THE

WEST OF ENGLAND MISCELLANY.

VOL. 1.] JANUARY, 1845. [No. 3.

CHURCH AND STATE.

"CHURCH AND STATE" was ever the favourite toast of the Tories; it was wont to call forth the loudest cheers, to inspire the most lofty eloquence at their banquets, and the peroration of many a maudlin speech has been rendered effective by some happy allusion to the Altar and the Throne. It was the cry *par excellence* at every election, the forlorn hope in a doubtful debate. And in these latter days, the bastard children of the Tories, the self-styled Conservatives, will still drain a brimming bumper to Church and State; with an inconsistency surprising even in them this is still their favoured toast.

Church and State! It was an evil and an unlucky day that beheld this sordid marriage. Christianity and sound policy alike forbade the banns. The minister of the King of Kings betrayed his Master's trust when he placed his mitre at the foot of an earthly sovereign. It was a sinful act, and it is receiving its punishment.

The present position of Church and State very closely resembles that of an ill-matched couple "never pair'd above," who, after years of endless bickering, have mutually agreed, for appearance sake, to reside still under the same roof, but in separate apartments,—to be virtually divorced, but seem man and wife. Some of our readers may be aware that such schemes are not often very successful; the altercations are carried on by proxy; *Madame* becomes jealous of her lord, and he thinks he sees a Falstaff in every basket of linen conveyed to or from her chamber. If they don't part entirely the weaker will fall a victim to the stronger, and be involved in ruin and shame. The Church is in truth and fact no longer allied with the State. The unsanctified bonds

which joined them are severed; they live together, but in separate apartments: the State has ceased to respect the Church, and the Church has no affection for a State which she rightly conceives has doue her wrong. The Church brought the State a large dowry, but it was understood and agreed that this marriage portion should be reserved for religious purposes—for the support and maintenance of the Church for ever. The State, before the ink was dry or the wax firm, violated that solemn compact, and squandered upon worthless and abandoned parasites the treasures thus obtained. Every year injury accumulated, and insult was added to injury. All union is now virtually at an end, and if the Church would preserve her good name, or save herself from worse disasters, she must not hesitate, but come forth at once from that which is unholy, and snap the silken ligatures ere they are changed to fetters of coldest iron. "The heathen are come into the inheritance of GOD: his holy temple have they defiled."

It is very startling to some ears to advocate a separation of Church and State; the phrase smells strong of Dissent, and is redolent of the Conventicle, but let not this prevent its being considered calmly and dispassionately. The question might be treated in a very brief manner. We might say that, as a State Church, the Church of England was no more, and point to the Statute Book and the pages of Hansard for Bible-proof of our assertion,—the Church Commission, the New Poor Law, and the declarations of the "Conservative" Ministers, as our witnesses. But we will go further back; we assert that the alliance was evil in its conception, unhallowed in its consummation, and ruinous in its sequences; that it was based upon fraud, and perfected by spoliation; and we beg and pray the Church to arouse all her energies, to awaken the dormant enthusiasm of her disciples, and at once shake off a temporal restraint which usurps, and will not hesitate to destroy every remnant of her ancient and legitimate power.

"The Priests of GOD are the Tribunes of the People;" they are the servants of Him who is above all, and as such should be respected, *and as such should respect themselves.* How degrading, then, to see the vicegerent of heaven submitting to the direction of a motley Parliament and a Lay Commission—to see the messenger of mercy become an administrator of earthly justice, and the preacher of a Catholic and Apostolic Faith dependent on the minister or gold for his cure. The

Catholic Church of our fathers requires no support, needs no sustenance from the State. Thrones, and parliaments, and dynasties, are but the creatures of public opinion; the power which made can destroy. Their tenure of office is uncertain, and their judgments fallible; but the Church is enthroned in the hearts of the people; her monitions are alike audible in the conscience of the peasant and the lord of broad acres; her supernal power it is which regulates governments, and teaches senators wisdom. The mitre is encircled with a halo of glory emanating from Heaven, and shedding the light of its truth, its mercy, and its charity over the surface of the earth on which it sojourns. Oh! we mock the Church when we crave the aid of the State to enforce her mandates!

We much fear that more than one dignitary of our Church will, ere long, exclaim in the language of one whose fate they will do well to remember:—

> "Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
> I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
> Have left me naked to mine enemies."

The whisper of these things has already been heard, and when it is too late, like WOLSEY, our prelates will sound the alarm, and in the same moment capitulate. The Church has friends, many, right honest and true, but in her hour of seeming prosperity and fancied security, basking in the bland smile of an expedient Minister, she knows them not; and in the time which is at hand, in the day which is hurrying on, these firm and banded friends will be unable to save a fortress which has sapped its own foundations, and dug a mine for its own destruction. This is no time for delay. We say it with truthful sadness—the Church has even now lost all its vantage ground, and must do battle with a conquering foe with fearful odds in his favour. Nevertheless if she will throw down the secular sword, denude herself of that armour which encumbers instead of rendering assistance—if she will renounce her temporalities, and appeal to the people to support the religion of the Cross, such an appeal will not be made in vain; and if for awhile her incomes are diminished or her revenues reduced, the integrity of the Church will be secured, and her vitality restored. Let the descendants of the arch-spoliators of the Reformation retain, if they will, the price of their ancestors' crime: let them add to their hoards the pittance which

they now dole out to the Church. She will not require it; we would only ask the repeal of the Mortmain Act, and demand the temples in which the people worship. For the rest let Shylock have his bond. The Church can only purchase her redemption at such a price, and let it be freely paid. We should then have fewer "cast-iron parsons;" the Rector would not sit on the magisterial bench, or keep his hounds, or ride his hunters. Be it so. These are not the times for pharisaical automatons: we wish that clerical magistrates had quitted the judgment seat before they had brought reproach thereon; and a fox-hunting, game-preserving clergyman, is as odious in our eyes as what he calls a "popularity-hunting parson" is in the eyes of the Home Secretary.

CHARLES ARNOLD.

A SKETCH.

"How dark appear to mortal man
The mysteries which guide this world."

I was seated at breakfast a few years ago in the happy mood in which a man possessed of a fine estate, and the prospect of a life of happiness before him, may naturally indulge. The servant entered with the *Times*, wet from the press. With the paper in one hand, and a cup of chocolate in the other, I reclined at mine ease by my fire-side. I scanned the contents of the journal in a merry mood, laughing at this joke, wondering at the childish folly of that. My eye at length settled on the following paragraph:—"One of the most singular and unaccountable murders that has occurred for years took place yesterday in the town of T——. Charles Arnold, esq., a young gentleman married a short time since, destroyed his wife in a horrible manner. In the morning, before breakfast, the unfortunate lady entered the dining-room where her husband was by himself. Some words passed between them, and were heard by a servant in an adjoining room—a heavy blow and a faint cry were heard. The domestic rushed in, when she discovered her unfortunate mistress lying on the floor a corpse; her brains having been beaten out by her husband with a poker, which he was holding in his hand when discovered. When spoken to he did not seem to know what he had done, but in a moment or two afterwards fell down beside the

corpse, weeping bitterly. Without a word he surrendered himself to the officers of justice, and no motive can be assigned for this fatal outburst of passion. The prisoner, who possesses extensive property, was highly respected in the town prior to this atrocious and bloody tragedy. Our reporter has just arrived from the prison, and states that the prisoner has not betrayed the slightest feeling since he has been in custody. It cannot be that he is insane, as his prior conduct does not in any way lead to that conclusion."

Charles Arnold a murderer! My own true friend! Good God, it cannot be so! He whom I have loved and valued as my best friend, with whom I stood before the sacred altar a few months before, when he received at my hands the lovely being whom he had thus horridly butchered. Yet there were the lines—there the whole circumstances described with awful fidelity. Charles Arnold and myself had been students together at Oxford: we had read together, toiled together, and won College honours together. A bond of friendship had arisen between us which nothing could break down or dissolve. Warm, ardent, and generous, no man could be more popular amongst his acquaintance, none more idolized by his friends. What a gay and happy life we had led together! We both left College at the same time: the world was before us, and we could laugh at its tricks and changing strife, having neither to look to its patronage for support, or to its dissipations for our pleasures. Soon afterwards I was called to London by the serious illness of my mother. I left Charles at a snug rectory in Somerset, desperately enamoured with a fair and lovely girl, the ward of the clergyman. We constantly corresponded; each letter I received spoke of his affection for Margaret, and his delight the more he discovered her various amiable and charming qualities. The girl was almost penniless and portionless, and a few designing friends, who had heard of the attachment of Charles, sneered at him for the course he was pursuing. What did he care for that? In many of his letters to me he alluded, in the warmth and noble feeling of his heart, to the ignoble and paltry course his relatives had taken in endeavouring to thwart his attachment. Margaret Seale had beauty, education, and every quality to make a married life a happy one; but she was poor. That was the secret which guided the opposition to the match. Arnold soon discovered it, and, acting like a high-minded and generous fellow, he married her. I

gave the bride away, and truly I had never seen a couple whom I more envied than Arnold and his wife. They went abroad. Italy afforded them a glorious ramble for a couple of months, and then they returned to England. They joined me in London soon after, and if ever I experienced delight in the companionship of friends it was in their society. If there is happiness in married life surely it was with them. They left after a week's sojourn, giving me a warm invitation to visit them in the country. It was only a week since they had left me. Arnold a murderer! What a thought! Yes, I must be off at once: I must see and know why and how the deed was committed.

