E. R.*]

FALSE QUANTITIES.—A young man who, on a public occasion, makes a false quantity at the outset of life, can seldom or never get over it.—[*E. R.*]

BAD BOOKS.—The immorality of any book (in our estimation) is to be determined by the general impressions it leaves on those minds whose principles, not yet *ossified*, are capable of affording a less powerful defence to its influence.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

GILDING THE GALLOWS.—It is in vain to say the fable evinces, in the last act, that vice is

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productive of misery. We may decorate a villain with graces and felicities for nine volumes, and hang him in the last page. This is not teaching virtue, but gilding the gallows, and raising up splendid associations in favor of being hanged.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

PUBLIC OPINION AND DESPOTIC POWER.—Many governments are despotic in law, which are not despotic in fact; not because they are restrained by their own moderation, but because, in spite of their theoretical omnipotence, they are compelled, in many important points, to respect either public opinion or the opinion of other balancing powers, which without the express recognition of law, have gradually sprung up in the state. Russia, and Imperial Rome, had their prætorian guards. Turkey has its uhlema. Public opinion almost always makes some exceptions to its blind and slavish submission; and in bowing its neck to the foot of a sultan, stipulates how hard he shall tread. —[*E. R. 1803.*]

NUNNERIES.—Societies of this sort might perhaps be extended to other classes, and to other countries, with some utility. The only objection to a nunnery is, that those who change their minds cannot change their situation.

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That a number of unmarried females should collect together into one mass, and subject themselves to some few rules of convenience, is a system which might afford great resources and accommodation to a number of helpless individuals, without proving injurious to the community; unless, indeed, any very timid statesman shall be alarmed at the progress of celibacy, and imagine that the increase and multiplication of the human race may become a mere antiquated habit.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

PROTECTION OF THE ACCUSED.—It is a principle that should never be lost sight of, that an accused person is presumed to be innocent: and that no other vexation should be imposed upon him than what is absolutely necessary for the purposes of future investigation. The imprisonment of a poor man, because he cannot find bail, is not a gratuitous vexation, but a necessary severity; justified only, because no other, nor milder mode of security can, in that particular instance, be produced.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

ATTRACTION OF HANGING.—A very curious circumstance took place in the kingdom of Denmark, in the middle of the last century, relative to the infliction of capital punishments upon malefactors. They were attended from

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the prison to the place of execution by priests, accompanied by a very numerous procession, singing psalms, etc., etc. ; which ended, a long discourse was addressed by the priest to the culprit, who was hung as soon as he had heard it. This spectacle, and all the pious cares bestowed upon the criminals, so far seduced the imaginations of the common people, that many of them committed murder purposely to enjoy such inestimable advantages, and the government was positively obliged to make hanging dull as well as deadly, before it ceased to be an object of popular ambition.—[*E. R. 1802.*]

HOMERIC MORALITY.—There is, every now and then, some plain coarse morality in Homer ; but the most bloody revenge, and the most savage cruelty in warfare, the ravishing of women, and the sale of men, etc., etc., etc., are circumstances which the old bard seems to relate as the ordinary events of his times, without ever dreaming that there could be much harm in them ; and if it be urged that Homer took his ideas of right and wrong from a barbarous age, that is just saying, in other words, that Homer had very imperfect ideas of natural law.—[*E. R. 1802.*]

BLACK FOPS.—There is a class of fops not

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usually designated by that epithet — men clothed in profound black, with large canes, and strange amorphous hats—of big speech, and imperative presence—talkers about Plato —great affecters of senility—despisers of women, and all the graces of life—fierce foes to common sense—abusive of the living, and approving no one who has not been dead for at least a century. Such fops, as vain, and as shallow as their fraternity in Bond Street, differ from these only as Gorgonius differed from Rufillus. — [*E. R. 1803.*]

MEN OF PARADOX.—There are some men who continue to astonish and please the world, even in the support of a bad cause. They are mighty in their fallacies, and beautiful in their errors.—[*E. R.*]

SUPERFLUITY OF POETS.—Though we praise Mr. Broughton for his book, and praise him very sincerely, we must warn him against that dreadful propensity which young men have for writing verses. There is nothing of which Nature has been more bountiful than poets. They swarm like the spawn of codfish, with a vicious fecundity that invites and requires destruction. To publish verses is become a sort of evidence that a man wants sense, which is

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repelled not by writing good verses, but by writing excellent verses.—[*E. R.*]

COLONIAL GOVERNORS.—It is common, we know, to send a person who is somebody's cousin; but, when a new empire is to be founded, the Treasury *should* send out, into some other part of the town, for a man of sense and character.—[*E. R.*]

QUALIFICATION OF GOVERNORS. — Young surgeons are examined in Surgeons' Hall on the methods of cutting off legs and arms before they are allowed to practise surgery. An examination on the principles of Adam Smith, and a license from Mr. Ricardo, seem to be almost a necessary preliminary for the appointment of governors.—[*E. R.*]

NOVELS.—The main question as to a novel is —did it amuse? were you surprised at dinner coming so soon? did you mistake eleven for ten, and twelve for eleven? were you too late to dress? and did you sit up beyond the usual hour? If a novel produces these effects, it is good; if it does not—story, language, love, scandal itself cannot save it. It is only meant to please; and it must do that, or it does nothing. The objection, indeed, to these composi-

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tions, when they are well done, is, that it is impossible to do any thing, or perform any human duty, while we are engaged in them. Who can read Mr. Hallam's "Middle Ages," or extract the root of an impossible quantity, or draw up a bond, when he is in the middle of Mr. Trebeck and Lady Charlotte Duncan? How can the boy's lesson be heard, about the Jove-nourished Achilles, or his six miserable verses upon Dido be corrected, when Henry Granby and Mr. Courtenay are both making love to Miss Jermyn? Common life palls in the middle of these artificial scenes. All is emotion when the book is open—all dull, flat, and feeble when it is shut.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

CONGRUITY IN FICTION.—Nobody should suffer his hero to have a black eye, or to be pulled by the nose. The Iliad would never have come down to these times if Agamemnon had given Achilles a box on the ear. We should have trembled for the Æneid if any Tyrian nobleman had kicked the pious Æneas in the fourth book. Æneas may have deserved it, but he could not have founded the Roman Empire after so distressing an accident.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

A BORE.—Lord Chesterton we have often

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met with, and suffered a good deal from his Lordship: a heavy, pompous, meddling peer, occupying a great share of the conversation—saying things in ten words which required only two, and evidently convinced that he is making a great impression; a large man with a large head, and very landed manner; knowing enough to torment his fellow creatures, not to instruct them—the ridicule of young ladies, and the natural butt and target of wit. It is easy to talk of carnivorous animals and beasts of prey, but does such a man, who lays waste a whole party of civilized beings by prosing, reflect upon the joys he spoils, and the misery he creates, in the course of his life? and that any one who listens to him through politeness would prefer toothache or earache to his conversation? Does he consider the extreme uneasiness which ensues, when the company have discovered a man to be an extremely absurd person, at the same time that it is absolutely impossible to convey, by words or manner, the most distant suspicion of the discovery? And then, who punishes this bore? What sessions and what assizes for him? What bill is found against him? Who indicts him? When the judges have gone their vernal and autumnal rounds—the sheep-stealer disappears—the swindler gets ready for the Bay—the solid parts of the mur-

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derer are preserved in anatomical collections. But, after twenty years of crime, the bore is discovered in the same house, in the same attitude, eating the same soup,—unpunished, untried, undissected—no scaffold, no skeleton —no mob of gentlemen and ladies to gape over his last dying speech and confession.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

DELPHINE.—This dismal trash, which has nearly dislocated the jaws of every critic among us with gaping, so alarmed Buonaparte, that he seized the whole impression, sent Madame de Staël out of Paris, and, for aught we know, sleeps in a nightcap of steel, and dagger-proof blankets. To us it appears rather an attack upon the Ten Commandments than the government of Buonaparte, and calculated not so much to enforce the rights of the Bourbons, as the benefits of adultery, murder, and a great number of other vices, which have been somehow or other strangely neglected in this country, and too much so (according to the apparent opinion of Madame de Staël) even in France.

Our general opinion of Delphine is, that it is calculated to shed a mild lustre over adultery; by gentle and convenient gradation, to destroy the modesty and the caution of women; to facilitate the acquisition of easy vices, and en-

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cumber the difficulty of virtue. What a wretched qualification of this censure to add, that the badness of the principles is alone corrected by the badness of the style, and that this celebrated lady would have been very guilty, if she had not been very dull!—[*E. R. 1803.*]

SUBJECTION OF CLERGY. — The parochial clergy are as much unrepresented in the English Parliament as they are in the parliament of Brobdignag. The bishops make just what laws they please, and the bearing they may have on the happiness of the clergy at large never for one moment comes into the serious consideration of Parliament—[*E. R. 1802.*]

UTILITY AND WIT.—The idea of utility is always inimical to the idea of wit.—[*E. R.*]

A GRACEFUL ILLUSTRATION.—The resemblance between the sandal tree imparting (while it falls) its aromatic flavor to the edge of the axe, and the benevolent man rewarding evil with good, would be witty, did it not excite virtuous emotions.—[*E. R.*]

IRISH BULLS.—Though the question is not a very easy one, we shall venture to say, that a

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"*bull*" is an apparent congruity and real incongruity of ideas suddenly discovered. And if this account of bulls be just, they are (as might have been supposed) the very reverse of wit; for as wit discovers real relations that are not apparent, bulls admit apparent relations that are not real. The pleasure arising from wit proceeds from our surprise at suddenly discovering two things to be similar in which we suspected no similarity. The pleasure arising from bulls proceeds from our discovering two things to be dissimilar in which a resemblance might have been suspected.

It is clear that a bull cannot depend upon mere incongruity alone; for if a man were to say that he would ride to London upon a cocked hat, or that he would cut his throat with a pound of pickled salmon, this, though completely incongruous, would not be to make bulls, but to talk nonsense. The stronger the apparent connection, and the more complete the real disconnection of the ideas, the greater the surprise and the better the bull. The less apparent, and the more complete the relations established by wit, the higher gratification does it afford. A great deal of the pleasure experienced from bulls proceeds from the sense of superiority in ourselves. Bulls which we invented, or knew to be invented, might please,

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but in a less degree, for want of this additional zest.—[*E. R. 1803.*]

TRAINING OF BOYS.—Put a hundred boys together, and the fear of being laughed at will always be a strong influencing motive with every individual among them. If a master can turn this principle to his own use, and get boys to laugh at vice, instead of the old plan of laughing at virtue, is he not doing a very new, a very difficult, and a very laudable thing?—[*E. R. 1806.*]

EMULATION OF RANK IN SCHOOLS.—It is, above all things, perilous to create an order of merit in a primary school, because it gives the boys an idea of the origin of nobility. For our part, when we saw these ragged and interesting little nobles, shining in their tin stars, we only thought it probable that the spirit of emulation would make them better ushers, tradesmen, and mechanics. We did, in truth, imagine we had observed, in some of their faces, a bold project for procuring better breeches for keeping out the blasts of heaven, which howled through those garments in every direction, and of aspiring hereafter to greater strength of seam, and more perfect continuity of cloth. But for the safety of the titled order we had no fear; nor did

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we once dream that the black rod which whipt these dirty little dukes would one day be borne before them as the emblem of legislative dignity and the sign of noble blood.

SPECIAL INTERVENTIONS OF PROVIDENCE.—A belief that Providence interferes in all the little actions of our lives, refers all merit and demerit to bad and good fortune; and causes the successful man to be always considered as a good man, and the unhappy man as the object of divine vengeance. It furnishes ignorant and designing men with a power which is sure to be abused:—the cry of, a *judgment*, a *judgment*, it is always easy to make, but not easy to resist. It encourages the grossest superstitions; for if the Deity rewards and punishes on every slight occasion, it is quite impossible, but that such a helpless being as man will set himself at work to discover the will of Heaven in the appearances of outward nature, and to apply all the phenomena of thunder, lightning, wind, and every striking appearance to the regulation of his conduct; as the poor Methodist, when he rode into Piccadilly in a thunder-storm, and imagined that all the uproar of the elements was a mere hint to him not to preach at Mr. Romaine's chapel. Hence a great deal of error, and a great deal of secret misery.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

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METHODISTS EXAGGERATE THE DOCTRINE.—There is nothing heretical in saying, that God *sometimes* intervenes with his special providence; but these people differ from the Established Church, in the degree in which they insist upon this doctrine. In the hands of a man of sense and education, it is a safe doctrine; in the management of the Methodists, it becomes ridiculous and degrading.

TRUE BASIS OF RELIGION.—The man who places religion upon a false basis is the greatest enemy to religion.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

PRACTICAL PIETY.—The honest and the orthodox method is to prepare young people for the world as it actually exists; to tell them that they will often find vice perfectly successful, virtue exposed to a long train of afflictions; that they must bear this patiently, and look to another world for its rectification.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

METHODISM.—The Methodists hate pleasure and amusements; no theatre, no cards, no dancing, no punchinello, no dancing dogs, no blind fiddlers;—all the amusements of the rich and of the poor must disappear, wherever these gloomy people get a footing. It is not the

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abuse of pleasure which they attack, but the interspersion of pleasure, however much it is guarded by good sense and moderation ;—it is not only wicked to hear the licentious plays of Congreve, but wicked to hear Henry the Fifth, or the School for Scandal ;—it is not only dissipated to run about to all the parties in London and Edinburgh,—but dancing is not *fit for a being who is preparing himself for Eternity.* *Ennui*, wretchedness, melancholy, groans and sighs, are the offerings which these unhappy men make to a Deity who has covered the earth with gay colors, and scented it with rich perfumes ; and shown us, by the plan and order of his works, that he has given to man something better than a bare existence, and scattered over his creation a thousand superfluous joys, which are totally unnecessary to the mere support of life.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

Overwrought Piety.—Men must eat, and drink, and work ; and if you wish to fix upon them high and elevated notions, as the *ordinary* furniture of their minds, you do these two things : you drive men of warm temperaments mad ; and you introduce, in the rest of the world, a low and shocking familiarity with words and images, which every real friend to religion would wish to keep sacred.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

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MODERN FANATICISM.—The fanaticism so prevalent in the present day, is one of those evils from which society is never wholly exempt; but which bursts out at different periods, with peculiar violence, and sometimes overwhelms every thing in its course. The last eruption took place about a century and a half ago, and destroyed both Church and Throne with its tremendous force. Though irresistible, it was short; enthusiasm spent its force—the usual reaction took place; and England was deluged with ribaldry and indecency, because it had been worried with fanatical restrictions.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

BUOYANCY OF RELIGION.—Religion is so noble and powerful a consideration—it is so buoyant and so insubmergible—that it may be made, by fanatics, to carry with it any degree of error and of perilous absurdity.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

CAUSE OF FANATICISM.—The great and permanent cause of the increase of Methodism, is the cause which has given birth to fanaticism in all ages,—the facility of mingling human errors with the fundamental truths of religion. —[*E. R. 1308.*]

LOW ARTS OF FANATICS.—The Tabernacle

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really is to the Church what Sadler's Wells is to the Drama. There, popularity is gained by vaulting and tumbling,—by low arts, which the regular clergy are not too idle to have recourse to, but too dignified. Their institutions are chaste and severe—they endeavor to do that which, upon the whole, and for a great number of years, will be found to be the most admirable and the most useful. It is no part of their plan to descend to small artifices, for the sake of present popularity and effect. The religion of the common people under the government of the Church may remain as it is for ever; the enthusiasm must be progressive, or it will expire.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

INROADS OF METHODISM.—The Methodists have made an alarming inroad into the Church, and they are attacking the army and navy. The principality of Wales, and the East-India Company they have already acquired. All mines and subterraneous places belong to them; they creep into hospitals and small schools, and so work their way upwards.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

STATUTORY FAITH. — If experience has taught us any thing, it is the absurdity of controlling men's notions of eternity by acts of Parliament.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

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METHODISM.—In routing out a nest of consecrated cobblers, and in bringing to light such a perilous heap of trash as we were obliged to work through, speaking of the Methodists and Missionaries, we are generally conceived to have rendered a useful service to the cause of rational religion. In spite of all misrepresentation, we have ever been, and ever shall be, the sincere friends of sober and rational Christianity. We are quite ready, if any fair opportunity occur, to defend it to the best of our ability from the tiger-spring of infidelity; and we are quite determined, if we can prevent such an evil, that it shall not be eaten up by the nasty and numerous vermin of Methodism.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

DESTRUCTION OF VERMIN.—Mr. John Styles should remember that it is not the practice with destroyers of vermin to allow the little victims a *veto* upon the weapons used against them. If this was otherwise, we should have one set of vermin banishing small tooth-combs; another protesting against mouse-traps; a third prohibiting the finger and thumb; a fourth exclaiming against the intolerable infamy of using soap and water. It is impossible, however, to listen to such pleas. They must all be caught, killed, and cracked, in the manner, and

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by the instruments which are found most efficacious to their destruction; and the more they cry out, the greater plainly is the skill used against them.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

METHODISTICAL LUBRICITY.—It is scarcely possible to reduce the drunken declamations of Methodism to a point, to grasp the wriggling lubricity of these cunning animals, and to fix then in one position.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

