

houses separated by dark and narrow alleys leading to small courts known by the name of *courtes*, serving at once as sewers and depositories of filth, and where reigns a constant humidity in all seasons. The windows of the habitations and the doors of the cellars open on these infected gullies, at the bottom of which a grate is placed horizontally on the cess-pool, which serves the public privies day and night. The dwellings of the rest of the community are distributed around these pestilential places, and from the community the local unfortunates congratulate themselves that they extract a petty revenue. In proportion as you penetrate into the heart of the *courtes* a strange population of children wild, hunchbacked, deformed, of an aspect haggard and unhealthy, surrounds every visitor and solicits charity. The greater part of these unhappy creatures are almost naked, and the best protected are covered only with rags. But these at least breathe a free air, and it is only at the bottom of the cellars that it is possible to judge of the sufferings of those whom age or the rigour of the seasons does not permit to move abroad. In the greatest number of cases they lie on the bare earth, on the refuse of straw, on the ricks of withered potatoes, on sand, and on *débris* collected with much effort during the day. The dungeon where these people vegetate is entirely destitute of furniture: and it is only to the most fortunate that it is given to possess a frying-pan, a wooden chair, and some utensils of housekeeping. "I am not rich myself," said to us an aged woman, in showing us her neighbour stretched on the damp area of his cellar, "but I have my bed of straw, thank God."

M. Blanqui renders a very similar account of Rouen, and a description very little better of Lyon. The uniform tenor of his observations confirmed him in the conclusion that the events of 1848 had exercised a most lamentable and pernicious influence upon the manufacturing industry and population of France. Into the details of what he saw and heard we cannot follow him with any hope of rendering intelligible by single passages a narrative so continuous and so difficult to divide. Availing ourselves, however, of the sequel of M. Blanqui's Report in the *Journal des Economistes*, already referred to, we may very properly transfer to our pages a passage descriptive of the industry of Lyon not to be found in the publication before us. M. Blanqui says,—

The economical question of the industry of the city of Lyon is presented to us under an imposing and complicated aspect which bears no resemblance to any other. We do not find in Lyon, as in other pieces of manufacture, those great establishments of a peculiar architectural form where the workpeople are collected in masses around machines disposed in vast apartments, and belonging to a single capitalist or to an opulent joint-stock company. The severe rule of the manufacturing communities is unknown to the Lyonnaise workpeople. The Lyonnaise industry, almost entirely confined to the fabrication of silks in forms the most elegant and the most various, is altogether based on the domestic system; and the workman enjoys there a degree of independence very rare among those employed in the textile manufactures of Europe. Every one knows that in Lyon there are no manufacturers properly so called; but only expert commission-houses, who receive orders from the principal export and other houses in France and foreign countries, and who confine themselves specially to the choice of patterns for the articles required, and to the selection of the raw material of which they are composed. Everything relating to the actual process of manufacture is undertaken by the Lyonnaise artisan known under the name of *chef d'atelier*, and who is the owner of six or seven workshops where he works himself and employs under him several other workmen very often entire strangers, who pay to him a rent or compensation for the space they occupy upon his premises. The Lyon workman is at full liberty to debate the price of his labour and to execute it at his own home by the help of his wife and children, or of other workmen of his own choice. He is a perfect petty master, proprietor of his place of work, free to

labour at his own hours, provided that he delivers the article promised according to the conditions he has debated and accepted. The manufacturer and the workman are then, at Lyon, on a footing of perfect equality, and it seems at first sight that no disagreeable circumstance ought ever to interfere with the complete harmony so natural between them. Far from this, however, for the space of a quarter of a century no manufacturing city of France has been desolated by more terrible dissensions, nor has raised questions more perplexing to the economist and the statesman. The city of Lyon has been the most conspicuous arena where the genius of disorder has excited those lamentable conflicts of our day called *social*, and which are nothing else than fatal misunderstandings between interests equally respectable. Three times in less than five years its walls have been stained by civil disorders of a character the most savage and furious; and if material order has been re-established by military force, it is the more necessary that a moral discipline should be re-established in men's minds in such a manner as to justify the hope that this city, not long ago without a rival, may presently regain the rank it has forfeited. The question of the Lyonnaise industry has nothing in common with that of the cotton industry such as we have seen it at Rouen and at Lille. The spinning and the weaving of cotton suffer from an inherent malady peculiar to their constitution, to the progress of their machinery, to the necessity of incessant work, to the concurrence of exterior and interior influences. Their evil is entirely technical and material; the evil of the industry of Lyon is entirely moral. At Rouen and Lille, it is the factory which demoralizes the man, at Lyon it is the man that demoralizes the factory. The misfortunes of the cotton manufacture have something of a fatal and inevitable character which cannot completely cease except with the manufacture itself; the misfortunes of the Lyonnaise are artificial, kept up by artisans, and they will disappear when the artisans reform their own conduct; but they are further than ever from being disposed to do this. A short statistical statement will enable us to appreciate the facts. If it be true that industrial questions are difficult and serious in proportion as they take root in the domestic habits of a numerous population, no city demands more than Lyon, Paris excepted, the attention of competent observers. In more than 200,000 inhabitants there are nearly 40,000 artisans in connexion with 500 commission-houses, the chiefs of which bear the name of *fabricants*. The raw material on which the industry of Lyon is employed, namely silks, is of a price infinitely superior to that of any other. While cotton, linen and wool, cost not more than 2 francs to 15 francs the kilogramme, silk costs nearly 100 francs on the average, and represents even in its primitive state a value which wool and linen and cotton only acquire when manufactured. If the industry arising out of the latter requires a large capital in buildings and machinery, the silk manufacture requires a more considerable capital for the purchase of raw material."

In the final chapter of his Report, we learn that M. Blanqui has proposed three remedial measures with reference to the evils he has observed so accurately and described with so much force. He proposes extensive sanitary regulations, the prohibition of infant labour in factories, and the infusion of new vigour into the popular schools of France. The Academy appears to have received these suggested reforms with considerable favour. There are, of course, difficulties and reasons for circumspect delay,—to overlook which might expedite the appearance of the new law without in any degree contributing to the attainment of its object.

We have only one more extract, and it describes an incident in which a Frenchman was pretty certain to acquit himself with credit.—

The city of Rouen had been stained by a conflict, at the conclusion of which more than a hundred workmen found themselves detained in prison. They were collected in the same yard, and I thought it my duty to visit it for the purpose of discussion with them. They all belonged to the department, and they were generally of a mature age, with the exception of a small number of young men. The

greatest animation prevailed among them, and they declaimed vaguely and without any method against what they called the *bourgeoise*, against the government, against the master manufacturers. I perceived a young man of a most sweet and happy countenance, and the following dialogue took place between us: the academic will permit me to preserve the local peculiarities in all their *naïveté*. "Young man," I said to him, "why are you in prison?"—"For having attempted to deliver my country from the yoke of tyrants."—"Of what tyrants?"—"Of tyrants who oppress us."—"But what tyrants have you to fear in a country in possession of universal suffrage—are you not free to vote for whoever you happen to like?"—"Without doubt; but I did not think of that when I encountered the smell of powder; I went out, I was beaten, and here I am." While he was pronouncing these few words, one of his companions in misfortune whose physiognomy was less agreeable than his, seized familiarly the skirt of my great coat, and said to me in a tone the most ironical, "How many blouses would they easily make, monsieur, with the price of this great coat?"—"You deceive yourself, my friend; these great coats are made. The wool of the sheep is not transferred from their backs to mine without being manufactured by some one, and that some one has received his wages. It has not been dyed, spun, woven, prepared, and finished for nothing. My great coat has, therefore, produced the value of more than a blouse in its journey, and it has clothed more than one person before it reached my shoulders. What say you, messieurs?" All the prisoners applauded except my questioner, who observed with a growl, "That may perhaps be true, but the manufacturers are great scoundrels all the same!"

We shall be happy if we assist in promoting the circulation of a Tract so well written, so interesting, and occupied in the discussion of a question closely connected with the welfare of the French people.

The Personal History, Adventures, Experience and Observation of David Copperfield the Younger, of Blunderstone Rookery. (Which he never meant to be published on any account.) No. I. By Charles Dickens. Bradbury & Evans.

