



SWISS SKETCHES.

(No. 1.)

BY ROBERT LOWE.

MONT BLANC.

The desert is around thee,
The desert is above,
An icy chain hath bound thee,
Thou never canst remove;
In vain thy throbbing temples strain,
It never shall be loosed again.

It was the first of winters
That bound thy tortured brow
In wreaths of icy splinters,
And cold impervious snow;
And summer never has unwound
The wreath his sterner brother bound.

How awful is thy fastness,
Thy arsenal how wild,
Within whose dreary vastness
Thy wintry arms are piled—
Aye, strong enough to shake the throne
Of many a new Napoleon.

Let man evilt in toiling
To reach thy lordly crown,
He trembles at thy smiling,
And withers at thy frown.
The Avalanche hath left thy side,
And where is he, and where his pride?

It is not in the story
Of man thy deeds are shown—
Thou art creation's glory,
It's records are thine own.
The annals of thy awful birth
Sleep in the archives of the earth.

Beneath infernal rivers
The fiend of *Ætna* glows,
Thy howling genius shivers
Amidst unmelting snows;
And prays that every thrilling blast
Which wraps his limbs may be the last.

Vain hope! The meander mountains
May sink to vales again,
Or solved in rushing fountains
May fertilize the plain;
But the fierce earthquake's rending shock
Whirls not a snow-wreath from thy rock!

The bands thy base which rivet
To earth, shall ne'er decay:
If matter might outlive it
Thou should'st not pass away.
Nought but the flame that whelms the spheres
Can quench the full stream of thy rolling years!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Poems and Ballads of Schiller. Translated by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh, 1844.

ABOUT thirteen years ago an interesting controversy upon the theory of translation took place between Mrs. Austin and the Edinburgh Reviewers. The fair translator, if we remember aright, maintained that there were two perfectly distinct aims of translation;—the one, where matter alone is to be transferred; the other, where both matter and form. She further contended that wherever the form and color of an author is important, a translation, proceeding upon the principle of considering how the author would have written in English, was, in her opinion, a failure; and for that reason she never could prevail on herself to read Pope's Homer—finding it impossible to take the least interest in a work in which the very peculiarities which we would desire to know, are effaced and replaced by others. In support of her opinion she quoted certain passages of Goethe, which she pronounced oracular and decisive on the point; but in which, we are inclined to think with the Edinburgh Reviewers, the illustrious German seems to have rather stated the difficulty than resolved the problem.

However, the truth and reason of Mrs. Austin's arguments were cheerfully conceded by her gallant reviewers, who admitted all the license she demanded, except the actual substitution of foreign for English idiom. They contended that when once the simple rule of taste, which forbids this transgression, is violated, the work in question can no longer be said to be rendered into English, because words alone do not constitute a language—otherwise the interlineations in a Hamiltonian grammar would deserve the honors of accurate and perfect translation. But they at the same time expressed their fears that Mrs. Austin's argument on the subject, although its purpose might not be confessed, was intended as a covert defence of that most barbarous style which was then in course of introduction by too many German scholars and men of talent, under pretence of making Englishmen acquainted with the peculiarities of their neighbours; and which only tended at once to corrupt the purity of native composition, and to occasion in their minds an insuperable dislike to the foreign tongue which they only knew through the medium of that hideous travesty.

We have been induced to recur to this controversy, and to brush up our own peculiar rules of translation, by the receipt, per Sarah Scott, of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton's version of the Poems and Ballads of SCHILLER. Many of these translations are already known to our Colonial readers through the medium of Blackwood's Magazine, in which Sir Edward first published the early specimens, and the complete collection before us evinces the same elegance of expression, the same felicitous rendering of each phrase by its English counterpart with accuracy and freedom, as at first attracted the favorable attention of the public. We are indeed at a loss to express our approbation of the admirable manner in which Sir Edward has rendered the metaphysical reasonings, the ærial and evanescent beauties of the original into elegant, nervous, vernacular English. It may perhaps be urged that this is a point on which a Sydney critic can hardly venture to pronounce an opinion, and we very cheerfully confess that we express our sentiments with much diffidence, founded as they are on very imperfect knowledge.