METHODIST GARMENTS.—There is, at this moment, a man in London who prays for what garments he wants, and finds them next morning in his room, tight and fitting. This man, as might be expected, gains between two and three thousand a year from the common people by preaching. Anna, the prophetess, encamps in the woods of America, with thirteen or fourteen thousand followers, and has visits every night from the prophet *Elijah*. Joanna Southcote raises the dead, etc., etc. Mr. Styles will call us atheists and disciples of the French school, for what we are about to say, but it is our decided opinion that there is some fraud in the prophetic visit; and it is but too probable that the clothes are merely human, and the man measured for them in the common way.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

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CANT.—If the choice rested with us, we should say,—Give us back our wolves again—restore our Danish invaders—curse us with any evil but the evil of a canting, deluded, and Methodistical populace.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

MISSIONARIES IN INDIA.—The plan, it seems, is this:—We are to educate India in Christianity, as a parent does his child; and when it is perfect in its catechism, then to pack up, quit it entirely, and leave it to its own management. This is the evangelical project for separating a colony from the parent country. They see nothing of the bloodshed, and massacres, and devastations, nor of the speeches in Parliament, squandered millions, fruitless expeditions, jobs and pensions, with which the loss of our Indian possessions would necessarily be accompanied; nor will they see that these consequences could arise from the *attempt*, and not from the completion of their scheme of conversion. We should be swept from the peninsula by Pagan zealots; and should lose, among other things, all chance of ever really converting them.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

MISSIONARY LABORS.—Prove to us that they are fit men, doing a fit thing, and we are ready to praise the missionaries; but it gives us no

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pleasure to hear that a man has walked a thousand miles with peas in his shoes, unless we know why and wherefore, and to what good purpose he has done it.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

MISSIONARY PRETENSIONS.—The missionaries complain of intolerance. A weasel might as well complain of intolerance when he is throttled for sucking eggs.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

EFFECT OF MISSIONS IN INDIA.—These men talk of the loss of our possessions in India, as if it made the argument against them only more or less strong; whereas, in our estimation, it makes the argument against them conclusive, and shuts up the case. Two men possess a cow, and they quarrel violently how they shall manage this cow. They will surely both of them (if they have a particle of common sense) agree that there is an absolute necessity for preventing the cow from running away. It is not only the loss of India that is in question—but how will it be lost? By the massacre of ten or twenty thousand English; by the blood of our sons and brothers, who have been toiling so many years to return to their native country. —[*E. R. 1809.*]

CIVILIZATION OF INDIA.—It may be our duty

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to make the Hindoos Christians—that is another argument; but that we shall by so doing strengthen our empire, we utterly deny. What signifies identity of religion to a question of this kind? Diversity of bodily color and of language would soon overpower this consideration. Make the Hindoos enterprising, active, and reasonable as yourselves—destroy the eternal track in which they have moved for ages, and in a moment they would sweep you off the face of the earth.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

CONVERSION OF HINDOOS.—When the tenacity of the Hindoos on the subject of their religion is adduced as a reason against the success of the missions, the friends of this undertaking are always fond of reminding us how patiently the Hindoos submitted to the religious persecution and butchery of Tippo. The inference from such citations is truly alarming. It is the imperious duty of government to watch some of these men most narrowly. There is nothing of which they are not capable. And what, after all, did Tippo affect in the way of conversion? How many Mahometans did he make? There was all the carnage of Medea's Kettle, and none of the transformation.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

PROBABLE LOSS OF INDIA.—Upon the whole,

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it appears to us hardly possible to push the business of proselytism in India to any length, without incurring the utmost risk of losing our empire. The danger is more tremendous, because it may be so sudden ; religious fears are a very probable cause of disaffection in the troops ; if the troops are generally disaffected, our Indian empire may be lost to us as suddenly as a frigate or a fort.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

DANGER OF INDIA.—Nothing is more precarious than our empire in India. Suppose we were to be driven out of it to-morrow, and to leave behind us twenty thousand Hindoos ; it is most probable they would relapse into heathenism ; but their original station in society could not be regained.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

CASTES IN INDIA.—The institution of castes has preserved India in the same state in which it existed is the days of Alexander, and which would leave it without the slightest change in habits and manners, if we were to abandon the country to-morrow.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

HINDOO PROSELYTES.—The duty of conversion is less plain and less imperious when conversion exposes the convert to great present misery. An African, or an Otaheite proselyte,

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might not perhaps be less honored by his countrymen if he became a Christian; a Hindoo is instantly subjected to the most perfect degradation.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

SUPERSTITION BETTER THAN ATHEISM.—Conversion is no duty at all if it merely destroys the old religion, without really and effectually teaching the new one. Brother Ringletaube may write home that he makes a Christian, when, in reality, he ought only to state that he has destroyed a Hindoo. Foolish and imperfect as the religion of a Hindoo is, it is at least some restraint upon the intemperance of human passions. It is better a Brahmin should be respected than that nobody should be respected. A Hindoo had better believe that a deity, with an hundred legs and arms, will reward and punish him hereafter than that he is not to be punished at all.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

RELIGIOUS EXCITABILITY OF INDIA.—No man (not an Anabaptist) will, we presume, contend that it is our duty to preach the natives into an insurrection, or to lay before them, so fully and emphatically, the scheme of the Gospel, as to make them rise up in the dead of the night and shoot their instructors through the head. Even for missionary purposes, there-

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fore, the utmost discretion is necessary; and if we wish to teach the natives a better religion, we must take care to do it in a manner which will not inspire them with a passion for political change, or we shall inevitably lose our disciples altogether. To us it appears quite clear that neither Hindoos nor Mahometans are at all indifferent to the attacks made upon their religion; the arrogance and irritability of the Mahometan are universally acknowledged; nor do the Brahmins show the smallest disposition to behold the encroachments upon their religion with passiveness and unconcern.—[*E. R. 1808,*]

RESPECT FOR OPINION IN INDIA.—How is it in human nature that a Brahmin should be indifferent to encroachments upon his religion? His reputation, his dignity, and in great measure his wealth, depend upon the preservation of the present superstitions; and why is it to be supposed that motives which are so powerful with all other human beings are inoperative with him alone? If the Brahmins, however, are disposed to excite a rebellion in support of their own influence, no man, who knows any thing of India, can doubt that they have it in their power to effect it.

Our object, therefore, is not only not to do any thing violent and unjust upon subjects of

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religion, but not to give any strong color to jealous and disaffected natives for misrepresenting your intentions.

All these observations have tenfold force when applied to an empire which rests so entirely upon opinion. If physical force could be called in to stop the progress of error, we could afford to be misrepresented for a season; but 30,000 white men living in the midst of 70,000,000 of sable subjects must be always in the right, or at least never represented as grossly in the wrong. Attention to the prejudices of the subject is wise in all governments, but quite indispensable in a government constituted as our empire in India is constituted; where an uninterrupted series of dexterous conduct is not only necessary to our prosperity, but to our existence.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

DIFFICULTIES OF CONVERSION OF INDIA.—You have 30,000 Europeans in India, and 60,000,000 of other subjects. If proselytism were to go on as rapidly as the most visionary Anabaptist could dream or desire, in what manner are these people to be taught the genuine truths and practices of Christianity? Where are the clergy to come from? Who is to defray the expense of the establishment? and who can foresee the immense and perilous difficulties

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of bending the laws, manners, and institutions of a country to the dictates of a new religion? If it were easy to persuade the Hindoos that their own religion was folly, it would be infinitely difficult effectually to teach them any other. They would tumble their own idols into the river and you would build them no churches: you would destroy all their present motives for doing right and avoiding wrong, without being able to fix upon their minds the more sublime motives by which you profess to be actuated.

If there were a fair prospect of carrying the Gospel into regions where it was before unknown,—if such a project did not expose the best possessions of the country to extreme danger, and if it was in the hands of men who were discreet as well as devout, we should consider it to be a scheme of true piety, benevolence, and wisdom, but the baseness and malignity of fanaticism shall never prevent us from attacking its arrogance, its ignorance, and its activity. For what vice can be more tremendous than that which, while it wears the outward appearance of religion, destroys the happiness of man, and dishonors the name of God.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

TYRANNY OF BISHOPS.—Bishops are men; not always the wisest of men; not always pre-

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ferred for eminent virtues and talents, or for any good reason whatever known to the public. They are almost always devoid of striking and indecorous vices; but a man may be very shallow, very arrogant, and very vindictive, though a bishop; and pursue with unrelenting hatred a subordinate clergyman, whose principles he dislikes and whose genius he fears.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

PETTICOAT BISHOPS.—I have seen in the course of my life, as the mind of the prelate decayed, wife bishops, daughter bishops, butler bishops, and even cook and housekeeper bishops.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

NON-RESIDENCE.—We remember Horace's description of the misery of a parish where there is no resident clergyman.

——— "Illacrymabiles
Urgentur, ignotique longâ
Nocte, *carent quia vate sacro.*"

[*E. R. 1809.*]

PENALTIES OF NON-RESIDENCE.—Every lay plunderer, and every fanatical coxcomb, is forging fresh chains for the English clergy; and we should not be surprised, in a very little time, to see them absenting themselves from

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their benefices by a kind of day-rule, like prisoners in the King's Bench.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

FORCED RELIGION.—You may drag men into church by main force, and prosecute them for buying a pot of beer,—and cut them off from the enjoyment of a leg of mutton ;—and you may do all this, till you make the common people hate Sunday, and the clergy, and religion, and every thing which relates to such subjects.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

RELIGION BY INDICTMENT.—A robber and a murderer must be knocked on the head like mad dogs ; but we have no great opinion of the possibility of indicting men into piety, or of calling in the Quarter Sessions to the aid of religion.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

OUTWARD CONFORMITY.—To compel men to go to church uuder a penalty, appears to us to be absolutely absurd. The bitterest enemy of religion will necessarily be that person who is driven to a compliance with its outward ceremonies, by informers and justices of the peace. —[*E. R. 1810.*]

RELIGIOUS DUTIES INDEPENDENT OF LAW.—To go to church is a duty of the greatest possible

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importance; and on the blasphemy and vulgarity of swearing, there can be but one opinion. But such duties are not the objects of legislation; they must be left to the general state of public sentiment; which sentiment must be influenced by example, by the exertions of the pulpit and the press, and, above all, by education. The fear of God can never be taught by constables, nor the pleasures of religion be learnt from a common informer.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

OFFICIAL SUPPRESSION OF VICE. — Men, whose trade is rat-catching, love to catch rats; the bug-destroyer seizes on his bug with delight; and the suppressor is gratified by finding his vice. The last soon becomes a mere tradesman like the others; none of them moralize, or lament that their respective evils should exist in the world.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

LOVE OF OFFICE.—Profligacy in taking office is so extreme, that we have no doubt public men may be found, who, for half a century, would postpone all remedies for a pestilence, if the preservation of their places depended upon the propagation of the virus.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

PLURALITY OF INFORMERS.—Thirty or forty informers roaming about the metropolis, may

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frighten the mass of offenders a little, and do some good; ten thousand informers would either create an insurrection, or totally destroy the confidence and cheerfulness of private life. —[*E. R. 1809.*]

EXTORTION BY INFORMERS.—If it be lawful for respectable men to combine for the purpose of turning informers, it is lawful for the lowest and most despicable race of informers to do the same thing; and then it is quite clear that every species of wickedness and extortion would be the consequence.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

AUTHORITY OF VIRTUE.—It is of great importance to keep public opinion on the side of virtue. To their authorized and legal correctors, mankind are, on common occasions, ready enough to submit: but there is something in the self-erection of a voluntary magistracy which creates so much disgust, that it almost renders vice popular, and puts the offence at a premium.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

THE DRAMA.—There is something in the word *Playhouse* which seems so closely connected, in the minds of some people, with sin and Satan, that it stands in their vocabulary for every species of abomination. And yet why?

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Where is every feeling more roused in favor of virtue than at a good play? Where is goodness so feelingly, so enthusiastically learnt? What so solemn as to see the excellent passions of the human heart called forth by a great actor, animated by a great poet? To hear Siddons repeat what Shakespeare wrote! To behold the child and his mother—the noble and the poor artisan—the monarch and his subjects—all ages and all ranks convulsed with one common passion — wrung with one common anguish, and, with loud sobs and cries, doing involuntary homage to the God that made their hearts! What wretched infatuation to interdict such amusements as these! What a blessing that mankind can be allured from sensual gratification, and find relaxation and pleasure in such pursuits!—[*E. R. 1809.*]

POLITICAL OPPOSITION.—It is the easiest of all things, too, in this country, to make Englishmen believe that those who oppose the Government wish to ruin the country.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

POLITICIANS JUDGED BY RESULTS. — The visible and immediate stake for which English politicians play, is not large enough to attract the notice of the people, and to call them off

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from their daily occupations, to investigate thoroughly the character and motives of men engaged in the business of legislation. The people can only understand, and attend to, the last results of a long series of measures. They are impatient of the details which lead to these results; and it is the easiest of all things to make them believe that those who insist upon such details are actuated only by factious motives.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

JEALOUSY OF FREEDOM.—When a nation has become free, it is extremely difficult to persuade them that their freedom is only to be preserved by perpetual and minute jealousy.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

POLITICAL INDEPENDENCE IN THE CHURCH.—Political independence—discouraged enough in these times among all classes of men—is sure, in the timid profession of the church, to doom a man to eternal poverty and obscurity.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

LITERARY PROLIXITY.—There is an event recorded in the Bible, which men who write books should keep constantly in their remembrance. It is there set forth, that many centuries ago the earth was covered with a great

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flood, by which the whole of the human race, with the exception of one family, was destroyed. It appears, also, that from thence, a great alteration was made in the longevity of mankind, who, from a range of seven or eight hundred years, which they enjoyed before the flood, were confined to their present period of seventy or eighty years. This epoch in the history of man gave birth to the twofold division of the antediluvian and the postdiluvian style of writing, the latter of which naturally contracted itself into those inferior limits which were better accommodated to the abridged duration of human life and literary labor. Now, to forget this event,—to write without the fear of the deluge before his eyes, and to handle a subject as if mankind could lounge over a pamphlet for ten years, as before their submersion,—is to be guilty of the most grievous error into which a writer can possibly fall. The author of this book should call in the aid of some brilliant pencil, and cause the distressing scenes of the deluge to be portrayed in the most lively colors for his use. He should gaze at Noah, and be brief. The ark should constantly remind him of the little time there is left for reading; and he should learn, as they did in the ark, to crowd a great deal of matter into a very little compass. —[*E. R. 1809.*]

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BREVITY AND CHARITY.—Brevity is in writing what charity is to all other virtues. Righteousness is worth nothing without the one, nor authorship without the other.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

SELF-APPLAUSE.—Some persons can neither stir hand nor foot without making it clear they are thinking of themselves, and laying little traps for approbation.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

THE BROAD A.—Who, oh gracious Heaven! who are *a* Burgess,—*a* Tomlin,—*a* Bennet,—*a* Cyril Jackson,—*a* Martin Routh?—*a* Tom,—*a* Jack,—*a* Harry,—*a* Peter?—All good men enough in their generation doubtless they are. But what have they done for the broad *a*?

