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).

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the most part of a hunger-bitten and jejune description.

"Nothing is clearer than that oppression of the poor was one of the crying sins which provoked the judgments of God against our countrymen in the fourteenth century; and it is equally clear to every impartial observer, that oppression of the poor is one of the most crying sins of our times, and one which he had a large share in provoking the judgments of God against us."

"The Ecclesiastical Commissioners most grievously oppressed the poor clergy, when they voted one hundred and thirty thousand pounds for the palaces and the purchase of estates for half a dozen of the Bishops, and laid out the enormous sum of fifty-three thousand pounds on a mansion and estate for the diocese of Lincoln alone.

"Now, when it is recollected that the vast sums of money which have been thus prodigally squandered would have raised the incomes of many hundreds of poor incumbents to two hundred pounds a year, which have now less than one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and have left nine thousand pounds on an average for each Bishop's palace (a sum amply sufficient for all desirable splendour in an episcopal residence), what can be a more cruel oppression than that which leaves those hundreds of poor incumbents to their sufferings, and lavishes so extravagant and vast a sum in a baleful and destructive manner? But let us notice another feature of the case, which renders this oppression of the poor clergy still more grinding and grievously sinful. The sumptuous episcopal palaces, and the case of Lincoln the estate and palace, were free gifts to the seer, without costing the Bishops one farthing; whereas but a few years ago an Act of Parliament was passed giving the Bishops power to compel every incumbent to borrow money from living to build a parsonage; and if his income was ever so little above one hundred pounds a year; and requiring him at the same time to repay one thirtieth part of the principal, and the interest on the whole amount, for thirty years; a regulation which has the effect of grinding poor incumbents, who have been compelled to borrow and build, to the very dust, since the annual sum above mentioned is raised by them with the greatest difficulty.

"No doubt it is desirable that there should be a suitable residence for the Bishop in every diocese, as it is equally desirable that there should be a residence for the clergyman in every parish; but who, I would ask, stands most in need of receiving his residence as a free gift—the poor incumbent, who is ground down to the earth by the weight of poverty, or the rich Bishop, the noblest and grandest of palaces, and preference?"

"And yet such has been the practice of giving to the rich and grinding down the poor, that the Bishops whose ample revenues render them well able to borrow money at interest on their estates by instigations to build their palaces, have received their residences as a free gift; whilst the poor broken-spirited incumbent, who can scarcely with the severest struggle make both ends meet, has been compelled to borrow money on his pittance, and to repay it by an annual payment, in which the interest and a thirtieth part of the principal together amount to so heavy a sum compared with his small income, that his spirit is crushed beneath the pressure."

"The old proverb about carrying coals to Newcastle never received a more significant and generous illustration than in the case now under consideration."

"But there is a still darker shade to be added to the picture ere it is rendered complete, and can stand out in all its true and faithful proportions; and that is, if the average sum of nine thousand pounds only had been spent upon each Bishop's palace, instead of the enormous sums above mentioned, there would not only have been ample sufficient funds to bestow each new palace as a free gift to each of the Bishops in want of a residence, but likewise to bestow a suitable glebe house, as a free gift also, upon each poor incumbent in want of one. But as these are transactions which are done by a body of men to whom the country looks up with reverence, such a statement as the foregoing must appear almost incredible to men of the world, although the facts of the case are undeniable. As general statements, moreover, how glaring ever the abuse, are not unfrequently looked upon as overdrawn and exaggerated, the grievousness of the abuse fails to make that impression upon the public mind which is necessary for its correction, unless corroborated by a well-authenticated instance; and as I feel the uselessness of dealing in generalities, I will adduce my own case as an instance in point.

"As my own income somewhat exceeds a hundred a year, I was compelled to build a parsonage by the provisions of the Act of Parliament above mentioned. To do this I was obliged to borrow four years' income on mortgage of my living, and even that sum was not nearly sufficient for the completion of the vicarage-house. With an income of such narrow limits, I had the annual payment of the interest and one thirtieth part of the principal of the sum borrowed in the highest degree onerous and oppressive; but from this there can be no relief.

"The parish, when I was instituted about nine years ago, had been for many years most grievously and ruinously neglected, and the spiritual condition of many of the people was consequently very bad. Since that time I have, after a very hard struggle, been able, with the assistance of a grant from the Committee of Council and the National Society, to effect the building of the schoolrooms for the children of the poor; and notwithstanding the oppressive burden of the above-mentioned annual payment on account of the parsonage-house, I have now no less than half of the entire annual expenses of the school to pay out of my own pocket; and I have no other choice than either to make that payment out of my small and heavily burdened pittance, or to shut up the schools altogether, and so lose the only opportunity I now have of promoting the moral and religious welfare of the people—namely, the education of the young; since a large portion of the grown up poor people left the Church during the years of the late neglected state of the parish, and many of the most serious of them having thus become Dissenters, will not now return to the Church."
Stop here?
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 pedlers without seeing the whole interior of Peggoty'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 round-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 eked out the chairs.