We perceive also that an English cotemporary, from whom we do not often differ, urges that with all his discrimination, Sir Edward has not avoided the common error of all transla-

tors, of unduly exalting their original, and of idealizing or ennobling every personage that surrounded him, or formed the object of his affectionate regards; and he goes on to assert, that in SCHILLER'S instance it is to be expected that time will lead many to assign him a lower place than his cotemporaries awarded, and that posterity will smile with incredulity at the question so much agitated in our day whether he or Goethe was the greater man. "SCHILLER," says our cotemporary, "has always appeared to us to have been one of those dreamy enthusiastic minds who, from their very organization, are cut off from any enjoyment of, or sympathy with, life and their fellow men. His want of humour, which was noticed by CARLYLE, is an important and significant fact—a sort of index of his intellectual calibre. The greatest geniuses have been cheerful, as SIR WALTER SCOTT remarks in speaking of SHAKESPEARE. A healthy intellect, balanced in all its faculties, is everywhere apparent throughout their works: they neither waste themselves in a senseless warfare against the universe around them, like BYRON, SCHILLER, and SHELLEY, nor make of their poems one Cassandra voice against destiny. The loftiest intellect often looks around as well as above it. It feels that it derives its strength from Mother Earth; that as it draws vitality from earth, so will it also derive durability from it. A BURNS plants his foot on his native soil, like a second ANTEUS, and can wrestle down a hundred SCHILLERS or SHELLEYS. The fine-spun webs of philosophy and art, whether Kantian metaphysics, Platonic idealities, or German æsthetics, are not materials to build a lasting monument out of, like the thoughts, feelings, affections, and nationalities of a people. They do not announce so strikingly the humanity that is in the man. BURNS had the stuff in him, and a few sparks like his immortal songs, cast off at a heat, kindled a never-dying flame in the breasts of his countrymen, telling of the deep fountains whence they sprung—of the great heart moulded in the fiery furnace of nature. With SCHILLER it is entirely different. Either from a defect of language or of sympathy, we are told by Mr. LAING, in the preliminary essay to his *Chronicle of the Kings of Norway*, that the works of SCHILLER do not circulate among the mass of the people, like the plays of SHAKESPEARE with us, creating a national literature, a common standard of sentiment, and a common bond of nationality. They are like words in a learned language, read and understood only by the educated." This is probably a somewhat unusual estimate of the strength and genius of SCHILLER, and one that we may, at no distant date, attempt to scrutinize. We admit that the youthful SCHILLER, whose 'Robbers' exercised a similar influence with that which was formerly produced by the author of Werter on the romantic students and young ladies of Germany—and who, afterwards, in his 'Don Carlos' endeavoured to portray ideal excellence in the character of a philanthropic statesman—is not likely to meet with much favour at the hands of those who will scarcely advance poetry itself unless it be useful; who zealously take up arms against the Kantian philosophy; and declare themselves averse to the study of final causes and all reasoning *a priori*. We admit, we say, that the youthful SCHILLER did adopt these and all other imaginative doctrines with the warmth of a partizan;—that to him, the illustrious Goethe appeared "ein kalter Mensch," a cold experimentalist, a slave of intellect, an enemy to reason. But we will also remind our cotemporary that the ardour of SCHILLER in pursuing the "high priori road," gradually wore away before the experience of years; and that, after his death, by no one was his memory more zealously defended against posthumous assailants, than by Goethe himself. Mrs. Austin has reported some expressions uttered by the latter in conversation, a year only before his death, which form as nobly an eulogy as ever orator pronounced over the grave of departed genius—"He (SCHILLER) strode forward with awful rapidity. If I was a week without seeing him, when we met I was astonished, and knew not where to lay hold of him, I found him so much further advanced. And so he went on, for forty-six years—then indeed he had gone far enough!"