Surely, scholars and gentlemen can drink tea with each other, and eat bread and butter, without all this laudatory cackling.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT.—We are scarcely, however, converts to that system which would totally abolish the punishment of death. That it is much too frequently inflicted in this country, we readily admit; but we suspect it will be always necessary to reserve it for the most pernicious crimes. Death is the most terrible punishment to the common people,

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and therefore the most preventive. It does not perpetually outrage the feelings of those who are innocent, and likely to remain innocent, as would be the case from the spectacle of convicts working in the high roads and public places. Death is the most irrevocable punishment, which is in some sense a good; for, however necessary it might be to inflict labor and imprisonment for life, it would never be done. Kings and Legislatures would take pity after a great lapse of years; the punishment would be remitted, and its preventive efficacy, therefore, destroyed.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

PROMULGATION OF LAWS.—Philopatris, and Mr. Jeremy Bentham before him, lay a vast stress upon the promulgation of laws, and treat the inattention of the English Government to this point as a serious evil. It may be so—but we do not happen to remember any man punished for an offence which he did not know to be an offence; though he might not know exactly the degree in which it was punishable. Who are to read the laws to the people? who would listen to them if they were read? who would comprehend them if they listened? In a science like law there must be technical phrases, known only to professional men: business could not be carried on without them;

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and of what avail would it be to repeat such phrases to the people? Again, what laws are to be repeated, and in what places? Is a law respecting the number of threads on the shuttle of a Spitalfields weaver to be read to the corn-growers of the Isle of Thanet? If not, who is to make the selection? If the law cannot be comprehended by listening to the *vivâ voce* repetition, is the reader to explain it, and are there to be law lectures all over the kingdom? The fact is that the evil does not exist.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

POPULAR KNOWLEDGE OF LAWS.—The people, it is true, are ignorant of the laws; but they are ignorant only of the laws which do not concern them. A poacher knows nothing of the penalties to which he exposes himself by stealing ten thousand pounds from the public. Commissioners of public boards are unacquainted with all the decretals of our ancestors respecting the wiring of hares; but the one pockets his extra percentage, and the other his leveret, with a perfect knowledge of the laws—the particular laws which it is his business to elude.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

1648 AND 1793.—Our regicides were serious and original at least, in the bold, bad deeds

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which they committed. The regicides of France were poor theatrical imitators,—intoxicated with blood and with power, and incapable even of forming a sober estimate of the guilt or the consequences of their actions.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

CAREER OF MR. FOX.—The whole of Mr. Fox's life was spent in opposing the profligacy and exposing the ignorance of his own court. In the first half of his political career, while Lord North was losing America, and in the latter half, while Mr. Pitt was ruining Europe, the creatures of the Government were eternally exposed to the attacks of this discerning, dauntless, and most powerful speaker. Folly and corruption never had a more terrible enemy in the English House of Commons—one whom it was so impossible to bribe, so hopeless to elude, and so difficult to answer.—[*E. R. 1811.*]

OFFICIAL ACCURACY.—The term *official accuracy* has of late days become one of very ambiguous import. Mr. Rose, we can see, would imply by it the highest possible accuracy—as we see *office pens* advertised in the window of a shop, by way of excellence. The public reports of those, however, who have been appointed to look into the manner in which public offices are

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conducted, by no means justify the usage of the term ;—and we are not without apprehensions, that Dutch politeness, Carthaginian faith, Bœotian genius, and official accuracy, may be terms equally current in the world; and that Mr. Rose may, without intending it, have contributed to make this valuable addition to the mass of our ironical phraseology.—[*E. R. 1811.*]

DURATION OF ERROR.—A hundred years, to be sure, is a very little time for the duration of a national error; and it is so far from being reasonable to look for its decay at so short a date, that it can hardly be expected, within such limits, to have displayed the full bloom of its imbecility.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.—Nothing will do in the pursuit of knowledge but the blackest ingratitude ;—the moment we have got up the ladder, we must kick it down ;—as soon as we have passed over the bridge, we must let it rot ; —when we have got upon the shoulders of the ancients, we must look over their heads. The man who forgets the friends of his childhood in real life is base; but he who clings to the props of his childhood in literature, must be content to remain ignorant as he was when a child.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

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VALUE OF CLASSICAL LEARNING.—To almost every Englishman up to the age of three or four and twenty, classical learning has been the great object of existence: and no man is very apt to suspect, or very much pleased to hear, that what he has done for so long a time was not worth doing.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

BEAUTY OF CLASSICAL LANGUAGE.—The two ancient languages are as mere inventions—as pieces of mechanism incomparably more beautiful than any of the modern languages of Europe; their mode of signifying time and case, by terminations, instead of auxiliary verbs and particles, would of itself stamp their superiority. Add to this, the copiousness of the Greek language, with the fancy, majesty, and harmony of its compounds; and there are quite sufficient reasons why the classics should be studied for the beauties of language. Compared to them, merely as vehicles of thought and passion, all modern languages are dull, ill contrived, and barbarous.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

THE CLASSICAL AUTHORS.—Whatever our conjectures may be, we cannot be sure that the best modern writers can afford us as good models as the ancients;—we cannot be certain that they will live through the revolutions of the

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world, and continue to please in every climate —under every species of government—through every stage of civilization. We may still borrow descriptive power from Tacitus; dignified perspicuity from Livy; simplicity from Cæsar; and from Homer some portion of that light and heat which, dispersed into ten thousand channels, has filled the world with bright images and illustrious thoughts. Let the cultivator of modern literature addict himself to the purest models of taste which France, Italy, and England could supply, he might still learn from Virgil to be majestic, and from Tibullus to be tender; he might not yet look upon the face of nature as Theocritus saw it; nor might he reach those springs of pathos with which Euripides softened the hearts of his audience.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

CLASSICAL PEDANTRY.—A learned man!—a scholar!—a man of erudition! Upon whom are these epithets of approbation bestowed? Are they given to men acquainted with the science of government? thoroughly masters of the geographical and commercial relations of Europe? to men who know the properties of bodies, and their action upon each other? No: this is not learning; it is chemistry, or political economy —not learning. The distinguishing abstract

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term, the epithet of Scholar, is reserved to him who writes on the Æolic reduplication, and is familiar with the Sylburgian method of arranging defectives in ω and μι. The picture which a young Englishman, addicted to the pursuit of knowledge, draws—his *beau idéal*, of human nature—his top and consummation of man's powers—is a knowledge of the Greek language. His object is not to reason, to imagine, or to invent; but to conjugate, decline, and derive. The situations of imaginary glory which he draws for himself, are the detection of an anapæst in the wrong place, or the restoration of a dative case which Cranzius had passed over, and the never-dying Ernesti failed to observe. —[*E. R. 1809.*]

LATIN VERSES.—There are few boys who remain to the age of eighteen or nineteen at a public school without making above ten thousand Latin verses;—a greater number than is contained in the *Æneid:* and after he has made this quantity of verses in a dead language, unless the poet should happen to be a very weak man indeed, he never makes another as long as he lives.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

VERSIFICATION NO TEST OF CAPACITY.—The prodigious honor in which Latin verses are held

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at public schools is surely the most absurd of all absurd distinctions. You rest all reputation upon doing that which is a natural gift, and which no labor can attain. If a lad wont learn the words of a language, his degradation in the school is a very natural punishment for his disobedience, or his indolence; but it would be as reasonable to expect that all boys should be witty, or beautiful, as that they should be poets. In either case, it would be to make an accidental, unattainable, and not a very important gift of nature, the only, or the principal, test of merit. This is the reason why boys, who make a considerable figure at school, so very often make no figure in the world;—and why other lads, who are passed over without notice, turn out to be valuable, important men. The test established in the world is widely different from that established in a place which is presumed to be a preparation for the world; and the head of a public school, who is a perfect miracle to his contemporaries, finds himself shrink into absolute insignificance, because he has nothing else to command respect or regard, but a talent for fugitive poetry in a dead language.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

EXCLUSIVE CULTURE OF LANGUAGES.—The passion for languages is just as strong as any

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other literary passion. There are very good Persian and Arabic scholars in this country. Large heaps of trash have been dug up from Sanscrit ruins. We have seen, in our own times, a clergyman of the University of Oxford complimenting their Majesties in Coptic and Syrophœnician verses; and yet we doubt whether there will be a sufficient avidity in literary men to get at the beauties of the finest writers which the world has yet seen; and though the *Bagvat Gheeta* has (as can be proved) met with human beings to translate, and other human beings to read it, we think that, in order to secure an attention to Homer and Virgil, we must catch up every man—whether he is to be a clergyman or a duke,—begin with him at six years of age, and never quit him till he is twenty; making him conjugate and decline for life and death; and so teaching him to estimate his progress in real wisdom as he can scan the verses of the Greek tragedians.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

NARROWNESS OF ENGLISH EDUCATION.—The English clergy, in whose hands education entirely rests, bring up the first young men of the country as if they were all to keep grammar schools in little country towns.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

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WASTE OF TALENT.—At present, we act with the minds of our young men, as the Dutch did with their exuberant spices. An infinite quantity of talent is annually destroyed in the Universities of England by the miserable jealousy and littleness of ecclesiastical instructors.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

MISTAKEN OBJECTS OF PURSUIT.—There is a delusive sort of splendor in a vast body of men pursuing one object, and thoroughly obtaining it; and yet, though it be very splendid, it is far from being useful.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

TRUE EDUCATION FOR CIVIL LIFE.—When an University has been doing useless things for a long time, it appears at first degrading for them to be useful. If we had to do with a young man going out into public life, we would exhort him to contemn, or at least not to affect the reputation of a great scholar, but to educate himself for the offices of civil life. He should learn what the constitution of his country really was,—how it had grown into its present state,—the perils that had threatened it,—the malignity that had attacked it,—the courage that had fought for it, and the wisdom that had made it great. We would bring strongly before his mind the characters of those Englishmen who

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have been the steady friends of the public happiness; and, by their examples, would breathe into him a pure public taste, which should keep him untainted in all the vicissitudes of political fortune.—[*E. R. 1809.*]

DISCOVERY.—That man is not the discoverer of any art who first says the thing; but he who says it so long, and so loud, and so clearly, that he compels mankind to hear him—the man who is so deeply impressed with the importance of the discovery that he will take no denial, but, at the risk of fortune, and fame, pushes through all opposition, and is determined that what he thinks he has discovered shall not perish for want of a fair trial. Other persons had noticed the effect of coal gas in producing light; but Winsor worried the town with bad English for three winters before he could attract any serious attention to his views. Many persons broke stones before Macadam, but Macadam felt the discovery more strongly, stated it more clearly, persevered in it with greater tenacity, wielded his hammer, in short, with greater force than other men, and finally succeeded in bringing his plan into general use.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

ENGLISH PERSEVERANCE.—If the English were in a paradise of spontaneous productions,

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they would continue to dig and plough, though they were never a peach nor a pine-apple the better for it.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

THE ELDER GENERATION.—It is by no means an uncommon wish of the mouldering and decaying part of mankind, that the next generation should not enjoy any advantages from which they themselves have been precluded. "*Ay, ay, it 's all mighty well—but I went through this myself, and I am determined my children shall do the same.*" We are convinced that a great deal of opposition to improvement proceeds from this principle. Crabbe might make a good picture of an unbenevolent old man, slowly retiring from this sublunary scene, and lamenting that the coming race of men would be less bumped on the roads, better lighted in the streets, and less tormented with grammars and lexicons, than in the preceding age. A great deal of compliment to the wisdom of ancestors, and a great degree of alarm at the dreadful spirit of innovation, are soluble into mere jealousy and envy.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

DIFFICULTIES TO OVERCOME.—Never be afraid of wanting difficulties for your pupil; if means are rendered more easy, more will be expected.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

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DEAD AND LIVING LANGUAGES.—The real way of learning a dead language, is to imitate, as much as possible, the method in which a living language is naturally learnt.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

LATIN AND GREEK.—If there be any thing which fills reflecting men with melancholy and regret, it is the waste of mortal time, parental money, and puerile happiness, in the present method of pursuing Latin and Greek.—[*E. R. 1826.*]

BOYS AND GIRLS.—As long as boys and girls run about in the dirt, and trundle hoops together, they are both precisely alike. If you catch up one half of these creatures, and train them to a particular set of actions and opinions, and the other half to a perfectly opposite set, of course their understandings will differ, as one or the other sort of occupations has called this or that talent into action. There is surely no occasion to go into any deeper or more abstruse reasoning, in order to explain so very simple a phenomenon.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

EDUCATION OF WOMEN.—As the matter now stands, the time of women is considered as worth nothing at all. Daughters are kept to

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occupations in sewing, patching, mantua-making, and mending, by which it is impossible they can earn tenpence a day. They are kept with nimble fingers and vacant understandings, till the season for improvement is utterly passed away, and all chance of forming more important habits completely lost.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

EDUCATION OF COUNTRY GENTLEMEN.—A century ago, who would have believed that country gentlemen could be brought to read and spell with the ease and accuracy which we now so frequently remark,—or supposed that they could be carried up even to the elements of ancient and modern history?—[*E. R. 1810.*]

AFFECTATION.—All affectation and display proceed from the supposition of possessing something better than the rest of the world possesses. Nobody is vain of possessing two legs and two arms;—because that is the precise quantity of either sort of limb which everybody possesses.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

PEDANTRY.—As pedantry is an ostentatious obtrusion of knowledge, in which those who hear us cannot sympathize, it is a fault of which soldiers, sailors, sportsmen, gamesters, cultivators, and all men engaged in a particular occu-

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pation, are quite as guilty as scholars; but they have the good fortune to have the vice only of pedantry;—while scholars have both the vice and the name for it too.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

KNOWLEDGE CURES CONCEIT.—Diffuse knowledge generally among women, and you will at once cure the conceit which knowledge occasions while it is rare.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

ENLARGE WOMAN'S EDUCATION.—Why are we necessarily to doom a girl, whatever be her taste or her capacity, to one unvaried line of petty and frivolous occupation? If she be full of strong sense and elevated curiosity, can there be any reason why she should be diluted and enfeebled down to a mere culler of simples, and fancier of birds?—why books of history and reasoning are to be torn out of her hand, and why she is to be sent, like a butterfly, to hover over the idle flowers of the field?—[*E. R. 1810*].

FEAR OF EDUCATING WOMEN.—There is a very general notion, that if you once suffer women to eat of the tree of knowledge, the rest of the family will very soon be reduced to the same kind of aërial and unsatisfactory diet.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

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SIMPLE PLEASURES SMALL.—If by a simple pleasure is meant one, the cause of which can be easily analyzed, or which does not last long, or which in itself is very faint; then simple pleasures seem to be very nearly synonymous with small pleasures; and if the simplicity were to be a little increased, the pleasure would vanish altogether.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

RESPECT PAID TO EDUCATED WOMEN.—Among men of sense and liberal politeness, a woman who has successfully cultivated her mind, without diminishing the gentleness and propriety of her manners, is always sure to meet with a respect and attention bordering upon enthusiasm.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

SOLITARINESS OF WOMEN.—Let any man reflect upon the solitary situation in which women are placed,—the ill-treatment to which they are sometimes exposed, and which they must endure in silence, and without the power of complaining,—and he must feel convinced that the happiness of a woman will be materially increased in proportion as education has given to her the habit and the means of drawing her resources from herself.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

OCCUPATION OF WOMEN.—Nothing, certain-

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ly, is so ornamental and delightful in women as the benevolent affections; but time cannot be filled up, and life employed, with high and impassioned virtues. We know women are to be compassionate; but they cannot be compassionate from eight o'clock in the morning till twelve at night:—and what are they to do in the interval?—[*E. R. 1810.*]

DEGRADATION OF UNEDUCATED WOMEN.—If you neglect to educate the mind of a woman, by the speculative difficulties which occur in literature, it can never be educated at all; if you do not effectually rouse it by education, it must remain for ever languid. Uneducated men may escape intellectual degradation; uneducated women cannot.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

THE DECAY OF WOMAN'S LIFE.—Men rise in character often as they increase in years;—they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart; but women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard every thing upon one cast of the die;—when youth is gone all is gone. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments;—no

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man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and, even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

ACCOMPLISHMENTS.—Accomplishments are merely means for displaying the grace and vivacity of youth, which every woman gives up, as she gives up the dress and the manners of eighteen: she has no wish to retain them; or, if she has, she is driven out of them by diameter and derision. The error is, to make such things the grand and universal object;—to insist upon it that every woman is to sing, and draw, and dance,—with nature or against nature,—to bind her apprentice to some accomplishment, and if she cannot succeed in oil or water colors, to prefer gilding, varnishing, burnishing, box-making, to real and solid improvement in taste, knowledge, and understanding. —[*E. R. 1810.*]

THE RESOURCES OF LIFE.—The object is, to give to children resources that will endure as long as life endures—habits that time will ameliorate, not destroy,—occupations that will ren-

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der sickness tolerable, solitude pleasant, age venerable, life more dignified and useful, and therefore death less terrible.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

MENTAL CULTURE.—A woman of accomplishments may entertain those who have the pleasure of knowing her for half an hour with great brilliancy; but a mind full of ideas, and with that elastic spring which the love of knowledge only can convey, is a perpetual source of exhilaration and amusement to all that come within its reach;—not collecting its force into single and insulated achievements, like the efforts made in the fine arts—but diffusing, equally over the whole of existence, a calm pleasure—better loved as it is longer felt—and suitable to every variety and every period of life.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

CHARM OF EDUCATION.—Education gives fecundity of thought, copiousness of illustration, quickness, vigor, fancy, words, images, and illustrations;—it decorates every common thing, and gives the power of trifling without being undignified and absurd.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

COUNTER ACTION.—The true way to attack vice, is by setting up something else against it. —[*E. R. 1810.*]

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NATURAL LOVE OF GOOD.—Trust to the natural love of good where there is no temptation to be bad—it operates nowhere more forcibly than in education.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

A NATION'S BEST GIFT.—The most beautiful possession which a country can have is a noble and rich man, who loves virtue and knowledge; —who without being feeble or fanatical is pious —and who without being factious is firm and independent;—who, in his political life, is an equitable mediator between king and people; and in his civil life, a firm promoter of all which can shed a lustre upon his country, or promote the peace and order of the world.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

GENTLENESS IN EDUCATION.—Those young people will turn out to be the best men, who have been guarded most effectually, in their childhood, from every species of useless vexation; and experienced, in the greatest degree, the blessings of a wise and rational indulgence. —[*E. R. 1810.*]

HEAD BOYS.—The *head* of a public school is generally a very conceited young man, utterly ignorant of his own dimensions, and losing all that habit of conciliation towards others, and

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that anxiety for self-improvement, which result from the natural modesty of youth. Nor is this conceit very easily and speedily gotten rid of;—we have seen (if we mistake not) public-school importance lasting through the half of after-life, strutting in lawn, swelling in ermine, and displaying itself, both ridiculously and offensively, in the haunts and business of bearded men.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

NATURAL GROWTH AND DECAY.—In a forest, or public school for oaks and elms, the trees are left to themselves; the strong plants live, and the weak ones die: the towering oak that remains is admired; the saplings that perish around it are cast into the flames and forgotten.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

SCHOOL AND HOME.—That education seems to us to be the best which mingles a domestic with a school life, and which gives to a youth the advantage which is to be derived from the learning of a master, and the emulation which results from the society of other boys, together with the affectionate vigilance which he must experience in the house of his parents.—[*E. R. 1810.*]

WAR.—If three men were to have their legs

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and arms broken, and were to remain all night exposed to the inclemency of weather, the whole country would be in a state of the most dreadful agitation. Look at the wholesale death of a field of battle, ten acres covered with dead, and half dead, and dying; and the shrieks and agonies of many thousand human beings. There is more of misery inflicted upon mankind by one year of war, than by all the civil peculations and oppressions in a century. Yet it is a state into which the mass of mankind rush with the greatest avidity, hailing official murderers, in scarlet, gold, and cock's feathers, as the greatest and most glorious of human creatures. It is the business of every wise and good man to set himself against this passion for military glory, which really seems to be the most fruitful source of human misery.—[*E. R. 1813.*]

FREQUENCY OF WARS.—Alas! we have been at war thirty-five minutes out of every hour since the peace of Utrecht.—[*E. R. 1827.*]

QUAKERS' CHARITY.—Quakers, it must be allowed, are a very charitable and humane people. They are always ready with their money, and, what is of far more importance, with their time and attention for every variety of human misfortune.—[*E. R. 1814.*]

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MAD QUAKERS.—A mad Quaker belongs to a small and rich sect; and is, therefore, of greater importance than any other mad person of the same degree in life.—[*E. R. 1814.*]

FRANCE AND ENGLAND.—The prejudices of the English nation have proceeded a good deal from their hatred to the French; and, because that country is the native soil of elegance, animation, and grace, a certain patriotic solidity, and loyal awkwardness, have become the characteristics of this.—[*E. R. 1802.*]

FORBIDDEN FRUIT.—A Frenchwoman seems almost always to have wanted the flavor of prohibition as a necessary condiment to human life. The provided husband was rejected, and the forbidden husband introduced in ambiguous light, through posterns and secret partitions. The thing wanted was the wrong man, the gentleman without the ring—the master unsworn to at the altar—the person unconsecrated by priests—

"Oh! let me taste thee unexcis'd by kings."

