

dowry. As to his *scruples*, he now says he ought to have been glad to get Marie, although she had been a queen.

Jules is at this day a distinguished and honoured advocate.

*Chambers's Journal.*

For the Pearl.

### QUACKERY A SCIENCE.

FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE ITALIAN OF GIUSEPPE BROGLIO.

No. 3.

There is an enlightened, educated, condition of mankind daily increasing in extent which is beyond the influence of the Quack,—that is, a condition in which the elements of quackery do not exist:—the progress of education is, therefore, dangerous to this science, and must in the end circumscribe its sphere,—if not obliterate it from the page of human knowledge;—fortunately, however, for the Quack, this era is not likely to arrive in the present day. And there is plenty of time still left for a few generations of successful quackings. In the meantime, it is the intent of the Quacks as a body to oppose the political movements of the school master;—in fact, he is the cancer which eats into the vitals of the quack constitution; nor will it be easy to find a panacea, how universal soever it may be, to remedy the evil. But my object is to prove the being—the existence of quackery, not to show its defects—itsself must remedy its own disease. Let Quacks, however, not be too confident—their master Paracelsus made a very curious error in spite of himself—that is of the first of philosophers! It happened that he never for a moment doubted the life-eternizing influence of his elixir proprietatis—the question which troubled him was, how long he should render the continuance of life by it! This puzzled him a thousand times more than the discovery itself; indeed he so far forgot himself that he actually died whilst pondering over this most secondary consideration! Even here there is a purpose for the Quack to work on—a hint for him on both sides of the mouth.

I have now, I think, shown that the facts, data, elements, or whatever they may be called, are abundantly dispersed through the gradations of society to afford the most ample means for the formation of a science;—it may be shown that some other sciences have not half the materials for their foundation, yet are esteemed ornaments of our knowledge. To the Quack, therefore, we are indebted for the cultivation of this ground; and to his saving from utter waste and decay a mass of circumstances in the human character which are well deserving the attention of philosophy. How many things are useless that are only so for want of occupation?—what a mass of useless steam has passed off from tea kettles and been disregarded till machinery gave it occupation?—what useless rivers rolled to the sea till grist and saw-mills gave them occupation?—what useless whales roamed the ocean till lamp light gave them occupation?—what useless winds blustered round the spheres till ships and wind-mills gave them occupation?—and so of a thousand other apparently useless things;—and to perorate this illustration, how many credulities, prejudices, weaknesses, sillinesses, obliquities, contraries, obfuscatories of the human brain have not Quacks reclaimed by giving them occupation? None but the Quack knows the extent of these under the instigations of ignorance or disease!

“Parlatemi della Filosofia, e degli affari del tempo.” The Quack with great tact and circumspection never permits a sense of etiquette, honor, or false pride, to interpose betwixt him and his business. He knows that the world is composed of elements peculiarly its own; and though made up of a most heterogeneous mixture of ideas and feelings; yet in spite of the many opposites of its composition a common character distinguishes it to some few peculiarities of which, he, with the plastic suavity of a most cunning and shrewd observer adapts himself. He is never disqualified by an education and training, which in many respects is foreign to the associations of the world—for I must observe, that the Quack is not, like the Poet, born to his calling,—he acquires his profession from observation and experience, and is, therefore, a graft on the world, and not a growth of any primitive root of himself)—he studiously divests himself of all the unwieldy learning of the schools,—he permits no discipline to cramp his operations,—he indulges no reveries of a rich and flowing imagination to confound his success or reward,—he plainly pursues the path that is so broadly open before him, and he steadily goes forth with a countenance of unshaken resolution and confidence. Learning, manner, and affected superiority of caste, never embarrasses his progress or inflates him with the luring visions of a pompous standing in society: He draws his resources—his conclusions from the living mass of men, he mingles in its movements, familiarizes himself with its conceits and prejudices,—and so far from attempting to pause, or, to stem the current of life, he exerts every limb to hasten its course—perceiving that the faster it runs the more bubbles rise floating on the surface—the more eddies and whirlpools appear swelling around him,—and he skims the sparkling foaming element gaily gathering his wealth, his dulce decus, and his reward.