We must, however, turn from the great poet's reviewers, and consider the claims of his translators in so far as our limited space will admit. We must again hail with cordial welcome Sir Edward's admirable translations. We do not mean to say that he has uniformly given the exact sense of his original; or that rivaling the extraordinary musical flexibility of the German tongue and numbers, he has been always able to untwist

—"The chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony:"

but we hold his translations to be successful efforts to transmute into a somewhat uncongenial language, one of the most difficult and most peculiar Teutonic authors; and we recommend the book as one which will convey an image, an idea, of Schiller's genius and manner to the Australian public; and one which will assist them to understand the significant meaning of the German tradition "that one who is on an adventurous pilgrimage to some precious talisman, through the most lonesome mountain-path or dreary desert, must walk onwards without stopping, nor look around him, though fearfully menacing or sweetly enticing voices follow his footsteps and sound in his ear."

We have not much space left for extract, but we must find room for Sir Edward's version of the song of "Thekla" from *Wallenstein*, because it is extremely beautiful, and because we are enabled to place in juxtaposition with it, Coleridge's rendering of the same subject:—

THEKLA.

Rendered by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton.

The wind rocks the forest,
The clouds gather o'er;
The girl sitteth lonely
Beside the green shore;
The breakers are dashing with might, with might:
And she mingles her sighs with gloomy night,
And her eyes are hot with tears.

"The earth is a desert,
And broken my heart,
Nor aught to my wishes
The world can impart.
To her Father in Heaven may the daughter now go;
I have known all the joys that the world can bestow—
I have lived—I have loved!"

"In vain, oh! how vainly,
Flows tear upon tear!
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear!"

Yet say what can soothe for the sweet vanish'd love,
And I, the Celestial, will shed from above
The balm for thy breast."

"Let ever, though vainly,
Flow tear upon tear;
Human woe never waketh
Dull Death's heavy ear;—
Yet still when the heart mourns the sweet vanish'd love,
No balm for its wound can descend from above
Like Love's own faithful tears!"

THEKLA.

Rendered by S. Coleridge.

The cloud doth gather, the greenwood roar
The damsel paces along the shore;
The billows they tumble with might with might:
And she sings out her voice to the darkness night:
Her bosom is swelling with sorrow;
The world it is empty, the heart will die,
There's nothing to wish for beneath the sky:
Thou Holy One, call thy child away!
I've lived and loved, and that was to-day—
Make ready my grave-clothes to-morrow.

The clouds are blackening, the storms threat'ning,
The cavern doth mutter, the greenwood moan;
Billows are breaking, the damsel's heart aching,
Thus in the dark night she singeth alone,
Her eye upward roving;
The world is empty, the heart is dead surely.
In this world plainly all seemeth amiss;
To thy heaven, Holy One, take home thy little one,
I have partaken of all earth's bliss,
Both living and loving.

We are particularly pleased to be able to conclude this brief notice, with the following metrical translation of SCHILLER'S 'Ideals' from the pen of an Australian Colonist. In the first number of the ATLAS we expressed our firm belief that neither the heart nor the imagination of Australia had quitted her at the approach of embarrassment and temporary depression; and we added thereto a hope that some of her sons, whose animal spirits came out in strong relief from the general sombreness of the times, would be induced to strike a little more vivacity into the blood of their fellow-citizens, and help them to feel the value of it in proportion to the necessity for effort. That our hopes were not expressed in vain, our pages have already proved, and without further comment we submit this version.

IDEALS.

Rendered by C. N.

And wilt thou faithlessly depart
With thy bland charm of Phantasy,
Reave me of all thy joy, and smart,
And thus inexorably flee?
Can nought, oh fugitive, detain,
Fast feeling, golden time, thy wing?
Nay, tow'ris eternity's vast main
Thy pinions are fast hastening.

Dimm'd are the suns that brightly shed
Their beams upon my youthful way,
And from my riot heart hath fled
The false ideal far away.
And vanish'd is the blissful view
Of forms, engendered but in air,
Since stern reality withdrew
The veil from all that once seemed fair.