[*E. R. 1808.*]

LOVE OF LONDON.—Very few men who have gratified, and are gratifying their vanity in a

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great metropolis, are qualified to quit it. Few have the plain sense to perceive, that they must soon inevitably be forgotten,—or the fortitude to bear it when they are.—[*E. R. 1818.*]

OBLIVION IN LONDON.—In London, as in Law, *de non apparentibus, et non existentibus, eadem est ratio.*—[*E. R. 1818.*]

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU. — Jean Jacques Rousseau seems, as the reward of genius and fine writing, to have claimed an exemption from all moral duties. He borrowed and begged and never paid :—put his children in a poorhouse—betrayed his friends—insulted his benefactors—and was guilty of every species of meanness and mischief. His vanity was so great, that it was almost impossible to keep pace with it by any activity of attention ; and his suspicion of all mankind amounted nearly, if not altogether, to insanity.—[*E. R. 1818.*]

FASHIONABLE PHYSICIANS.—There is always some man, of whom the human viscera stand in greater dread than of any other person, who is supposed, for the time being, to be the only person who can dart his pill into their inmost recesses ; and bind them over, in medical recognizance, to assimilate and digest. In the

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Trojan war, Podalirius and Machaon were what Dr. Baillie and Sir Henry Halford now are—they had the fashionable practice of the Greek camp; and, in all probability, received many a guinea from Agamemnon dear to Jove, and Nestor the tamer of horses.—[*E. R. 1818.*]

RAILWAY TRAVELLING.—Railroad travelling is a delightful improvement of human life. Man is become a bird; he can fly longer and quicker than a solan goose. The mamma rushes sixty miles in two hours to the aching finger of her conjugating and declining grammar boy. The early Scotchman scratches himself in the morning mists of the North, and has his porridge in Piccadilly before the setting sun. The Puseyite priest, after a rush of 100 miles, appears with his little volume of nonsense at the breakfast of his bookseller. Every thing is near, every thing is immediate—time, distance, and delay are abolished. But, though charming and fascinating as all this is, we must not shut our eyes to the price we shall pay for it. There will be every three or four years some dreadful massacre—whole trains will be hurled down a precipice, and 200 or 300 persons will be killed on the spot. There will be every now and then a great combustion of human bodies, as there has been at Paris; then all the newspapers up in

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arms—a thousand regulations, forgotten as soon as the directors dare—loud screams of the velocity whistle—monopoly locks and bolts, as before.—[*Letter on Railways.*]

RAILWAY ACCIDENTS.—We have been, up to this point, very careless of our railway regulations. The first person of rank who is killed will put every thing in order, and produce a code of the most careful rules. I hope it will not be one of the bench of bishops; but should it be so destined, let the burnt bishop—the unwilling Latimer—remember that, however painful gradual concoction by fire may be, his death will produce unspeakable benefit to the public. Even Sodor and Man will be better than nothing. From that moment the bad effects of the monopoly are destroyed; no more fatal deference to the directors; no despotic incarceration; no barbarous inattention to the anatomy and physiology of the human body; no commitment to locomotive prisons with warrant. We shall then find it possible

"Voyager libre sans mourir."

[*Letter on Railways.*]

FRANCIS HORNER.—There was something very remarkable in his countenance—the com-

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mandments were written on his face, and I have often told him there was not a crime he might not commit with impunity, as no judge or jury who saw him would give the smallest degree of credit to any evidence against him : there was in his look a calm settled love of all that was honorable and good—an air of wisdom and of sweetness ; you saw at once that he was a great man, whom nature had intended for a leader of human beings; you ranged yourself willingly under his banners and cheerfully submitted to his sway.

The character of his understanding was the exercise of vigorous reasoning, in pursuit of important and difficult truth. He had no wit; nor did he condescend to that inferior variety of this electric talent which prevails occasionally in the North, and which, under the name of *Wut*, is so infinitely distressing to persons of good taste.—[*Letter to L. Horner.*]

GOOD TASTE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—The House of Commons, as a near relation of mine once observed, has more good taste than any man in it.—[*Letter to L. Horner.*]

SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH.—Curran, the Master of the Rolls, said to Grattan, "You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan, if

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you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers." This was the fault or the misfortune of Sir James Mackintosh; he never knew the use of red tape, and was utterly unfit for the common business of life. That a guinea represented a quantity of shillings, and that it would barter for a quantity of cloth, he was well aware; but the accurate number of the baser coin, or the just measurement of the manufactured article, to which he was entitled for his gold, he could never learn, and it was impossible to teach him. Hence his life was often an example of the ancient and melancholy struggle of genius with the difficulties of existence.—[*Letter to Mr. Mackintosh.*]

DESTRUCTION OF LETTERS.—You ask for some of your late father's letters; I am sorry to say I have none to send you. Upon principle, I keep no letters except those on business. I have not a single letter from him, nor from any human being, in my possession.—[*Letter to R. Mackintosh.*]

MR. CANNING'S PARASITES.—Nature descends down to infinite smallness. Mr. Canning has his parasites; and if you take a large buzzing blue-bottle fly, and look at it in a microscope, you may see twenty or thirty little ugly

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ts crawling about it, which doubtless think
r fly to be the bluest, grandest, merriest,
st important animal in the universe, and are convinced that the world would be at an end if it ceased to buzz.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

LIBERTY TO DRINK.—There has been in all governments a great deal of absurd canting about the consumption of spirits. We believe the best plan is to let people drink what they like, and wear what they like; to make no sumptuary laws either for the belly or the back. In the first place, laws against rum, and rum and water, are made by men who can change a wet coat for a dry one whenever they choose, and who do not often work up to their knees in mud and water; and, in the next place, if this stimulus did all the mischief it is thought to do by the wise men of claret, its cheapness and plenty would rather lessen than increase the avidity with which it is at present sought for.—[*E. R. 1819.*]

SEPARATION OF SALARY AND DUTY.—The customary separation of salary and duty is the grand principle which appears to pervade all human institutions, and to be the most invincible of all human abuses. Not only are Church, King, and State allured by this principle of

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vicarious labor, but the pot-boy has a lower pot-boy, who, for a small portion of the small gains of his principal, arranges, with inexhaustible sedulity, the subdivided portions of drink, and, intensely perspiring, disperses, in bright pewter, the frothy elements of joy.—[*E. R. 1823.*]

THE HOUR OF DINNER.—An excellent and well-arranged dinner is a most pleasing occurrence, and a great triumph of civilized life. It is not only the descending morsel, and the enveloping sauce—but the rank, wealth, wit, and beauty which surround the meats—the learned management of light and heat—the silent and rapid services of the attendants—the smiling and sedulous host, proffering gusts and relishes—the exotic bottles—the embossed plate—the pleasant remarks—the handsome dresses—the cunning artifices in fruit and farina! The hour of dinner, in short, includes every thing of sensual and intellectual gratification which a great nation glories in producing.

In the midst of all this, who knows that the kitchen chimney caught fire half an hour before dinner!—and that a poor little wretch, of six or seven years old, was sent up in the midst of the flames to put it out.—[*E. R. 1819.*]

SWEEPS.—We feel for climbing boys as much

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as anybody can do; but what is a climbing boy in a chimney to a full-grown suitor in the Master's office!—[*E. R. 1819.*]

FERÆ NATURÆ AND DOMESTIC POULTRY.—It is impossible to make an uneducated man understand in what manner a bird hatched, nobody knows where—to-day living in my field, to-morrow in yours—should be as strictly property as the goose whose whole history can be traced, in the most authentic and satisfactory manner, from the egg to the spit.—[*E. R. 1819.*]

PUNISHMENT OF POACHERS.—It is expected by some persons, that the severe operation of spring-guns and man-traps will put an end to the trade of a poacher. This has always been predicated of every fresh operation of severity, that it was to put an end to poaching. But if this argument is good for one thing, it is good for another. Let the first pickpocket who is taken be hung alive by the ribs, and let him be a fortnight in wasting to death. Let us seize a little grammar boy, who is robbing orchards, tie his arms and legs, throw over him a delicate puff-paste, and bake him in a bun-pan in an oven. If poaching can be extirpated by intensity of punishment, why not all other

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crimes? If racks, and gibbets, and tenter-hooks are the best method of bringing back the golden age, why do we refrain from so easy a receipt for abolishing every species of wickedness? The best way of answering a bad argument is not to stop it, but to let it go on in its course till it leaps over the boundaries of common sense.—[*E. R. 1821.*]

SALE OF GAME.—The plan now proposed is, to undersell the poacher, which may be successful or unsuccessful; but the threat is, if you attempt this plan there will be no game—and if there is no game, there will be no country gentlemen. We deny every part of this enthymeme—the last proposition as well as the first. We really cannot believe that all our rural mansions would be deserted, although no game was to be found in their neighborhood. Some come into the country for health, some for quiet, for agriculture, for economy, from attachment to family estates, from love of retirement, from the necessity of keeping up provincial interests, and from a vast variety of causes. Partridges and pheasants, though they form nine tenths of human motives, still leave a small residue, which may classed under some other head.—[*E. R. 1823.*]

SHOOTING.—A Colonel of the Guards, the

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second son just entered at Oxford, three diners-out from Piccadilly—Major Rock, Lord John, Lord Charles, the Colonel of the regiment quartered at the neighboring town, two Irish Peers, and a German Baron ;—all of this honorable company proceed with fustian jackets, dog-whistles, and chemical inventions to a solemn destruction of pheasants. How is the country benefited by their presence? or how would earth, air, or sea be injured by their annihilation ?—[*E. R. 1823.*]

PRIVILEGES OF SQUIRES.—We cannot at all comprehend the policy of alluring the better classes of society into the country by the temptation of petty tyranny and injustice, or of monopoly in sports. How absurd it would be to offer to the higher orders the exclusive use of peaches, nectarines, and apricots as the premium of rustication—to put vast quantities of men into prison as apricot eaters, apricot buyers, and apricot sellers—to appoint a regular day for beginning to eat, and another for leaving off—to have a lord of the manor for green gages—and to rage with a penalty of five pounds against the unqualified eater of the gage ! And yet the privilege of shooting a set of wild poultry is stated to be the bonus for the residence of country gentlemen.—[*E. R. 1823.*]

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JUSTICE AMONG SQUIRES.—If gentlemen cannot breathe fresh air without injustice, let them putrefy in Cranborne Alley. Make just laws, and let Squires live and die where they please. —[*E. R. 1823.*]

GAME LAWS.—The first object of a good government is not that rich men should have their pleasures in perfection, but that all orders of men should be good and happy ; and if crowded covies and chuckling cock-pheasants are only to be procured by encouraging the common people in vice, and leading them into cruel and disproportionate punishment, it is the duty of the government to restrain the cruelties which the country members, in reward for their assiduous loyalty, have been allowed to introduce into the game laws.—[*E. R. 1823.*]

MISGOVERNMENT OF IRELAND.—So great, and so long has been the misgovernment of Ireland, that we verily believe the empire would be much stronger if every thing was open sea between England and the Atlantic, and if *skates and cod-fish* swam over the fair land of Ulster. —[*E. R. 1820.*]

CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT MARRIAGES.—The Catholics marry upon means which the

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Protestant considers as insufficient for marriage. A few potatoes and a shed of turf are all that Luther has left for the Romanist; and, when the latter gets these he instantly begins upon the great Irish manufacture of children. But a Protestant belongs to the sect that eats the fine flour, and leaves the bran to others; he must have comforts, and he does not marry till he gets them.—[*E. R. 1820.*]

PIG-STYES TO PALACES.—All degrees of all nations begin with living in pig-styes. The king or the priest first gets out of them; then the noble, then the pauper, in proportion as each class becomes more and more opulent. Better tastes arise from better circumstances; and the luxury of one period is the wretchedness and poverty of another.—[*E. R. 1820.*]

AN IRISH PLOUGHMAN.—The most ludicrous of all human objects is an Irishman ploughing. A gigantic figure—a seven-foot machine for turning potatoes into human nature, wrapt up in an immense great coat, and urging on two starved ponies, with dreadful imprecations, and uplifted shillala. The Irish crow discerns a coming perquisite, and is not inattentive to the proceedings of the steeds. The furrow which is to be the depository of the future crop is not

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unlike, either in depth or regularity, to those domestic furrows which the nails of the meek and much-injured wife plough, in some family quarrel, upon the cheeks of the deservedly punished husband. The weeds seem to fall contentedly, knowing that they have fulfilled their destiny, and left behind them, for the resurrection of the ensuing spring, an abundant and healthy progeny. The whole is a scene of idleness, laziness, and poverty, of which it is impossible, in this active and enterprising country, to form the most distant conception.—[*E. R. 1820.*]

An English Ploughman.—A ploughman marries a ploughwoman because she is plump; generally uses her ill; thinks his children an incumbrance; very often flogs them; and, for sentiment, has nothing more nearly approaching to it than the ideas of broiled bacon and mashed potatoes.—[*E. R. 1806.*]

The Irish Character.—The Irish character contributes something to retard the improvements of that country. The Irishman has many good qualities: he is brave, witty, generous, eloquent, hospitable, and open-hearted; but he is vain, ostentatious, extravagant, and fond of display—light in counsel—deficient in perse-

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verance—without skill in private or public economy—an enjoyer, not an acquirer—one who despises the slow and patient virtues—who wants the superstructure without the foundation—the result without the previous operation —the oak without the acorn and the three hundred years of expectation. The Irish are irascible, prone to debt, and to fight, and very impatient of the restraints of law. Such a people are not likely to keep their eyes steadily upon the main chance, like the Scotch or the Dutch. England strove very hard, at one period, to compel the Scotch to pay a double Church ;—but Sawney took his pen and ink, and finding what a sum it amounted to, became furious, and drew his sword. God forbid the Irishman should do the same! the remedy, now, would be worse than the disease ; but if the oppressions of England had been more steadily resisted a century ago, Ireland would not have been the scene of poverty, misery, and distress which it now is.—[*E. R. 1820.*]

GRATTAN. — Great men hallow a whole people, and lift up all who live in their time. What Irishman does not feel proud that he has lived in the days of Grattan? who has not turned to him for comfort, from the false friends and open enemies of Ireland? who did

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not remember him in the days of its burnings and wastings and murders? No Government ever dismayed him—the world could not bribe him—he thought only of Ireland—lived for no other object—dedicated to her his beautiful fancy, his elegant wit, his manly courage, and all the splendor of his astonishing eloquence. He was so born, and so gifted, that poetry, forensic skill, elegant literature, and all the highest attainments of human genius, were within his reach; but he thought the noblest occupation of a man was to make other men happy and free; and in that straight line he went on for fifty years, without one side-look, without one yielding thought, without one motive in his heart which he might not have laid open to the view of God and man. He is gone!—but there is not a single day of his honest life of which every good Irishman would not be more proud, than of the whole political existence of his countrymen,—the annual deserters and betrayers of their native land.——[*E. R. 1810.*]

ENGLISH TYRANNY TO IRELAND.—England seems to have treated Ireland much in the same way as Mrs. Brownrigg treated her apprentice—for which Mrs. Brownrigg is hanged in the first volume of the Newgate Calendar. Upon the whole, we think the apprentice is better off

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than the Irishman: as Mrs. Brownrigg merely starves and beats her, without any attempt to prohibit her from going to any shop, or praying at any church, her apprentice might select; and once or twice, if we remember rightly, Brownrigg appears to have felt some compassion. Not so Old England, who indulges rather in a steady baseness, uniform brutality, and unrelenting oppression.—[*E. R. 1824.*]