What though he thinks himself the cleverest fellow in the world, he does not indulge this idea, like gentlemen of the faculty, in concerted silence and reserve! He boldly tells the world that he is

so. He addresses himself to acquaintances and strangers alike; for he very well knows that if but one in every hundred will take him at his own word his success will meet his expectation. Instead of permitting the world, therefore, to laugh at him in consequence of his vanity and infallible pretensions, he laughs outright in the very face of the world in consequence of his accurate estimate of the shallowness and ignorance of its character. Yet whilst enjoying himself thus, the luxurious pleasures of self-esteem never trouble him; his pleasures with admirable tact, like the good Samaritan's, are in pleasing others,—like one of his nostrums he is ready to do and accomplish any thing for any body—he knows perfectly with whom he deals, that he has to work upwards, and is, therefore, above nothing! The world is his rule, and he measures himself in every direction by its dimensions;—and nothing amuses him more than to see a stiff-necked disciple of Esculapius endeavouring with all his art and theoretical skill to take the dimensions of the world by those of himself,—as if he were by imperial act to be the gage of all that passes in his neighbour's house, his man servant, his maid, his ox, and his ass! Such folly—to use an appropriate phrase—is not to the piercing judgment of an experienced philosopher like the Quack. With none of that cumbrous load and burden of professional armour about him, he swims with vigour and buoyancy where the heavy disciplined Doctor sinks, like a blue pill, to the bottom. With a certain cast of his eye he tells the bystanders that the medical gentry are no match for him—

With his powder, his plaster, and pill,  
He can cure every ache, every ill;  
With his newspaper paragraphs printing,  
He can cure you of stammer and squinting:  
He will take out your liver and lights—  
And make you complete in your tights!

And make even the oldest grey gander,  
Look young gosling like in his wander!

It would be unjust to confine my observations to medical quacks solely, since there are clerical quacks, lawyer quacks, political quacks, mercantile quacks;—in short, almost every occupation has its quacks; they prevent vacua taking place, or, excess of pressure in society,—or, they may be likened unto safety-valves that let off a great deal of gas that might endanger life. \* \* \*

The clerical has not as much of the tact of the medical Quack as the others, but none of them approach him in excellence and success. One word more of the philosophy of Quacks,—they never consult each other, or swallow their own nostrums!

I now conclude my observations on the Science of Quackery, for I presume by this time my readers concur with me in the views I have taken of this genuine subject. I hope, too, that all well read and professionally educated men will cease to condemn a pursuit imperatively called into existence by certain powerful conditions of the human family; as well may they undertake to censure the pursuits and habits of the *Mole* and *Pekichiago* for seeking their occupation and livelihood among worms and insects under ground, as blame the Quack for the course which nature and the world have combined in pointing out to him as the proper sphere of his industry and talents. Certain circumstances will have certain demands—and the urgency of these will command the supply whatever their nature or their sphere may be. When the culture of the mass of the world will have arrived at that of the highest excellence of the present day, then quacking in a great measure will cease to engage the hopes, and longing hopes too, of the anxious invalid; till then, the learned must be content with me to look philosophically upon Quackery as a Science.

### POETRY.

“I need not tell you,” said Mr. Milnes, in a speech at the Anniversary Dinner of the Literary Fund last month, upon the occasion of his health being proposed in connection with the Poets of England—“I need not tell you what Poetry is; you all know what it is as well as I could tell you. It is the grandest and the simplest of all forms of literature. Poetry is the highest tree in the forest, and the smallest flower.” Parliament and politics have not yet spoiled Mr. Milnes; and, although we do not much relish this comparison of poetry with a tall tree and a small flower, because it brings with it odd associations of certain arborical and floral curiosities that occasionally glare upon us in places where neither trees nor flowers have any business to be found, still there is a pith of profound truth in the passage, which, making due allowances for the *tourture* of an after-dinner speech, cannot be too strongly commended to the private thoughts of the great multitude, who have a vague notion that poetry is a mystery.

Truly has Milnes said, that they know as much about it as he could tell them. He could do no more, at best, than interpret emotions that are common to all mankind. He might find language for the thoughts and feelings; but the thoughts and feelings were there, whether he put them into words, or let them lie in darkness like the uncrystallized carbon. The mountains, and the forests, and the waters, and all sighs and sounds of created things, are full of poetry, from the remote stars sleeping in the pavilion of the clouds to the flowers in the depths of the invisible caverns of the sea; and

all men understand this glorious poetry of nature in the degree of their individual sensibility, and according to the intensity of the circumstances by which that sensibility is influenced. To suppose that there is something in poetry which requires a philosophical or critical exposition, which is beyond or above the comprehension of the millions, something which cannot be felt until it is explained, is to mistake false enthusiasm for true—the pretence and finesse of Imitation for Art itself. Of a verity Poetry is as intelligible as light: if it be not intelligible, the defect is in the faculties of the poet, and not in the discernment of his audience.

