

## LITERATURE.

## COMPLAINT OF THE CAGED PARROT.

BY A. MACKAY.

How long in wretchedness,  
Here in this dismal place,  
Am I condemned to pine, sad and forlorn?  
Back to my forest home,  
Rich in its verdant bloom,  
Let me go, where my comrades await my return!

O'er forest and spreading plain,  
Once more to roam again,  
With happy companions, so blythesome and free;  
Feasting on honey flowers,  
Nestling in leafy bowers,  
Amid the tall gum trees how happy I'd be!

Once more to see my mate,  
Watching with eye afloat,  
As gaily I carolled while journeying home;  
Again know the fond caress,—  
Endearments that ever bless,—  
Back to my native wilds, oh, let me roam!

By Wollondilly's side,  
Oh! again to abide,  
Raise the wild echoes with laugh and with song;  
Gently to steal to rest,  
Close by our younglings' nest,  
While daylight fades slowly o'er distant Collong.

Sweet would my slumbers be,  
From all enthrallment free,—  
I'd hail the bright morning with welcoming song;  
Here in my prison drear,  
Far from those I hold dear,  
Dreams of past pleasure my torture prolong.

Hours of sport on the wing—  
Many a glad journeying—  
Pleasures unnumbered all from me now torn,—  
Back to my forest home,  
Rich in its verdant bloom,  
Let me go, where my comrades await my return!

## The Province of Tragedy—Bulwer and Dickens.

[FROM THE WESTMINSTER AND FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.]

Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton has appealed from the critics to the judgment of the public, in defence of "Lucretia," and in explanation, generally, of his moral and artistic aims as a novelist. He disputes the charge of having made crime the ordinary and favorite subject of his works; and shows that out of sixteen publications, in three of them only are the heroes or heroines criminals, "Paul Clifford," "Eugene Aram," and "Lucretia."

We pass this as a fact which does not affect any strictures of our own, and not material to the question whether, in the latter novel, the author has administered to a healthy taste, or to one for morbid excitement?

Sir Edward proceeds to demonstrate, by a host of authorities, from Sophocles downwards, that the delineation of crime is a legitimate subject of fictitious composition; but this, we think, is irrelevant to the case. Many things may be established by precedent, but the evidence of classic authorities is not an answer to the question of *cui bono*? Admitting that crime may be delineated (a very safe proposition), we have still to enquire in what manner it should be portrayed, and what crimes should be selected for delineation? Crime the most revolting and rare in their occurrence? or those to which all of us may be exposed by temptation? And, in aiming at moral objects, whether in the novel or in the play, we may ask is it well to dwell so exclusively upon horrors as to shut out from the mind all fairer and brighter images?

As a question of art, Sir Edward reasons as if his critics would require a painter to dispense with light and shade. To adopt the simile, we may remind him that light and shade may be artistically employed, without copying the dark background of Rembrandt's portraits.

We must take leave to doubt whether the contemplation of unalloyed evil produces, under any circumstances, a salutary impression. Any thought which takes exclusive possession of the imagination produces a corresponding and often a dangerous bias. The mind slides insensibly from abhorrence to indifference, and learns to brave consequences by looking them in the face. Hence the monomania of suicides and would-be regicides. A lad throws himself from the monument, and in a week it has to be closed, from the numbers who imitate the example. An idiot shoots at the Queen or Louis Philippe, and a crowd of idiots become infatuated with a similar design.