We have now before us the first brick of Mr. Dickens's new literary edifice; and confess, for the disappointment of the *quidnuncs*, that we have no anticipation from the brick—as some of our contemporaries may perhaps have—of the ultimate character and complete proportions of the structure. We have no objection, however, to hand about the specimen, in case any of our readers may possess a better gift of divination than ourselves. In these mesmeric days, when most of the suburbs of London (we are not so familiar with the statistics in this respect of the provinces) abound with ladies who can see into the heart of millstones, there should be no difficulty in tracing the characters and accomplishments of any future edifice in the first fragment of it laid down.

For ourselves, however, who have not this faculty, the form adopted by Mr. Dickens in his new work would render more difficult than usual any speculation as to his future intentions even if we were disposed to make such. That form is the autobiographical; and the hero-narrator, instead of laying selectively and artistically down merely such characters as are to work out his formal story, dives far back into the memories of infancy and of childhood for those faint impressions and fleeting memories which haunt the border-land between Time and that side of Eternity. Minute and fragmentary details are given, such as every man's mind tries in after years to recover from that land of dreams and shadows; that have no visible or appreciable influence upon his future history, but the very smallest of which has gone—we know not how, nor how much—to the modelling of the man. These cannot help the *quidnuncs*

one bit, however, to the coming plan. Under such conditions of composition, personages, too, that seem sketched for effectual agency in the story—and would be sketched only with that view in another case—disappear for ever after having been made, unnecessarily as it would seem, present to us—and baffle the speculators. Miss Betsey, aunt of the hero, is such a being. She is drawn by Mr. Dickens in pure waste. After a sufficiently striking and emphatic appearance in the first scene of this commencing history, she "vanished like a discontented fairy,"—and, as we understand it, is never to come back any more in all its course.

Mr. Copperfield was a posthumous child; "born at Blunderstone, in Suffolk,—or 'thereby,' as they say in Scotland." The following are among the earliest of his recollections.—

"The first objects that assume a distinct presence before me, as I look far back, into the blank of my infancy, are my mother with her pretty hair and youthful shape, and Peggotty with no shape at all, and eyes so dark that they seemed to darken their whole neighbourhood in her face, and cheeks and arms so hard and red that I wondered the birds didn't peck her in preference to apples. I believe I can remember these two at a little distance apart, dwarfed to my sight by stooping down or kneeling on the floor, and I going unsteadily from the one to the other. I have an impression on my mind which I cannot distinguish from actual remembrance, of the touch of Peggotty's fore-finger as she used to hold it out to me, and of its being roughened by needle-work, like a pocket nutmeg-grater. This may be fancy, though I think the memory of most of us can go farther back into such times than many of us suppose; just as I believe the power of observation in numbers of very young children to be quite wonderful for its closeness and accuracy. Indeed, I think that most grown men who are remarkable in this respect, may with greater propriety be said not to have lost the faculty, than to have acquired it; or rather, as I generally observe such men to retain a certain freshness, and gentleness, and capacity of being pleased, which are also an inheritance they have preserved from their childhood. * * Looking back, as I was saying, into the blank of my infancy, the first objects I can remember as standing out by themselves from a confusion of things, are my mother and Peggotty. What else do I remember? Let me see. There comes out of the cloud, our house—not new to me, but quite familiar, in its earliest remembrance. On the ground-floor is Peggotty's kitchen, opening into a back yard; with a pigeon-house on a pole, in the centre, without any pigeons in it; a great dog-kennel in a corner, without any dog; and a quantity of fowls that look terribly tall to me, walking about, in a menacing and ferocious manner. There is one cock who gets upon a post to crow, and seems to take particular notice of me as I look at him through the kitchen-window, who makes me shiver, he is so fierce. Of the geese outside the side-gate who come waddling after me with their long necks stretched out when I go that way, I dream at night: as a man environed by wild beasts might dream of lions. Here is a long passage—what an enormous perspective I make of it!—leading from Peggotty's kitchen to the front-door. A dark store-room opens out of it, and that is a place to be run past at night; for I don't know what may be among those tubs and jars and old tea-chests, when there is nobody in there with a dimly-burning light, letting a mouldy air come out at the door, in which there is the smell of soap, pickles, pepper, candles, and coffee, all at one whiff. Then there are the two parlours: the parlour in which we sit of an evening, my mother and I and Peggotty—for Peggotty is quite our companion, when her work is done and we are alone—and the best parlour where we sit on a Sunday; grandly, but not so comfortably. There is something of a doleful air about that room to me, for Peggotty had told me—I don't know when, but apparently ages ago—about my father's funeral, and the company having their black cloaks put on. One Sunday night my mother read to Peggotty and me in there, how Lazarus was raised up from the dead. And I am so frightened that

they are afterwards obliged to take me out of bed, and show me the quiet churchyard out of the bedroom window, with the dead all lying in their graves at rest, below the solemn moon. There is nothing half so green that I know anywhere, as the grass of that churchyard; nothing half so shady as its trees; nothing half so quiet as its tombstones. The sheep are feeding there, when I kneel up, early in the morning, in my little bed in a closet within my mother's room, to look out at it; and I see the red light shining on the sun-dial, and think within myself, 'Is the sun-dial glad, I wonder, that it can tell the time again?' Here is our pew in the church. What a high-backed pew! With a window near it, out of which our house can be seen, and is seen many times during the morning's service, by Peggotty, who likes to make herself as sure as she can that it's not being robbed, or is not in flames. But though Peggotty's eye wanders, she is much offended if mine does, and frowns to me, as I stand upon the seat, that I am to look at the clergyman. But I can't always look at him—I know him without that white thing on, and I am afraid of his wondering why I stare so, and perhaps stopping the service to inquire—and what am I to do? It's a dreadful thing to gape, but I must do something. I look at my mother, but she pretends not to see me. I look at a boy in the aisle, and he makes faces at me. I look at the sunlight coming in at the open door through the porch, and there I see a stray sheep—I don't mean a sinner, but mutton—half making up his mind to come into the church. I feel that if I looked at him any longer, I might be tempted to say something out loud; and what would become of me then! I look up at the monumental tablets on the wall, and try to think of Mr. Bodgers late of this parish, and what the feelings of Mrs. Bodgers must have been, when affliction sore, long time Mr. Bodger bore, and physicians were in vain. I wonder whether they called in Mr. Chillip, and he was in vain; and if so, how he likes to be "eminded of it once a week. I look from Mr. Chillip, in his Sunday neckcloth, to the pulpit; and think what a good place it would be to play in, and what a castle it would make, with another boy coming up the stairs to attack it, and having the velvet cushion with the tassels thrown down on his head. In time my eyes gradually shut up; and, from seeming to hear the clergyman singing a drowsy song in the heat, I hear nothing, until I fall off the seat with a crash, and am taken out, more dead than alive, by Peggotty. And now I see the outside of our house, with the latticed bedroom-windows standing open to let in the sweet-smelling air, and the ragged old rooks' nests still dangling in the elm-trees at the bottom of the front garden. Now I am in the garden at the back, beyond the yard where the empty pigeon-house and dog-kennel are—a very preserve of butterflies, as I remember it, with a high fence, and a gate and padlock; where the fruit clusters on the trees, riper and richer than fruit has ever been since, in any other garden, and where my mother gathers some in a basket, while I stand by, bolting furtive gooseberries, and trying to look unmoved. A great wind rises, and the summer is gone in a moment. We are playing in the winter twilight, dancing about the parlour. When my mother is out of breath and rests herself in an elbow-chair, I watch her winding her bright curls round her fingers, and straitening her waist, and nobody knows better than I do that she likes to look so well, and is proud of being so pretty."

But over this home, beheld in the far, far background of the narrator's heart—seen in the remembered light of yet unclouded childhood, as ships far off at sea are revealed by some incident of sunlight falling on their sails—a change was coming. A shadow was about to fall between the child and mother—in the person of a step-father. Unable to break the subject to the child—who seems nevertheless to have had his presentiments—the fair and vain young widow intrusts the task to the domestic who had helped her to rear him; and David Copperfield is sent away to escape at once the pain and the festivities of the wedding by spending a fortnight at Yarmouth with Peggotty, at the residence of her brother.—

"It touches me nearly now, although I tell it lightly, to recollect how eager I was to leave my happy home; to think how little I suspected what I did leave for ever. I am glad to recollect that when the carrier's cart was at the gate, and my mother stood there kissing me, a grateful fondness for her and for the old place I had never turned my back upon before, made me cry. I am glad to know that my mother cried too, and that I felt her heart beat against mine. I am glad to recollect that when the carrier began to move, my mother ran out at the gate, and called to him to stop, that she might kiss me once more. I am glad to dwell upon the earnestness and love with which she lifted up her face to mine, and did so."

The following is our auto-biographer's first impression of Yarmouth.—

"We made so many deviations up and down lanes, and were such a long time delivering a bedstead at a public-house, and calling at other places, that I was quite tired, and very glad, when we saw Yarmouth. It looked rather spongy and soppy, I thought, as I carried my eye over the great dull waste that lay across the river; and I could not help wondering, if the world were really as round as my geography-book said, how any part of it came to be so flat. But I reflected that Yarmouth might be situated at one of the poles; which would account for it. As we drew a little nearer, and saw the whole adjacent prospect lying a straight low line under the sky, I hinted to Peggotty that a mound or so might have improved it; and also that if the land had been a little more separated from the sea, and the town and the tide had not been quite so much mixed up, like toast and water, it would have been nicer. But Peggotty said with greater emphasis than usual, that we must take things as we found them, and that, for her part, she was proud to call herself a Yarmouth Bloater. When we got into the street (which was strange enough to me), and smelt the fish, and pitch, and oakum, and tar, and saw the sailors walking about, and the carts jingling up and down over the stones, I felt that I had done so busy a place an injustice; and said as much to Peggotty, who heard my expressions of delight with great complacency, and told me it was well known (I suppose to those who had the good fortune to be born Bloaters) that Yarmouth was, upon the whole, the finest place in the universe."

The next extract describes the particular mansion assigned for his residence during this unsuspected banishment.—

"I looked in all directions, as far as I could stare over the wilderness, and away at sea, and away at the river, but no house could I make out. There was a black barge, or some other kind of superannuated boat, not far off; high and dry on the ground, with an iron funnel sticking out of it for a chimney and smoking very cosily; but nothing else in the way of a habitation that was visible to me. 'That's not it,' said I. 'That ship looking thing?'—'That's it, Mas'r Davy,' returned Ham. If it had been Aladdin's palace, roc's egg and all, I suppose I could not have been more charmed with the romantic ideas of living in it. There was a delightful door cut in the side, and it was roofed in, and there were little windows in it; but the wonderful charm of it was, that it was a real boat which had no doubt been upon the water hundreds of times, and which had never been intended to be lived in, on dry land. That was the captivation of it to me. If it had ever been meant to be lived in, I might have thought it small, or inconvenient, or lonely; but never having been designed for any such use, it became a perfect abode. It was beautifully clean inside, and as tidy as possible. There was a table and a Dutch clock, and a chest of drawers, and on the chest of drawers there was a tea-tray with a painting on it of a lady with a parasol, taking a walk with a military-looking child who was trundling a hoop. The tray was kept from tumbling down by a Bible; and the tray, if it had tumbled down, would have smashed a quantity of cups and saucers and a teapot that were grouped around the book. On the walls there were some common coloured pictures, framed and glazed, of scripture subjects; such as I have never seen since in the hands of pedlars, without seeing the whole interior of Peggotty's brother's house again, at one view. Abraham in red going to sacrifice Isaac in

blue, and Daniel in yellow cast into a den of green lions, were the most prominent of these. Over the little mantel-shelf, was a picture of the Sarah Jane lugger, built at Sunderland, with a real little wooden stern stuck on to it; a work of art, combining composition with carpentry, which I considered to be one of the most enviable possessions that the world could afford. There were some hooks in the beams of the ceiling, the use of which I did not divine then; and some lockers and boxes and conveniences of that sort, which served for seats and caked out the chairs. All this, I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold—child-like, according to my theory—and then Peggotty opened a little door and showed me my bedroom. It was the completest and most desirable bedroom ever seen—in the stern of the vessel; with a little window, where the rudder used to go through; a little looking-glass, just the right height for me, nailed against the wall, and framed with oyster shells; a little bed, which there was just room enough to get into; and a nosegay of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were white-washed as white as milk, and the patchwork counterpane made my eyes quite ache with its brightness. One thing I particularly noticed in this delightful house, was the smell of fish; which was so searching, that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose, I found it smelt exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On my imparting this discovery in confidence to Peggotty, she informed me that her brother dealt in lobsters, crabs and crawfish; and I afterwards found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with one another, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden out-house where the pots and kettles were kept."

One more extract we will give, describing the chill and disenchantment of David Copperfield's return home.—

"Now, all the time I had been on my visit, I had been ungrateful to my home again, and had thought little or nothing about it. But I was no sooner turned towards it, than my reproachful young conscience seemed to point that way with a steady finger; and I felt, all the more for the sinking of my spirits, that it was my nest, and that my mother was my comforter and friend. This gained upon me as we went along; so that the nearer we drew, and the more familiar the objects became that we passed, the more excited I was to get there, and to run into her arms. But Peggotty, instead of sharing in these transports, tried to check them, (though very kindly), and looked confused and out of sorts. Blunderstone Rookery would come, however, in spite of her, when the carrier's horse plesed—and did. How well I recollect it, on a cold grey afternoon, with a dull sky, threatening rain! The door opened, and I looked, half laughing and half crying, in my pleasant agitation, for my mother. It was not she, but a strange servant.—'Why, Peggotty!' I said, ruefully, 'isn't she come home?'—'Yes, yes, Master Davy,' said Peggotty. 'She's come home. Wait a bit, Master Davy, and I'll—I'll tell you something.'—Between her agitation, and her natural awkwardness in getting out of the cart, Peggotty was making a most extraordinary fustoon of herself, but I felt too blank and strange to tell her so. When she had got down, she took me by the hand; led me, wondering, into the kitchen; and shut the door. 'Peggotty!' said I, quite frightened. 'What's the matter?'—'Nothing's the matter, bless you, Master Davy dear!' she answered, assuming an air of sprightliness.—'Something's the matter, I'm sure. Where's my mamma?'—'Where's my mamma, Master Davy!' repeated Peggotty.—'Yes. Why has n't she come out to the gate, and what have we come in here for? Oh, Peggotty!' My eyes were full, and I felt as if I were going to tumble down.—'Bless the precious boy!' cried Peggotty, taking hold of me. 'What is it? Speak, my pet!'—'Not dead, too! Oh, she's not dead, Peggotty?'—'Peggotty cried out No! with an astonishing volume of voice; and then sat down, and began to pant, and said I had given her a turn. I gave her a hug to take away the turn, or to give her another turn in the right direction, and then stood before her, looking at her in anxious inquiry.—'You see, dear, I should have told you

before now,' said Peggotty, 'but I had n't an opportunity. I ought to have made it, perhaps, but I could n't azeckly—that was always the substitute for exactly in Peggotty's militia of words—bring my mind to it.'—'Go on, Peggotty,' said I more frightened than before.—'Master Davy,' said Peggotty, untying her bonnet with a shaking hand, and speaking in a breathless sort of way. 'What do you think? You have got a Pa!'—I trembled, and turned white. Something—I don't know what, or how—connected with the grave in the churchyard, and the raising of the dead, seemed to strike me like an unwholesome wind.—'A new one,' said Peggotty.—'A new one?' I repeated.—'Peggotty gave a gasp, as if she were swallowing something that was very hard, and putting out her hand said:—'Come and see him.'—'I don't want to see him.'—'And your mamma,' said Peggotty.—'I ceased to draw back, and we went straight to the best parlour, where she left me. On one side of the fire sat my mother; on the other, Mr. Murdstone. My mother dropped her work and arose hurriedly, but timidly I thought.—'Now Clara my dear,' said Mr. Murdstone. 'Recollect! controul yourself, always controul yourself! Davy boy, how do you do?'—I gave him my hand. After a moment of suspense, I went and kissed my mother: she kissed me, patted me gently on the shoulder, and sat down again to her work. I could not look at her, I could not look at him, I knew quite well that he was looking at us both; and I turned to the window and looked out there, at some shrubs that were drooping their heads in the cold.—As soon as I could creep away, I crept up-stairs. My old dear bed-room was changed, and I was to lie a long way off. I rambled down-stairs to find anything that was like itself, so altered it all seemed; and roamed into the yard. I very soon started back from there, for the empty dog-kennel was filled up with a great dog—deep-moored and black-haired like Him—and he was very angry at the sight of me, and sprung out to get at me."

With these extracts our readers have pretty nearly the same materials for judging of Mr. Dickens's new venture as for the present we have ourselves.