IRISH PERSECUTIONS.—For some centuries after the reign of Henry II. the Irish were killed like game, by persons qualified or unqualified. Whether dogs were used does not appear quite certain, though it is probable they were, spaniels as well as pointers; and that, after a regular point by Basto, well backed by Ponto and Cæsar, Mr. O'Donnel or Mr. O'Leary bolted from the thicket, and were bagged by the English sportsman.—[*E. R. 1824.*]

RELICS.—England is almost the only country in the world (even at present), where there is not some favorite religious spot, where absurd lies, little bits of cloth, feathers, rusty nails, splinters, and other invaluable relics, are treasured up, and in defence of which the whole population are willing to turn out and perish as one man.—[*E. R. 1824.*]

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MAC'S AND O'S.—There are not a few of the best and most humane Englishmen of the present day, who, when under the influence of fear or anger, would think it no great crime to put to death people whose names begin with O or Mac. The violent death of Smith, Green, or Thomson, would throw the neighborhood into convulsions, and the regular forms would be adhered to—but little would be really thought of the death of anybody called O'Dogherty or O'Toole.—[*E. R. 1824.*]

ROMAN CATHOLICISM IN ENGLAND.—The idea of danger from the extension of the Catholic religion in England I utterly deride. The Catholic faith is a misfortune to the world, but those whose faith it conscientiously is are quite right in professing it boldly, and in promoting it by all means which the law allows. A physician does not say, "You will be well *as soon as* the bile is got rid of"; but he says, "You will not be well *until after* the bile is got rid of." He knows, after the cause of the malady is removed, that morbid habits are to be changed, weakness to be supported, organs to be called back to their proper exercise, subordinate maladies to be watched, secondary and vicarious symptoms to be studied. The physician is a wise man—but the anserous politician insists,

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after 200 years of persecution, and ten of emancipation, that Catholic Ireland should be as quiet as Edmonton or Tooting.—[*Preface to Works.*]

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.—If ever a nation exhibited symptoms of downright madness, or utter stupidity, we conceive these symptoms may be easily recognized in the conduct of this country upon the Catholic question. A man has a wound in his great toe, and a violent and perilous fever at the same time; and he refuses to take the medicines for the fever, because it will disconcert his toe! The mournful and folly-stricken blockhead forgets that his toe cannot survive him;—that if he dies, there can be no digital life apart from him: yet he lingers and fondles over this last part of his body, soothing it madly with little plasters, and anile fomentations, while the neglected fever rages in his entrails, and burns away his whole life. —[*E. R. 1807.*]

SECTARIAN IRRITATION.—Give a government only time, and, provided it has the good sense to treat folly with forbearance, it must ultimately prevail. When, therefore, a sect is found, after a lapse of years, to be ill-disposed to the Government, we may be certain that

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Government has widened its separation by marked distinctions, roused its resentment by contumely, or supported its enthusiasm by persecution.—[*E. R. 1807.*]

TOLERATION.—Toleration never had a present tense, nor taxation a future one. The answer which Paul received from Felix, he owed to the subject on which he spoke. When justice and righteousness were his theme, Felix told him to go away, and he would hear him some other time. All men who have spoken to courts upon such disagreeable topics, have received the same answer. Felix, however, trembled when he gave it; but his fear was ill-directed. He trembled at the subject—he ought to have trembled at the delay.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

POLITICAL INACTION.—To lie by in timid and indolent silence,—to *suppose* an inflexibility, in which no court ever could, under pressing circumstances, persevere, — and to neglect a regular and vigorous appeal to public opinion, is to give up all chance of doing good, and to abandon the only instrument by which the few are ever prevented from ruining the many.—[*E. R. 1808.*]

HERESY.—What right has any Government

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to dictate to any man who shall guide him to heaven, any more than it has to persecute the religious tenets by which he hopes to arrive there? You believe that the heretic professes doctrines utterly incompatible with the true spirit of the Gospel;—first you burnt him for this,—then you whipt him,—then you fined him,—then you put him in prison. All this did no good;—and, for these hundred years last past, you have left him alone.—[*E. R. 1811.*]

TENACITY OF INTOLERANCE.—Nothing dies so hard and rallies so often as intolerance. The fires are put out, and no living nostril has scented the nidor of a human creature roasted for faith;—then, after this, the prison-doors were got open, and the chains knocked off:—and now Lord Sidmouth only begs that men who disagree with him in religious opinions may be deprived of all civil offices, and not be allowed to hear the preachers they like best. Chains and whips he would not hear of; but these mild gratifications of his bill every orthodox mind is surely entitled to.—[*E. R. 1811.*]

ESTABLISHMENTS.—All establishments die of dignity. They are too proud to think them-

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selves ill, and to take a little physic.—[*E. R. 1811.*]

STRENGTH OF THE CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT.—I am heartily glad that all our disqualifying laws for religious opinions are abolished, and I see nothing in such measures but unmixed good and real increase of strength to our Establishment.—[*Preface to Works.*]

ECCLESIASTICAL BIGOTRY.—It is a melancholy thing to see a man, clothed in soft raiment, lodged in a public palace, endowed with a rich portion of the product of other men's industry, using all the influence of his splendid situation, however conscientiously, to deepen the ignorance, and inflame the fury, of his fellow creatures. These are the miserable results of that policy which has been so frequently pursued for these fifty years past, of placing men of mean, or middling abilities, in high ecclesiastical stations. In ordinary times, it is of less importance who fills them; but when the bitter period arrives, in which the people must give up some of their darling absurdities; —when the senseless clamor, which has been carefully handed down from father fool to son fool, can be no longer indulged;—when it is of incalculable importance to turn the people to a

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better way of thinking; the greatest impediments to all amelioration are too often found among those to whose councils, at such periods, the country ought to look for wisdom and peace.—[*E. R. 1813.*]

COUNT YOUR ENEMIES.—Kind Providence never sends an evil without a remedy:—and arithmetic is the natural cure for the passion of fear. If a coward can be made to count his enemies, his terrors may be reasoned with, and he may think of ways and means of counteraction.—[*E. R. 1813.*]

EPISCOPAL VIOLENCE.—The Bishop appears to be in a fog; and as daylight breaks in upon him he will be rather disposed to disown his panic. The noise he hears is not roaring—but braying; the teeth and the mane are all imaginary; there is nothing but ears. It is not a lion that stops the way, but an ass.—[*E. R. 1813.*]

CATHOLIC CONSPIRACIES. — The Catholics, says his Lordship, will enter into a conspiracy against the English Church. But, is it not also the decided interest of his Lordship's butler that he should be Bishop, and the Bishop his butler? That the crosier and the corkscrew should

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change hands,—and the washer of the bottles which they had emptied become the diocesan of learned divines? What has prevented this change, so beneficial to the upper domestic, but the extreme improbability of success, if the attempt were made; an improbability so great, that we will venture to say, the very notion of it has scarcely once entered into the understanding of the good man. Why then is the Reverend Prelate, who lives on so safely and contentedly with *John*, so dreadfully alarmed at the Catholics? And why does he so completely forget, in their instance alone, that men do not merely strive to obtain a thing because it is good, but always mingle with the excellence of the object a consideration of the chance of gaining it?—[*E. R. 1813.*]

BRITISH EXTRAVAGANCE.—The world never yet saw so extravagant a government as the Government of England. Not only is economy not practised—but it is despised; and the idea of it connected with disaffection, Jacobinism, and Joseph Hume. Every rock in the ocean where a cormorant can perch is occupied by our troops—has a governor, deputy-governor, storekeeper, and deputy storekeeper,—and will soon have an archdeacon and a bishop. Military colleges, with thirty-four professors, educating

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seventeen ensigns per annum, being half an ensign for each professor, with every species of nonsense, athletic, sartorial, and plumigerous. A just and necessary war costs this country about one hundred pounds a minute; whipcord fifteen thousand pounds; red tape seven thousand pounds; lace for drummers and fifers, nineteen thousand pounds; a pension to one man who has broken his head at the Pole; to another who has shattered his leg at the Equator; subsidies to Persia; secret service-money to Thibet; an annuity to Lady Henry Somebody and her seven daughters—the husband being shot at some place where we never ought to have had any soldiers at all; and the elder brother returning four members to Parliament. Such a scene of extravagance, corruption, and expense as must paralyze the industry, and mar the fortunes of the most industrious, spirited people that ever existed.—[*E. R. 1827.*]

PROGRESS.—The follies of one century are scarcely credible in that which succeeds it. A grandmamma of 1827 is as wise as a very wise man of 1727. If the world lasts till 1927 the grandmammas of that period will be far wiser than the tiptop No Popery men of this day. That this childish nonsense will have got out of the drawing-room there can be no doubt. It

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will most probably have passed through the steward's room and butler's pantry into the kitchen. This is the case with ghosts. They no longer loll on couches and sip tea; but are down on their knees scrubbing with the scullion—or stand sweating, and basting with the cook. Mrs. Abigail turns up her nose at them, and the housekeeper declares for flesh and blood, and will have none of their company.—[*E. R. 1827.*]

DISSENTING PREACHERS.—Any man may dissent from the Church of England, and preach against it by paying sixpence. Almost every tradesman in a market-town is a preacher. It must absolutely be ride-and-tie with them; the butcher must hear the baker in the morning, and the baker listen to the butcher in the afternoon, or there would be no congregation. We have often speculated upon the peculiar trade of the preacher from his style of action. Some have a tying-up or parcel-packing action; some strike strongly against the anvil of the pulpit; some screw, some bore, and some act as if they were managing a needle. The occupation of the preceding week can seldom be mistaken.—[*E. R. 1827.*]

LIVE WITH THE TIMES.—What human plan,

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device, or invention, 270 years old, does not require reconsideration? If a man dressed as he dressed 270 years ago, the pug-dogs in the streets would tear him to pieces. If he lived in the houses of 270 years ago, unrevised and uncorrected, he would die of rheumatism in a week. If he listened to the sermons of 270 years ago, he would perish with sadness and fatigue; and when a man cannot make a coat or a cheese, for fifty years together, without making them better, can it be said that laws made in those days of ignorance, and framed in the fury of religious hatred, need no revision, and are capable of no amendment?—[*E. R. 1827.*]

CORRESPONDENCE WITH ROME.—Can my Lord Bathurst be ignorant?—can any man, who has the slightest knowledge of Ireland, be ignorant, that the portmanteau which sets out every quarter for Rome, and returns from it, is a heap of ecclesiastical matters, which have no more to do with the safety of the country than they have to do with the safety of the moon—and which, but for the respect to individual feelings, might all be published at Charing Cross? Mrs. *Flanagan*, intimidated by stomach complaints, wants a dispensation for eating flesh. *Cornelius Oh Bowel* has intermarried by accident with his grandmother; and, finding that

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she is really his grandmother, his conscience is uneasy. *Mr. Mac Tooley*, the priest, is discovered to be married, and to have two sons, *Castor* and *Pollux Mac Tooley*. Three or four schools-full of little boys have been cursed for going to hear a Methodist preacher. Bargains for shirts and toe-nails of deceased saints—surplices and trencher-caps blessed by the Pope. These are the fruits of double allegiance—the objects of our incredible fear, and the cause of our incredible folly.—[*E. R. 1827.*]

No Monopoly of Freedom.—A good-natured and well-conditioned person has pleasure in keeping and distributing any thing that is good. If he detects any thing with superior flavor, he presses and invites, and is not easy till others participate;—and so it is with political and religious freedom. It is a pleasure to possess it, and a pleasure to communicate it to others. There is something shocking in the greedy, growling, guzzling monopoly of such a blessing.—[*E. R. 1827.*]

Martyrdom of Bigots.—A bigot delights in public ridicule, for he begins to think he is a martyr.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

Impunity of Theological Error.—The

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state has nothing whatever to do with theological errors which do not violate the common rules of morality, and militate against the fair power of the ruler.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

PROGRESS OF TOLERATION.—Three hundred years ago men burnt and hanged each other for these opinions. Time has softened Catholic as well as Protestant: they both required it; though each perceives only his own improvement, and is blind to that of the other.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

A NAVAL ACTION.—Here is a frigate attacked by a corsair of immense strength and size, rigging cut, masts in danger of coming by the board, four foot water in the hold, men dropping off very fast; in this dreadful situation how do you think the Captain acts (whose name shall be Perceval)? He calls all hands upon deck; talks to them of king, country, glory, sweethearts, gin, French prison, wooden shoes, Old England, and hearts of oak; they give three cheers, rush to their guns, and, after a tremendous conflict, succeed in beating off the enemy. Not a syllable of all this; this is not the manner in which the honorable Commander goes to work; the first thing he does is to secure twenty or thirty of his prime sailors who

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happen to be Catholics, to clap them in irons, and set over them a guard of as many Protestants; having taken this admirable method of defending himself against his infidel opponents, he goes upon deck, reminds the sailors, in a very bitter harangue, that they are of different religions; exhorts the Episcopal gunner not to trust to the Presbyterian quartermaster; issues positive orders that the Catholics should be fired at upon the first appearance of discontent; rushes through blood and brains, examining his men in the Catechism and Thirty-nine Articles, and positively forbids every one to sponge or ram who has not taken the Sacrament according to the Church of England. Was it right to take out a captain made of excellent British stuff, and to put in such a man as this? Is not he more like a parson, or a talking-lawyer, than a thoroughbred seaman? And built as she is of heart of oak, and admirably manned, is it possible, with such a captain, to save this ship from going to the bottom?—[*P. P. Letters.*]

Hawkins Brown at the Court of Naples.

—In the third year of his present Majesty, and in the thirtieth of his own age, Mr. Isaac Hawkins Brown, then upon his travels, danced one evening at the Court of Naples. His dress was a volcano silk with lava buttons. Whether (as

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the Neapolitan wits said) he had studied dancing under St. Vitus, or whether David, dancing in a linen vest, was his model, is not known; but Mr. Brown danced with such inconceivable alacrity and vigor, that he threw the Queen of Naples into convulsions of laughter, which terminated in a miscarriage, and changed the dynasty of the Neapolitan throne.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

FINALITY.—I hear from some persons in Parliament, and from others in the sixpenny societies for debate, a great deal about unalterable laws passed at the Revolution. When I hear any man talk of an unalterable law, the only effect it produces upon me is to convince me that he is an unalterable fool.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

EPISCOPALIANISM IN SCOTLAND.—For what a length of years was it attempted to compel the Scotch to change their religion: horse, foot, artillery, and armed Prebendaries, were sent out after the Presbyterian parsons and their congregations. The Percevals of those days called for blood: this call is never made in vain, and blood was shed: but to the astonishment and horror of the Percevals of those days, they could not introduce the Book of Common Prayer, nor prevent that metaphysi-

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cal people from going to heaven their true way, instead of our true way. With a little oatmeal for food, and a little sulphur for friction, allaying cutaneous irritation with the one hand, and holding his Calvanistical creed in the other, Sawney ran away to his flinty hills, sung his psalm out of tune his own way, and listened to his sermon of two hours long, amid the rough and imposing melancholy of the tallest thistles. But Sawney brought up his unbreeched offspring in a cordial hatred of his oppressors; and Scotland was as much a part of the weakness of England then, as Ireland is at this moment. The true and the only remedy was applied; the Scotch were suffered to worship God after their own tiresome manner, without pain, penalty, and privation. No lightning descended from heaven; the country was not ruined; the world is not yet come to an end; the dignitaries, who foretold all these consequences, are utterly forgotten, and Scotland has ever since been an increasing source of strength to Great Britain.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

INVASION.—You cannot imagine, you say, that England will ever be ruined and conquered; and for no other reason that I can find, but because it seems so very odd it should be ruined and conquered. Alas! so reasoned, in

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their time, the Austrian, Russian, and Prussian Plymleys. But the English are brave: so were all these nations. You might get together a hundred thousand men individually brave; but without generals capable of commanding such a machine, it would be as useless as a first-rate man-of-war manned by Oxford clergymen, or Parisian shopkeepers.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

EFFECTS OF INVASION.—As for the spirit of peasantry in making a gallant defence behind hedge-rows, and through plate-racks and hen-coops, highly as I think of their bravery, I do not know any nation in Europe so likely to be struck with the panic as the English; and this from their total unacquaintance with the science of war. Old wheat and beans blazing for twenty miles round; cart mares shot; sows of Lord Somerville's breed running wild over the country; the minister of the parish wounded sorely in his hinder parts; Mrs. Plymley in fits; all these scenes of war an Austrian or a Russian has seen three or four times over; but it is now three centuries since an English pig has fallen in a fair battle upon English ground, or a farm-house been rifled, or a clergyman's wife been subjected to any other proposals of love than the connubial endearments of her sleek and orthodox mate.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

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BLOCKADES.—If experience has taught us any thing, it is the impossibility of perpetual blockades. The instances are innumerable, during the course of this war, where whole fleets have sailed in and out of harbor, in spite of every vigilance used to prevent it. I shall only mention those cases where Ireland is concerned. In December, 1796, seven ships of the line, and ten transports, reached Bantry Bay from Brest, without having seen an English ship in their passage. It blew a storm when they were off shore, and therefore England still continues to be an independent kingdom. You will observe that at the very time the French fleet sailed out of Brest Harbor, Admiral Colpoys was cruising off there with a powerful squadron, and still, from the particular circumstances of the weather, found it impossible to prevent the French from coming out. During the time that Admiral Colpoys was cruising off Brest, Admiral Richery, with six ships of the line, passed him, and got safe into the harbor. At the very moment when the French squadron was lying in Bantry Bay, Lord Bridport with his fleet was locked up by a foul wind in the Channel, and for several days could not stir to the assistance of Ireland. Admiral Colpoys, totally unable to find the French fleet, came home. Lord Bridport, at the change of the wind, cruised for them in vain, and they

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got safe back to Brest, without having seen a single one of those floating bulwarks, the possession of which we believe will enable us with impunity to set justice and common sense at defiance. Such is the miserable and precarious state of an anemocracy, of a people who put their trust in hurricanes and are governed by wind.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

FREEDOM OF NEUTRAL TRADE.—It is one of the utmost consequence to a commercial people at war with the greatest part of Europe, that there should be a free entry of neutrals into the enemy's ports.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

THE TRUE DEFENCE.—At such a crisis you want the affections of all your subjects, in both islands: there is no spirit which you must alienate, no art you must avert, every man must feel he has a country, and that there is an urgent and pressing cause why he should expose himself to death.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

TREATMENT OF DISSENTERS.—When a country squire hears of an ape, his first feeling is to give it nuts and apples; when he hears of a Dissenter, his immediate impulse is to commit it to the county jail, to shave its head, to alter its customary food, and to have it privately whipped.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

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FAITH OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.—The purest religion in the world, in my humble opinion, is the religion of the Church of England; for its preservation (so far as it is exercised without intruding upon the liberties of others) I am ready at this moment to venture my present life, and but through that religion I have no hopes of any other; yet I am not forced to be silly because I am pious; nor will I ever join in eulogiums on my faith, which every man of common reading and common sense can so easily refute.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

GROWTH OF CATHOLICISM.—As for the enormous wax candles, and superstitious mummeries, and painted jackets of the Catholic priests, I fear them not. Tell me that the world will return again under the influence of the small-pox; that Lord Castlereagh will hereafter oppose the power of the Court; that Lord Howick and Mr. Grattan will do each of them a mean and dishonorable action; that anybody who has heard Lord Redesdale speak once, will knowingly and willingly hear him again; that Lord Eldon has assented to the fact of two and two making four, without shedding tears, or expressing the smallest doubt or scruple;—tell me any other thing absurd or incredible, but for the love of common sense, let me hear no more

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of the danger to be apprehended from the general diffusion of Popery. It is too absurd to be reasoned upon; every man feels it is nonsense when he hears it stated, and so does every man while he is stating it.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

RED-HAIRED MEN.—I have often thought, that if the wisdom of our ancestors had excluded all persons with red hair from the House of Commons, of the throes and convulsions it would occasion to restore them to their natural rights. What mobs and riots would it produce! To what infinite abuse and obloquy would the capillary patriot be exposed; what wormwood would distil from Mr. Perceval, what froth would drop from Mr. Canning; how (I will not say *my*, but *our* Lord Hawkesbury, for he belongs to us all)—how our Lord Hawkesbury would work away about the hair of King William and Lord Somers, and the authors of the great and glorious Revolution; how Lord Eldon would appeal to the Deity and his own virtues, and to the hair of his children; some would say that red-haired men were superstitious; some would prove that they were atheists; they would be petitioned against as the friends of slavery, and the advocates for revolt; —in short, such a corrupter of the heart and understanding is the spirit of persecution, that

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these unfortunate people (conspired against by their fellow-subjects of every complexion), if they did not emigrate to countries where hair of another color was persecuted, would be driven to the falsehood of perukes, or the hypocrisy of the Tricosian fluid. — [*P. P. Letters.*]

GRADUAL EMANCIPATION (an apologue).— There is a village (no matter where) in which the inhabitants, on one day of the year, sit down to a dinner prepared at the common expense; by an extraordinary piece of tyranny (which Lord Hawkesbury would call the wisdom of the village ancestors), the inhabitants of three of the streets, about a hundred years ago, seized upon the inhabitants of the fourth street, bound them hand and foot, laid them upon their backs, and compelled them to look on while the rest were stuffing themselves with beef and beer; the next year the inhabitants of the persecuted street (though they contributed an equal quota of the expense) were treated precisely in the same manner. The tyranny grew into a custom; and (as the manner of our nature is) it was considered as the most sacred of all duties to keep these poor fellows without their annual dinner; the village was so tenacious of this practice, that nothing could induce them to

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resign it; every enemy to it was looked upon as a disbeliever in Divine Providence, and any nefarious churchwarden who wished to succeed in his election had nothing to do but to represent his antagonist as an abolitionist, in order to frustrate his ambition, endanger his life, and throw the village into a state of the most dreadful commotion. By degrees, however, the obnoxious street grew to be so well peopled, and its inhabitants so firmly united, that their oppressors, more afraid of injustice, were more disposed to be just. At the next dinner they are unbound, the year after allowed to sit upright, then a bit of bread and a glass of water; till at last, after a long series of concessions, they are emboldened to ask, in pretty plain terms, that they may be allowed to sit down at the bottom of the table and to fill their bellies as well as the rest. Forthwith a general cry of shame and scandal: "Ten years ago, were you not laid upon your backs? Don't you remember what a great thing you thought it to get a piece of bread? How thankful you were for cheese-parings? Have you forgotten that memorable æra, when the lord of the manor interfered to obtain for you a slice of the public pudding? And now, with an audacity only equalled by your ingratitude, you have the impudence to ask for knives and forks, and

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to request, in terms too plain to be mistaken, that you may sit down to table with the rest, and be indulged even with beef and beer; there are not more than half-a-dozen dishes which we have reserved for ourselves; the rest has been thrown open to you in the utmost profusion; you have potatoes, and carrots, suet dumplings, sops in the pan, and delicious toast and water, in incredible quantities. Beef, mutton, lamb, pork, and veal are ours; and if you were not the most restless and dissatisfied of human beings, you would never think of aspiring to enjoy them.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

INTOLERANCE AND EMANCIPATION.—Ireland a millstone about your neck! Why is it not a stone of Ajax in your hand?—[*P. P. Letters.*]

JUSTICE AND INJUSTICE.—The only true way to make the mass of mankind see the beauty of justice, is by showing to them in pretty plain terms the consequences of injustice.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

HISTORY OF CHANGE.—Lord Sidmouth, and all the anti-Catholic people, little foresee that they will hereafter be the sport of the antiquary; that their prophecies of ruin and destruction from Catholic emancipation will be clapped

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into the notes of some quaint history, and be matter of pleasantry even to the sedulous housewife and the rural dean. There is always a copious supply of Lord Sidmouths in the world; nor is there one single source of human happiness, against which they have not uttered the most lugubrious predictions. Turnpike roads, navigable canals, inoculation, hops, tobacco, the Reformation, the Revolution—there are always a set of worthy and moderately-gifted men, who bawl out death and ruin upon every valuable change which the varying aspect of human affairs absolutely and imperiously requires. I have often thought that it would be extremely useful to make a collection of the hatred and abuse that all those changes have experienced, which are now admitted to be marked improvements in our condition. Such a history might make folly a little more modest, and suspicious of its own decisions.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

PARENTAL AMBITION.—Look at human nature:—what is the history of all professions? Joel is to be brought up to the bar: has Mrs. Plymley the slightest doubt of his being Chancellor? Do not his two shrivelled aunts live in the certainty of seeing him in that situation, and of cutting out with their own hands his

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equity habiliments? And I could name a certain minister of the Gospel who does not, in the bottom of his heart, much differ from these opinions. Do you not think that the fathers and mothers of the holy Catholic Church are not as absurd as Protestant papas and mammas? The probability I admit to be, in each particular case, that the sweet little blockhead will in fact never get a brief;—but I will venture to say, there is not a parent from the Giant's Causeway to Bantry Bay who does not conceive that his child is the unfortunate victim of the exclusion, and that nothing short of positive law could prevent his own dear pre-eminent Paddy from rising to the highest honors of the State.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

WAR AND REFORMS.—How easy it is to shed human blood—how easy it is to persuade ourselves that it is our duty to do so—and that the decision has cost us a severe struggle—how much in all ages have wounds and shrieks and tears been the cheap and vulgar resources of the rulers of mankind—how difficult and how noble it is to govern in kindness and to found an empire upon the everlasting basis of justice and affection!—But what do men call vigor? To let loose hussars and to bring up artillery, to govern with lighted matches, and to cut, and

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push, and prime—I call this, not vigor, but the *sloth of cruelty and ignorance*. The vigor I love consists in finding out wherein subjects are aggrieved, in relieving them, in studying the temper and genius of a people, in consulting their prejudices, in selecting proper persons to lead and manage them, in the laborious, watchful and difficult task of increasing public happiness by allaying each particular discontent.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

PROHIBITION OF DRUGS.—Conceive a statesman who would bring the French to reason by keeping them without rhubarb, and exhibit to mankind the awful spectacle of a nation deprived of neutral salts. This is not the dream of a wild apothecary indulging in his own opium; this is not the distempered fancy of a pounder of drugs, delirious from smallness of profits: but it is the sober, deliberate, and systematic scheme of a man to whom the public safety is entrusted, and whose appointment is considered by many as a masterpiece of political sagacity. What a sublime thought, that no purge can now be taken between the Weser and the Garonne; that the bustling pestle is still, the canorous mortar mute, and the bowels of mankind locked up for fourteen degrees of latitude! When, I should be curious to know, were all

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the powers of crudity and flatulence fully explained to his Majesty's ministers? At what period was this great plan of conquest and constipation fully developed? In whose mind was the idea of destroying the pride and the plasters of France first engendered? Without castor oil they might for some months, to be sure, have carried on a lingering war; but can they do without bark? Will the people live under a government where antimonial powders cannot be procured? Will they bear the loss of mercury? "There 's the rub." Depend upon it, the absence of the materia medica will soon bring them to their senses, and the cry of *Bourbon and bolus* burst forth from the Baltic to the Mediterranean.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

TOLERATION IN HUNGARY.—It is impossible to think of the affairs of Ireland without being forcibly struck with the parallel of Hungary. Of her seven millions of inhabitants, one half were Protestants, Calvinists, and Lutherans, many of the Greek Church, and many Jews: such was the state of their religious dissensions, that Mahomet had often been called in to the aid of Calvin, and the crescent often glittered on the walls of Buda and of Presburg. At last, in 1791, during the most violent crisis of disturbance, a diet was called, and by a great

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majority of voices a decree was passed, which secured to all the contending sects the fullest and freest exercise of religious worship and education; ordained (let it be heard in Hampstead) that churches and chapels should be erected for all on the most perfectly equal terms; that the Protestants of both confessions should depend upon their spiritual superiors alone; liberated them from swearing by the usual oath, "the holy Virgin Mary, the saints, and chosen of God"; and then the decree adds, "that *public offices and honors, high or low, great or small, shall be given to natural-born Hungarians who deserve well of their country, and possess the other qualifications, let their religion be what it may.*" Such was the line of policy pursued in a diet consisting of four hundred members, in a state whose form of government approaches nearer to our own than any other, having a Roman Catholic establishment of great wealth and power, and under the influence of one of the most bigoted Catholic Courts in Europe. This measure has now the experience of eighteen years in its favor; it has undergone a trial of fourteen years of revolution such as the world never witnessed, and more than equal to a century less convulsed: What have been its effects? When the French advanced like a torrent

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within a few days' march of Vienna, the Hungarians rose in a mass; they formed what they called the sacred insurrection, to defend their sovereign, their rights and liberties, now common to all: and the apprehension of their approach dictated to the reluctant Bonaparte the immediate signature of the treaty of *Leoben*. The Romish hierarchy of Hungary exists in all its former splendor and opulence; never has the slightest attempt been made to diminish it; and those revolutionary principles, to which so large a portion of civilized Europe has been sacrificed, have here failed in making the smallest successful inroad.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

PREJUDICES REMOVED.—There may have been times in England when the quarter sessions would have been disturbed by theological polemics; but now, after a Catholic justice had once been seen on the bench, and it had been clearly ascertained that he spoke English, had no tail, only a single row of teeth, and that he loved port wine,—after all the scandalous and infamous reports of his physical conformation had been clearly proved to be false,—he would be reckoned a jolly fellow, and very superior in flavor to a sly Presbyterian. Nothing, in fact, can be more uncandid and unphilosophical than to say that a man has a tail, because you cannot

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agree with him upon religious subjects; it appears to be ludicrous: but I am convinced it has done infinite mischief to the Catholics, and made a very serious impression upon the minds of many gentlemen of large landed property.—[*P. P. Letters.*]

IRISH PRIESTS' INCOME.—The revenue of the Irish Roman Catholic Church is made of halfpence, potatoes, rags, bones, and fragments of old clothes; and those, Irish old clothes. They worship often in hovels, or in the open air, from the *want* of any place of worship. Their religion is the religion of three fourths of the population! Not far off, in a well-windowed and well-roofed house, is a well-paid Protestant clergyman, preaching to stools and hassocks, and crying in the wilderness; near him the clerk, near him the sexton, near him the sexton's wife—furious against the errors of Popery, and willing to lay down their lives for the great truths established at the Diet of Augsburg.—[*Letters on Irish Clergy.*]

CIVIL WAR AND REPEAL.—Civil war is preferable to Repeal. Much as I hate wounds, dangers, privations, and explosions—much as I love regular hours of dinner—foolish as I think men covered with the feathers of the male *Pullus do-*

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mesticus, and covered with lace in the course of the ischiatic nerve—much as I detest all these follies and ferocities, I would rather turn soldier myself than acquiesce quietly in such a separation of the Empire.

It is *such* a piece of nonsense, that no man can have any reverence for himself who would stop to discuss such a question. It is such a piece of anti-British villainy, that none but the bitterest enemy of our blood and people could entertain such a project! It is to be met only with round and grape—to be answered by Shrapnel and Congreve; to be discussed in hollow squares, and refuted by battalions four deep; to be put down by the *ultima ratio* of that armed Aristotle the Duke of Wellington.—[*Letters on Irish Clergy.*]

OBJECTS OF GOVERNMENT.—What is the object of all government? The object of all government is roast mutton, potatoes, claret, a stout constable, an honest justice, a clear highway, a free chapel. What trash to be bawling in the streets about the Green Isle, the Isle of the Ocean; the bold anthem of *Erin go bragh!* A far better anthem would be Erin go bread and cheese, Erin go cabins that will keep out the rain, Erin go pantaloons without holes in them! —[*Letters on Irish Clergy.*]

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PAYMENT OF IRISH CATHOLIC CLERGY.—The first thing to be done is to pay the priests, and after a little time they will take the money. One man wants to repair his cottage; another wants a buggy; a third cannot shut his eyes to the dilapidations of a cassock. The draft is payable at sight in Dublin, or by agents in the next market town dependent upon the Commission in Dublin. The housekeeper of the holy man is importunate for money, and if it be not procured by drawing for the salary, it must be extorted by curses and comminations from the ragged worshippers, slowly, sorrowfully, and sadly.—[*Letters on Irish Clergy.*]

DIPLOMATIC RELATIONS WITH ROME.—It turns out that there is no law to prevent entering into diplomatic engagements with the Pope. The sooner we become acquainted with a gentleman who has so much to say to eight millions of our subjects the better! Can any thing be so childish and absurd as a horror of communicating with the Pope, and all the hobgoblins we have imagined of premunires and outlawries for this contraband trade in piety? Our ancestors (strange to say wiser than ourselves) have left us to do as we please, and the sooner Government do, what they *can* do legally, the better. A thousand opportunities of doing good

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in Irish affairs have been lost, from our having no avowed and dignified agent at the Court of Rome. If it depended upon me, I would send the Duke of Devonshire there to-morrow, with nine chaplains and several tons of Protestant theology. I have no love of Popery, but the Pope is at all events better than the idol of Juggernaut, whose chaplains I believe we pay, and whose chariot I dare say is made in Long Acre. We pay 10,000*l.* a year to our ambassador at Constantinople, and are startled with the idea of communicating diplomatically with Rome, deeming the Sultan a better Christian than the Pope!—[*Letters on Irish Clergy.*]

CABINET DINNERS.—If I were a member of the Cabinet, and met my colleagues once a week to eat birds and beasts, and to talk over the state of the world, I should begin upon Ireland before the soup was finished, go on through fish, turkey, and saddle of mutton, and never end till the last thimbleful of claret had passed down the throat of the incredulous Haddington: but there they sit, week after week; there they come, week after week; the Piccadilly Mars, the Scotch Neptune, Themis Lyndhurst, the Tamworth Baronet, dear Goody, and dearer Gladdy, and think no more of paying the Catholic clergy, than a man of real fashion does of

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paying his tailor!—[*Letters on Irish Clergy.*]

EPISCOPAL CONTRASTS.—If I were a Bishop, living beautifully in a state of serene plentitude, I don't think I could endure the thought of so many honest, pious, and laborious clergymen of another faith, placed in such disgraceful circumstances! I could not get into my carriage with jelly-springs, or see my two courses every day, without remembering the buggy and the bacon of some poor old Catholic Bishop, ten times as laborious, and with much more, perhaps, of theological learning than myself, often distressed for a few pounds! and burthened with duties utterly disproportioned to his age and strength.—[*Letters on Irish Clergy.*]

LOVE OF TYRANNY.—Human beings cling to their delicious tyrannies, and to their exquisite nonsense, like a drunkard to his bottle, and go on till death stares them in the face.—[*Letters on Irish Clergy.*]

BEEF FOR HINDOOS.—I have always compared the Protestant church in Ireland (and I believe my friend Thomas Moore stole the simile from me) to the institution of butchers' shops in all the villages of our Indian empire. "We *will*

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have a butcher's shop in every village, and you, Hindoos, shall pay for it. We know that many of you do not eat meat at all, and that the sight of beefsteaks is particularly offensive to you; but still, a stray European may pass through your village, and want a steak or a chop: the shop *shall* be established; and you shall pay for it." This is English Legislation for Ireland!! —[*Letters on Irish Clergy.*]

EFFECTS OF PAYMENT OF CATHOLIC CLERGY.—I am thoroughly convinced that State payments to the Catholic clergy would remove a thousand causes of hatred between the priest and his flock, and would be as favorable to the increase of his useful authority, as it would be fatal to his factious influence over the people. —[*Letters on Irish Clergy.*]

GORED TO DEATH.—If a lawyer is wounded, the rest of the profession pursue him, and put him to death. If a churchman is hurt, the others gather round for his protection, stamp with their feet, push with their horns, and demolish the dissenter who did the mischief.—[*E. R. 1822.*]

INTERROGATION OF CURATES.—If a man is a captain in the army in one part of England, he

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is captain in all. The general who commands north of the Tweed does not say, You shall never appear in my district, or exercise the functions of an officer, if you do not answer eighty-seven questions on the art of war, according to my notions. The same officer who commands a ship of the line in the Mediterranean, is considered as equal to the same officer in the North Seas. The sixth commandment is suspended, by one medical diploma, from the north of England to the south. But, by this new system of interrogation, a man may be admitted into orders at Barnet, rejected at Stevenage, readmitted at Brogden, kicked out as a Calvinist at Witham Common, and hailed as an ardent Arminian on his arrival at York.—[*E. R. 1822.*]

VARIETIES OF BELIEF.—Mr. Greenough has made a map of England, according to its geological varieties;—blue for the chalk, green for the clay, red for the sand, and so forth. Under the system of Bishop Marsh, we must petition for the assistance of the geologist in the fabrication of an ecclesiastical map. All the Arminian districts must be purple. Green for one theological extremity—sky-blue for another—as many colors as there are bishops—as many shades of these colors as there are Archdeacons

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—a tailor's pattern card—the picture of vanity, fashion, and caprice.—[*E. R. 1822.*]

COMMON SENSE.—The longer we live, the more we are convinced of the justice of the old saying, that an *ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of clergy;* that discretion, gentle manners, common sense, and good nature, are, in men of high ecclesiastical station, of far greater importance than the greatest skill in discriminating between sublapsarian and supralapsarian doctrines.—[*E. R. 1822.*]

BITTER BISHOPS.—What would the worst enemy of the English Church require?—a bitter, bustling, theological Bishop, accused by his clergy of tyranny and oppression—the cause of daily petitions and daily debates in the House of Commons—the idoneous vehicle of abuse against the Establishment—a stalking-horse to bad men for the introduction of revolutionary opinions, mischievous ridicule, and irreligious feelings.

It is inconceivable how such a prelate shakes all the upper works of the Church, and ripens it for dissolution and decay. Six such Bishops, multiplied by eighty-seven, and working with five hundred and twenty-two questions, would fetch every thing to the ground in less than six

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months. But what if it pleased Divine Providence to afflict every prelate with the spirit of putting eighty-seven queries, and the two Archbishops with the spirit of putting twice as many, and the Bishop of Sodor and Man with the spirit of putting only forty-three queries?—there would then be a grand total of two thousand three hundred and thirty-five interrogations flying about the English Church; and sorely vexed would the land be with Question and Answer.—[*E. R. 1822.*]

THE STANDARD OF FAITH.—The Bishop not only puts the questions, but he actually assigns the limits within which they are to be answered. Spaces are left in the paper of interrogations, to which limits the answer is to be confined;—two inches to original sin; an inch and a half to justification; three quarters to predestination; and to free will only a quarter of an inch. But if his Lordship gives them an inch, they will take an ell.—[*E. R. 1822.*]

MODERATE PUNISHMENT.—His Lordship boasts, that he has excluded only two curates. So the Emperor of Hayti boasted that he had only cut off two persons' heads for disagreeable behaviour at his table.—[*E. R. 1822.*]

EPISCOPAL BREVITY.—We never met with

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any style so entirely clear of all redundant and vicious ornament, as that which the ecclesiastical Lord of Peterborough has adopted towards his clergy. It, in fact, may be all reduced to these few words—" Reverend Sir, I shall do what I please—Peterborough."—[*E. R. 1822.*]

CURATES.—A Curate—there is something which excites compassion in the very name of a Curate !!! How any man of Purple, Palaces, and Preferment, can let himself loose against this poor working man of God, we are at a loss to conceive,—a learned man in an hovel, with sermons and saucepans, lexicons and bacon, Hebrew books and ragged children—good and patient—a comforter and a preacher—the first and purest pauper in the hamlet, and yet showing, that, in the midst of his worldly misery, he has the heart of a gentleman, and the spirit of a Christian, and the kindness of a pastor ; and this man, though he has exercised the duties of a clergyman for twenty years—though he has most ample testimonies of conduct from clergymen as respectable as any Bishop—though an Archbishop add his name to the list of witnesses, is not good enough for Bishop Marsh ; but is pushed out in the street, with his wife and children, and his little furniture, to surrender

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his honor, his faith, his conscience, and his learning—or to starve!—[*E. R. 1822.*]

SENSITIVENESS OF CURATES.—Men of very small incomes, be it known to his Lordship, have very often very acute feelings; and a Curate trod on feels a pang as great as when a Bishop is refuted.—[*E. R. 1822.*]

PAYMENT BY LOTTERY.—It seems a paradoxical statement; but the fact is, that the respectability of the Church, as well as of the Bar, is almost entirely preserved by the unequal division of their revenues. A Bar of one hundred lawyers travel the Northern Circuit, enlightening provincial ignorance, curing local partialities, diffusing knowledge, and dispensing justice in their route: it is quite certain that all they gain is not equal to all that they spend; if the profits were equally divided there would not be six and eight-pence for each person, and there would be no Bar at all. At present, the success of the leader animates them all—each man hopes to be a Scarlett or a Brougham—and takes out his ticket in a lottery by which the mass must infallibly lose, trusting (as mankind are so apt to do) to his good fortune, and believing that the prize is reserved for him—disappointment and defeat for others. So it is with the

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clergy: the whole income of the Church, if equally divided, would be about 250*l*. for each minister. Who would go into the Church and spend 1,200*l*. or 1,500*l*. upon his education, if such were the highest remuneration he could ever look to? At present, men are tempted into the Church by the prizes of the Church, and bring into that Church a great deal of capital, which enables them to live in decency, supporting themselves, not with the money of the public, but with their own money, which, but for this temptation, would have been carried into some retail trade. The offices of the Church would then fall down to men little less coarse and ignorant than agricultural laborers—the clergyman of the parish would soon be seen in the squire's kitchen; and all this would take place in a country where poverty is infamous.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

DEMOCRACY IN THE CHURCH.—I am surprised it does not strike the mountaineers how very much the great emoluments of the Church are flung open to the lowest ranks of the community. Butchers, bakers, publicans, schoolmasters, are perpetually seeing their children elevated to the mitre. Let a respectable baker drive through the city from the west end of the town, and let him cast an eye on the battlements

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of Northumberland House, has his little muffin-faced son the smallest chance of getting in among the Percies, enjoying a share of their luxury and splendor, and of chasing the deer with hound and horn upon the Cheviot Hills? But let him drive his alum-steeped loaves a little further, till he reaches St. Paul's Churchyard, and all his thoughts are changed when he sees that beautiful fabric; it is not impossible that his little penny roll may be introduced into that splendid oven. Young Crumpet is sent to school—takes to his books—spends the best years of his life, as all eminent Englishmen do, in making Latin verses—knows that the *crum* in crum-pet is long, and the *pet* short—goes to the University—gets a prize for an Essay on the Dispersion of the Jews—takes orders—becomes a Bishop's chaplain—has a young nobleman for his pupil—publishes an useless classic, and a serious call to the unconverted—and then goes through the Elysian transitions of Prebendary, Dean, Prelate, and the long train of purple, profit, and power.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

PAYMENT OF THE CLERGY.—This, it will be said, is a Mammonish view of the subject: it is so, but those who make this objection forget the immense effect which Mammon produces upon

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religion itself. Shall the Gospel be preached by men paid by the State? shall these men be taken from the lower orders, and be meanly paid? shall there be men of learning and education? and shall there be some magnificent endowments to allure such men into the Church? Which of these methods is the best for diffusing the rational doctrines of Christianity? Not in the age of the apostles, not in the abstract, timeless, nameless, placeless land of the philosophers, but in the year 1837, in the porter-brewing, cotton-spinning, tallow-melting kingdom of Great Britain, bursting with opulence, and flying from poverty as the greatest of human evils. Many different answers may be given to these questions; but they are questions which, not ending in Mammon, have a powerful bearing on real religion, and deserve the deepest consideration from its disciples and friends. Let the comforts of the clergy go for nothing. Consider their state only as religion is affected by it. If upon this principle I am forced to allot to some an opulence which my clever friend the Examiner would pronounce to be unapostolical, I cannot help it; I must take this people with all their follies, and prejudices, and circumstances, and carve out an establishment best suited for them, however unfit for early Christianity in barren and

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conquered Judea.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

BISHOPS NOT TO BE SUSPECTED.—It is a very singular thing that the law always suspects Judges, and never suspects Bishops. If there be any way in which the partialities of the Judge may injure laymen, the subject is fenced round with all sorts of jealousies, and enactments, and prohibitions—all partialities are guarded against, and all propensities watched. Where Bishops are concerned, Acts of Parliament are drawn up for beings who can never possibly be polluted by pride, prejudice, passion, or interest. Not otherwise would be the case with Judges, if they, like the heads of the Church, legislated for themselves.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

THE PUBLIC EYE.—With regard to that common newspaper phrase *the public eye*—there 's nothing (as the Bench well know) more wandering and slippery than the *public eye*. In five years hence the public eye will no more see what description of men are promoted by Bishops, than it will see what Doctors of Law are promoted by the Turkish Uhlema; and at the end of this period (such is the example set by the Commission), the *public eye* turned in every

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direction may not be able to see any Bishops at all.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

EPISCOPAL CORRESPONDENCE.—The first of three bishops whom I remember was a man of careless easy temper, and how patronage went in those days may be conjectured by the following letters—which are not his, but serve to illustrate a system :—

The Bishop to Lord A——.

My dear Lord,

I have noticed with great pleasure the behavior of your Lordship's second son, and am most happy to have it in my power to offer him the living of . . . He will find it of considerable value; and there is, I understand, a very good house upon it, etc., etc.

This is to confer a living upon a man of real merit out of the family; into which family, apparently sacrificed to the public good, the living is brought back by the second letter :

The same to the same a year after.

My dear Lord,

Will you excuse the liberty I take in soliciting promotion for my grandson? He is an officer of great skill and gallantry, and can bring the most ample testimonials from some of the best men in the profession : the *Arethusa* frigate is, I understand, about to be commissioned; and if, etc., etc.—

[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

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Episcopal Grandeur.—A good and honest bishop (I thank God there are many who deserve that character !) ought to suspect himself, and carefully to watch his own heart. He is all of a sudden elevated from being a tutor, dining at an early hour with his pupil (and occasionally, it is believed, on cold meat), to be a spiritual Lord; he is dressed in a magnificent dress, decorated with a title, flattered by Chaplains, and surrounded by little people looking up for the things which he has to give away; and this often happens to a man who has had no opportunities of seeing the world, whose parents were in very humble life, and who has given up all his thoughts to the frogs of Aristophanes and the Targum of Onkelos. How is it possible that such a man should not lose his head? that he should not swell? that he should not be guilty of a thousand follies, and worry and tease to death (before he recovers his common-sense) a hundred men as good, and as wise, and as able as himself? — [*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

Democrats and Prelatists.—We are told, If you agitate these questions among yourselves, you will have the democratic Philistines come down upon you, and sweep you all away together. Be it so; I am quite ready to be swept

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away when the time comes. Every body has their favorite death: some delight in apoplexy, and others prefer marasmus. I would infinitely rather be crushed by democrats, than, under the plea of the public good, be mildly and blandly absorbed by bishops.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

CLERICAL SUBJECTION.—What Bishops like best in their Clergy is a dropping-down-dead-ness of manner.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

SYDNEY SMITH'S CAREER IN THE CHURCH.—You tell me I shall be laughed at as a rich and overgrown Churchman. Be it so. I have been laughed at a hundred times in my life, and care little or nothing about it. If I am well provided for now—I have had my full share of the blanks in the lottery as well as the prizes. Till thirty years of age I never received a farthing from the Church; then 50*l*. per annum for two years—then nothing for ten years—then 500*l*. per annum, increased for two or three years to 800*l*., till in my grand climacteric, I was made Canon of St. Paul's; and before that period, I had built a Parsonage-house with farm offices for a large farm, which cost me 4,000*l*., and had reclaimed another from ruin at the expense of

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2,000*l*. A lawyer, or a physician in good practice, would smile at this picture of great ecclesiastical wealth; and yet I am considered as a perfect monster of ecclesiastical prosperity.

I should be very sorry to give offence to the dignified ecclesiastics who are in the Commission: I hope they will allow for the provocation, if I have been a little too warm in the defence of St. Paul's, which I have taken a solemn oath to defend. I was at school and college with the Archbishop of Canterbury: fifty-three years ago he knocked me down with the chess-board for checkmating him—and now he is attempting to take away my patronage. I believe these are the only two acts of violence he ever committed in his life; the interval has been one of gentleness, kindness, and the most amiable and high-principled courtesy to his Clergy.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

AN OLD WHIG.—As for my friends the Whigs, I neither wish to offend them nor anybody else. I consider myself to be as good a Whig as any amongst them. I was a Whig before many of them were born—and while some of them were Tories and Waverers. I have always turned out to fight their battles, and when I saw no other Clergyman turn out but myself—and this in times before liberality was well recompensed,

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and therefore in fashion, and when the smallest appearance of it seemed to condemn a Churchman to the greatest obloquy, and the most hopeless poverty. It may suit the purpose of the Ministers to flatter the Bench; it does not suit mine. I do not choose in my old age to be tossed as a prey to the Bishop; I have not deserved this of my Whig friends. — [*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

THE WHIG ADMINISTRATION.—Nobody admires the general conduct of the Whig administration more than I do. They have conferred, in their domestic policy, the most striking benefits on the country. To say that there is no risk in what they have done is mere nonsense: there is great risk; and all honest men must balance to counteract it—holding back as firmly down hill as they pulled vigorously up hill. Still, great as the risk is, it was worth while to incur it in the Poor Law Bill, in the Tithe Bill, in the Corporation Bill, and in the circumscription of the Irish Protestant Church. In all these matters, the Whig Ministry, after the heat of party is over, and when Joseph Hume and Wilson Croker are powdered into the dust of death, will gain great and deserved fame.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton, 1835.*]

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A WHIG JEHU.—You will, of course, consider me as a defender of abuses. I have all my life been just the contrary, and I remember, with pleasure, thirty years ago, old Lord Stowell saying to me: "Mr. Smith, you would have been a much richer man if you had joined us." I like, my dear Lord, the road you are travelling, but I don't like the pace you are driving: too similar to that of the son of Nimshi. I always feel myself inclined to cry out, Gently, John, gently down hill. Put on the drag. We shall be over, if you go so quick—you'll do us a mischief.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

DISSENTERS WITHOUT A GRIEVANCE.—Remember, as a philosopher, that the Church of England now is a very different Institution from what it was twenty years ago. It then oppressed every sect, they are now all free—all exempt from the tyranny of an Establishment; and the only real cause of complaint for Dissenters is, that they can no longer find a grievance, and enjoy the distinction of being persecuted. I have always tried to reduce them to this state, and I do not pity them.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

HIGH-PRESSURE WISDOM. — All gradation and caution have been banished since the

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Reform Bill—rapid high-pressure wisdom is the only agent in public affairs.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

LORD MELBOURNE. — Viscount Melbourne declared himself quite satisfied with the Church as it is; but if the public had any desire to alter it, they might do as they pleased. He might have said the same thing of the Monarchy, or of any other of our institutions; and there is in the declaration a permissiveness and good humor which in public men have seldom been exceeded. Carelessness, however, is but a poor imitation of genius, and the formation of a wise and well-reflected plan of Reform conduces more to the lasting fame of a Minister than that affected contempt of duty which every man sees to be mere vanity, and a vanity of no very high description.

But if the truth must be told, our Viscount is somewhat of an impostor. Every thing about him seems to betoken careless desolation: any one would suppose from his manner that he was playing at chuck-farthing with human happiness; that he was always on the heel of pastime; that he would giggle away the Great Charter, and decide by the method of tee-totum whether my Lords the Bishops should or should not retain their seats in the House of Lords.