"Crime," says Sir Edward, "is the essential material of the tragic drama." If so, we should be disposed to assert that the decline of the drama, as far as tragedy is concerned, is not a subject for lamentation; and the fact that many tragedies formerly popular, and still considered classic, have been driven from the stage, we trace to the tendencies of a growing civilization, which set in an opposite direction to "the passion of terror." The public no longer require, as a means of pleasurable excitement, gladiatorial contests or the combats of wild beasts. The burning of heretics has ceased to be the pastime of fanatics. Instruments of torture have not only been abolished, but it would be difficult now to find an individual who could use them, even upon his most bitter enemies, with the cruel relish of former times. A distaste for symbolical terrors is a natural consequence of this improvement. Sophocles, were he among us, would find the parricide of Oedipus a subject only for the minor theatres. "Titus Andronicus" could not now be written; and how much would have been softened by Shakspeare, even in the best of his tragedies, had they been addressed to an educated audience of the nineteenth century! We tolerate from habit the spectacle in "Othello" of a woman strangled upon the stage, but what modern dramatist would venture to introduce a similar incident? Shakspeare is not immortal because of any interest we take in kingly murderers, such as Macbeth or Richard the Third, but from that profound and varied knowledge of the human heart, of which his plays became the medium of expression. In the agony of Richard, in the tent scene, what is there of painful interest different to

the sufferings of a malefactor broken on the wheel? Kings and princes no longer assist at public executions; their fascination has ceased, or is diminishing, with the multitude; and so it must be as society advances, with all public exhibitions of hopeless misery, real or symbolical. Wherever civilization is incomplete, wherever there exists a rude and barbarous state of ignorance; there will be readers of "Tales of Horror," and audiences to witness a tragedy of the "Red Barn," but not readers or audiences of the class of cultivated minds to which "Lucretia" was addressed. Its author, in defending "terror" as a means of moral influence, takes his stand upon a principle which all ethical philosophers, enlightened educationists, and criminal reformers, are beginning to discard;—the "raw head and bloody bones" principle of the nursery applied to the government of men and women. Terror was the basis of a host of capital punishments, which have been swept from the statute book as defeating their own end. It is still the basis of flogging in the army, and flogging in our high schools. Sir Edward would reply, that he appeals to the "passion of terror" to warn, by exposing the natural consequences of crime, rather than its factitious legislative penalties; but, in "Lucretia," he does both; and the distinction, if it had been observed, is immaterial, unless the axiom could be proved to be unsound (and it cannot be shaken), that the most powerful lever of human progress is not the repulsiveness of evil, but the attractiveness of good, or of that which, when fairly understood, approves its mind to the best for the individual and the social interest.

Tragedy, however, may be of two kinds; and it is obviously incorrect to describe "crime" and "the passion of terror" as "the essential materials of the tragic drama." What is a tragedy more than a tale of suffering and death? But suffering and death are the common lot, to which crime and terror are only incidental. Our author has himself refuted, by former novels, his present position. The story of "Zanoni" is a tragedy, but the death of Zanoni by the guillotine, voluntarily sought, is not a tale of terror; and we rank this novel high as a work of art for the very reason, among other considerations, that it deprives a scene of carnage of the sanguinary images against which the imagination would revolt; and in the midst of it fixes the mind so powerfully upon the higher destinies of humanity, that the death of the hero is felt to be his triumph. Beautiful, also, as a religious sentiment exquisitely wrought out, in the same work, is the end of Viola; dying in prison, and yet dying happily—in a dream; a dream in which she sees her husband carried to execution, and perish.

On to the *Barrière du Trone*. It frowns dark in the air—the giant instrument of murder! One after another to the guillotine—another, and another, and another! Mercy! O Mercy! Is the bridge between the sun and the shade so brief? Brief as a sigh. There, there,—his turn has come. "Die not yet—leave me not behind! Hear me—hear me," shrieked the inspired sleeper. "What, and thou smilest still." They smiled—those pale lips—and with the smile the place of doom, the headsman, the horrors vanished! With that smile all space seemed suffused with eternal sunshine. Up the earth he rose—he hovered over her—a thing not of matter—an idea of joy and light; Behind, heaven opened, deep after deep; and the hosts of beauty were seen, rank upon rank, afar; and "Welcome!" in a myriad melodies, broke from the choral multitude, the people of the skies.—"Welcome! O purified by sacrifice, and immortal only through the grave—this it is to die?" and radiant amidst the radiant, the image stretched forth his arms, and murmured to the sleeper:—"Companion of Eternity—this it is to die."