As erst Pygmalion clasp'd the stone
With ardent rapturous desire,
Till the cold marble's torpid zone
Throb'd with pulsation's vivid fire.
So around nature's magic charms
Her thrill to feel, her sweets to know,
In youthful love I flung my arms
With all a minstrel's fervid glow.

And sharing the impassion'd bliss
Endearing words dumb nature found.
Returning fond her lover's kiss,
Participating each heart's bound.
For me then bloomed each rose, each tree,
And sang each fount a sil'ry strain,
While soulless matter seem'd to me
Imbued with animated vein.

And with all-powerful decree
The narrow breast burst from its bound
Forth into life respiring free,
With deed and image, word and sound.
How great—when in the germ conceal'd,
How bountiful was ween'd the earth:
How wretched—once the spell reveal'd,
How poor, how scant appear'd its worth.

Sped upon life's uncertain way
A youth intrepidly, and free,
Led by his dream's illusive ray,
Unscath'd by care or misery;
And to the ether's star on high
Imagination bade him soar,
Wing'd with her pinions fair he'd fly,
E'en heaven's pale orbis to explore.

How gladsome did he pace along—
The happy heart no sorrow feels—
Companions blythe, with dance and song,
Carol'd before life's chariot wheels.
First love, with bliss redundant came,
Next happiness with golden sway,
Then glory, with a wreath of fame,
And truth with a resplendent ray.

But ah! ere half the journey done,
Away his light companions flew,
Then fickle guidance, one by one,
His train deceitful soon withdrew.
Swiftly away false joy first fled,
Unsated left was wisdom's thirst,
While darkling clouds of doubt and dread
On sunny truth dire boding burst.

He saw unworthy brows adorn
Fame's hallow'd wreath, and glorious beam,
And ah! too soon o'ercast the morn,
Of love's illusive blissful dream.
And dark and silent, void and drear
Became the path where he did err.
With scarce a ray of hope, to cheer
The poor deserted wanderer.

Of all the fickle, flighty train
Who was't alone, with ardour tried,
O'er the intricate, gloomy plain,
So fondly linger'd at his side.
Friendship, 'twas thy endearing care
And gentle hand heal'd ev'ry wound,
Thou, who his weary load didst share,
Thou, whom he early sought and found.

And thou, combin'd with friendship's glow,
Spirit * in attribute so strong,
That calm'st alike the soul's wild flow,
Creative slow—endurant long.
Thou to eternity's vast pile
Sandgrain for sandgrain will lay,
Yet from Old Chronos canst beguile
Minutes, hours, days, e'en years, away.

* Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, as well as the graceful translator in *Fraser*, falls into the strange error of construing the invocation in this stanza as to "Industry;" whereas it is obvious that "Love" is the spirit invoked by the poet. Friendship and Love move in sympathy, as Byron remindeth us; and it has remained for an Australian translator to give a true metrical version of the whole of this beautiful theory of the Mind under a happy influence.

Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education. Report of the National Society. London, 1844.

HAVING already, at great length, submitted our own opinions on the important question of General Education which is now before the Colony, we prefer, in considering these valuable documents, just received from England, that the opinions of our able London cotemporary, the *Athenæum*, should be presented to our readers. The following admirable paper appears in that journal of June last:—

“Not another word is necessary on the importance of General Education. We see Churchmen and Dissenters, of every name, hastening to occupy the uncultivated ground, and if promises are fulfilled, we shall soon see England fairly besprinkled over with schools bearing the names of its various sects. But at the beginning of a great enterprise, a true idea of the object, and of the means proper for its attainment, is of more value than treasures of gold. The peace and improvement of future days depend upon the principles which guide our present educational movements. A few days ago, we read in the Report of a sectional Educational Meeting, a speech which treated with contempt all objections to the establishment of strictly denominational schools. Now the first question to be calmly and fairly considered is this—what is the object of a general education of the people? When we have agreed upon this point, we shall be prepared to consider whether that object is likely to be attained by the perpetuation of articles of exclusiveness and division in the process of education. The principle of a denominational school, is one which makes certain sectional peculiarities indispensable conditions of attaining the elements of general knowledge. If we ask by what authority it is decreed that the people, to gain for their children a general education, must conform to the peculiar views of a sect, we are told that such a plan would certainly be unfair, and even despotical, but for the variety of sects, which leaves room for choice. So that each sect confesses that, if left to itself, it would act tyrannically in carrying out the denominational schemes of education, while it finds its justification for doing so at present in the existence of various other parties, who are left at liberty to do the same. Is this quite consistent? Whether such an argument is self-consistent or not, we leave his employers to determine; but that it falls very far short of the object of a true and Catholic education, may be easily shown.