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All this is the mere vanity of surprising and making us believe that he can play with kingdoms as other men can with nine-pins. Instead of this lofty nebulo, this miracle of moral and intellectual felicities, he is nothing more than a sensible honest man, who means to do his duty to the Sovereign and to the Country: instead of being the ignorant man he pretends to be, before he meets the deputation of Tallow-Chandlers in the morning, he sits up half the night talking with Thomas Young about melting and skimming, and then, though he has acquired knowledge enough to work off a whole vat of prime Leicester tallow, he pretends next morning not to know the difference between a dip and a mould. In the same way, when he has been employed in reading Acts of Parliament, he would persuade you that he has been reading "Cleghorn on the Beatitudes," or "Pickler on the Nine Difficult Points." Neither can I allow to this Minister (however he may be irritated by the denial) the extreme merit of indifference to the consequences of his measures. I believe him to be conscientiously alive to the good or evil that he is doing, and that his caution has more than once arrested the gigantic projects of the Lycurgus of the Lower House. I am sorry to hurt any man's feelings, and to brush away the magnificent

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fabric of levity and gayety he has reared; but I accuse our Minister of honesty and diligence: I deny that he is careless or rash: he is nothing more than a man of good understanding, and good principle, disguised in the eternal and somewhat wearisome affectation of a political Roué.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

BISHOP BLOMFIELD.—In not acting so as to be suspected, the Bishop of London should resemble Cæsar's wife. In other respects, this excellent prelate would not have exactly suited for the partner for that great and self-willed man; and an idea strikes me, that it is not impossible he might have been in the Senate-house instead of Cæsar.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

LORD JOHN RUSSELL.—There is not a better man in England than Lord John Russell; but his worst failure is that he is utterly ignorant of all moral fear; there is nothing he would not undertake. I believe he would perform the operation for the stone—build St. Peter's—or assume (with or without ten minutes' notice) the command of the Channel Fleet; and no one would discover by his manner that the patient had died—the Church tumbled down—and the Channel Fleet been knocked to atoms. I be-

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lieve his motives are always pure, and his measures often able; but they are endless, and never done with that pedetentous pace and pedetentous mind in which it behooves the wise and virtuous improver to walk. He alarms the wise Liberals: and it is impossible to sleep soundly while he has the command of the watch.*

Do not say, my dear Lord John, that I am too severe upon you. A thousand years have scarce sufficed to make our blessed England what it is; an hour may lay it in the dust: and can you with all your talents renovate its shattered splendor—can you recall back its virtues—can you vanquish time and fate? But, alas! you want to shake the world, and be the Thunderer of the scene!—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

BISHOPS' INCOMES.—The Bishops and Commissioners wanted a fund to endow small Livings; they did not touch a farthing of their own incomes, only distributed them a little more equally; and proceeded lustily at once to confiscate Cathedral property. But why was it necessary, if the fund for small Livings was such a paramount consideration, that the future

* Another peculiarity of the Russells is, that they never alter their opinions: they are an excellent race, but they must be trepanned before they can be convinced.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

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Archbishops of Canterbury should be left with two palaces, and 15,000*l.* per annum? Why is every future Bishop of London to have a palace in Fulham, a house in St. James' Square, and 10,000*l.* a year? Could not all the Episcopal functions be carried on well and effectually with the half of these incomes? Is it necessary that the Archbishop of Canterbury should give feasts to Aristocratic London; and that the domestics of the Prelacy should stand with swords and bag-wigs round pig, and turkey, and venison, to defend, as it were, the Orthodox gastronome from the fierce Unitarian, the fell Baptist, and all the famished children of Dissent?—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

A Modern Fable.—This comes of calling a meeting of one species of cattle only. The horned cattle say,—"If you want any meat, kill the sheep; don't meddle with us, there is no beef to spare." They said this, however, to the lion: and the cunning animal, after he had gained all the information necessary for the destruction of the muttons, and learnt how well and widely they pastured, and how they could be most conveniently eaten up, turns round and informs the cattle, who took him for their best and tenderest friend, that he means to eat them up also. Frequently did Lord John meet the

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destroying Bishops: much did he commend their daily heap of ruins; sweetly did they smile on each other, and much charming talk was there of meteorology and catarrh, and the particular Cathedral they were pulling down at each period; till one fine day the Home Secretary, with a voice more bland, and a look more ardently affectionate, than that which the masculine mouse bestows on his nibbling female, informed them that the Government meant to take all the Church property into their own hands, to pay the rates out of it and deliver the residue to the rightful possessors. Such an effect, they say, was never before produced by a *coup de théâtre*. The Commission was separated in an instant: London clenched his fist; Canterbury was hurried out by his chaplains, and put into a warm bed; a solemn vacancy spread itself over the face of Gloucester; Lincoln was taken out in strong hysterics. What a noble scene Serjeant Talfourd would have made of this! Why are such talents wasted on *Ion* and the *Athenian Captive?*—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

GOVERNMENT MANAGEMENT.—If Government are to take into their own hands all property which is not managed with the greatest sharpness and accuracy, they may squeeze oue

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eighth per cent. out of the Turkey Company; Spring Rice would become Director of the Hydro-impervious Association, and clear a few hundreds for the Treasury. The British Roasted Apple Society is notoriously mismanaged, and Lord John and Brother Lister, by a careful selection of fruit, and a judicious management of fuel, would soon get it up to par.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

THE BISHOPS' SATURDAY NIGHT.—A Church is in danger when it is degraded. It costs mankind much less to destroy it when an institution is associated with mean, and not with elevated, ideas. I should like to see the subject in the hands of H. B. I would entitle the print—

"The Bishops' Saturday Night; or, Lord John Russell at the Pay-Table."

The Bishops should be standing before the pay-table, and receiving their weekly allowance; Lord John and Spring Rice counting, ringing, and biting the sovereigns, and the Bishop of Exeter insisting that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has given him one which was not weight. Viscount Melbourne, in high chuckle, should be standing, with his hat on, and his back to the fire, delighted with the contest; aud the Deans and Canons should be in the

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background, waiting till their turn came, and the Bishops were paid; and among them a Canon, of large composition, urging them not to give way too much to the Bench. Perhaps I should add the President of the Board of Trade, recommending the truck principle to the Bishops, and offering to pay them in hassocks, cassocks, aprons, shovel-hats, sermon-cases, and such like ecclesiastical gear.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

THE FOOLOMETER.—I am astonished that these Ministers neglect the common precaution of a foolometer,* with which no public man should be unprovided: I mean, the acquaintance and society of three or four regular British fools as a test of public opinion. Every Cabinet Minister should judge of all his measures by his foolometer, as a navigator crowds or shortens sail by the barometer in his cabin. I have a very valuable instrument of that kind

*Mr. Fox very often used to say: "I wonder what Lord B. will think of this?" Lord B. happened to be a very stupid person, and the curiosity of Mr Fox's friends was naturally excited to know why he attached such importance to the opinion of such an ordinary commonplace person. "His opinion," said Mr. Fox, "is of much more importance than you are aware of. He is an exact representative of all commonplace English prejudices, and what Lord B. thinks of any measure, the great majority of English people will think of it." It would be a good thing if every Cabinet of philosophers had a Lord B. among them.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

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myself, which I have used for many years; and I would be bound to predict, with the utmost nicety, by the help of this machine, the precise effect which any measure would produce on public opinion. Certainly, I never saw any thing so decided as the effects produced upon my machine by the Rate Bill. No man who had been accustomed in the smallest degree to handle philosophical instruments could have doubted of the storm which was coming on, or of the thoroughly un-English scheme, in which the Ministry had so rashly engaged themselves.

CATHEDRALS AND PARISH CHURCHES.—The word *parochial* is a fine deceitful word, and eminently calculated to coax the public. If he means simply that Cathedrals do not belong to parishes, that St. Paul's is not the parish church of Upper Puddicomb, and that the vicar of St. Fiddlefrid does not officiate in Westminster Abbey: all this is true enough, but do they not in the most material points instruct the people precisely in the same manner as the parochial Clergy? Are not prayers and sermons the most important means of spiritual instruction? And are there not eighteen or twenty services in every Cathedral for one which is heard in parish churches? I have very often counted in the afternoon of week days in St. Paul's 150 people,

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and on Sundays it is full to suffocation. Is all this to go for nothing? and what right has the Bishop of London to suppose that there is not as much real piety in Cathedrals as in the most roadless, postless, melancholy, sequestered hamlet, preached to by the most provincial, sequestered, bucolic Clergyman in the Queen's dominions?—[*E. R. 1826.*]

EPISCOPAL INCENDIARIES.—I am thinking of something else, and I see all of a sudden a great blaze of light: I behold a great number of gentlemen in short aprons, neat purple coats, and gold buckles, rushing about with torches in their hands, calling each other "My Lord," and setting fire to all the rooms in the house, and the people below delighted with the combustion: finding it impossible to turn them from their purpose, and finding that they are all what they are, by divine permission; I endeavor to direct their *holy innovations* into another channel; and I say to them, "My Lords, had not you better set fire to the out-of-door offices, to the barns and stables, and spare this fine library and this noble drawing-room? Yonder are several cow-houses of which no use is made; pray direct your fury against them, and leave this beautiful and venerable mansion as you found it." If I address the divinely per-

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mitted in this manner, has the Bishop of London any right to call me a brother incendiary? —[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

SHEEP AND SHEPHERDS.—We want (and he prints it in italics) for these purposes "*all that we can obtain from whatever sources derived.*" I never remember to have been more alarmed in my life than by this passage. I said to myself, the necessities of the Church have got such complete hold of the imagination of this energetic Prelate, who is so captivated by the holiness of his innovations, that all grades and orders of the Church and all present and future interests will be sacrificed to it. I immediately rushed to the Acts of Parliament which I always have under my pillow to see at once the worst of what had happened. I found present revenues of the Bishop all safe; that is some comfort, I said to myself: Canterbury, 24,000*l.* or 25,000*l.* per annum; London, 18,000*l.* or 20,000*l.* I began to feel some comfort: "things are not so bad; the Bishops do not mean to sacrifice to *sheep and shepherd's money* their present revenues; the Bishop of London is less violent and headstrong than I thought he would be." I looked a little further, and found that 15,000*l* per annum is allotted to the future Archbishop of Canterbury, 10,000*l.* to the

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Bishop of London, 8,000*l.* to Durham, and 8,0000*l.* each to Winchester and Ely. "Nothing of *sheep and shepherd* in all this," I exclaimed, and felt still more comforted. It was not till after the Bishops were taken care of, and the revenues of the Cathedrals came into full view, that I saw the perfect development of the *sheep and shepherd principle*, the deep and heartfelt compassion for spiritual laborers, and that inward groaning for the destitute state of the Church, and that firm purpose, printed in italics, of taking *for these purposes all that could be obtained from whatever source derived;* and even in this delicious rummage of Cathedral property, where all the fine church feelings of the Bishop's heart could be indulged without costing the poor sufferer a penny, stalls for Archdeacons in Lincoln and St. Paul's are, to the amount of 2,000*l.* per annum, taken from the *sheep and shepherd fund*, and the patronage of them divided between two Commissioners, the Bishop of London, and the Bishop of Lincoln, instead of being paid to additional *laborers in the Vineyard.*—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

PROSPECTS OF PREFERMENT.—The truth is, the greater number of Clergymen go into the Church in order that they may derive a com-

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fortable income *from* the Church. Such men intend to do their duty, and they do it; but the duty is, however, not the motive, but the adjunct.

I have no manner of doubt, that the immediate effect of passing the Dean and Chapter Bill will be, that a great number of fathers and uncles, judging, and properly judging, that the Church is a very altered and deteriorated profession, will turn the industry and capital of their *élèves* into another channel. My friend, Robert Eden, says, "This is of the earth earthy"; be it so; I cannot help it, I paint mankind as I find them, and am not answerable for their defects.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

CHEAP PARSONS.—A picture may be drawn of a Clergyman with 130*l.* per annum, who combines all moral, physical, and intellectual advantages, a learned man, dedicating himself intensely to the care of his parish—of charming manners and dignified deportment—six feet two inches high, beautifully proportioned, with a magnificent countenance, expressive of all the cardinal virtues and the Ten Commandments,—and it is asked with an air of triumph if such a man as this will fall into contempt on account of his poverty? But substitute for him an

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average, ordinary, uninteresting minister; obese, dumpy, neither ill-natured nor good-natured: neither learned nor ignorant, striding over the stiles to Church, with a second-rate wife—dusty and deliquescent—and four parochial children, full of catechism and bread and butter; or, let him be seen in one of those Shem-Ham-and-Japhet buggies—made on Mount Ararat soon after the subsidence of the waters, driving in the High Street of Edmonton,—among all his pecuniary, saponaceous, oleaginous parishioners. Can any man of common sense say that all these outward circumstances of the Ministers of religion have no bearing on religion itself?—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

Mock Turtle.—I ask the Bishop of London, a man of honor and conscience, as he is, if he thinks five years will elapse before a second attack is made upon Deans and Chapters? Does he think, after Reformers have tasted the flesh of the Church, that they will put up with any other diet? Does he forget that Deans and Chapters are but mock turtle—that more delicious delicacies remain behind? Five years hence he will attempt to make a stand, and he will be laughed at and eaten up.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

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BISHOP MONK.—You must have read an attack upon me by the Bishop of Gloucester, in the course of which he says that I have not been appointed to my situation as Canon of St. Paul's for my piety and learning, but because I am a scoffer and a jester. Is not this rather strong for a Bishop, and does it not appear to you, Mr. Archdeacon, as rather too close an imitation of that language which is used in the apostolic occupation of trafficking in fish? Whether I have been appointed for my piety or not must depend upon what this poor man means by piety. He means by that word, of course, a defence of all the tyrannical and oppressive abuses of the Church which have been swept away within the last fifteen or twenty years of my life; the Corporation and Test Acts; the Penal Laws against the Catholics; the Compulsory Marriages of Dissenters, and all those disabling and disqualifying laws which were the disgrace of our Church, and which he has always looked up to as the consummation of human wisdom. If piety consisted in the defence of these—if it was impious to struggle for their abrogation, I have indeed led an ungodly life.

There is nothing pompous gentlemen are so much afraid of as a little humor. It is like the objection of certain cephalic animalculæ to the

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use of small-tooth combs, "Finger and thumb, precipitate powder, or any thing else you please; but for heaven's sake no small-tooth combs!" After all, I believe Bishop Monk has been the cause of much more laughter than ever I have been. I cannot account for it, but I never see him enter a room without exciting a smile on every countenance within it.—[*Letter to Archdeacon Singleton.*]

MEN OF THE WORLD.—Much writing and much talking are very tiresome; and, above all, they are so to men who, living in the world, arrive at those rapid and just conclusions which are only to be made by living in the world.—[*Memoir.*]

SERMONS.—Preaching has become a bye-word for long and dull conversation of any kind; and whoever wishes to imply, in any piece of writing, the absence of every thing agreeable and inviting, calls it a sermon.—[*Memoir.*]

PULPIT ELOCUTION.—To this cause of the unpopularity of sermons may be added the extremely ungraceful manner in which they are delivered. The English, generally remarkable for doing very good things in a very bad man-

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ner, seem to have reserved the maturity and plentitude of their awkwardness for the pulpit. A clergyman clings to his velvet cushion with either hand, keeps his eye riveted upon his book, speaks of the ecstasies of joy and fear with a voice and a face which indicate neither, and pinions his body and soul into the same attitude of limb and thought, for fear of being called theatrical and affected. The most intrepid veteran of us all dares no more than wipe his face with his cambric sudarium. If, by mischance, his hand slip from its orthodox gripe of the velvet, he draws it back as from liquid brimstone or the caustic iron of the law, and atones for this indecorum by fresh inflexibility and more rigorous sameness. Is it wonder, then, that every semi-delirious sectary who pours forth his animated nonsense with the genuine look and voice of passion should gesticulate away the congregation of the most profound and learned divine of the Established Church and in two Sundays preach him bare to the very sexton? Why are we natural everywhere but in the pulpit? No man expresses warm and animated feelings anywhere else, with his mouth alone, but with his whole body; he articulates with every limb, and talks from head to foot with a thousand voices. Why this holoplexia on sacred occasions alone?

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Why call in the aid of paralysis to piety? Is it a rule of oratory to balance the style against the subject, and to handle the most sublime truths in the dullest language and the driest manner? Is sin to be taken from man as Eve was from Adam, by casting him into a deep slumber? Or from what possible perversion of common sense are we all to look like field preachers in Zembla, holy lumps of ice, numbed into quiescence, and stagnation, and mumbling?—[*Memoir.*]

INSIPIDITY OF SERMONS.—The great object of modern sermons is to hazard nothing: their characteristic is decent debility, which alike guards their authors from ludicrous errors, and precludes them from striking beauties.—[*E. R. 1802.*]

READING OF SERMONS.—Pulpit discourses have insensibly dwindled from speaking to reading, a practice of itself sufficient to stifle every germ of eloquence. It is only by the fresh feelings of the heart that mankind can be very powerfully affected. What can be more ludicrous than an orator delivering stale indignation and fervor of a week old; turning over whole pages of violent passions, written out in German text; reading the tropes and apos-

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