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Daylight streams into the prison. They burst into a cell forgotten since the morning,—

They found there a young female, sitting upon her wretched bed; her arms crossed upon her bosom, her face raised upwards, the eyes unclosed, and a smile of more than serenity—of bliss upon her lips. Even in the riot of their joy they drew back in astonishment and awe. Never had they seen life so beautiful; and as they crept nearer and with noiseless feet, they saw that the lips breathed not, that the repose was of marble, that the beauty and the ecstasy were of death. They gathered round her in silence, and lo; at her feet there was a young infant, who wakened by their tread, looked at them steadfastly, and with its very fingers played with its dead mother's robe.—An orphan there in the dungeon vault.

"Poor one," said a female (herself a parent)—"and they say that the father fell yesterday, and now the mother; alone in the world, what will be its fate?"

The infant smiled fearlessly on the crowd, as the woman spoke thus; and the old priest who stood amongst them, said gently—"Woman, see! The orphan smiles! THE FATHERLESS ARE THE CARE OF GOD."

We have given the above from "Zanoni," but we cannot bring ourselves to read a second time the concluding passages of "Lucretia," which depict Lucretia herself as a raving lunatic, and her accomplice, Gabriel Varney, working in a gang of felons, in the severest of our penal settlements, chained to a resurrectionist; escaping into the bush; discovered and tortured by the blacks; released to toil and starve; and, finally, surrendering himself to his former gaolers, praying for death, but compelled to live. We will not inflict them upon the reader. The object of the author was to draw a picture of the blackest despair, and he has succeeded. We are made to look down into a fearful abyss of misery and degradation, and forbidden to indulge the sentiments of either hope or pity. To do this is, we assert, to encourage a morbid state of feeling (for the mind without hope or pity is dead to all useful aims), and talent so employed is a misapplication of the power of genius.

The opinions of Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, on the province of tragedy in fiction, would seem, from his choice of subjects, to have often wavered; and he is not the only popular author who has sometimes mistaken the horrible for the sublime. Victor Hugo, Ainsworth, and even Charles Dickens (we might name a host), have shown us what they could do to depress the mind, and lower our estimate of human nature, as well as to improve the heart and raise our aspirations. To confine ourselves to the latter author, who, as the public favorite, universally read, has more influence in forming the public taste than any other writer of the day, he has often amused himself (if amusement there were in the task) in Fuseli paintings of mankind in demoniacal forms. There are no such monsters in God's creation as Quilp, the dwarf, and Dennis, the hangman; powerful, but repulsive sketches, of which we would fain banish the remembrance. Nothing that breathes is wholly vile, and the interest of the tales in which these

characters are drawn is in no degree helped by their introduction. In "Barnaby Rudge" the thread of the story is a murder, made so needlessly horrid in its details that it turns the brain of the murderer's own child; and yet every character or incident upon which the memory dwells with pleasure or profit could as easily have been worked out upon any other hypothesis as upon the vulgar one of a deed of blood.

The author of "Modern Painters" (a work of great originality of thought, and deservedly attracting public attention), has well defined the province of art in respect to the delineation of crime and suffering; and his remarks upon the choice of subjects for the pencil are equally applicable to those which should be selected for the pen. He notices, as perversions of pure taste, the painting of the Deluge, in the first room of the Louvre, in which the only passion represented is that of pure, acute, mortal fear; a battle-piece of Salvator Rosa, in the Pitti palace, in which the chief figure in the foreground is a man, with his arm cut off at the shoulder, run through the other hand into the breast with a lance; and Raphael's Massacre of the Innocents in our own Gallery.

The use and value of passion is not as a subject of contemplation in itself, but as it breaks up the fountains of the great deep of the human mind, or displays its mightiness and ribbed majesty, as mountains are seen in their stability best among the coil of clouds; whence, in fine, I think it is to be held that all passion which attains overwhelming power, so that the creature is contemplated not as resisting, but as conquered, is unfit for high art, and destructive of the ideal character of the countenance. \* \* \*

\* \* \* All human misery, slaughter, famine, plague, peril, and crime, are better in the main avoided, as of unprofitable and hardening influence; unless so far as out of the suffering, hinted rather than expressed, we may raise into nobler relief the eternal enduring of fortitude and affection, of mercy and self-devotion; or when, as by the threshing floor of Ornan, and by the cave of Lazarus, the angel of the Lord is to be seen in the chastisement, and His love to the despair of men.