“To go back to the true idea of such an education, we must be led to the principle of both ancient and modern philosophy—the principle of unity and plurality, of one in many, and many in one; and, in conformity with this great idea, the design of a true education must be to develop the best and greatest powers of the human mind in the greatest unity. A good education will be simply, the self-utterance and assertion of the human mind, in all its variety and unity.

“These two marks, then, we would ascribe to a true education, unity and fertility. One or the other of these will be wanting in every arbitrary system; or, to speak more correctly, both will be wanting; for one ever implies the other. In laying down this idea of unity and fertility, as the fundamental law of excellence in education, we insist upon a rule which absolutely admits of no exception; for it is the abstract idea of all life, the very expression of the mind itself, that perfection of its nature to which all the objects with which it is related must be conformed. To this simple definition, all our terms of approbation and excellence, in all the departments of nature, science, literature, and art, may be reduced. In the tree, with innumerable leaves and branches arising from one stem; in the melody which pleases a little child, as well as in the logical treatise which charms a philosopher; in a fugue of Sebastian Bach, as in a code of harmonious laws; in the hues and forms of a good picture, as well as in the maxims and conduct of a good man; in a well arranged game of schoolboys as in a well ordered state;—in all these instances, the same quality of unity developed in variety, delights us. The absence of this master idea equally gives rise to the faults in a picture, or a tune, and to the revolutions and disturbances of social order in a nation.

“To maintain unity of thought amid a variety of objects, is the aim of individual education; and to preserve the same unity of essential principles, amid the varieties of talent, station, and occupation, should be the aim of a national or universal education—to build up society on such true principles of independence, with such truly equalizing and strengthening ideas of duty, common interest and honour, that it may be prosperous and permanent. A bad system, we have said, is deficient both in unity and fertility; but it may be, at first sight, more evidently deficient on one side than on the other. For instance, some fraudulent scheme, for a while successful, may seem to be very fertile and productive for all interested in it—though it is obviously out of unity with the general rules of society—but sooner or later, detection comes, and that which began with great activity, ends in total frustration. So everything morally wrong is intellectually absurd.

“Or an error, either moral or intellectual, may seem to have unity within itself, but to want fertility; yet, when closely examined, it will be found to be deficient in both. It cannot diffuse itself abroad like the light, because it is not pure as light. It must screen itself from common intelligence, live in a little world of its own, and shut itself up from application to the real world; because if it extended itself, the root-error would soon be apparent. Such a scheme was the Ptolemaic Astronomy; but when Newton was challenged to carry out the sound principle of gravitation, he boldly did so: and what was the result? It united itself with the nature from which it was induced, and applied itself to all known phenomena, from the course of a comet, to the fall of a raindrop. Look for abundant examples in history. The Roman Empire, with all its grandeur, was based upon a false unity, and restricted the fertility of progress and improvement in the human race. It had a system of education, as we may say; but that education had for its sole object to Romanize the world: it was not in accordance with the universal and permanent well-being of mankind. Consequently, the very expansion of that system proved its destruction—the very means by which it had risen, became, in other hands, the instruments of its downfall. It was not the truth: it could not endure.

