

**THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.
VOL. XXXVII.
SEPTEMBER - DECEMBER,
1861; PP. 245-280**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649408542

The Calcutta Review. Vol. XXXVII. September - December, 1861; pp. 245-280 by Various

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

VARIOUS

**THE CALCUTTA REVIEW.
VOL. XXXVII.
SEPTEMBER - DECEMBER,
1861; PP. 245-280**

J. L.

THE

CALCUTTA REVIEW.

VOL. XXXVII.

SEPTEMBER—DECEMBER, 1861.

'No man, who hath tasted learning, but will confess the many ways of profiting by those, who, not contented with stale receipts, are able to manage and set forth new positions to the world: and, were they but as the dust and cinders of our feet, so long as in that notion, they may yet serve to polish and brighten the armoury of truth, even for that respect, they were not utterly to be cast away.'—MILTON.

R. C. LEPAGE AND CO., 1, TANK SQUARE, CALCUTTA,
AND
1, WHITEFRIARS STREET, FLEET STREET, LONDON. E. C.

1862.

CALCUTTA REVIEW.

DECEMBER 1861.

CONTENTS OF No. LXXIV.

ART.—I. REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT.	PAGE.
1. CONSIDERATIONS ON REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT. By JOHN STUART MILL. LONDON: PARKER, SON & BOCENE. 1861.	
2. CONSTITUTION OF UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, FRAMED BY CONVENTION OF DELEGATES FROM NEW HAMPSHIRE, ETC. AT PHILADELPHIA, SEP- TEMBER, 17TH 1787. NEW YORK.	
3. CONSTITUTION OF CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA.	161
.. II. GOVERNMENT EDUCATION.	
1. A REVIEW OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN THE BENGAL PRESIDENCY, FROM 1835 TO 1857. By J. KERR, M.A., PRINCIPAL OF HOOGHLY COLLEGE. CAL- CUTTA: BAPTIST MISSION PRESS. 1852.	
2. AN ADDRESS TO PARLIAMENT ON THE DUTIES OF GREAT BRITAIN TO INDIA IN RESPECT OF THE EDUCATION OF THE NATIVES AND THEIR OFFICIAL EMPLOYMENT. By CHARLES HAY CAMERON, LON- DON: LONGMAN & Co. 1853.	
3. SELECTIONS FROM THE RECORDS OF THE BENGAL GOVERNMENT. No XIV. PAPERS RELATING TO THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE OF BENGAL. CALCUTTA: BENGAL MILITARY ORPHAN PRESS. 1854.	194
.. III. JAIL DISCIPLINE IN THE PUNJAB.	
1. THE JAIL MANUAL. BY C. HATHAWAY, M.D. LARORE.	
2. JAIL CIRCULAR ORDERS.	
3. PUNJAB JAIL REPORTS, 1860-61.	225

ART.—IV. THACKERAY.	PAGE.
1. MISCELLANIES, PROSE AND VERSE. BY W. M. THACKERAY. LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, 1857.	
2. VANITY FAIR. A NOVEL WITHOUT A HERO. BY W. M. THACKERAY. BRADBURY & EVANS, 1848.	
3. THE HISTORY OF PENDENNIS. HIS FORTUNES AND MISFORTUNES, HIS FRIENDS AND HIS GREATEST ENEMY. BY W. M. THACKERAY. BRADBURY & EVANS. 1850.	
4. THE NEWCOMES. MEMOIRS OF A MOST RESPECTABLE FAMILY. EDITED BY ARTHUR PENDENNIS. BRADBURY & EVANS.	
5. THE HISTORY OF HENRY ESMOND, ESQ. WRITTEN BY HIMSELF. SMITH, ELDER & CO. 1852.	
6. THE VIRGINIANS. A TALE OF THE LAST CENTURY. BY W. M. THACKERAY. BRADBURY & EVANS, 1858.	245
„ V. THE PRIVY COUNCIL.	
1. REPORTS OF DECISIONS OF THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL ON APPEAL FROM THE SUPREME AND SUDDER DEWANNY COURTS IN THE EAST INDIES. VOL. VII. BY E. F. MOORE. LONDON: 1861.	
2. A PRACTICAL TREATISE ON THE APPELLATE JURISDICTION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS AND THE PRIVY COUNCIL. BY JOHN MACQUEEN. LONDON: 1842.	
3. PRACTICE OF THE JUDICIAL COMMITTEE OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF ENGLAND. BY W. MACPHERSON. LONDON: 1860.	
4. PROCEEDINGS AND ORDINANCES OF THE PRIVY COUNCIL OF ENGLAND. BY SIR HARRIS NICOLAS, 7 VOLS. LONDON: 1834.	
5. AN ESSAY ON THE AUTHORITY OF THE KING'S COUNCIL. BY SIR F. PALGRAVE. LONDON: 1844.	281
„ VI. THE POLICE IN THE NORTH WEST.	
1. ACTS V & XIII OF 1861.	327
„ VII. THE GODS OF INDIA.	
1. THEOGONY OF THE HINDUS. BY COUNT M. BJÖRNSTEDJENA. 8vo. LONDON: MURRAY. 1844.	
2. SIR W. JONES'S WORKS. VOL. 3. 8vo. LONDON: STOCKDALE, 1807.	
3. RELIGIOUS ASPECTS OF HINDU PHILOSOPHY. BY REV. J. M. MULLEN. 8vo. LONDON: SMITH, ELDER & CO., 1860.	343
„ VIII. SALE OF LAND IN FEE SIMPLE.	
1. RESOLUTION REGARDING THE SALE OF WASTE LANDS AND REDEMPTION OF THE LAND REVENUE OCT. 17TH, 1861.	362

- ART. IV.—1. *Miscellanies: Prose and Verse.* By W. M. Thackeray. London: Bradbury & Evans. 1857.
2. *Vanity Fair. A Novel without a Hero.* By W. M. Thackeray. Bradbury & Evans. 1848.
3. *The History of Pendennis. His Fortunes and Misfortunes, His Friends and His Greatest Enemy.* By W. M. Thackeray. Bradbury & Evans. 1850.
4. *The Newcomes. Memoirs of a Most Respectable Family.* Edited by Arthur Pendennis. Bradbury & Evans. 1853.
5. *The History of Henry Esmond Esq. Written by Himself.* Smith, Elder & Co. 1852.
6. *The Virginians. A Tale of the Last Century.* By W. M. Thackeray. Bradbury & Evans. 1858.

WHAT connection has Mr. Thackeray with the Indian public, or what interest have they in him, more than in any other great author of the present time, are questions which will involuntarily rise to the lips of most readers who glance at the title of our article. Fortunately, Mr. Thackeray himself has saved us the trouble of a reply. In the story at the beginning of the last number of the Cornhill Magazine a man is described 'tottering up the steps of the ghaut,' having just parted with his child, whom he is despatching to England from India. Mr. Thackeray 'wrote this,'—to use his own pathetic words—'remembering in long, long distant days such a ghaut, or river-stair, at Calcutta; and a day when, down those steps, to a boat which was in waiting, came two children, whose mothers remained on the shore. One of those ladies was never to see her boy more; and he, too, is just dead in India of bronchitis.' The boys were 'first cousins;' had been 'little playmates and friends' from their birth, and the first house in London to which they were taken was the house of their aunt. Who were the boys? Their careers ran wide apart; their fates have been different; but the world has learnt to reverence both. The name of one is not unknown in the regions which lie between the Godavery and the Oxus,—that of the other, rings 'familiar as a

'household word' from the Danube to the Mississippi—Sir Richmond Shakespear and Mr. Thackeray. Who was the aunt? The mother of Mr. Ritchie of our Supreme Council. 'His Honor' was even then a gentleman of the long robe,' adds Mr. Thackeray, 'being in truth a baby in arms.' Mr. Thackeray was born in Calcutta in 1810. His father was in the Bengal Civil Service, and for many years held the office of Collector of Calcutta. A brother or cousin of his (a barrister and well known to us) edited the Bengal Herald. The earliest associations of his mind are connected with this country, and he has himself in a thousand places confessed that the dark and turbaned faces among whom he passed his infancy, and the landscapes with which that infancy was familiar—the palms, the rice fields, the tanks, and the dark blue sky still appear to him in dreams. Under these circumstances, we defy the most ingenious counsel, to make out a case to exempt him from our authority. Nay, personal considerations apart, there is enough of Eastern matter in his works to justify us in considering them as within the limits of our legitimate jurisdiction, and subjecting them to the ordeal of a critical examination. Was not Mr. Joseph Sedley,—Waterloo Sedley,—the Collector of Bogglywallah known to all of us? Has Mr. Thackeray himself not allowed that Mr. Charles Honeyman, the clergyman actor no longer preaches in Lady Whittlesea's chapel, but has gone out to India, and have we not often heard him preach? Cannot many of us recollect the noble Colonel Newcome, who was ruined by that unfortunate affair of the Bundelcund Bank? The regiment, which he commanded, went off during the mutinies, but there are people who still declare it would have remained staunch, had he been at the head of it. The devotion of his sepoy towards himself, personally, was certainly marvellous. Did not Dobbin the author of the "History of the Punjaub" win his C. B. ship in India? And was it not at a Town Hall re-union that Glorvina first displayed that beautiful crimson silk dress, which Major O'Dowd thought would finish Dobbin? Is not Mr. Goff, who wears white wash-leather gloves, drinks fairly, likes a rubber, and has a story for after dinner, beginning 'Doctor, Ye racklaet Sandy M'Lellan who joined us in the 'West Indies. Wal, sir,' still in command, or was till the other day, of one of our magnificent passenger ships? Was not Rummun Loll our own prince of merchants? Did he not go to England; was he not admitted into the first society there and reckoned a philosopher, and spoilt by the ladies, till the bubble of that wonderful Bank burst? Where did Major Gahagan perform his wonderful feats of valour? If Mr. Thackeray had

been born in England, he might still be called on to take his trial before us. Indian materials are interwoven in the fabric of all his works, and we have a right to examine if they have been handled with taste and discrimination.