Preface to the Third Edition of Flügel's Dictionary. Leipzig, Hirschfeld.

Dr. Flügel of Leipzig, of whose highly reputed English and German Dictionary a third edition has lately been published, has introduced in the Preface of that edition a complaint against certain publishers in this country, by whose conduct he considers himself aggrieved. To the literary wrongs of Dr. Flügel we have before had occasion to refer [see *Ath.* No. 865]. The substance of his present statement is briefly as follows:—That, having bestowed much time and pains on English lexicography, he has produced, after many years' labour, an original work of great fulness and research, which has been received with the applause due to its merits. That the second edition of this work has been re-printed in England in a manner not only hostile to the interests of the original publication, but injurious to the author's literary character. The English publishers, he says, employed for the declared purpose of revising and improving Dr. Flügel's work two German editors, on whose qualifications he throws considerable doubt, and one English:—and these gentlemen in the preface to the London reprint, have spoken of the original work in terms that Dr. Flügel considers unjust to him, and of the value of their alterations of it in a manner which he has taken some pains to prove unfounded in fact. The main work of Messrs. Heimann and Feiling appears, indeed, to have consisted in omitting articles found in the original, which have been expunged as either superfluous or unsuited to the purposes of their reprint:—for the insertion of which in a variety of instances that he has cited Dr. Flügel gives substantial reasons. Beyond this, changes have been made by the new Editors; of which a number are

cited, in proof that they are far from being improvements, and that in some cases they are mere errors. They have curtailed an important part of Dr. Flügel's work; a part in which perhaps its highest merit consists, namely the citation of authorities for exceptional meanings or for obsolete and peculiar words. In this point, which is of great etymological and literary value to the English as well as to the German student, Dr. Flügel had exhibited an extent of English reading, an acquaintance with our authors of all times, and a familiarity with provincial and technical terms, which were justly described by a literary critic some years since (in the *Quarterly Review*) as "quite surprising."

Of the latter Dr. Flügel declares that the new Editors have thought it expedient to expunge "almost all the obsolete expressions, provincialisms, Americanisms, cant terms, &c."—as though their business were to fix an academic canon of language instead of to include the whole of the vocables existing in it which a foreigner or Englishman may find it needful to translate. This would indeed be a questionable way of "improving" any Dictionary; but Dr. Flügel further complains that the preface, in adverting to this process, decries the presence of this class of words in the original in terms that are not justified either by the fact or by the literary conditions of a lexicon. He asserts that in his work the circumstance of a word being obsolete, provincial, or American is always expressly noted: and that it is therefore unjust to accuse him of placing "legitimate words in juxtaposition with the lowest cant, as if they were of equal value." It is clear that the oddities and antiquities of a living language are of great value in any vocabulary when properly quoted, explained and distinguished from its classical words; and every literary man will feel Dr. Flügel to be in the right when he observes that the "explanation of cant and vulgar expressions is absolutely necessary to render intelligible a large portion of English literature, which is neither extinct nor wanting in important names, such as Shakspeare and all the old writers—Roger l'Estrange with his pithy style, Smollett, Fielding, Goldsmith, not to mention more recent novelists:—presenting, and often, by their mere forms to the student who, like a *Samuel Pegge*, is able to survey them with a critical eye, matter for important philological and philosophical results."

In this view Dr. Flügel will be thought not only to have made out a valid case for the insertion of such words, but to have cause to complain that their citation in his original work should have been offensively mentioned by the Editors of the reprint which professed to improve upon it,—but which indeed could not be truly described as an improved edition if the method which Dr. Flügel instances, and as to which the works are open to inspection, has been pursued. He asserts that while otherwise copying it with such servility and with so little care that even misprints and errors of the original second edition have been followed, (of which some amusing instances are given,) his "improvers" have omitted no less than 2,850 articles, "many of which," he says, "are indeed more or less obsolete,—but which, for that very reason, especially demand explanation, unless Shakspeare, Milton, Bacon, Chapman, Dryden, Swift, Addison, Goldsmith, Johnson, Byron, Scott, Campbell, and the *Bible itself*, with many others from whom these repudiated words have been collected, should be refused the claim to be regarded as good English authorities." Dr. Flügel's work thus mutilated has at all events no right to announce itself as 'Flügel's Complete Dictionary, corrected,