“A true education insures a positive freedom, a permanent development of the best faculties of humanity in the richest variety and in the surest unity. It is to turn men, from selfish and erroneous, to true and universal principles; to prevent the waste of powers in fruitless contentions; to insure the greatest development in the best order; to conform, over all the world, true liberty and its sure attendant, lasting peace; to universalize the individual mind; to enable man to fulfil his appointed part of the duty of humanity, cheered and elevated by the light of the glorious whole; to impart to individual effort a proper direction; and a consciousness of its value in the universal interest; to remove, as far as possible, the contradictions and inequalities of existence; to solve the disagreement between the aspirations and the fulfilment of the mind; to impart repose even in the midst of the arduous conflicts and pressing duties of life; to bring mankind to know themselves,

as composing one vast harmonious family, where each works for all, and all care for every one;—these are the aims of a true and catholic education.

“If these expansive views are true, then it remains for us to consider how far our denominational standards are suited to form the basis of such a system of education, and whether we have due authority for placing our peculiar tenets as obstructions in the path of knowledge and improvement.

“The most specious plea which we have heard in favour of the denominational system of education is founded upon the assumption that a more liberal system must reduce all religious doctrines and instruction to its lowest standard, that it would dismiss many important points as non essential. But this argument arises from a mis-statement of the real question at issue between the advocates of a liberal system of education for the whole people, and those who would adhere to denominational standards. The question is, not concerning the comparative truth or importance of certain views of religious doctrine, but whether these views shall be made the necessary conditions of our children's attainment of the elements of knowledge. May we not teach them those universal principles of piety and reason which cannot be opposed to any true doctrine, and leave to the development of riper years and mature judgment the application of those principles to a definite and systematic form of doctrine, instead of enforcing this system upon the youthful mind, in an arbitrary way, before the judgment is unfolded? or, practically speaking, are we to uphold the principle that a Romanist and an Anglican must not agree to teach the neglected children of the village in which they dwell the rudiments of decent conduct and mental improvement, because they cannot agree upon the respective claims of the Roman See and the English Episcopacy? Are we in such a dilemma with regard to popular education, that we must wait until it is decided whether the Tridentine Catechism, the Thirty-nine Articles, the Westminster Assembly, or any other of our denominational standards, shall be made the foundation of our system? If so, the work must be postponed *ad calendas Græecas*; and, whatever sincere and earnest activity there may be put forth, in the meanwhile, by various sects, in favour of their respective schemes, no great national interest will be awakened in their favour, and no supply of education commensurate with the people's wants will be afforded. An argument employed by a speaker, in one of the sectional meetings on education lately held, was to this effect.—“If it is wrong to begin with teaching children our peculiar views, then it is wrong also to teach adults the same.” But, surely, it does not require a word to show that the two cases are not at all analogous. The question is, we repeat, whether these peculiar views shall be made the essential conditions for the acquirement of knowledge universally necessary? Shall all the results of a free judgment be anticipated and fixed before the means necessary for the formation of a judgment are employed? The only defence, as far as we know, set up for this manifest inconsistency is founded upon the assumed free choice left to parents and guardians by the variety of sects. A sad defence, indeed! Then, if the Romish church were again possessed of unbounded sway in these realms, what would be said to this principle fairly carried out in its hands? On what authority, scriptural or reasonable, do these persons restrict the meaning of the word religion to a few abstract doctrines drawn together in catechisms, however correct? May not the rudimentary instruction of a child in the first elements of learning be considered a religious act? Is it not preparing the only soil in which your doctrines can grow as religious, *i. e.* free convictions of the judgment? Do not all our various sects profess to build upon this ground?—then why cannot they unite upon it, whatever may be the structure which, after the foundation of rudimentary instruction is laid, they may desire to erect upon it? If they must differ as to the subsequent style of architecture to be adopted, may they not agree so far as the general foundation is concerned? Who wishes to build upon the quagmire of ignorance? who, whether he intends to build after the model of Rome, Oxford, or Geneva, will not desire to commence upon a basis made firm by a good elementary education?