Need we guard ourselves against being suspected of confounding Poetry and Metre—the Spirit and the Forms of Poetry? We believe the distinction is thoroughly understood by every body, if not in its strict elementary definitions, at least in its essential differences, and this is all that is wanted to keep poetry alive in the world as long as the world lasts. The various modes of poetry are adapted—as modes—to various classes of educated intelligence; and the epic, the lyric, the dramatic, and the pastoral, have each their fitting public. But whatever is good in them all—whatever has a relish of nature and of love in it—those little gleams of universal truth that grow up into household words and familiar types of every-day sensations, of practical experiences, and of the caprices that flit across the imagination between dreams and realities—those incidental fractions of verse, which are by far the most profound parts of poetry, because they are the closest to our sympathies—these are understood by masses of men to whom the mechanism of measure is a sealed enigma. There is no truth more entirely true than this, that the final test of poetry is the recognition by general suffrage, of its fidelity to the nature it reflects. The best poetry is the most popular—although popularity is sometimes, for different reasons, slow of progress, and sometimes transitory and capricious.

When people say they have “no taste for poetry,” they really mean that they do not enjoy all kinds of verse they happen to meet; or that being sated or sickened by verbal processions and imagerial draperies, they do not care to go in search of poetry through similar tracks. Now it would help to increase the believers in the religion of poetry, if it could be shown to these self-doubters that they are all the time as much in love with it as their neighbours who make such an exhibition of their zeal, and such a fuss about the ceremonials of their faith. The people who do not read books of poetry, and who sincerely dislike such books (because they have never found any thing in those they have read to touch them), are nevertheless moved by a thousand influences that are essentially poetical, but of the existence or operations of which they have lived all their lives utterly unconscious! Are not these non-conductors of metrical lightnings sometimes fond of gardens, or of angling, or of racing, or of children, or of boating, or of long walks in the country, or of drawing, or of music, or of some one or some dozen other delights that fill up their spiritual being with exquisite sensations and escapes of happiness from the crash and turmoil of prosaic existence? Every one of these vents, out of which the spirit flutters into enjoyment, are entrances to the regions of poetry. The solitary angler who labours up a mountain stream, fishing, as a true angler ought to do, against the current, with the trees around him, and the clouds sailing overhead, and the low winds whispering in the reeds, and the multitudinous music of the birds and the waters occupying his ear with delicious murmurs, has that faculty of rapture in him which is the congenial recipient of poetry. The pleasure he feels is a pleasure he would be incapable of feeling had he no relish for poetry: the poetry enters his soul, subdues his turbulent passions, and spreads its religious calm over his whole nature. He is silent in the tangled solitude—he has no mind to break the stillness voiced with floating harmonies; and that tacit surrender of his spirit to the impressions of the scene and the effect of that very agency which he finds no communion with in books. Life is full of poetry—throughout all its affections, its distant points of similitude and agreements, its picturesque aspects, its mental associations, and that inner world of unspoken hopes, frustrated aspirations, unrequited tenderness, blighted or unrewarded love, griefs, regrets, projects, fancies, which are perpetually in action beneath the surface, welling up like springs in the centre of the earth, hidden but restless, supplying a principle of life which at once stimulates and wastes its energies. Who has not felt some of these struggles and fictions of the heart and the imagination? Who has not been conscious of the exaggerations of passion, the delusions, disappointments, and chaos of volition without power, of whole dramas of sentiment begun and ended like a reverie in the chambers of the brain? Depend upon it, every man living is capable of poetry; and, which is something more to the purpose, no man can help himself. He cannot, if he would, extricate himself from its enchantments. The spell is in the air, and he breathes it from morning till night.

But poetry as an Art is not this poetry of which we have been speaking, but a mighty agent to give it an intelligible shape,—to reduce it to harmonious outlines, and inform it with a universal language. This is the poetry of books, and whenever it is not as clear as the pellucid diamond it is naught. Now, for the ultimate end in view, it is perfectly immaterial whether this is done in prose or verse; but as the world has agreed that it is best done