"All this I saw in the first glance after I crossed the threshold—childlike, according to my theory—and then Peggoty opened a little door and shewed me my bedroom. It was the complete 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 nosedge of seaweed in a blue mug on the table. The walls were whitewashed 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 strong, that when I took out my pocket-handkerchief to wipe my nose I found it smell exactly as if it had wrapped up a lobster. On most of the figures in confidence to Peggoty, she informed me that her mother died in lobsters, crabs, and crawfish; and I afterwards found that a heap of these creatures, in a state of wonderful conglomeration with each other, and never leaving off pinching whatever they laid hold of, were usually to be found in a little wooden outhouse where the pots and kettles were kept."

"Con Gregan is the work of a hand we do not recognise. Its title is unfortunate. The Irish Gil Blas suggests scenes of licentiousness and an utter want of principle, which can scarcely be laid to the charge of the numbers which have yet appeared. The ground of the story is in many respects new, and if judiciously tilled, will furnish forth a very readable and curious series of adventures. In an early morning the hero crosses the Atlantic, and we find him in company less hackneyed than that which supplies the staple of most novels and tales. His adventures are told with spirit, though they want relief, and now and then are overdone and exaggerated. On the whole, however, Con Gregan shews a good deal of ability, and is readable enough.

Here is a scene only too painfully true:

"If I say that the Lower Town of Quebec is the St. Giles of the metropolis, I convey not a very faint notion indeed of that terrible locality. I have seen life in some of its least attractive situations. I am not ignorant of the liberties of Dublin, and the Claddagh of Galway; I have passed more time than I care to mention in the Isle St. Louis of Paris; while the Leopoldstadt of Vienna and the Ghetto of Rome are tolerably familiar to me; but still, for wickedness in its most unwashed state, I give the palm to the Lower Town of Quebec.

The population, originally French, became gradually intermixed with emigrants, most of whom came from Ireland, and who, having expended the little means they could scrape together for the voyage, firmly believing that once landed in America gold was a 'chimera'—not worth troubling one's head about,—they were unable to go farther, and either became labours in the city, or, as the market grew speedy overstocked, sunk down into a state of pauperism, the very counterpart of that they had left on the other side of the ocean. Their turbulence, their drunkenness, the reckless violence of all their habits, at first shocked and then terrified the poor timid Canadians—of all people the most submissive and yielding—so that very soon feeling how impossible it was to maintain co-partnership with such associates, they left the neighbourhood, and abandoned the field to the new race. Internecine wars had, however, taken place to a great extent; from which, and the daily intercourse with the natives, a species of language came to be spoken, which was currently called French; but which might, certainly with equal propriety, be called Cherokee. Of course this new tongue modified itself with the exigencies of those who spoke it; and as the French ingredient declined, the Miaseaus preponderated, till at length it became far more Irish than French.

"Nothing savants barbarism like a dialect adapted to its own wants. Slang is infinitely more conducive to the propagation of vice than is generally believed; it is the 'paper currency' of iniquity, and each man issues as much as he likes. If I wanted to have this fact, I should 'call up' the place I am speaking of, where the jargon at once defied civilization and ignored the 'schoolmaster.' The authorities, either regarding the task as too hopeless, or too dangerous, or too troublesome, seemed to slurr over the existence of this infamous localism; it is not impossible that they saw with some satisfaction, that wickedness had selected its only peculiar and appropriate territory, and that they had left this den of vice, as Yankee farmers are accustomed to leave a spot of tall grass to attract the snakes, by way of preventing them scattering and spreading over a larger surface.

"As each emigrant-ship arrived, hosts of these idlers of the Lower Town beat the newly-landed strangers, and by their voice and accent imposed upon the poor wanderers. The very times of the old country were a magic the new comers could not withstand, after weeks of voyaging that seemed like years of travel. Whatever reminded them of the country they had quitted, ay, strange inconsistency of the human heart,—of the land they had left for very hopelessness, touched their hearts, and moved them to the very tenderest motions. To trade on this susceptibility became a recognised livelihood; so that the quays were crowded with idle vagabonds, who sought out the prey with as much skill as a West-end water displays in detecting the rank of a new arrival.

"This billy locality, too, contained all the lodging-houses resorted to by the emigrants, who were easily persuaded to follow their 'countryman' wherever he might lead. Here were spent the days—sometimes, unhappily, the weeks—before they could fix upon the part of the country to which they should bend their steps; and here, but too often, were wasted in excess and debauchery the little hoards that had cost years to accumulate; till further progress became impossible; and the stranger who landed but a few weeks back full of strong hope, sunk down into the degraded condition of those who had been his ruin, the old story—the dupe become blacking.