“On looking over the several works which have awakened this train of thoughts, we have been struck by the immense disparity between the reports and the wants of the people; and when we consider the great outlay of zeal and philanthropy necessary to supply these urgent wants, we look with some impatience upon those erroneous divisions, on the ground of religious opinions, which threaten to contract and discourage the educational efforts of the nation. Nothing, therefore, is so desirable to prepare the way for great and united operations as a calm and impartial investigation and exposure of these erroneous divisions and contentions, which are favourable to no party save the party of ignorance. The objection brought against the liberal system has such influence over the minds of many, and threatens to become such a serious obstacle in the way of every large measure of popular improvement, that those who do something to expose its erroneous principle will contribute more towards national advancement than if they could throw large sums of gold into the educational funds of any sect.

“The extravagance of the conclusion to which this objection leads us, is sufficient to prove that it is not well founded. It would assert that we can have no alternative between an arbitrary dogmatism and an utter indifference on religious doctrines. There can be no third way, it declares; while we say, that all the truth of the matter is just in this third mode of teaching. It would represent that the liberal theory, in order to arrive at union, must descend to the very lowest rudiments of truth—if, indeed, it can retain any portion of truth whatever; and that thus all those who retain the least positive doctrine will have a continual demand for further sacrifice upon those who retain more. The liberal theory is thus likened to the process of a husbandman, who, in order to make many trees, of various species, alike, would first deprive them of their characteristic leaves, then of their branches, then reduce them to bare trunks, and so carry on the work of demolition down to the very root. We present the objection in all its force, that we may fairly show its one-sidedness and injustice. But now let us make one or two brief remarks to moderate such an extreme misrepresentation.

In the first place, we must observe that the liberal theory of education does not pretend to define exactly what is essential and what is non-essential in religious teaching; but only contends for a right order and positive development in such teaching, maintaining the principle that rudimentary truths, upon which parties agree, should not be neglected on account of those ulterior doctrines upon which the same parties cannot agree. This principle calls for no sacrifice of truth; but rather we would urge that its opponent principle would sacrifice to party contentions the most self-evident truths and duties. The true question is not between the respective merits of various schemes of doctrine; but between the free development, and an arbitrary system. It is, whether we shall proceed from the root to the branches, or *vice versa*. And, when we consider the endless controversy and its attendant scepticism, arising out of exclusive and arbitrary systems, will it not appear that a fairer field for growth and extension would be insured to every true system, by our plan of first cultivating

catholic principles, and leaving the details of systematic doctrine to the free development of the conscience and the judgment? This appears to us to be the positive principle of Protestantism.

“Another remark we would make, of no slight weight, we think, against the charge of ‘a negative tendency,’ urged against all liberal measures of education. Such measures may indeed seem negative towards the advocates of rigid and exclusive systems; but are not these systems, in their turn, negative towards most important objects and interests? Certainly. We cannot devote our zeal and attention towards party statements, without diminishing our regard for universal truths. History confirms this proposition, by its innumerable instances of common justice and charity neglected or outraged amid party contentions; and, without reference to history, the present day affords too many examples of the truth of our statement. But what conclusion do we draw from this unquestionable fact?—that all the particular objects for which various parties contend are worthless, and should therefore be surrendered in favour of a few rudimentary principles of common faith and morality? By no means: those who would draw such an inference from our principle, entirely mistake the whole scope of our argument. All that we wish to prove is, that these party contentions should be removed from the field of elementary education. The very same principles which are at least respectable, in due place and order, assume an erroneous and mischievous aspect when out of place. For a simple instance—we associate with a quaker to teach a few children the first principles of Christian morals, and to give them the necessary means of obtaining mental development. On these points we agree; but the Quaker believes, in addition to all that we teach the children, that certain details of doctrine and practice (single-breasted coats and broad brims included,) are necessary to carry out and fairly develop the elementary principles inculcated in our school. But he holds these principles in common with us, as he believes them to be as much in his interest as in ours. Very well: on this ground all our Friend's peculiarities are, at least, respectable; but suppose he should declare his branches of doctrine to be the very root, and refuse to unite with us in rudimentary cultivation, unless we would in the first place, rank all his ‘mint, anise and cummin,’ with ‘the weightier matters of the law,’ and insist on broad brims and strait coats equally with ‘justice, mercy, and faith’—would his peculiarities then be respectable? No: we should look upon him as a revolutionist, who would plant a tree topsy-turvy. We think we have said enough to distinguish the principle on which we object to those party contentions, which constitute the most serious hindrances to popular education, equally from dogmatism and from indifference; and we will hereafter notice more in detail, the materials which compose the Minutes of the Committee of Council on Education for this great Empire.”

THE HISTORY OF AUSTRALIA:

BY JONAS FLUKE, MISSIONER.

CHAPTER II.

Containing a learned disquisition on the advantages to be derived from the study of history, in which the names and ideas of several very great men are made use of. American Notions of Independence. Refusal of the Pledge, and Destruction of Congou, with a Repeal of the Union. English Philanthropy exemplified in her Penal Institutions. Studies in Bottomry. The Reign of Philip, the first Governor who held the reins of the State Coach, begun and ended.

HAVING performed the first stage of our journey without losing a lynch-pin or snapping an axle-tree, and being staunch admirers of Mr. Betty Martin's No-Cruelty-to-Animals Act, we will leave our weary steeds, passengers and all, at the Governor's Arms for a change, while we indulge ourselves in a few reflections upon the importance of histories in general, and our history in particular; and, as this is an age and country of loans, let us not be considered alone in borrowing a few paper ideas from those who can very well afford to lend them.

“To rescue from oblivion the memory of former incidents, and to render a just tribute of renown to many great and wonderful actions, is the reason I write,” said Herodotus, of Halicarnassus; and, though the Delectus (which juvenile students in preference term “He licked us”) very seriously states—

“Apud Herodotum, patrem historiae
Innumerabiles fabulæ.” (no query.)

yet we have an overflowing partiality for the old father's tales, which, in our humble judgment, immeasurably surpass the Arabian Nights' Entertainments, or Bulwer's splendid fictions, remote from truth as they are. To confess the real fact, he of Halicarnassus is the model of our studio: like him (and who can help liking him?) we have taken many things upon trust; and what other principle can be adopted in these early histories, where rumour supplies pen, ink, and paper, though by no means stationary herself?

Walpole, whose own poll was none of the emptiest, puts down all history as a fable; whilst Voltaire, with the air of a man who understands such things, divides the world into four ages: “those four happy ages in which the arts were carried to perfection.” Now, here are we, Jonas Fluke (not so we either, considering we stand six feet two, unaided by Hoby or Romanis), ready to assert the truth of our own narrative, and to prove moreover that there is a fifth age, in which the arts and artifices are more highly cultivated than at any previous period; and that that age must be, *par excellence*, called the “Australian Age.” Take, for instance, our proficiency in the art of misgovernment, taxation, plunder, banking, &c., and we defy all the world, from Nero, the fiddler, to Pitt, the patriot, to cite a proficiency equal to the present: and as for banks—why the panic of 1825 was a mere patch on our system; a sand grain on the sea-shore; a molehill inequality on the earth's broad front. Banks, forsooth! We have heard of legal banks of issue; banks of thyme; banks of sand; and naturalist Banks; but it was left for Australia to establish banks of hazard, where the chances are a thousand to one against winning; and if by chance winners, fatal mischance!—some happy financial harlequinade makes us losers for life. “How extremely fortunate,” remarked the reduced gentleman, on hearing of the property tax, “that my income happens to be under £150-per annum!” but how much more cogent was the reasoning of that blind philosopher who, hat in hand, pursues his stand-still occupation at the dead wall in George-street.—“Vot a lucky thing, Bill, ve ar'n't proprieters in them banks: vot ve gets is our'n; vot they vorks for ar'n't they'r'n, and never will be.” Banks, indeed! We should like to see any specimen of mortality smash our bank of argument issue.

Gentle reader, forgive us this momentary heat—this spice of cayenne—this querulous infirmity; for—we are of those unhappy “proprieters.” Having finished our digression, we will now pick you up from the Governor's Arms, and introduce you to the Governor's heads.

In the eighteenth century, during the reign of the third George, the Americans became highly disgusted at the acts of the British