The happiest and most perfect of Dickens's sketches is that of "Little Nell," in the story of "Humphrey's Clock." Her death is a tragedy of the true sort, that which softens, and yet strengthens and elevates; and we have its counterpart in the death of "Little Dombey," in the new work of this gifted author now issuing in parts through the press.

We rejoice to observe, in "Dombey and Son," the evidence of improved experience and pains-taking. If we may judge of the work as a whole from the early numbers, it is, to our thinking, the best of the productions of the same pen. The chief interest is tragic, but its material is not crime; and we notice this with satisfaction, as an illustration of our argument. The personages of the tale are every-day men and women, with their every-day faults and virtues. Among them, as yet, there is no great villain. Hobgoblins have been exorcised. The first part describes a dying mother—the fifth a dying child—subjects of the most common-place obituaries, but here treated by a master. No other writer can approach Dickens in a perfect analysis of the mind of children; and in "Dombey and Son" he has put forth the whole of his power. It was a novel but happy idea to sketch society, and human weaknesses, as seen through the eyes of infant philosophy. The satire is at once playful, delicate, and touching. We allude chiefly to the fourth number, where the reflections of Little Dombey upon all that is passing about him at Dr. Blimber's, is a study for moralists and metaphysicians. The number following concludes the biography of the sick child. As a parallel to our extract from "Zanoni," but in a different style, we transfer to our pages the closing scene;—a long one, but its merit lies in the *minutiae* and truthfulness of its details, which will not bear abbreviation.

Paul had never risen from his little bed. He lay there, listening to the noises in the street, quite tranquilly; not caring much how the time went, but watching it and watching everything about him with observing eyes.

When the sunbeams struck into his room through the rustling blinds, and quivered on the opposite wall like golden water, he knew that evening was coming on, and that the sky was red and beautiful. As the reflection died away, and a gloom went creeping up the wall, he watched it deepen, deepen, deepen, into night. Then he thought how the long streets were dotted with lamps, and how the peaceful stars were shining overhead. His fancy had a strange tendency to wander to the river, which he knew was flowing through the great city; and now he thought how black it was, and how deep it would look, reflecting the hosts of stars—and more than all, how steadily it rolled away to meet the sea.

As it grew later in the night, and footsteps in the street became so rare that he could hear them coming, count them as they passed, and lose them in the hollow distance, he would lie and watch the many-coloured ring about the candle, and wait patiently for day. His only trouble was, the swift and rapid river. He felt forced, sometimes, to try to stop it—to stem it with his childish hands—or choke its way with sand—and when he saw it coming on resistless, he cried out! But a word from Florence, who was always at his side restored him to himself; and leaning his poor head upon her breast, he told Floy of his dream, and smiled.

When day began to dawn again, he watched for the sun; and when its cheerful light began to sparkle in the room, he pictured to himself—pictured! he saw—the high church towers, rising up into the morning sky, the town reviving, waking, starting into life once more, the river glistening as it rolled (but rolling fast as ever), and the country bright with dew. Familiar sounds and cries came by degrees into the street below; the servants in the house were roused and busy; faces looked in at the door, and voices asked his attendants softly how he was. Paul always answered for himself, "I am better. I am a great deal better, thank you! Tell Papa so!"

By little and little, he got tired of the bustle of the day, the noise of carriages and carts, and people passing and re-passing; and would fall asleep, or be troubled with a restless and uneasy sense again—the child could hardly tell whether this were in his sleeping or his waking moments—of that rushing river. "Why will it never stop, Floy?" he would sometimes ask her. "It is bearing me away, I think!"

But Floy could always soothe and re-assure him; and it was his daily delight to make her lay her head down on his pillow, and take some rest.

"You are always watching me, Floy. Let me watch you now!" They would prop him up with cushions in a corner of his bed, and there he would recline the while she lay beside him; bending forward oftentimes to kiss her, and whispering to those who were near that she was tired, and how she had sat up so many nights beside him.

Thus, the flush of the day, in its heat and light, would gradually decline; and again the golden water would be dancing on the wall.

He was visited by as many as three grave doctors—they used to assemble down-stairs and come up together—and the room was so quiet, and Paul was so observant of them (though he never asked of anybody what they said), that he even knew the difference in the sound of their watches. But his interest centered in Sir Parker Peps, who always took his seat on the side of the bed. For Paul had heard them say long ago, that that gentleman had been with his mamma when she clasped Florence in her arms, and died. And he could not forget it, now. He liked him for it. He was not afraid.

The people round him changed as unaccountably as on that first night at Dr. Blimber's—except Florence; Florence never changed—and what had been Sir Parker Peps, was now his father, sitting with his head upon his hand. Old Mrs. Pipchin, dozing in an easy chair, often changed to Miss Tox or his aunt; and Paul was quite content to shut his eyes again, and see what happened next, without emotion. But this figure with its head upon its hand returned so often, and remained so long, and sat so still and solemn; never speaking, never being spoken to, and rarely lifting up its face, that Paul began to wonder languidly, if it were real; and in the night-time saw it sitting there, with fear.

"Floy!" he said. "What is that?"

"Where, dearest?"

"There! at the bottom of the bed."

"There's nothing there except Papa!"

The figure lifted up its head, and rose, and coming to the bedside, said: "My own boy! Don't you know me?"

Paul looked it in the face, and thought, was this his father? But the face, so altered to his thinking, thrilled while he gazed, as if it were in pain; and before he could reach out both his hands to take it between them, and draw it towards him, the figure turned away quickly from the little bed, and went out at the door.

Paul looked at Florence with a fluttering heart, but he knew what she was going to say, and stopped her with his face against her lips. The next time he observed the figure sitting at the bottom of the bed, he called to it.

"Don't be so sorry for me, dear Papa! Indeed I am quite happy!"

His father coming, and bending down to him—which he did quickly, and without first pausing by the bedside—Paul held him round the neck, and repeated those words to him several times, and very earnestly; and Paul never saw him in his room again at any time, whether it were day or night, but he called out, "Don't be so sorry for me! Indeed I am quite happy!" This was the beginning of his always saying in the morning that he was a great deal better, and that they were to tell his father so.

How many times the golden water danced upon the wall; how many nights the dark dark river rolled towards the sea in spite of him; Paul never counted, never sought to know. If their kindness, or his sense of it, could have increased, they were more kind, and he more grateful every day; but whether there were many days or few, appeared of little moment now, to the gentle boy.

One night he had been thinking of his mother, and her picture in the drawing-room down stairs, and had thought she must have loved sweet Florence better than his father did, to have held her in her arms when she felt that she was dying—for even he, her brother, who had such dear love for her, could have no greater wish than that. The train of thought suggested to him to inquire if he had ever seen his mother? for he could not remember whether they had told him yes, or no, the river running very fast, and confusing his mind.

"Floy, did I ever see mamma?"

"No, darling, why?"

"Did I never see any kind face, like a mamma's, looking at me when I was a baby, Floy?"

He asked, incredulously, as if he had some vision of a face before him.

"Oh yes, dear!"

"Whose, Floy?"

"Your old nurse's. Often."

"And where is my old nurse?" said Paul. "Is she dead too? Floy, are we all dead, except you?"

There was a hurry in the room, for an instant—longer, perhaps; but it seemed no more—then all was still again; and Florence, with her face quite colourless, but smiling, held his head upon her arm. Her arm trembled very much.

"Show me that old nurse, Floy, if you please!"

"She is not here darling. She shall come to-morrow."

"Thank you, Floy!"

Paul closed his eyes with those words, and fell asleep. When he awoke, the sun was high, and the broad day was clear and warm. He lay a little, looking at the windows, which were open, and the curtains rustling in the air, and waving to and fro: then he said, "Floy, is it to-morrow? Is she come?"

Some one seemed to go in quest of her. Perhaps it was Susan. Paul thought he heard her telling him when he had closed his eyes again, that she would soon be back; but he did not open them to see. She kept her word—perhaps she had never been away—but the next thing that happened was a noise of footsteps on the stairs, and then Paul woke—woke mind and body—and sat upright in his bed. He saw them now about him. There was no gray mist before them, as there had been sometimes in the night. He knew them every one, and called them by their names.

"And who is this? Is this my old nurse?" said the child, regarding with a radiant smile, a figure coming in.

Yes, yes. No other stranger would have shed those tears at sight of him, and called him her dear boy, her pretty boy, her own poor blighted child. No other woman would have stooped down by his bed, and taken up his wasted hand, and put it to her lips and breast, as one who had some right to fondle it. No other woman would have so forgotten everybody there but him and Floy, and been so full of tenderness and pity.

"Floy; this is a kind good face!" said Paul. "I am glad to see it again. Don't go away, old nurse! Stay here!"

His senses were all quickened, and he heard a name he knew.

"Who was that, who said 'Walter'?" he asked, looking round. Some one said Walter. Is he here? I should like to see him very much."

Nobody replied directly; but his father soon said to Susan, "Call him back, then: let him come up!" After a short pause of expectation, during which he looked with smiling interest and wonder, on his nurse, and saw that she had not forgotten Floy, Walter was brought into the room. His open face and manner, and his cheerful eyes, had always made him a favorite with Paul; and when Paul saw him, he stretched out his hand, and said, "Good-bye!"

"Good-bye, my child!" cried Mrs. Pipchin, hurrying to his bed's head. "Not good-bye!"

For an instant, Paul looked at her with the wistful face with which he had so often gazed upon her in his corner by the fire. "Ah, yes," he said, placidly, "good-bye! Walter dear, good-bye!"—turning his head to where he stood, and putting out his hand again. "Where is Papa?"

He felt his father's breath upon his cheek, before the words had parted from his lips.

"Remember Walter, dear Papa," he whispered, looking in his face. "Remember Walter. I was fond of Walter!" The feeble hand waved in the air, as if it cried, "good-bye!" to Walter once again.

"Now lay me down," he said; "and Floy, come close to me, and let me see you!"

Sister and brother wound their arms around each other, and the golden light came streaming in, and fell upon them, locked together.

"How fast the river runs, between its green banks and the rushes, Floy! But it's very near the sea. I hear the waves! They always said so!"

Presently he told her that the motion of the boat upon the stream was lulling him to rest. How green the banks were now, how bright the flowers growing on them, and how tall the rushes! Now the boat was out at sea, but gliding smoothly on. And now there was a shore before him. Who stood on the bank!—

He put his hands together, as he had been used to do at his prayers. He did not remove his arms to do it; but they saw him fold them so, behind her neck.

"Mamma is like you Floy. I know her by the face! But tell them that the print upon the stairs at school, is not divine enough. The light about the head is shining on me as I go!"

The golden ripple on the wall came back again, and nothing else stirred in the room. The old, old, fashion! The fashion that came in with our first garments, and will last unchanged until our race has run its course, and the wide firmament is rolled up like a scroll. The old, old fashion,—Death!

Oh thank God, all who see it, for that older fashion yet, of Immortality! And look upon us, angels of young children, with regards not quite estranged, when the swift river bears us to the ocean.

A simple, but affecting narrative; and well told:—one in which every incident is true to nature, and given without any straining after effect. The only attempt at fine writing is in the last two passages, which are not very intelligible, and should have been omitted. Paul had been called "old-fashioned," from the eccentricity of his manners, but the term is not appropriate to death and immortality; and we should never have guessed what came in with our first garments, without the author's explanation at the end of the sentence. This is but a trifling matter, and we are glad that beyond a little exaggeration in the portraiture of the fashionable physician, Sir Parker Peps, no graver defects appear. In the humorous parts of the narrative there is as usual a vein of caricature, but not too extravagant, nor more than is required to render the descriptions graphic.

The rising generation will have reason to be grateful to Mr. Dickens, for his temperate but yet severe rebuke of all attempts to overtask a child's intellect. By his quiet satire of a fashionable classical institution, in the present work, not less than for his exposure of vulgar and brutal ignorance in another class of academics, described in "Nicholas Nickleby," he deserves the thanks of all educational reformers.

*Journal des Economistes, Revue Mensuelle d'Economie Politique, et des Questions Agricoles, Manufacturières et Commerciales.*

At the commencement of the sixth year of their labors, the conductors of this periodical naturally congratulate themselves on the complete success of their efforts to establish a Journal especially devoted to the discussion of various important social and commercial questions. Most of the leading political economists of France are contributors to its pages; and to their united efforts may be attributed no small share of the progress made by free-trade opinions in that country since the year 1840, when it was first undertaken. We may quote the two last paragraphs of the Introduction of the new volume.

The year which is now expiring has witnessed an event which must have a powerful influence upon the prosperity and the peace of all nations, namely, the triumph of the English League over the Corn-Laws and the vicious system of Protection. A memorable struggle has also commenced in France. Our Journal, and the Society of Economists have supplied this agitation with writers and orators, whose services in the cause of freedom will be equally valuable.

The *Journal des Economistes*, it is believed, has hitherto been serviceable to the cause of free-trade, by faithfully registering the earliest manifestations both for and against the emancipation of Commerce. It will continue to collect all the scientific arguments which may be produced on either side of the question. It will ever take an active part in the struggle, in the name of the science to which it is devoted; but, as it has undertaken to study all the branches of this vast science, the progress of free-trade will not be the sole subject treated of in its pages, and it will continue to follow and to urge forward the movement of mind in all questions which belong to Social Economy.

In an article on "The Influence of the Protective System upon Agriculture," M. F. Bastiat exposes the bad policy of France in withdrawing her population from agricultural pursuits, which he considers the best adapted to the resources of that country, and to the genius of her people, in order to engage them in manufactures, which he looks upon as better suited to English enterprise. This he attributes to French imitation of English customs and institutions; and says, that while his countrymen affect to despise this country, and set up themselves as a pattern people, they bow down in idolatry before England, and offer her the most sincere of all homage—imitation. He continues:—

Do the English affect conquests? We also feel a desire to make conquests, without considering whether we, like them, have thousands of younger sons to provide for. Have they colonies? We also wish to possess colonies, without asking if, for them as for ourselves, colonies do not cost more than they are worth. Have they race-horses and hunters? We also have a desire for race-horses and hunters, without considering that those pastimes which may be followed by an aristocracy fond of hunting and of gambling, is beyond the reach of a democracy, whose divided land is little adapted for hunting, even on foot. We see, in short, the population of England quitting the rural districts, and burying itself in mines, congregating in manufacturing towns, and reducing itself to mere machines in factories; and our legislators, without any regard to the situation, the fitness, or the genius of our fellow-citizens, by means of the privileges of which they, in fact, bear all the expense, sets about attracting them towards mines, numerous factories, and manufacturing towns.

He goes on to show that France is eminently adapted for agriculture; while England, by her geographical position, her system of railways, her rivers, her abundant supply of iron and coal, the patient, orderly, mechanical-genius of her workmen, and the maritime habits which ensue from her insular situation, is as eminently fitted to fulfil, to her own profit, and for the advantage of the whole world, the two grand functions of industry—the manufacture and the transport of her various productions.

"Now, I ask," he continues, "do the soil, the climate, the sun of France, her geographical position, the constitution of her government, the genius of her people—do these justify coercive measures in order to thrust her population from agricultural labors to manufacturing occupations—from the field to the workshop? If manufactures were more profitable, there would have been no need of coercive measures. Profit, of itself, would have possessed sufficient attraction. But, in displacing capital and labor, in doing violence to the physical and intellectual nature of man, the only result is the impoverishment of the nation."

We cannot follow the author through his arguments, which are applicable to the protective system of every country; but, after a glowing picture of the effects of an opposite policy in France, he thus concludes:—

It may, perhaps, be objected, that, in this case, the French nation would have been purely agricultural. I do not believe it, any more than I suppose that the English nation would have become exclusively manufacturing. With the one, the full development of manufactures would have been favorable to agriculture; with the other, the prosperity of agriculture would have encouraged manufactures: for, notwithstanding the most perfect freedom in the relations of people, there are always raw materials which are advantageously prepared for use on the spot where they occur. It is even possible, and, for my own part, I see nothing strange in the supposition, that France should send a great part of her raw material to be manufactured in England; and that there would still be enough left for her own manufactures, even if they should increase beyond their present amount.

From the record of free-trade proceedings, we learn that the third public meeting of the Association was held at Paris, on the 24th of November last; the Duc d'Harcourt in the chair. This meeting was attended by upwards of 2,000 persons.

The chairman opened the proceedings by a speech, in which he enumerated the reproaches cast upon the Association, answering each objection with much tact and spirit. He concluded as follows:—

What we demand is, that labor should be free; that no description of industry should be compelled to confer premiums and privileges upon others.

What is our situation? What do we want? We ask but one thing, namely—that the working classes may have food and clothing at the greatest possible advantage. What do our opponents say to this? They have but one reply; they say we shall lower the wages. They are free to proceed in their own way; but we, who are the apostles of freedom, do not wish to rob any one. It would be strange if, in our position, we should be the opponents of the working classes, and these gentlemen their exclusive patrons, their tutelar divinities. You see that we are not so black as we are represented; and what proves this still better than words, is the support of the most distinguished manufacturers in the kingdom, whom we have just referred to. I have the greatest hope, that with their concurrence and their support, our national industry will one day throw off the shackles under which egotism and private interest would have it continue to languish, (prolonged cheers.)

The president was followed by M. Léon Faucher, who commenced by informing the audience of the line of conduct followed by the Protectionist Association, in order to oppose the proposal of M. Say to the Council-General. The Association demanded that he should await the results of an inquiry which had been proposed; as if this inquiry, carried on in secret, and conducted by the interested parties themselves, would have more weight than that of 1834, which was but an echo of the privileged. He afterwards read and commented upon many passages of a letter written by the Odier committee to the council of ministers, to demand the dismissal of the professors of political economy, to intimidate the minister, and to compel him to make an unconstitutional declaration against the Association for the freedom of trade. The speaker denounced this step in very severe terms; and after exposing the perplexed metaphysics of protection, he alluded to the conduct of the wine-merchants of Reims, who had consented to sacrifice their interests to the protective system; and concluded in these words.

You know our aim; we march forward to liberty. But it is such liberty as is best adapted to human society. As to the means, gentlemen, we are disposed to accept anything that can render our progress dignified and certain. We can afford to be moderate, for we have reason on our side; and, after all, it is truth which governs the world.

M. Peupin protested against the existing protective system, as affecting the working classes. He declared it to be tyrannical, unjust, and immoral; tyrannical, because it compels the workman to purchase of certain parts rather than of others; unjust, because it levies an impost in favor of a class; and immoral, because this impost weighs upon articles of primary necessity to the poor.

The last speaker was followed by Professor Ortolan, Member of the Council-General of Commerce. This speaker treated the question in a new manner; he, at least, furnished an historical demonstration of a proposition frequently stated in discussions on the Customs, namely, that the protective system is nothing but the feudal system of industry.

Gentlemen!—In studying the system of our ancient social organization, and that of our existing industrial organization, there is a similarity which has struck me much. What feudality was to the first of these organizations, the protective system is to the other. The more I have examined the details the more clearly has this truth been shown; so much so, that I here proclaim, with all confidence, that the protective system is no other than the feudality of industry. Examine it with me for a moment, and you will be convinced that this is the case.

In the history of all human societies there is an old word, namely, *liberty*; but there is also a new word, namely, *equality*. The ancients, and especially the ancient republics, talked freely about liberty; but they had slaves and unequal classes of men among them. The middle ages had many agitations; many insurrections, many wars in the name of liberty; still the liberties of the middle ages were but a long, an inextricable, tissue of in-