"It was well if decent and falsehood,—if heartless treachery and calculating baseness, were all that went forward here. But not a crime of every character were left unpractised, nor a heart left unassailed by the city, with money or character, would have, for any consideration, put foot within this district after nightfall. The very streets that broke upon the stillness of the night were often heard in the Upper Town; and whenever a shriek of agony arose, or the heart-rending cry for help, prudent citizens would close the window, and say, 'It is some of the Irish in the Lower Town,'—a comprehensive statement, that needed no commentary.
David Copperfield and Con Gреган.

Towards this present locality I now hastened, with a kind of instinctive sense that I had some claims on the sanctuary. It chanced that an emigrant-ship which had arrived that evening was just disembarking its passengers; mingling with the throng of which, I entered the lofty and narrow lanes of this Alosta. The new arrivals were all Irish, and, as usual, heralded by parties of the resident population, eagerly canvassing them for this or that lodging-house. Had not my own troubles been enough for me, I should have felt interested in the strange contrast between the simple peasant first stepping on a foreign shore, and the shrewd squirey of him who proposed guidance, and who doubtless had himself once been as unsuspecting and artless as those he now espied on and engaged to dupe.

I soon saw that single individuals were accounted of little consequence; the claim of the various lodging-houses was as family hotels, perhaps; so that I mixed myself up with a group of some eight or ten, whose voices sounded pleasantly, for in the dark I had no other indication to suggest a preference.

I was not long in establishing a footing, so far as talking went, with one of this party—an old, very old man, whose greatest anxiety was to know, first, if there was any Injun where we were going? and secondly, if I had ever heard of his grandson, Dan Cullinan? The first doubt I solved for him frankly and freely, that an Indian would see the day when we were walking in, and as to the second, I hesitated, promising to refer to my tablets when I came to the light, for I thought the name was familiar to me.

"He was a shoemaker by trade," said the old man, "and a better never left Ireland; he was 'prentice to odd Finnecone in Ennies, and might have done well, if he hadn't the turn for America."

"But he'll do better, rely upon it," said I, inferring some further disclosures; "I'm certain he's not disappointed with having come out."

"No, indeed; glory be to God! he's doing finely; and they tell me that my son Joe to sell the little place and come here,—and a wonderful long way it is!"

"After expending a few small voyages on the sea voyages in general, with a cursory glance at naval architecture, from Noah's square stem, down to the modern round innovation, we again returned to Don, for whom I already conceived a strong interest."

"And is it far to New Orleans from this?" asked the old man, who, I perceived, was struck by the air of sanctity in my demeanor.

"New Orleans? why that's in the States, a thousand miles away!"

"Oh! another, another!" cried the old fellow, wringing his hands; "and ain't we in the States?"

"No, said I; "this is Canada."

"Joe! Joe!" cried he, pulling his son by the collar, "listen to this, you scoundrel. Oh, mother, mother! we're all and destroyed entirely!"

"What is it, father?" said a tall, powerfully built man, who spoke in a low but resolute voice; "what ails you?"

"Tell him, shrillt—tell him," said the old man, not able to utter his griefs.

"It seems," said I, "that you believed yourselves in the States; now this is not so. This is British America—Lower Canada."

"Isn't it Quebec?" said he, standing full in front of me."

"It is Quebec; but still that is Canada."

"And it is ten thousand miles from Dan?" said the old fellow, whose cries were almost suffocating him.

"Wish, father, and let me talk," said the son.

"Do you know New Orleans?"

"Perfectly—every street of it," said I, with an effect the darkness aided considerably.

"And how far is it from here?"

"Some three or four hundred miles."

"Oh, a red villain, if I had him by the neck?"

"Joe, as he struck the ground a blow with his blackthorn which certainly would not have improved the human face divine; 't he towed me they were a few miles—very easy day's walk!"

"Who said so?" asked I.

"The chap on Eden Quay, in Dublin, where we took our passage."

The hotels of America are famous throughout the whole travelling world for carrying European conveniences to a more than European extent; but here is a specimen of a landlord, such as was never was raised on this side the great ocean.

After a brief halt, I again resumed the road, which led through a close pine-forest, and, however much praised, was anything but a good surface to travel on. 'Charcoal,' however, made light of such difficulties, and picked her steps over holes and stumps with the caution of a trapper, detecting with a rare instinct the safe ground, and never venturing on spots where any difficulty or danger existed. I left her to herself, and it was curious to see that whenever a short interval of better footway intervened, she would, as if to 'make up,' as the jockeys call it, strike out in a long swinging canter, 'pulling up' to the walk the moment the uneven surface admonished her to caution.

As day broke he road improved, so that I was able to push along at a better pace, and by breakfast-time I found myself at a low, poor-looking log-house, called 'Brazen.' A picture, representing Texas as a young child receiving some admirable counsel from a very matronly lady with thirteen stars on her petticoat, flouted over the door, with the motto, 'Patria Affection, and Candy Flip at all hours.'