Mr. Thackeray has had a long and hard struggle up the hill of fame. His first efforts in composition fell flat on the public. He piped but they did not dance. Nobody condescended to notice him. The reception was most salutary. A man, that suddenly and by a single effort starts up into popularity, rarely achieves much. Success turns his head. There have no doubt been glorious exceptions to this rule; but generally the writer that 'awakes one morning and finds himself famous' awakes another, and finds himself forgotten. It may be the fashion to praise him for a time, but fashions pass away, and critical rules endure. The scrutiny of severer tests than the mere whims of the hour is applied to his works, and under the touchstone their fictitious merits fade away. A man, on the contrary, who at the outset of his career is abused or, harder still, is unnoticed, if he have within him the germs of real genius, feels his nerves strung, and his powers developed under the treatment, and redoubles his exertions, heedless of the clamour or the silence around him. I know that it is in me, he says with Sheridan, and out it shall come. So he works on, and in the end secures a niche in the temple of immortality.

It is not to be imagined for a moment that because Mr. Thackeray's earlier works were neglected they gave no indications of his powers. They are sketches, generally, but drawn with a bold free hand, such as ought to have attracted the attention of discerning critics. In one instance, indeed, the attention of a critic of no mean powers was drawn to them. 'I have got hold of the two first numbers of the Hoggarty Diamond,' wrote John Sterling in 1841, 'and read them with extreme delight. What is there better in Fielding or Goldsmith? This man is a true genius, and with quiet and comfort might produce master-pieces, that would last as long as any we have, and delight millions of unborn readers.' High praise, but by no means undeserved, as thousands of people now allow. The Vicar of Wakefield is a master-piece of Goldsmith; once read it is never forgotten. But in simplicity it is equalled; in discrimination of character, in humour, in delicacy, in depth of pathos, it is greatly surpassed by this little novel of thirteen chapters, which the public so cruelly neglected for a time.

The secret of Thackeray's and Wordsworth's success is identical. It may appear paradoxical to say that the author who

lives most amongst men, and the author who dwells most amongst clouds—the most truthful delineator of the phases of society, and the most faithful painter of the phases of nature, owe their triumphs to the same cause. But nevertheless such is the fact. Both despise arbitrary and conventional rules as stumbling blocks in the path of faithful representation. Before the time of Wordsworth a poet might have written on a withered rose, on the boundless ocean, on the hardness of Chloe's heart, on Corydon's despair; but to write about a pedlar, a leech gatherer, a beggar woman, 'the common growth of mother earth,' would have been thought sacrilege. Before the time of Thackeray a novelist might have drawn a hero, brave and handsome, and conducted him, through three volumes of difficulty and intrigue, into the haven of a happy marriage—but to draw a hero with big hands and splay feet! The consequence was that poets and novelists alike walked on stilts. Poets sang of hearts and darts, and eyes and sighs, till nobody cared to hear their sentimental nonsense, and novelists wrote about the gallant horseman who rescued the young lady from the hands of brigands and then fell in love with her, till readers fell asleep. When the world was fairly tired of the charms of Amoret, and of the Zephyr that fanned her, as she lay asleep, there was heard deep voice saying -

'The dragon's wing, the magic ring,
'I shall not covet for my dower;
'If I along life's lowly way,
'With sympathetic heart may stray,
'And with a soul of power.'

And critics listened perfectly bewildered. Some were scarcely able to form a judgment; others, accustomed to the beaten track, like Lord Jeffrey, reviled and scoffed; the most discerning like Wilson and Talfourd felt that a new era had dawned on English literature. Equally great was the astonishment, equally divided the opinions, and ultimately equally loud the applause when Mr. Thackeray propounded his doctrine and displayed society daguerreotyped. No more heroes and heroines of the old, approved, faultless, porcelain cast, we had real flesh and blood instead; men and women as we see them. It was a revolution as complete as that which Wordsworth had effected. One critic who admired 'good Dobbin' asked in his simplicity, 'but why should the major have clumsy feet Mr. Thackeray?' another critic enquired why Amelia so gentle and affectionate should be also so insipid? Years passed before Mr. Thackeray could get people perfectly to understand his lofty theory, or unqualifiedly to admire the skill with which he worked it out.