Away I started for T—— as fast as four horses could carry me. It was towards evening when I entered the town; the streets seemed full of bustle and excitement. I ordered the postilion to stop, and eagerly accosting the first person I could meet, I enquired what was the matter. The man hastily informed me that a coroner's jury had just returned a verdict of "wilful murder" against Arnold. I hastened at once to a magistrate whom I knew, and obtained an order for instant admittance to the prison to see the unhappy man. It was a gloomy, dilapidated building, its appearance bespeaking its purpose. The turnkey who ushered me through the gloomy cells was a dull, misanthropic man. I urged and besought him to give me some intelligence respecting the state of the unfortunate prisoner, but I could gain nothing by my inquiries. He led the way to the cell, I mechanically following him. The door was unlocked, and there stood Arnold. I wept as I beheld the fallen man. What a change had come over him: he seemed scarcely the same being. I motioned the turnkey to leave us; I was alone with the murderer, in dark and dreary companionship.

"Charles," I asked, "how came you here?"

"Murder," he said, in a low tremulous voice; "blood is on my hands; the mark of Cain is on my brow. I can't weep; I destroyed her—yet not I. Could I destroy my own Margaret? Comrade," he continued, "she was destroyed by my hand, but my soul, my intellect, knew not of the deed—knew not of it until it was accomplished—until the blood flowed from the corpse before me." He stopped; his words were clear, and delivered without excitement, and with apparent truthfulness. I began to imagine that Arnold's intellects were impaired. I

watched his countenance narrowly; I marked the roll of his eye: he seemed no madman. Every word was chosen, every sentence marked with the greatest propriety.

"Go on, Charles," I said; tell me all; "you may, perhaps, be saved from a dreadful doom. I will strive hard, toil hard, aye, I would even die to save you, my friend, from an ignominious death."

My last words aroused him. "I shall not die an ignominious death. Margaret was not murdered by me; my spirit, my mind, would have battled with hell and the grave before they would on their own part have committed such a deed;" and then turning to me, he whispered, as if fearful of being heard, "Conrade, do you believe that evil spirits take up their abode with men?"

"Go on," I said, "let me hear you; hide nothing from me."

He proceeded:—"The day before the death of Margaret a sudden and most unaccountable change came on me. I became an altered man. Instead of manifesting that cheerfulness, good nature, and kindly disposition to those with whom I mingled, I became at once gloomy and reserved. A darkness seemed to mingle round my spirits. At its first appearance I strove hard to banish it. I felt that a being and spirit new to my nature had taken possession of me, had found a home in my bosom. It chained my every movement—it made me hellish—it spurred me on to deeds at which my own soul would have revolted. It made me at once depraved. There was nothing that I had heretofore hated for its wickedness and criminality but I now gladly perpetrated. A day passed, and my character was nearly ruined with the public. I had been discovered in actions base and beyond belief. I retired to rest in a state of intoxication. Margaret remonstrated with me; a woman's love sounded in every word, a wife's tenderness in all she said. A still small voice whispered within my brain as her silvery voice fell on my ear. I could have fallen at her feet, and wept and prayed for forgiveness. No! the power within my bosom was wresting me on to destruction. It seemed as if the little pause which had taken place had only occurred to drive me on in the downward road. I struck the poor girl a heavy blow, which felled her to the ground. I shall never forget the look she gave me when she arose; it was more in sorrow than in anger. 'Charles,' she said, 'I forgive you, but strike me not again; there is something wrong. Tell me what it is;

you are not the same man.' The tears fell from her eyes as she spoke. There was no angry look, and every word sounded mournfully sweet and distinct. 'Not the same man!' Did she, too, know what possessed me? Had my tongue told the hated tale of my curse? I struck her again. She would have left me and sought the protection of the neighbours, but I fastened the door and kept her back. She did not speak, but she wept bitterly. I believe she thought I was mad. There were even then two natures striving within me—my former nature what you knew it, and that implanted within my bosom a few hours before. I gazed on Margaret. She was at a distance, and would not come near me; her hair was dishevelled, and in wild confusion; her features were pale and haggard, yet still there was the beauty which had so enamoured my heart in former days. The more I looked on that sweet creature did I seem to recover possession of my former faculties. I struggled hard to regain them. A sudden light shone through me; I comprehended what I had done.

"'Margaret,' I said, 'forgive me; I know not what I do. Forgive me; you know me not; pray for me. I have hell raging within my bosom.'

"'I do forgive you, Charles,' she replied. 'But what is that you say—hell within your bosom?'

"'An evil spirit, Margaret,' I answered.

"'I will pray for you, Arnold,' she said. She knelt down by the bedside: I followed her example. With folded hands, and in a deep humble tone, she prayed for me, her unhappy husband. Nothing could be more simple, more affecting. We arose: my heart was ready to burst with grief for my previous conduct. She affectionately besought me to retire to rest. I complied. Soon I fell asleep. It was a strange kind of slumber; my mind was alive, and its powers were more acute than ever. A sound as of distant music fell on my ear; then came, as it were, a hot, clammy hand, resting on my brow, scorching me with its heat; then I felt the cool and reviving influence of water, as it seemed to trickle down my burning brow. I awoke: the light in the room was still burning. The place Margaret occupied by my side was vacant. Yes, there she was, kneeling at the foot of the bed in prayer. I knew she was praying for me. Frequent sobs attested that her prayer breathed forth from the inmost recesses of her heart. I heard my

name frequently uttered. A calm stole over me. I thought I too would pray, but I could not collect my thoughts for devotion. Yes, I felt it. Again was the evil spirit rising within me; I closed my eyes once more, but I could not sleep. Presently Margaret rose from her knees, and came to the side of the bed where I lay. She looked to see if I were asleep. My eyes were closed, and she thought I was. I felt the soft kiss of woman on my hot and burning cheek, and heard her say, 'Poor Charles,' and then she went and lay down by my side. Soon she fell asleep. I was lying looking towards the candle, which was gradually sinking in the socket, when a small bright yellowish flame attracted my attention. It played about the room at a distance, presently it came nearer and nearer, and took up its station near me. It seemed a supernatural visitation. I jumped out of bed; the flame gradually retreated as I advanced towards it, 'I will follow it,' I said, and hastily slipping on my clothes I pursued it. My bedroom door was shut; the flame passed through it; it was still visible. It took its station at the head of the stairs, as if waiting for me to accompany it. I followed it out into the street. It led me towards the church. I met no living soul on my way, and all was dull and silent.

"The clock struck two as I came near the church. The light led me into the church-yard, where it finally settled on a grave. I came towards it, and viewed it narrowly. Amid that little flame were the lineaments of a human face I once well knew. A secret was told me—a horrid, awful secret. The countenance was vividly and distinctly shewn; it looked on me sorrowfully. I knelt on that grave, the flame still keeping its position. I eyed it with frenzy; it tormented me to madness. I attempted to grasp it—to destroy it if I could, as a more than mortal agony tormented my frame. Once more I attempted to grasp, and at the same moment I felt a rush of blood from the heart—a dizziness came on, and I fell to the ground senseless. I was awoke by the church clock striking five. The sun was breaking out in all his majesty and glory. I arose from the grave; all my energies seemed gone. How I got to my house I cannot tell; but none of the inmates were up. I immediately proceeded to my room. Margaret was still asleep; I took my place by her side. About an hour afterwards she awoke and began dressing herself; she thought I was slumbering, and her movements were as silent as possible, fearful of disturbing me. She left the room, leaving me apparently in deep slumber, I followed her

down stairs soon after. I went into the dining-room; no one was there. The evil spirit had again resumed its power. Could I resist it? Could I destroy its influence? I tried. No! I could not cast it out; it clung to me firmly. Apparently it had taken up its residence with me for ever. I threw myself on the carpet; I groaned and wept in the hopelessness of despair. A bitter heart-rending cry burst from my lips. My servants heard me, and told Margaret, who hastened to me. Would to God she had never come. She spoke to me. I made no answer. A dark foreboding of distant horror came on my soul. She thought, perhaps, I did not hear her, for I was standing with my back to her, my hands covering my face.

"Could I have but spoken one word to say that the evil spirit was on me in all its power, and to urge her to flee, I might now, perhaps, have been happy. She came near and touched me on the back with her soft small hand, to rouse me from my sullen silence. Merciful God! that touch was as the unletting of all the devils in hell within my breast to play with my passions. Its thrill ran through my frame. Can you believe me, Conrade, when I say I seized the poker with the fury and passion of a demon, and that it fell from my grasp as with a fiendish and heavy blow I struck the innocent girl. One cry was heard, and I felt brains and blood come flying in my face. My former nature at once regained its power; my passion ceased. I was unconscious of what I had done. I looked on the ground. Margaret was lying dead. They told me that I was her destroyer—that her brains had been dashed out by my savage violence. The servants came in, and when they saw their mistress they fled away. My agony could not weep; it could not show itself in outward semblance. I was like an idiot when I viewed the slaughter I had committed. A crowd assembled round the house; soon the constables came, and I was led to prison."

He stopped; there was a low short breathing.

"You were insane at the time, Charles; you must have been to have committed such a deed," I said.

"Listen to me Conrade," he replied; "you cannot laugh at what I have been saying. Do you doubt its truth? I will tell you something more: you can keep a secret, and this is a secret of the grave. I have received an intimation of approaching death. I don't despise it. Philosophy might have sneered at it, but there is with visitations of life and death a reality which neither the illiterate nor learned can see or

comprehend. I die to night," he continued, "not by my own hand, but by the will of Heaven. Without priest I have become resigned to death. Here," he said, producing a New Testament, "have I gained a peace that the world knows nothing of. Men may filter its precepts to suit their creeds, but its truths can never die. What is the hour?" he enquired.

I looked at my watch; it was eight o'clock.

"Then I have but four hours to live. Conrade, read a chapter to me."

I read the 1st chapter of Revelations. When I had finished he exclaimed, "What a magnificent description; how I should like to read the original Hebrew."

"Arnold, from what I have heard to-night I fancy you are deranged. What you have been saying sounds as if it proceeded from a distempered brain."

"You know me," he replied. "I have never feared to speak the truth; all the pains of the rack could not extort a lie from my lips. As I hope for eternal salvation hereafter, what I have told you is true."

He was proceeding when the Governor of the gaol entered, and informed me that my visit had passed the usual hour, and I must leave. Arnold earnestly requested that I might remain a few minutes longer, to which no objection was offered.

"Conrade, I have told you that I have received a warning of approaching death. I have taken steps to meet that death as a Christian. My property is disposed of to a good purpose. Mark me, friend, I have received a knowledge of the hour when my dissolution will take place. If one word of what I have been saying to you is false, then will you see me alive to-morrow; if true, then we shall never meet again. I now go to my cell. I pass the few dreary hours that I must exist in prayer. I have much to be forgiven. Adieu, God bless you." He grasped me by the hand. I looked on him with undefinable feelings of mystery and awe. I tore myself away from him; the door closed on me, and we parted.

I found my way to the hotel, believing, yet almost afraid to believe, the few last words that Arnold had spoken. I retired to rest: I could not sleep. Weeping and praying for my poor unhappy friend, I spent the hours of darkness. Almost before daylight I was up and dressed, and hurried down to the gaol. The doors were not yet opened, nor

was any one stirring. I waited near the entrance for a few minutes till I heard the bell ring. Soon the door was opened by the turnkey. I eagerly asked him to admit me to see Mr. Arnold.—"I can't stop, I am going for a doctor; the poor gentleman be dead." I rushed in. I entered his cell: Arnold was not there. I heard voices sounding at a distance. I proceeded thither, and found the governor and turnkeys in one of the sleeping wards of the prison. The dead body of Arnold lay on the ground. It was cold and stiff; a faint smile illumined his features; his hands were clasped as if his spirit had passed away whilst at prayer. Evidently his death had been free from pain. A *post mortem* examination of the body was made, but there was nothing to show that his death was a premeditated act, or how it had taken place.

Alas! the unhappy Arnold had spoken truly; he had been destroyed by the destroyer.

Taunton.

SONG.

HERE's a health to the fair one whoever she be
Who may one day my "feelings enslave;"
Be she then in her teens, or a sipper of tea,
Be she wild, blithesome, buxom or grave.

A sylph or a Venus, imposing and tall,
Smart and roguish, or stately and staid;
Provided she loves me, I'll overlook all,
If her person's but charmingly made.

Let her eyes be sky blue or as black as a sloe,
With languishing looks or with fire;
I'm sure I could love, if with love they but glow,
And are form'd a like love to inspire.

Be her hair dark as jet, or as flaxen as flax,
In ringlets, in plaits, or in curls;
There's no reason there for my love to relax,—
False hair would be suiting for *girls*.

Let her mouth be expressive of sweetness or scorn,
Let her lips be all pouts or all joy;
I think, if she loves me, it all may be borne
Provided there's nought to annoy.

Here's a health to the fair one whoever she be,
Who may one day my "feelings enslave;"
Be she then in her teens, or a sipper of tea,
Be she wild, blithesome, buxom or grave.

THE MOVEMENT.

THE march of mind is taking rapid strides amongst all classes throughout the country. A new impulse has been given to mental and physical education. A change has sprung up—a spirit has arisen, which, until it started into being, the politician could never have dreamt—the philosopher formed no conception. It is a spirit which has breathed forth from no kingly halls or marble palaces, but from the noble and lofty impulses of the human intellect alone. Its progress has scarce commenced, and yet its triumph is sure and certain. Society is looking on in wonder. Party spirit is almost paralyzed by the *un*party spirit the movement assumes. Everywhere is it creating excitement—the man who has been but slightly educated is beginning to pant for more knowledge, to thirst for improvement. The humble mechanic whose head has found no other employment than in the menial labour of his hands, *thinks* this. Thinkings embody home truths—"I have a mind, but no one has told me how to improve it ; rich and poor have passed me by." That knowledge, feeble and small though it be, teaches him one great truth—to spend the time formerly passed in the pot-house in the cultivation of his faculties. The pathway of his humanity, though dimly illumined, has raised mind above matter. Who is there that, amid the battling of Tories, Whigs, and Radicals, has not sickened at the cant, corruption, and intolerance which have marked the two first parties, and the low popularity-seeking of the other. The party hate that has lately marked political and religious differences in this *Christian* country exceeds all belief. The Churchman denounces the Dissenter; the Wesleyan Dissenter hates Catholicism, and in his hymn-book calls on the Deity to chase his Unitarian brother's doctrine down to hell ;* the Baptist violently opposes and denounces the Clergy and doctrines of the Established Church. What an anomaly do the two rival systems of Catholicism and Protestantism present, viewing them from the time of the great reformers of the fifteenth century. *Then* the Catholic, with a deep and hostile spirit, branded and hunted down Protestantism and its professors. How have the tables turned ! With few exceptions, and they are exceptions which will arise wherever there is human nature, we see the Catholic the warm advocate of Christian

* Vide 433 hymn in Wesleyan Hymn Book.

charity, and anxious to live in peace and concord; and the Protestant assuming the character the Romanist formerly bore. Some human reformer is wanted to meet the exigencies of the times. Some change is required: society cannot go on in its present state of alienation. Who can quell the tumult? Who can pour oil on the troubled waters of strife? There is a call being made from every part of the country to bury the feuds of party feeling—to respect our brother more—to cool down those asperities which have marked man and man. There is a spirit abroad which aims at this—nearer and nearer does it approach—slow but surely it comes. "It will bide its time." Religious hate and mutual discord must cease, and that, too, ere long. Away with party; fling those creeds to the wind which will not tolerate another. They are worthless, depend upon it. Let us in our charity bid God speed to those men whose religious opinions are productive of morality, and which improve the social and religious condition of society. Mystified they may be, characterised by singularity they may stand, yet each is worthy of respect as possessing the *germ* of true religion in its belief. Let us as one man tread down the great barrier which creates this feeling in society. The line of demarcation is religious differences,—these have fed the flame of hatred, and made our country a crying curse to humanity and civilization. A oneness in religion will come. It comes, not with persecution or the hate of man, but with mutual love and fellowship. Let us cultivate a friendship with those who differ from us; let us see each other's good qualities, even though it be "through a glass darkly," being assured that it will finally make way for that great and glorious light, which, uniting society in a tenfold bond, will bring about a great and glorious regeneration of the human race.

Taunton, Nov., 1844. ROSCURUCIA.

In an eager pursuit to be happy, and to be rich, men do many unwise, and some unprincipled actions; it ends in their becoming miserable, and continuing poor.—*Vivian Grey.*

A man's soul should always be elevated, and his passions would then require little purification.—*Ibid.*

The brain is the mansion-house of Reason, and he who worships at Reason's shrine, though poor as Lazarus, holds a higher rank in Nature's scale than the proudest monarch.

A madman, a man of prejudice, and irritable or malignant disposition (vulgarly termed "bad temper"), are alike, and should be treated accordingly.

THE BACHELOR.

Some Gentlemen begg'd a Lady one day
To explain in a full, comprehensible way,
What the curious term, "Old Bachelor," meant?
And declared till they knew they would not be content.

She was ask'd by a pair of elderly brothers,
By fellows of Oxford and Cambridge, and others,
And several sportsmen, and every guest
Came forward to second each other's request;
An extraordinary fancy, it must be confest!
The Lady replied, that she felt quite unable,
For Bachelors many were then at her table;
But as they were urgent, and still she had fears
That truth might be grating or harsh to their ears,
She promised to write whene'er she had time,
A full and complete definition in rhyme;
And with their permission, the same would inscribe
To themselves and their friends of the Bachelor Tribe;—
(A nondescript race, very hard to describe.)

The Gentlemen hoped that she soon might have leisure,
For to read of *themselves* would be infinite pleasure?
As they love their *dear selves* they knew beyond measure,
And themselves their own *selves*, were their hearts' greatest treasure.

Then she sought for an eye glass the better to see,
And this eye glass or spy glass, which e'er it might be,
Could magnify *small* things, as all will agree:
As she took a *hard* pen, or a pencil of steel,
To make these unfeeling Old Bachelors feel:
And pourtrayed them in rhymes of two, three, and four,
Dull prose having often described them before,
And prosing in prose being always a bore.

The Naturalists say these *singular* creatures
Are alike in their habits, their form, and their features:
The Benedicts think that their senses are small;
While Women affirm, 'they have no sense at all,'
But are curious compounds of very odd stuff,
Inflexible, hard, and remarkably tough!

The old ones have wigs, the young ones have hair,
And they curl it, and scent it, and friz it with care,
And turn it to dark, should it chance to be fair.
They are wanderers, and ramblers, and never at home,
Making sure of a welcome wherever they roam,
And every one knows that the Bachelor's den
Is a room set apart for these singular men;
A nook in the clouds, of perhaps five feet by four,
Tho' sometimes, perchance, it may be rather more,
With skylight or no light, ghosts, goblins, and gloom,
And ev'ry where term'd "The Bachelor's room."

These creatures they say, are not valued at all,
Except when *the Herd* gives a Bachelor's ball.
Then drest in their best, in their gold broidered vest,
'Tis known as a fact, that they act with much tact,
And they lisp out 'How do?' and they coo and they sue,
And they smile for awhile, their guest to beguile;
Condescending and bending, for fear of offending;
Tho' inert, they exert to be pert and to flirt;
And they turn and they twist,
And they e'en play at whist;
And they whirl and they twirl,

And they whisk and are brisk;
And they whiz and they quiz,
And they spy with their eye,
And they sigh as they fly,
For they meet to be sweet,
And be fleet on their feet.

Pattering and flattering and chattering,
Spluttering and fluttering and buttering,
Advancing and glancing and dancing and prancing,
And bumping and jumping and stumping and thumping,
Sounding and bounding around and around;
Sliding and gliding with minuet pace,
Perouetting and setting with infinite grace.

They like dashing and flashing, and lashing and splashing,
And racing and chasing, and pacing and lacing;
They are frittering and glittering, gallant and gay,
Yawning all morning, and lounging all day;
Love living in London, life loitering away
At the Club and at Crockfords, the Park and the Play.

But when the Bachelor boy grows old,
And these Butterfly days are past;
When threescore years their tale have told,
He then repents at last,
When he becomes an *odd* old man,
With no warmer friends than his warming pan!—

He is fidgetty, fretful, and frousy, in fine,
Loves *self* and his bed, and his dinner and wine!
And he rates and he prates, as he reads the debates,
Abuses the world, and the women he hates;
And is prosing, and dozing, and cozing all day,
And snoring, and boring, and roaring away.
He is grievously given to gôut and to Gout,
Dyspeptic, Rheumatic, and never goes out.

And he's snuffy, and puffy, and huffy, and stuffy,
And musty, and fusty, and rusty, and crusty,
Sneezing, and wheezing, and teazing, and freezing,
Provoking, and croaking, and joking, and smoking,
And grumbling, and mumbling, and stumbling, and tumbling,
Falling, and bawling, and sprawling, and crawling,
And withering, and dithering, and quivering, and shivering.
Waking, and aching, and quaking, and shaking,
Ailing, and failing, and always bewailing,
Dreary, and weary, and nothing that's cheery.
Groaning, and moaning, his selfishness owning,
And sighing, and crying, and ev'ry day dying,
And grieving, and heaving, when really he's leaving
But wealth, and ill health, and his pelf, and dear self.

Then he sends for a Doctor to cure or to kill,
Who gives him offence as well as a pill,
By dropping a hint about making his will;
And as fretful Antiquity cannot be mended,
The lonely life of the Bachelor's ended.

Nobody mourns him, and nobody sighs,
Nobody misses him, nobody cries,
For nobody grieves when a Bachelor dies.

Now, Gentlemen, hearken, for this is the life
That is led by a man never blest with a wife;
And this is the way that he yields up his breath,
Attested by all who are in at the death.

A "FACT" FOR THE POOR LAW COMMISSIONERS.

"THERE is a species of insanity," says Dr. Voisin, of Paris, "to which the *Swiss* peasantry, who are, as a people, generally very badly off, the Southern Germans, and the very *poor* about Milan, are *particularly subject*, arising chiefly, if not wholly, from a *bad* or *scanty* diet. Among the Monks, too, who observe rigidly a spare regimen, insanity is of frequent occurrence." Hereby we see that none (even a great philosopher) can break, or even attempt to break, *Nature's* laws *(which are the laws of God)*, physical or moral, with impunity. In short, he would not deserve, any more than the idiot, the epithet of "philosopher" did he do so. Those only "who walk with Nature find her paths are peace." All our Creator's laws are in beautiful harmony; they are immutable and are *written on the Universe by the finger of God himself.* The whole world is a great book of God's mercy. Even pain is a wise and merciful provision of Nature, to warn us when we break her laws.

*** We hope our talented correspondent will excuse the liberty we have taken in specially calling the attention of the "*Guardians*" of England's poor peasantry to this too short article. The laws of Nature, "WHICH ARE THE LAWS OF GOD," are daily, hourly, shamelessly, and awfully outraged in this "Christian" land, and by "Christian" men, who, with hypocrisy truly appalling, and a mendacity almost beyond conception, dare to invoke the blessing of Heaven, and preach salvation to the heathen, when at home, on the very steps of their own Exeter Hall, lie crouching the hungry, the miserable, and the dying. 'Tis fearfully true, starvation will beget madness, will light the torch of the incendiary, and will prompt the murderer's hand. 'Tis true,—lack of food and cruel treatment will destroy reason, will make the beggar a lunatic; but it is surely true that the vacant gaze, the horrid scream, and the lingering, long moan of the madman, will be heard and answered by HIM who is no respecter of persons. A member of the House of Commons tells the world that in England—"in this highly favoured land,"—he found in a Poor Law Bastille the poor mother suckling her child with a crowd of maniacs hovering round her; and that on every side he was met by the cry, "God love you, sir, give us bread." Is the religious feeling of our countrymen extinct?

THE POET'S LOVE.*

A lonely grave, mid the barren hills
  Over which sweeps on the breeze
For ever by, with a ceaseless dirge,
  And moans through the leafless trees.

A stranger kneels by that lonely grave,
  With a proud and lofty brow,
But a cloud of grief has darkened its light,
  And the shadow rests on him now.

A vision of old o'er his memory steals,
  He thinks of his early years;
He looks on the past with longing eyes,
  Though dimmed with his blinding tears.

The years since past like a long, long dream
  Of ambition—of fame—depart,
And sobs, as of childhood's changeful hours,
  Are rending the proud man's heart.

He has left the crowd, and its words of praise,
  The smiles of the fair, the brave,
His heart echoes not the gentlest tones
  Enshrined in that silent grave.

A young fair face is before him still,
  With its dark and braided hair,
The soft eyes, filled with the light of mind,
  The bright smile—all are there.

His poet love—the first, the best,
  The passionate love of youth,
Which flows in a pure, unchanging stream,
  Fresh from the well of truth.

Oh! the world of fancies that vision wrought,
  He lives yet again in the past,
The dreams of the future, which haunted him then,
  With a beauty too bright to last.

What to him is ambition—the voice of fame—
  The glory his genins had won?
He would give them all for a smile of her's—
  His gentle, his long-lost one.

* Cino da Pistoia was a celebrated poet, doctor, and teacher of civil law. In early life he loved the beautiful Ricciardo Da Selvaggia, also celebrated for her poetical talents. The parents being exiled from Pistoia by a contrary faction, took refuge among the Appenines. Here Cino followed them; and here Ricciardo died. In after years, when crossing the Appenines, after having won fame, wealth, and honour, he sought alone the grave of his early love, and wept over it. She died about the year 1316.

He has grasped the undying laurel leaf,
That graceful brow to shade,
And the poet's love has immortal grown
With the wreath which years cannot fade.

Ah! lovely as rare, the unchanging truth,
Unchilled by the cold world's breath,
The holy love, which perishes not,
But survives the grave and death.

ADA.

THE OFFERTORY.

If proof were wanting of the fearfully rapid increase of a spirit of infidelity and apathy, in matters of religion, the loud and bitter hostility with which the revival of the Offertory has been met would furnish painfully convincing testimony of this lamentable fact. It must now be evident to the most incredulous that the Protestant Church of England has nearly, if not entirely, lost her hold upon the affections of the people; it must be apparent that the degrading connection with the State, and the carelessness and the lukewarmness of the Clergy, have done a serious, if not fatal, damage to the Church of England. It is the boast of the Dissenter that Churchmen have no real feelings of religion—that their homage is mechanical, and their worship a form. Would that we could deny the accusation, throw back the withering taunt, and demonstrate its falsehood; but, alas! every day, almost every hour, is now bringing up a fresh witness against us, and supplying a new link in the evidence of our adversary. We are reaping the fruits of our fathers' apostacy and worldly mindedness.

One of the most talented of the London journals truly says:—"It is very probable that the whole lay population of England has been so far imbued with Dissenting and Calvinistic principles as to have really gone further from the principles of a Church only *reformed* from that of Rome than any Episcopal clergy could well follow, and that an adherence to forms not unsuited to a Protestant Church may startle those *quasi* Dissenters with a semblance of making lee-way back to Rome."* And it is beyond dispute that of the great mass of church-goers very few are Churchmen. They observe the form of attending within the consecrated walls, but they have no faith in the holy creed. They care not how

* The *Spectator*, Dec. 7.

loose in discipline or how apathetic in manner the priest may be, but zeal, strictness, or energy, they cannot abide. They are Dissenters in all but the name. To such as these an observance of the commands of the Rubric, and a weekly Offertory, cannot but be peculiarly distasteful. Such things are high treason against Geneva. We are told that the Offertory is *illegal* when the proceeds are appropriated to other purposes than *the relief of the poor of the parish*, and it may be so; and if it is so we know full well that the Church is now bound to yield obedience, even in spiritual matters, to temporal laws and Lay Commissioners,—to statutes enacted by Dissenters, and worked by their nominees. We know this right well, and we will not stop to enquire how far such a doctrine will interfere with every collection for charitable purposes, whether made in the meeting-house or the cathedral, unless sanctioned by Act of Parliament, or permitted by the Home Secretary, for we do not mean to defend the introduction of the Offertory for any other purpose than the relief of the poor of the parish—the giving of alms to the needy, and the sick, and the destitute—and for this we assert that it is a legal, scriptural, and Godly institution, eminently calculated to promote real piety and Catholic feelings in every class of the community. Then we are met with the objection that another and a more certain provision is now made for the poor, and that alms-giving is rendered unnecessary by the existence of a Poor-Law; and this objection is sustained by the advocacy of the leading journal of the day, with all its usual ability and accustomed eloquence; still we must venture to express a very humble opinion that the *Times* is on this particular point *(where the Offertory is for the poor of the parish)* in error, and a very earnest hope that, ere long, its talent and its influence will be again enlisted on the side of the Poor and the Church.

We do not doubt that the Irish Attorney General could easily furnish Sir James Graham with an indictment, containing we know not how many counts, and including Henry, Lord Bishop of Exeter, and every clergyman in his diocese, as defendants, for that they did knowingly and wilfully, and with malice aforethought, conspire together to subvert and bring into contempt the laws enacted for the relief of the poor, by making, and causing to be made in their respective churches, an illegal, novel, and seditious collection of money; and by the illegal, &c., distribution of such monies, so illegally, &c., collected

as aforesaid, did knowingly, &c., bring into contempt and evil repute the aforesaid mild, merciful, and benevolent laws for the relief of the poor of this realm, &c. &c. It would be a fine occupation for that clever functionary. But we have yet to learn that charity is an offence against law, or the giving of alms punishable as a crime. We have been taught to consider these as Christian duties, enjoined by the Sacred Volume, and observed by the Church in all ages: we thought that obedience herein brought its own reward, and that it was a command pleasurable to fulfil, giving and securing comfort. But no, it is exceedingly unpleasant, we are told, to be detained in the church whilst a collection is made for the poor; it is very annoying to wait ten minutes for dinner, to be requested to subscribe money to purchase a dinner for the poor also; it is manifestly wrong that the sanctity of high and cushioned pews should be violated for the purpose of gathering alms for those who sit on the benches; it is scandalous and irregular, and clearly an innovation of Papal Rome. Oh! little do these ultra-Protestants—these scrupulous Evangelicals—think how much they exalt "Papal Rome" by such assertions: little do they think how many will look longingly towards the "seven hills," and will view with the eye of mildest censure the worst errors of a religion which is so denounced!

How does the State provide for the poor? Can the Church close her eyes to what passes in the Union Houses? And if, by the Offertory, only a few poor families are saved from this last degradation—if only a few old men and women are by this means enabled to spend the last hours of a weary life in the companionship of those they love, and in the little cottage, where they have grown up from children, sink down to the grave in freedom, will not the prayers of a noble-hearted peasantry call blessings from Heaven upon the Church, and amply repay her devoted servants for the misconstruction and mockery they are enduring? Year after year has the Church tamely surrendered her privileges; every year the usurpations of the State have increased; laymen are become dictators in spiritual affairs, and the parishes of England and the poor of England are handed over to the tender mercies of a Board of Guardians. Every Session of Parliament has brought forth some measure of deprivation, some interference with matters ecclesiastical; and now, when one of the prelates of the Church—a man of true piety, extraordinary attainments, and powerful eloquence—has

boldly come forward, and firmly discharged the duties of his responsible office, the cry is loud for further state interference, for new restrictions to be placed on the authority of the Church. Parish meetings are convened, and remonstrance soon merges into insult; the Press sends forth "slashing articles," and "Evangelical" clergymen endeavour to prove that the ordinances and ceremonies of their own church are Papistical! If we ask the cause of this commotion, the reason of all this clamour, we are answered—"a Bishop has decreed that the Surplice shall be worn during the sermon, and has advised a weekly Offertory!" And this it is which is frighting our fair isle from its propriety—a surplice, and a weekly offering for the poor! Surely we are mistaken. When the poor were to be imprisoned in Bastilles, because they *were* poor—when husband and wife were to be separated—when profligacy was to be sanctioned by law—when every sacred feeling of human nature was about to be strangely violated, where were then these parish meetings? where the warnings of these "Evangelical" priests? These men were mute then; *they* were not affected by the proposed change, and they observed a profound silence; they were told that the poor could be "provided for" at a much more economical rate in the Union House than if out-door relief were permitted, and they never thought of enquiring whether their comfort would also be "provided for" in these dreary-looking abodes. They saw them driven in by troops—the grey haired old man, with one foot already in the grave, the bedridden widow, the fatherless, and the orphan;—they see now mothers, with sucking children in their arms, condemned to break stones; they hear the verdicts of juries, which tell of what is next of kin to murder in these dread prisons, and they are still mute. These things concern them not; but if a Surplice is to be worn, a Rubric to be obeyed, or an Offertory advised, if a clergyman uses a crucifix in his private devotions, or calls the Mother of our Saviour "blessed," then will the wrath of a Bickersteth and the eloquence of a Noel be poured forth in all the blind fervour of Protestant bigotry; then will shop-keeping citizens hold parish meetings, and talk loud and long about a church they care not for, and a religion they are too worldly-minded to understand. Let the truth be told, these men do not like to give when the giver is not chronicled.

It is but too true, "we are a nation of humbugs." Men will dis-

pute and wrangle on points of discipline—on matters of comparative insignificance—who care not for the essentials of religion, neglect its most sacred ordinances, and speak lightly of its holiest laws. They cannot serve God and Mammon, and we fear worldly wisdom will guide their election.

*** Since writing the above a correspondent at Tavistock has kindly favoured us with a *private* report of the meeting held in that town to oppose the injunctions of the Bishop of Exeter, and which was presided over by the *Vicar's Churchwarden!* Tavistock is the very hot-bed of Dissent, and we are not much surprised at anything emanating therefrom. We could a tale unfold on matters relevant to this subject, if we were so disposed, but *for the present* forbear. The resolutions are certainly a *very* odd composition—very "forcible-feeble," and more remarkable for the audacity than the accuracy of their statements; they are a jumble of incongruous words signifying nothing. We trust the Rev. Vicar will follow, as he is bound to do, the advice of his Diocesan; and, from a knowledge of his character, we cannot for a moment believe that he is a consenting party to these high sounding resolutions, or that he will sanction the proceedings of his subordinate officer, the Churchwarden. If he does we will thank our correspondent to inform us of the fact, and he will find that we are not afraid to speak a few "home truths" in this, and in every other instance. When a venerable prelate of the Church is thus virulently and indecently assailed, it is time for the true friends of the Church to speak out firmly and fearlessly; to rally round the intrepid man, who, in an age of infidelity, has dared to assert the high and holy principles of a Catholic religion; and we assure our correspondent that we only refrain from a more searching analyzation of this particular instance of opposition in the hope that the *Clergy* of Tavistock, *and more especially the respected Vicar*, will disclaim all connection with the faction in which it has originated, and yield a cheerful and ready obedience to their Bishop.

WANDERINGS OF A FAY.

FOR THE WEST OF ENGLAND MISCELLANY.

A Spirit of etherial birth
Once sojourn'd for a while on earth,
For to the buoyant child of air
Our fallen world look'd passing fair,
And he would rove or pause at will
Amid our scenes of good and ill.

Morn rose in beauty o'er the sea,
The flow'rs sprang sweetly on the lea;
The little birds pour'd through the grove
Their matin song of joy and love,
And in the bright and glowing sky
There shone to many a mortal eye
A sunbeam, of such glorious hue
Heav'n almost open'd to the view,

And on that sunbeam's path of light
The spirit took his earthward flight,
And soon his graceful tiny feet
Stood in the city's crowded street.

Invisible to human eye,
He scann'd the various passers by;
The merchants, with their purse-proud looks,
The student, pale with conning books;
The lawyer's clerk, with well fill'd bags,
The mendicant in tatter'd rags;
The playful children's unspent glee,
The itinerant's measur'd minstrelsy;
And moving on, with looks profound,
The "man of letters" took his round.

Now, thought the Spirit, "I would know
Some of the news of weal and woe."—
One movement of his rapid wings,
And through a window swift he springs!

The parlour wore a pleasant air,
For childhood's cheerful looks were there;
But in the mother's earnest eye
There shone a deep anxiety.
Their father should by yesterday
Have reach'd his home; why this delay?
Now this strange missive too is brought,
Oh! with what tidings is it fraught!
With trembling hand and throbbing heart
She tears its many folds asunder;—
What mean that sudden shriek and start?
The little ones are mute with wonder;
Silenc'd at once their infant play,
They rush to give the fond caress,—
God! in thy sov'reign mercy stay
The widow and the fatherless.

Oh! the strong wrench to loving hearts
When Death, with rod of iron, parts
Affections warm, and true, and deep,—
Why doth not yon poor mourner weep?
Thought, sense, and almost life, are crush'd
Beneath that grasp of agony;
Although her unseen guest hath brush'd
The dew-drop from his radiant eye,
She cannot, may not, find relief
In tears from her o'ermast'ring grief.
Ah! Spirit, all her depths of woe
Your gentle heart can never know,

For Death's dark sceptre hath no power
In your bright realm of song and flow'r:
Not yours to feel his mighty sway,
Nor mourn a brother pass'd away.
Yet did he kindly grieve to see
The woes of poor humanity,
And ere again he soar'd in air
He paus'd, and left a blessing there—
A blessing that would firmly last
When their first wild despair was past.

(To be continued.) FLORENCE.

ODE XI.—BOOK XI.—(HORACE.)

Cease, Quinctius, cease to rack thy brain
With thoughts of Scythia or of Spain;
For powerless are their plans I ween
Since the wide ocean rolls between.
Be not so restless to pursue
The goods of life, its wants are few.
Light youth with airy foot flies fast,
And soon is love and beauty past;
Whilst my old age, with snowy head,
Drives sleep and joy from pleasure's bed.
The flower that blossoms now so fair
Soon, soon will be no longer there;
And time will change the bright moon's ray,
And mingle in its light decay.
Why then fatigue thy mortal soul
With plans above its small control?
Oh! rather stretched beneath the shade
Of some tall tree, or cooling glade,
Our locks bedewed with sweet pomade,
There let us stoop to pleasure's shrine,
And drown our cares in rosy wine;
For Evius is a God who can
Chase weary thoughts from weary man.
—Quick, quick, boy, bring the crystal wave
To cool the juice Falernum gave.

Let our new Doctors in "*Divinity*," in our new "*Sanctuaries of Thought*," become Doctors in *Enquiry* also, and thereby place in their proper places, those Siamese twin, Religion and Morality (at whose shrines we shall then worship), upon their high pedestals—upon their *natural* and most proper bases.

Reviews.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON. BY MRS. ABELL (late Miss Balcombe). *John Murray, London.*

This is a very interesting book. With all the fascination of romance, it bears in every page the impress of truth. Mrs. Abell writes with the elegance and the simplicity of a woman, and with a woman's honourable candour and high sentiment. She has done an act of justice to the memory of Napoleon.

Our space will not admit of more than one or two extracts. The father of our authoress resided at St. Helena, in a cottage called the Briars, which is very prettily described in the introductory chapter, and which was the abode of Napoleon during the first three months of his imprisonment on the island. His first visit is thus related :—

"How vividly I recollect my feelings of dread, mingled with admiration, as I now first looked upon him whom I had learned to fear so much, His appearance on horseback was noble and imposing. The animal he rode was a superb one; his colour jet black; and as he proudly stepped up the avenue, arching his neck and champing his bit, I thought he looked worthy to be the bearer of him who was once the ruler of nearly the whole European world. Napoleon's position on horseback, by adding height to his figure, supplied all that was wanting to make me think him the most majestic person I had ever seen. His dress was green, and covered with orders, and his saddle and housings were of crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. He alighted at our house, and we all moved to the entrance to receive him. Sir George Cockburn introduced us to him. On a nearer approach Napoleon, contrasting, as his short figure did, with the noble height and aristocratic bearing of Sir George Cockburn, lost something of the dignity which had so much struck me on first seeing him. He was deadly pale, and I thought his features, though cold and immoveable, and somewhat stern, were exceedingly beautiful. He seated himself on one of our cottage chairs, and after scanning our little apartment with his eagle glance, he complimented Mamma on the pretty situation of the Briars. When once he began to speak his fascinating smile and kind manner removed every vestige of the fear with which I had hitherto regarded him. While he was talking to Mamma I had an opportunity of scrutinizing his features, which I did with the keenest interest, and certainly I had never seen any one with so remarkable and striking a physiognomy. The portraits of him give a good general idea of his features; but his smile, and the expression of his eye, could not be transmitted to canvass; and these constituted Napoleon's chief charm. His hair was dark brown, and as fine and silky as a child's—rather too much so, indeed, for a man, as its very softness caused it to look thin. His teeth were even, but rather dark, and I afterwards found that this arose from his constant habit of eating liquorice, of which he always kept a supply

in his waistcoat pocket. The Emperor appeared much pleased with the Briars, and expressed a wish to remain there. My father had offered Sir George Cockburn apartments at the cottage, and he immediately assured us of his willingness to resign them to General Buonaparte, as the situation appeared to please him so much; and it was arranged, much apparently to Napoleon's satisfaction, that he should be our guest until his residence at Longwood was fit to receive him. * * * Some chairs were brought out at his request upon the lawn, and seating himself on one, he desired me to take another, which I did with a beating heart. He then said, 'You speak French?' I replied that I did, and he asked me who had taught me. I informed him, and he put several questions to me about my studies, and more particularly concerning geography. He inquired the capitals of the different countries of Europe. 'What is the capital of France? 'Paris.' 'Of Italy?' 'Rome.' Of Russia?' 'Petersburg now,' I replied; 'Moscow formerly.' On my saying this, he turned abruptly round, and fixing his piercing eyes full in my face, he demanded sternly 'Qui l'a brulé?' When I saw the expression of his eye, and heard his changed voice, all my former terror of him returned, and I was unable to utter a syllable. I had often heard the burning of Moscow talked of, and had been present at discussions as to whether the French or Russians were the authors of that dreadful conflagration. I therefore feared to offend him by alluding to it. He repeated the question, and I stammered, 'I do not know, sir,' 'Oui, oui,' he replied, laughing violently; 'Vous savez très bien, c'est moi qui l'a brulé.' On seeing him laugh, I gained a little courage, and said, 'I believe, sir, the Russians burnt it to get rid of the French.' He again laughed, and seemed pleased to find I knew anything about the matter."

Many of the anecdotes are very amusing, and well told :—

"One evening he strolled out, accompanied by General Gourgaud, my sister, and myself, into a meadow in which some cows were grazing. One of these, the moment she saw our party, put her head down, and (I believe) her tail up, and advanced *à pas de charge* against the Emperor. He made a skilful and rapid retreat, and leaping nimbly over a wall, placed this rampart between himself and the enemy. But General Gourgaud valiantly stood his ground, and, drawing his sword, threw himself between his sovereign and the cow, exclaiming, 'This is the second time I have saved the Emperor's life. Napoleon laughed heartily when he heard the General's boast, and said, 'He ought to have put himself in the position to repel cavalry.' I told him the cow appeared tranquillized, and stopped the moment he disappeared, and he continued to laugh, and said, 'She wished to save the English government the expense and trouble of keeping him.'"

The nineteenth chapter is, perhaps, the most seriously interesting of any in the book, as it contains Napoleon's explanation (in his own words) of the charges so repeatedly and so virulently urged against him respecting the Turkish prisoners, the sick in the hospitals at Jaffa, and the death of the Duke D'Enghien. We have not space to give the whole, and an extract cannot be fairly made; but we urge all who have perused the accusation also to read the defence. We advise them to consider well the position of Napoleon ere they adopt the sentiments of

partial historians, or lend an ear to interested misrepresentation. It should be remembered, too, that the execution of the chivalrous and daring Ney, and the incarceration of Napoleon himself on the barren rock of St. Helena, can alone be justified—if justified at all—on those very motives of State policy which must also excuse the acts that are by some so loudly condemned. Happily, however, the reign of prejudice and bigotry is nearly over—the light of truth is fast shining through the mists of gloomy ignorance, and the mighty dead—the aspersed and insulted in life—are beginning to claim a meet and becoming reverence. The sins of a Napoleon, the errors of a Byron, and the failings of a Canning, oh! how have they been magnified! How greedily have little minds rejoiced over their frailties, and misconstrued their noble actions! But posterity—impartial and unbiassed—will vindicate their claims to an enduring fame—to a full page in the chronicles of the past.

ANTI-CONINGSBY; OR THE NEW GENERATION GROWN OLD. BY AN EMBRYO M.P. *T. C, Newby, Mortimer Street, London.*

This work cannot be correctly called a novel, for it will not bear a moment's comparison with even the most trashy production of that class; it cannot be justly termed a satire, for it is utterly devoid of wit, and despicably pointless; and, in truth, we know not how to designate a book which consists of that description of flippant slang which an omnibus cad would hesitate to utter if he had any lady passengers; of doggrel rhymes, which, if written by a schoolboy on the lowest form, would ensure an immediate acquaintance with the rod; and of stale vulgar jokes which the mountebank at a country fair would not risk his reputation by perpetrating. It deserves to be, and we believe, spite of a very fair puffing, has been, generally damned.

"An Embryo M. P." may be an acquisition to certain Sunday newspapers (if such is not already his occupation), but in the higher and more respectable walks of literature he will not be tolerated.

There is a time in human suffering when succeeding sorrows are but like snow falling on an iceberg.—*Vivian Grey.*

The presence of a beautiful woman, natural and good tempered, even if she be not a L'Espinasse or a de Stael, is animating.—*Coningsby.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

RAILWAY EXTENSION.

To the Editor of the West of England Miscellany.

Sir,—As I believe you set out with the profession of giving admission to correspondence on both sides of a question, I trust you will do me the fairness of inserting a few remarks in reply to the article of "Clericus," in your first number, on "Railways in Agricultural Districts," on which, it appears to me, he has taken a very distorted and morbid view of the case.

According to "Clericus," the rage for railway extension is fraught with impending mischief and injury to the labouring population, and the introduction of railways through agricultural districts a wholesale inroad on the comforts and enjoyments of the peasantry; likely to reduce them to the most abject poverty, by reducing their wages, and depriving them of labour; and, besides all this, to corrupt the simplicity of their manners! Whence has he his statistics or data for such a conclusion? or the least shadow of a fact to support it? Having started his objection, he proceeds to argue from it from such irrelevant and far-fetched matter as "cheap merchandize," "shop windows," "increase of manufactures," &c., which have about as much to do with the question, in the abstract, as the prize oxen and sheep at a cattle show.

If it were a fact that the condition of the peasantry *before* railroads invaded their parishes was such as to place them, by a fair remuneration for their labour, above want, there would be some degree of plausibility in the fears and objections of "Clericus;" but as it is notorious that long before railways were generally introdnced the wages of the peasantry were brought down to the very lowest pitch above the starving point, the argument against their impoverishing tendency comes much too late, and is as ill founded as fact can make it. And as to railways spoiling the *manners* of the labourers, it is difficult to conceive how the daily whizzing of a line of carriages, bearing with astonishing rapidity thousands of passengers through villages and hamlets, can have the effect of reducing their poor inhabitants to a lower scale of demeanour, or of inspiring them with that evil influence which should convert them into a race of insolent misbehaved beings. On the other hand, I can easily imagine that the wonders of science and art exhibited in the formation of a railway, and the construction of steam carriages, brought before their eyes, may excite even in the dull and subdued mind of a half-starved peasant, curiosity, admiration, and laudable enquiry; and thus lead him from the sordid prostration of his faculties to thoughts and feelings more becoming his nature, and more consistent with his destiny as a rational being.

But, to come to the pecuniary and commercial part of the matter, the truth is that railways, so far from injuring the labouring classes, have been and are the means of doing them immense benefit, by draining off the superabundant labour of the rural districts. Thousands have been, and are, employed in the formation and maintenance of railways who would otherwise have remained idle burdens to the parish, and would, therefore, have increased the pressure upon those employed by cheapening their labour; and were "Clericus" a landowner, or a farmer, I should say, in reference to his jeremiad over railways, *hinc illæ lachrymæ*; for I believe the real secret at the bottom of many an opposition to such undertakings to be a fear

that by thus giving employment to the surplus labouring population the effect will be an *increase* in the wages of the agricultural labourers. If, as "Clericus" says, "millions of capital are lavished" on these speculations; how is it employed? Do those who become shareholders advance their money to be buried in the earth, or thrown into a river? Is it not expended for the most part in the execution of works for which a vast quantity of well-remunerated labour is required? This capital, instead of being locked up as useless, is thereby circulated through a thousand different channels, diffusing among vast numbers the means of subsistence.

But "Clericus" waxes eloquent, and overflows with pathos in favour of the starving peasantry, on the assumption that railways, while they benefit the other classes, tend to produce their starvation! "Before you enlighten them," says he, "respecting low fares for travelling, for Heaven's sake provide them with *decent*, if not comfortable homes. Millions are lavished on the construction of railways, whilst the poor are perishing for lack of bread." And have railways deprived them of comfortable homes and bread? Or would the bread and homes be less lacked had there been no railways? Can it be supposed that "Clericus" is so stolid as seriously to believe that there is a necessary connexion, like cause and effect, between railways and a peasantry without food? Does it not appear by his own showing that the very evil he affects to dread, from the proposed introduction of railways in the agricultural districts, already exist to its most horrible climax? Can a road of iron, as the French call it, add to the hard heartedness which must have long ago developed itself among the rural oppressors and taskmasters by whose instrumentality the labouring population must have been ground to the dust, if the description which "Clericus" gives of their condition be true?

But supposing the case to be, for the sake of argument, that the labouring classes derived no immediate benefit from railways, and had no interest whatever in their extension; is that a sufficient reason they should be opposed if a large portion of the community reap an advantage from them as a great public convenience? If it is, then the same argument applies to any other means of conveyance, and as much to stage coaches as to railways; for the poor can no more afford to ride by the one than by the other, and by the former scarcely at all. In fact, if the objection to railways has any validity because only the trading and wealthy classes can avail themselves of them, it is equally so against every other change or improvement for national or social economy. "Clericus" might as well ask of what use to the poor is the building of a new Royal Exchange, or new Houses of Parliament?—why so much money should be "lavished" on such expensive structures as the Bank of England or the Custom House, the British Museum, the National Gallery, or any other public institution, "while the poor are perishing for lack of bread?" The starving peasant, following his mode of reasoning, might exclaim against the printing press as worse than useless, as far as he is concerned; and on seeing the monthly parcel of books brought by railway conveyance to the doors of "Clericus," might ask of what advantage to him was cheap literature and printing by steam, who cannot read, and if he could, had not the means to procure food and clothing? On seeing one of Broadwood's or Clementi's modern piano-fortes about to be substituted for one of the obsolete instruments in the parlour of "Clericus," for the use of one of his daughters, might not the starving man complain that all this refinement and art —this increasing expense in elegant luxuries, only served to mock his misery by making him still more sensitive to the contrast? To carry on the logical principle

in question still further, even religion itself, in its outward forms and proprieties, might be complained of as a pernicious grievance! and the modern zeal for *church extension* placed on the same footing as railway extension, or even a degree lower; for the latter is more the effect of public necessity than the other. Let us suppose, then, that "Clericus," being tonched with the mania for church building, as he represents others to be for railway construction, and that an ecclesiastical fabric has recently reared its lofty spire in his own parish, bearing conspicuous testimony to the march of pious enterprise: then let us imagine one of his houseless, breadless parishioners, covered with rags, surveying the newly-erected fabric, and using the same strain of reasoning as "Clericus" employs with regard to railroads. His soliloquy would be to this effect—"Before you enlighten me respecting the advantages of church accommodation, and the benefits of having to sit in a pew with more elbow room, for Heaven's sake (whom you pretend to worship and obey) put me in a condition fit to appear in such an edifice, with a healthy frame, decent clothing, and contented and cheerful mind; or, in the words of our clergyman, 'provide me with a *decent*, if not a comfortable home, where I may rest my weary and emaciated limbs.' I ask for bread, and you give me stones; I crave for shelter by night, and food by day, and you furnish me with a splendid temple, to which my poverty and my bodily frailty prevent me from going, and which my grovelling and degraded mind unfits me for appreciating." Now I do not pretend to say that this would be legitimate reasoning, or viewing the liberality displayed in church building in the right light; but I maintain it is quite of a piece with the line of argument "Clericus" has adopted in reference to railways; and if the one is fallacious, so is the other.

There is one point involved in the objection of "Clericus" which I need not touch upon, because every one accustomed to travel by railway must bear witness to its refutation. None but the wealthy and trading classes, according to his doctrine, can avail themselves of such a mode of transporting themselves from place to placc; for the poor can have no beneficial interest in the railways. I grant that those of them whom he has described so graphically, as without homes or bread, can have but little to do with them; but if by the poor are meant in general those who live by their weekly earnings—in other words, the working classes—nothing can be more contrary to the fact, as witnessed every day in all parts of the kingdom.

A POOR MAN.

GLEANINGS.

YOUNG ENGLAND.—*(From the speech of the Rev. W. R. Newbolt, at the Yeovil Agricultural Meeting.)*—Party politics, thank God! are now fairly at a discount; men's mind's are directed to higher, nobler views. There is, in fact, a large and increasing body springing up in this country (designate them by what name you will) totally independent of either of the great parties in the state, whose claims to attention must and will be heard, inasmuch as they are influenced not by selfish, but by Christian motives, and invariably act upon Christian principles—whose sole aim and object it is to confer the greatest amount of good on the largest number of persons, and whose anxious wish it is to break down that barrier of exclusiveness which has too long subsisted in this free country. To this end they

seek the restoration of those festivals and customs which promoted, in olden time, a reciprocation of kindly feeling and good offices between the different classes of the community; and above all things are they anxious to provide for the comfort, the independence—aye, and even for the relaxations and amusements of the poor.

ETON.—That delicious plain, studded with every creation of graceful culture? hamlet, and hall, and grange; garden, and grove, and park; that castle-palace, grey with glorious ages; those antique spires hoar with faith and wisdom, the chapel and the college; that river winding through the shady meads; the sunny glade and the solemn avenue; the room in the Dame's house where we first order our own breakfast, and first feel we are free; the stirring multitude, the energetic groups, the individual mind that leads, conquers, controls; the emulation and the affection; the noble strife and the tender sentiment; the daring exploit and the dashing scrape; the passion that pervades our life, and breathes in everything, from the aspiring study to the inspiring sport—oh! what hereafter can spur the brain and touch the heart like this; can give us a world so deeply and variously interesting; a life so full of quick and bright excitement—passed in a scene so fair!—*Coningsby.*

No Sabbath is observed by the Chinese, nor is it intimated in their divisions of time (says W. B. Langdon). Sunday was originally the *heathen* festival of *their* glorious *Solar Deity.*

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, by Lord Byron. with 60 vignettes, 8vo., 21s.—The Chimes by Charles Dickens, Esq., 8vo., 5s.—Literary Extracts, by John Poynder, Esq., 2 vols., 8vo., 30s.—Strathern, by the Countess of Blessington.—My Adventures, by Col. Montgomery Maxwell, K,H., 2 vols., 8vo., 21s.—Nothing, in Rhyme and Prose, by George Bolton, post 8vo., 7s. 6d.—The Fortunes of the Scattergood Family, by Albert Smith, Esq., 3 vols., post 8vo.—Reynard the Fox, a renowned Apologue of the Middle Age, by Samuel Naylor, large 8vo., 18s.—India and Lord Ellenborough, 2s. 6d.

TO CORRESPONDENTS, &c.

We are obliged to "*A Subscriber*" (Chard) for the newspaper containing the article on incendiarism, and for his commentary thereon. He is perfectly right, and we agree in his remarks; but the paragraph is by this time forgotten by the few who ever read it, and we must decline giving it a notoriety which its own merit was unable to command. We do *not* know the writer, but we would advise him to beware how he slanders the Peasantry, or his waspish words may only serve as lucifer matches. Treat the labourer as a fellow man, and he will not seek to stifle despair in the alehouse, or in the frantic madness of starvation grasp the fatal torch of the incendiary.

"*Observer*" is a little too severe in his amusing criticisms on the report of the Agricultural Meeting at Yeovil; *the* speech of the day (Mr. Newbolt's) was correctly given, we understand, and that covers a multitude of eccentricities in our eyes. Besides, we are half inclined to agree that a dinner may be "*scientifically* served up."

We are happy to have it in our power to reply to the query of "*A Devon Solicitor*," "Why are my legal brethren so industrious in the agitation against the Bishop of Exeter?" The *Times* hos cast a doubt on the *legality* of the Offertory, and the eyes of an attorney are never closed: they have cheated themselves into a belief that this division in the Church must be settled in a Court of Law!

"*A Young Lady*," who writes from Exeter on schoolmistresses opening theis pupils' letters, will find, if she can procure our next number, that we sympathize with her hard fate. The enclosure shall be returned to the address named; every communication we receive is deemed confidential. We do not think all "Establishments" are alike; but to allude to this school so pointedly as requested would expose us to an action for libel.

"*Catholicus*" is too late for the present number. Many other favours will be noticed in our next.

All communications for the Editor are requested in future to be addressed to him at Mr. Custard's Library, Yeovil.

John and James Keene, Printers, Bath.