A large dull-eyed man, in a flannel pea-jacket and loose trousers to match, was seated in a rocking-chair at the door, smoking an enormous cigar, a little charred circle of expectation seeming to defend him from the assuaults of the vulgar. A huge can of cider stood beside him, and a piece of Indian corn bread. He eyed me with the coolest unconcern as I dismounted, nor did he show the slightest sign of welcome.

"This is an inn, I believe, friend," said I, saluting him. "I take it to be a hotel," said he, in a voice very like a yawn.

"And the landlord—where is he?"—where he ought to be—at his own door, s'mokin' his own raw-roll.

"Is there an ostler to be found? I want to refresh my horse, and get some breakfast for myself too."

"There ain't none."

"No help?—Never was."

"That's singular, I fancy!—No it ain't.""

"Why, what do travellers do with their cattle, then?"—'There be none."

"No cattle?—No travellers."

"No travellers! and thus the high road between two considerable towns!—It ain't."

"Why, surely this is the road to Austin?—It ain't."

"Then this is not Brazen?—It be Upper Brazen."

"There are two of them, then; and the other, I suppose, is on the Austin road?—He nodded.

"What a piece of business!" sighed I; and how far have I come astray? —A good bit."

"A mile or two?—Twenty."

"Will you be kind enough to be a little more communicative, and just say where this road leads to? If I can join the Austin road without turning back again, and where?"

"I had propounded any one of these queries, it is just possible I might have had an answer; but, in my zeal, I outwitted myself. I drew my cheque for a large an amount, and consequently was refused payment altogether."

"Well," said I, after a long and vain wait for an answer, "what am I to do with my horse? There is a stable, I hope?—There ain't," said he, with a grin.
Ecclesiastical Register.

Progress of the Pope's Restoration.

Pius IX. has been gradually resuming the exercise of his authority in the holy city, the French army continuing to support it in every (apparently) possible way.

On the 21st of July, General Outinotthus wrote to Cardinal Tosti, on the occasion of that prelate expressing the thanks of the College of Cardinals to him, on the threshold of the Basilica of the Vatican, during the solemnities celebrated for the restoration of the Pope's temporal power.

"Eminence, while persons in me the army I command, you render me a signal honour; but you attribute to me a much too important part in the happy event which has been accomplished. The restoration of the temporal power of the Holy Father is the work of all France. We soldiers have only been the instruments of a holy and generous cause. To our Government all the merit of this enterprise is due, and to Divine Providence we owe its success. We have never doubted the sympathy of the Romans for our France; and, although the entrance into this beautiful city was disputed to us, we knew perfectly well that it was under an oppressive and foreign yoke. From the instant you have been freed from this tyranny, when you have been able to manifest your sentiments, you gave free vent to your respect for the Holy Father and for religion. I have received numerous addresses and warm manifestations demanding the return of his Holiness. In hoisting to-day the Pontifical flag on the Castle of St. Angelo, we only satisfy our private wishes and those of the whole Catholic world. The services which have been able to render to religion and social order are now fully accomplished. Our ambition is satisfied, since we have obtained the confidence of your fellow-countrymen, as well as the sympathy of all the Catholic denominations. You finished your speech with the cry of 'Long live France! Long live religion and the Holy Father!'

On the 17th the Pope issued the following proclamation:

"Pius P. IX., to His Beloved Subjects.

The Almighty has raised his hand and commanded the tempestuous waters of anarchy and impurity to stop. He has guided Catholic armies in sustaining the rights of the Holy See, and of our sovereignty. Eternally praise be given to Him who, in the midst of his fire, has not forgotten his remedies.

Beloved subjects, in the whirlwind of such disastrous vicissitudes, our heart has deplored the evils which have fallen on the Church, on religion, and on you; but it has never forgotten the love with which it has borne to you, and which it will ever bear. We will return with a new life and spirit to your comfort and consolation, and with the intention of occupying ourselves, with all our strength, for your good, applying serious remedies to grave evils, conserving our good subjects, who, while they expect from us such institutions as will satisfy their wants, desire, as we desire, sufficient guarantees to be established for the independence of the High Pontificate, so necessary for the purpose of the Catholic world.

Without delay, for the reorganisation of public affairs we are about to name a commission, which, furnished with full powers, and aided by a ministry, will regulate the government of the State.

May the blessing of God, which we have ever implored, even when remote from you, and which to-day with greater fervour we implore, light upon you: and for the greater comfort of our soul we hope that all those who at present are unable to enjoy the fruits of their toil may be consoled of their errors, and be also entitled to consideration and mercy by a speedy and sincere repentance.

Roma, July 12, 1850."

On the 24th the following documents appeared in the Roman Journal: