

CORRESPONDENCE BETWEEN A COUNTRY CURATE AND THE
BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE.

THE CURATE'S LETTER.

To the Right Rev. the Bishop of —

RIGHT REVEREND LORD,—Presuming upon the grounds of our common belief in the genuine spirit of Christianity; in its pure charity of feeling, its divine humility, and all those generous sensibilities of the heart, which, when embodied in just and manly actions, are the highest attributes of our nature; a poor, though honest, and therefore not unworthy minister of the Gospel, has ventured to address you this letter. It is induced by deep calamity, and is penned with the strictest reverence for unaffected truth. Do not imagine, my lord, that in thus approaching one so exalted in station above me—a lowly servant of religion—so dignified by birth, relationship, and manifold titles; so far removed from my humble sphere of humanity; that I present myself in a mean and unbecoming manner before you. Your vast wealth I do not envy or covet. My own extremely limited means of doing good, I may say of obtaining life's necessities, is not a circumstance that would justify me in wishing to become so munificent an almoner as others, since it is the will of Heaven that these should be few in number, and that many should be exceeding poor. But to have maintained an unblemished character during fifty and seven years, twenty of which I have passed as curate of this village, gives me some right, in addition to our common calling, of standing unreprieved in your presence, albeit a melancholy petitioner.

Permit me, my lord, to relate to you the brief narrative of my life; its wayfaring and its pauses; its not unworthy struggles through the thorny wilderness of the world; and its painful, yet resolute labours over those flinty cross-roads of adversity, where Despair is often buried with stiff-extended arms. I began with industry and highest hope, and with industry have I persevered unto the last, long after temporal hope had faded into the stupendous dreams and Ancient Histories of the things that were. I am now labouring under a complicated disease, which I believe to originate in a *complaint of the heart*, and our village practitioner is of opinion that I cannot recover. Had not this been my own impression, your lordship's ear should not have been troubled with this complaint.

In 1803 I finished my collegiate studies at Christ's, Oxon; the expenses of which, a sum of money carefully reserved by my deceased father for the occasion just enabled me to defray. I was most assiduous in my labours; but I confess they were not devoted so much to the regular routine of scholastic acquirements,

as to gain me any collegiate honours worth mentioning or remembering. If, however, I gained no honours, I incurred no disgraces. My conduct, I dare to assure your lordship, was irreproachable, and also unrepached. Even calumny spared me, for envy found no offence in me. My disposition, though strongly enthusiastic, was naturally meditative and recluse; boundless in abstractions, but of no exuberance in practical activity. I left Christ Church as I entered it; a man of integral character, esteemed by those who knew me, and therefore justly respected by all.

In the course of a few months, after leaving college, I entered the family of a gentleman in Westmoreland, as private tutor to his sons, at a salary of £30 per annum. In this capacity I remained nine years, nearly. The conscientious pains I had taken in the education of my pupils, and the beneficial result he discovered in the soundness of their attainments, and their just conceptions of real religion and essential morality in all its higher theories and movements, grounded on humane feeling as opposed to sectarian rules, induced in him a great respect, and a considerate sense of gratitude. Believing this to be my due, I did not deem it a meanness to accept from him an acknowledgment of £50 in addition to my salary, together with a promise to give me a curacy in a village, the greater part of which belonged to him. This I obtained in less than a twelvemonth after leaving his family.

In the interim occurred the happiest event of my life; but such is the sad condition of mortality, my deep sympathy with the object has subsequently been the means of inducing my greatest misery. It was in the month of May, 1814, when the flowers were fair upon earth, and the heavens pure, that I accompanied the daughter of a humble country gentleman to the little moss-grown church, situated in the lovely valley of Bedd Gelert, in North Wales, there to plight our vows by a ceremony that could not be more sacred than the devoted love and faith we had previously plighted to each other. We subsequently repaired to the small curacy I now hold, but which I am shortly to lose.

For you, my lord, whose elevated station, and whose affluence from the cradle upwards, even unto the procession towards the descending grave, places you at a distance from my humble condition, measureless, except by our common calling, it must be exceeding difficult clearly to understand, and therefore to sympathize with, the innumerable matter-of-fact grievances attending straitened means of existence. And these grievances are increased five-fold, by the necessity of maintaining a certain grade in society. The rector of this village has always received an annual income of between four and five hundred pounds, paying me the sum of £45 for doing the duty, he being resident pastor of another and more lucrative parish. My rector was frequently changed during the first fifteen years of my residence here; my

salary, however, continuing the same. I had a rising family to support, and to maintain the appearance of a gentleman. There are no opulent individuals in the vicinity, and the few that had sons preferred sending them anywhere rather than to be educated by a country curate. Independent of the chagrin of hope induced by this circumstance, I could not afford to advertise for the precarious chance of obtaining one or two pupils; while the emolument derived from giving daily instructions to a few boys in the village, has always been scanty enough, though arduously wearing, and—as I could not help feeling at times—not altogether worthy of such abilities as I have been thought to possess.

I have been led to consider this subject frequently of late; for, let me assure your lordship, that there are many curates similarly situated; and to hope that some plan might be adopted for improving the hard fate of the more humble, though, I venture to affirm, not least industrious ministers of the Gospel. We have seen immense sums recently bestowed in various ways, the advantageous effect of which I am too little versed in politics to gainsay; I merely offer the opinion, that Government would do an unquestionable service to the cause of true religion and high morality, by purchasing all the lay impropriations, and then proceeding, by an equitable distribution, if not to an equalization of livings, at least to an adjustment in favour of those who have been expressly educated for such situations. As it is, my lord, the givers of livings, and many of the holders of livings, are rich laymen; and, besides this, I am led to believe, that mere interest, or patronage, has as general an influence in the church as it is known to have in the army! Moreover it appears, that the same patronage has not unfrequently served for *both*, and in respect of the *same* individual! In a recent letter from a friend in London, I learn that he dined the other day at the house of a person of consequence, and there were three clergymen present—rectors—at the same table, all of whom had been captains in the army.* I submit it to your lordship, and I think you will agree with me when I point it out, that an undue influence must have been exercised, first in their promotion in the army over the heads of so many senior officers; and, secondly, on their returning to college, after selling their commissions on the establishment of the peace, taking orders, and stepping into immediate livings. The same letter mentions, that a certain gentleman, who had risen to the high rank of colonel in the guards, is now rector of St. M—'s and West R—, in the county of——k, and chaplain to the Earl of Roseberry;†

* A fact.

† The above ex-colonel is the author of a volume of sermons, dedicated to the King. Would it not have been more consistent to have dedicated them to the Duke of Wellington? They might have produced a greater effect than any that could issue from a less congenial quarter, and might have been entitled 'Sermons from the Sword.' H.

and that my friend himself is personally acquainted with a gentleman who has been in both the navy and army, but is now a dignitary of the cathedral of T——, in Ireland, and has never preached a sermon in his life—as the God of peace forbid he ever should.

Again, even in a financial, or mere profit-and-loss point of view, the present arrangements do not appear to me equitable. The expenses of a regular clerical education are great, at the very lowest estimate, and become ruinously so—as in my case—where the whole property of the individual is expended on them. The fair *interest* of this money is by no means obtained by the average sums given to curates throughout the kingdom, most of whom are necessarily industrious, and continue curates to the end of their days. If the individual be sent to college from some charitable foundation, his subsequent claim to a sufficient maintenance is still greater, because his being sent there free of expense is entirely owing to his distinguished merit. The bounty is fairly earned, and I think the purpose of it ought to be carried out efficiently.

I will not intrude on your lordship's most valuable time by a detailed account of my difficulties and privations. I educated my eldest born and only son with great care, in a knowledge of first principles, as well as I could in scholastic acquirements, and above all, in the practical piety of a generous humanity, as advocated by our great lawgiver and founder, Jesus Christ. The rest of my children were daughters, four in number. To the intelligent and useful education given them by their amiable mother, I could add very little that was fit for them, and their probable stations in future life; to the mediocrity (at best) of which, a lofty range of abstract ideas of beauty and power—could I have imparted such—would only induce aspirations that must eventually lead to disappointment and dissatisfaction. My son being now nineteen years of age—a generous and high-spirited youth—and a little property devolving to us at the death of my wife's father, I was enabled to place him in an office of considerable trust in the city of Oxford, depositing the above sum as a security to his employers, who were to appropriate the interest for the first two years in payment of his board.

Amidst the unnumbered difficulties wherewith I have had to contend, it may be readily imagined that among other means of bettering my condition, I should have recourse to some literary project—the most futile of all projects for that purpose. Many years ago I had cultivated a taste for dramatic literature in its highest walks: I allude of course to the tragedies of our great masters of the Elizabethan age; modern tragedies being things to smile at in reading, as no doubt they must be slept over in representation. In pursuing these studies of human passion, with a definite view to the beneficial moral tendency arising from vivid

images and impersonations of deformed vice, contrasted with elevation of heart and of soul, I did not consider myself as forgetful of my sacred calling. I feel assured I only kept perhaps too bold a communion with Heaven, in thus gazing in the animated mirror of Promethean poetry and pathetic truth. And, moreover, I found an honourable precedent for such studies in the writings of Webster, who held a similar situation in life to my own. I trust that in thus mentioning my name in conjunction with his, it must be clearly understood that I do so with sincere diffidence; for some of his tragedies—with all submission to your lordship's more extensive reading, and the means I doubt not you have employed in acquiring a perfect judgment, added to the leisure requisite for forming a comprehensive and infallible taste—I venture to pronounce as being neglected works of genuine power. If, however, your lordship should consider such occupations unbecoming to our cloth, you will be the more ready to consider my offences in that particular as harmless and pardonable, when I inform you that no notice whatever was taken of my tragedies by the great London theatres, to which I forwarded the MSS. I did not apply for them to be returned, because of the expense of carriage, so that I have never seen them since, and make no doubt but they are destroyed. In other departments of literature I have made many attempts to obtain a hearing from the public, but without avail. No publisher would undertake my manuscripts; no periodical insert my communications, though offered in exchange for the smallest remuneration. But I could not help perceiving occasionally, that a few weeks or months afterwards, articles on similar subjects would appear in the very magazine or paper to which I had applied, many of the prominent ideas bearing a most singular resemblance to my own. To compare the qualities of my mind with any of those great authors who write in such works would be highly presumptuous and unbecoming, but our manner of treating the same subjects made me think my previous discomfiture very hard, even though it might be quite true, as one of the letters of rejection observed, that 'I was deficient in *tact*.' So I retired to compose 'A sermon on the vanity of temporal hope, and our too general and ready assumption of virtue in claiming a *right* to spiritual hope.' For heaven, my lord, is not to be taken by storm: we ought not to besiege the throne of mercy, either with our boasted piety or ostensible good works. Both may be false at heart.

Hitherto, my lord, I have confined myself to a sketch of my family affections, and my worldly circumstances. This does not comprise my whole life. It seems to me right, that in excuse of the liberty of this address, and the intrusion on your sacred privacy and devotions, I should also give you some view of the history of my mind, regarding you in the august, though temporal character of my Father in God.

In early life I drank deep of the happiness of imaginative youth—was free, and full of peaceful glory. I wandered forth into the green fields, and looking upward at the clear expanse of the eternal heavens, that shone as fresh as though they had been but an hour old—the elements of creative hope within me, were strong as the dawning of many suns. God of those luminous worlds of power!—God of this green and lovely earth, and of its continuous stream of sentient beings, thou knowest what were then my aspirations! I dreamed of becoming the lofty advocate of humane truth through the wide world; and, in my moments of exaltation, when full of the spirit of coming life and all its high obligations, had even fancied the time at hand when man might recover his fall, and again become on earth as when first made, ‘only a little below the angels!’ I thought of the primitive elements of physical nature, and in imagination saw them at work—scintillating with the intense rapidity of their secret and subtle combinations; but the inward movements of the human heart—first fountain and home of all our feelings and thoughts—this was the real goal of all my efforts, my constant study and contemplation. In it were centered the objects of my widest sympathies, and most creative powers. I thought of the passions and affections, and depicted them to myself in many a vast panorama of the mind. I saw Ambition seated restless upon his solar throne, gazing with yearning eyes at the infinite orbs above. Beneath his starry footstool rolled unnumbered orbs, unheeded. Behind him were his giant sons, Glory and Fame, after whom thronged an armed array, horsemen and footmen, trampling dead nations under their ardent heels, so that what seemed the common soil of earth, was confounded with the wrecks of humanity. Near them, though towering and apart, stood a stately figure with a scarred but solemnly benign countenance, arrayed in dingy weeds, through whose open rents the winds pierced in an icy stream, and howled around the large region of his heart. This was Genius—or the passion of intellectual power—an outcast, and called the pretender to Ambition’s legitimate throne. Then, in pursuance of these pictorial thoughts, I saw Love, an angel with eyes of penetrating sweetness; winged like the swan, with wreaths of lilies hanging down from his adorned locks, over the creamy-coloured arches of his pinions. He stood rapt and alone, absorbed in contemplation, with a gaze rivetted on the cerulean space, as though fixed on some one invisible object; and large tears often flowed adown his pallid cheeks. In one hand he bore a necromantic sceptre, before which all who beheld fell down adoring; in the other, a pure mirror bordered with a prism, which being turned in various positions towards the sun, blinded or seduced all eyes. On his head was a crown of various glowing flowers, dropping ambrosial dews that fell lustrous over his naked limbs: but I did not then observe that the constant shadow of this crown of

beauty, resembled a crown of thorns.—Then I saw Hatred, with his wolfish eyes, riding upon a huge gaunt wolf, into whose eyes, by frequent impulse of his busy evil thoughts, he ever and anon thrust his slow fingers, striving to root them out.—I saw Despair towering aloft upon a whirlwind! Around him, upon its dark floor of withering blasts, demons and men, and violent beasts of horrid shape, fought with terrific strength: but he remained without motion, even as an image of all agonies at their highest pitch.—I saw Revenge descend upon a slant stream of lightning towards a gaping grave, dragging after him a trodden corpse by its gory hair. And over both, the earthy jaws closed fast.—Then I saw Justice, a dignified giant, clad in complete steel; but vexed for ever by a countless throng of golden-handed dwarfs in sable robes, armed with long files and subtlest nets, in whose innumerable toils they continually entangled him as he went, and thwarted his best purposes.—Next I saw Charity, the eldest-born of Christ, with gentle eyes, and lips of sensibility that often sighed, and smiles of pathetic sweetness and benignity, and looks of placid patience-forgiving injuries, and hands that ever dispensed fresh balmy herbs on each side, as she went forward through the world blessing the oppressed.

In this manner I continued to employ my mind in frequent reverie, and not as yet did I know misery, even in foreboding. I looked on life as the probationary scene of man's dignified destiny; and on its close and finish with the world, as the great step of commencement towards his ascending scale in creation. And then I contemplated Death, walking along the dusky earth at evening, upon mildewed paths. It was a naked form, of woman's perfect symmetry, but whose limbs were wan of hue, and clammy cold. Her lips showed no colour, life, or motion. Her eyes were clear and deep as hollow wells; and in them were reflected—not the forms of heaven above, nor of this our earth, but miniatures of worlds unknown and nameless, and wrecks of human things incognizable, retaining no vestige of what they were, save by some bony fragments. Round her head a melancholy wreath of nightshade was entwined with thin ligaments of decay, which at fitful intervals, gave out lurid phosphoric gleams. A wand of ice she bore, that melted continually and was still renewed; but where the drops fell, deep sighs rose from the grassy earth, and pitiful faint echoes from far-off twilight glades.

Such, my lord, is the faint picture my present deprest state of health and spirits enables me to draw of the mental energies and compass of my early time. Confused and vague of purpose I know this portraiture must appear, even as questionable of merit in its ill-strung, isolated fragments. Yet believe me, my lord, the things which here show so poorly, had once a vital spirit super-added to a determined end in view, so high that my humblest apologies can scarce excuse me the apparent vanity of saying,

your lordship would have approved it. But these are thoughts that produce no means of subsistence. To feel a strong sympathy, —not a mere verbal one—with the greatest writers of truth and power, is no earnest of worldly means, (the contrary, if we may judge by all *their* fates,) even could I have presumed to suppose myself capable of effecting aught worthy of distant comparison with them. I therefore thought myself most fortunate in obtaining this curacy. I consider it a disproportionate calamity, now that I have a family to provide for, to be deprived of it.

But suffer me, my lord, to conclude my story. I fear it has already wearied you. I will briefly relate the climax of my sufferings. I may even do so abruptly, for it is too harrowing to dwell upon. The memory of it shakes my tree of manhood to the remotest verge of its deep-spreading roots; but my pillow is wetted with few tears: I dread lest my beloved wife should discover the stains.

My son had scarcely been a twelvemonth in his employment at Oxford, when he accidentally discovered that the junior partner of the house, was defrauding the firm by a subtle and nefarious manœuvre. My son openly charged him with the fact, in the presence of the others. He denied it with cool effrontery, and called on my son for his proofs. The chief witness was adduced: he had been suborned to give a false statement. Certain letters were referred to: they could not be found! My son's indignation at this, occasioned him to make many more animadversions touching, or rather trenching, the character of the junior partner, and an action was brought against him immediately for defamation. Convinced of my son's entire rectitude, I determined to defend the action. To be right in feeling and moral principle, is almost always to be wrong in law. I never had any experience of the fact but this once, (which was a fatal one,) but have grieved with an indignant spleen over unnumbered cases of wrong done to others. The action was tried, and lost. The damages awarded to the plaintiff were such as to sweep away the whole sum lodged with the firm as my poor boy's security; who seeing me thus stript of everything, with the liability to further demands, by a remorseless and exasperating injustice, and himself thrown a wreck upon the world, or obliged to return upon the hard-earned meagre resources of his parents, in the first impulse of his agony, shot himself through the heart!

The news first stunned me in the village, and I found myself in the dizzy streets of Oxford, as from the strange transition of a throbbing dream, out of which I could not awake to clear vision or perception of things, or even personal consciousness. The coroner sat in judgment over the cold corpse of my boy! The spirit of the father rose up within me in towering judgment against all conventions—pleading his cause before God. But my apprehensions were premature. By the humane compromise of meta-

physics to the frightful vengeance of the law, the jury brought in a verdict of insanity. I lifted up my over-clouded cast-down soul—I shook the palsy from my limbs—I prayed with fervent brevity his pardon for rushing unbidden into the fathomless Presence, urged by a passionate remorse for the fatal consequences of an honourable deed:—I sought out and confronted men in office, to demand the privilege of a father clothed in the majesty of grief—and with a firm and erect body—a solemn voice, scarcely ever breaking—O God forgive me this one great act of agonized pride!—I myself read the burial-service over my child's premature, suicidal grave!

Oh! my lord, if the feelings I have now confessed are an unpardonable crime in your eyes, I shall not offer any defence. The day of my union with his mother was the happiest of my life. This superlative bliss and the memory of it, was afterwards divided between that day, and the day of my son's birth. We had deep affections and anticipations involved in that event, not readily explained. The day on which his tragic end was first announced to me, was not one of excessive misery; nor indeed were those that intervened before his burial; for I did not well understand what had happened, and my brain was confounded with my heart. This is a state of passion, which, if lasting, becomes a permanent insanity. It did not last—the sight of my child's coffin, and the dark open-mouthed grave, that with earthy silence had so often spoke volumes to my listening soul, brought me to a clear and full conviction that the same loss had befallen me as I had witnessed befall others, when I dropt tears with them into a new-made grave, while joining my prayer with theirs. This day was the superlative of my misery, as my deportment throughout was the greatest effort of my life. It was *indeed* a tragedy. I look back to it—I recollect and re-endure its sufferings—and am well contented with the briefness of mortality.

I have but little to add. My benefactor who gave me this curacy, has been dead many years. Another new rector is just appointed to our village, and I am to be ejected from my cure, now that the recent addition to its salary would render my situation more tolerable, to make room for some college protégée of the fresh incumbent. He is, no doubt, a very worthy and competent man, but it is extremely hard upon me. I am respected here, and beloved, and have experienced the same sentiments from the parishioners, both old and young, during twenty years. A written remonstrance has been presented by them to the new rector, in my favour, and without avail. It was signed by all the inhabitants of the parish, with the exception of two small farmers. One of these sent me his favourite cow, begging me to receive it in token of his distress at refusing to put his name to the paper. The other was an old man, who out of shame absented himself from church, together with all his family, two successive Sundays.

Understanding the cause of his fear to give his name among the rest—the rector being his landlord, and his lease just out—I went to assure him of my entire conviction of his good feeling towards me, and he would have fallen on his knees had I not prevented him. His wife actually did so, and sobbed a prayer. I was too much affected to be able to lift her up, and after twice attempting it, I ran out of the cottage abruptly to hide my emotion, leaving her still kneeling upon the floor, and sobbing prayers aloud.

These, my lord, are all the testimonials I have to offer; except you may consider the result of inquiries concerning me as something additional in my favour. I am in very ill health, and cannot expect to last long. I shall soon follow my dear and honourable boy. But I have a wife whom I love, and four daughters advancing towards the age of womanhood. To leave them without a friend or protector in the world, and without means of support, fills my heart with apprehensions I dare not look in the face. It is for this reason I would fain live longer; and I trust, my lord, that the contents of this letter will not indispose you to some favourable consideration of my case. I only wish to be continued in my present curacy; or, if I must leave those parishioners with whom an uninterrupted exchange of kindly feelings during twenty years, has placed me in a friendly relation approaching that of father and sincere adviser; that I may be appointed to another as near this neighbourhood as possible.

I remain, my lord, with respectful

apologies for this intrusion,

A sincere minister of religion,

JOHN WILLIAM ———.

THE BISHOP'S ANSWER.

To the Rev. John William ———, Curate of ———.

SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of your extraordinary communication; (for whether it should be designated as a catalogue of complaints, a private narrative, or a letter of mendicity, I am quite at a loss to determine;) and I must say that upon the whole I consider it not only unbecoming to your cloth and station, in a moral and social point of view, but highly temeritous and reprehensible in its political tendencies. Had it not been for the good word of the Rev. John Beane, of Shropshire, who has mentioned you in terms of some favour, and also of another gentleman, who has represented you to me as an industrious and well-meaning man, I should not have considered it decorous or consistent with the station I hold, under Divine Providence, to vouchsafe any response to an address of so singular and unclerical a tenour. Nay, I should moreover have been led to conclude that the epistle emanated from the vague lucubrations of some unsuccessful

itinerant preacher in illegal and unhallowed conventicles, who had formerly been an equally disappointed stage-actor or play-wright. Nor ought your feelings—intemperate as they manifestly appear—to be hurt at this supposition, seeing you had yourself induced the impression by such a communication. It would have appeared, I repeat, equally characteristic and repulsive. Since I find, however, that you really are the person you represent yourself, and have long held the situation of a regular servant of the Established Church, I feel myself bound to reply to your address, as far as it admits of reply, and more especially to give you such instructions and exhortations as you evidently stand in need of, both for your spiritual well-being, and towards the better exercise of your serious calling.

I have said that your communication was unbecoming to your cloth and station in the Church, and reprehensible with reference to the state. One would have conceived, sir, that it was neither requisite or wise in a petitioner for a fresh curacy to cast opprobrious reflections upon the ordinations affecting those ministers of the gospel, who, under Divine Providence, are placed above him; for this indeed is verifying the scriptural proverb of ‘straining at the gnat and swallowing the camel.’ In the peaceful times of religion, when men thought no sacrifices and offerings could exceed their duty to God and his Church, to have ‘prated against us with malicious words,’ would have been a sufficient heavy sin; but in the present period of outrage and dissent, when the very props and pillars of our most sacred ordinations and future hopes are threatened and endangered to the utmost, such licentious conduct becomes rank heresy to our faith, and a traitorous defalcation from the allegiance due to the holy ministers of the sacred cause of Christ. Do not forget that it is written, ‘The prating fool shall fall,’ and that ‘the deeds that he doeth against us will be remembered.’

That what you have written is unbecoming to your cloth, abundant examples may be adduced. Your very style and phraseology betray the unhallowed bent of your mind, and the favourite studies to which you have devoted yourself, instead of earnestly and humbly striving to render yourself apt and worthy for your proper functions. You manifest an utter want of all that grace which leadeth to salvation, throughout your whole letter. How, then, should you be a fit minister to the soul of such as would be saved? Your opinions on religion are manifestly lax and unorthodox, while your speculations touching the social arrangements of church education and preferment, are such as might have proceeded from the mouth of the scoffer and the disaffected. Surely the recollection that one of the royal brothers of a beloved and religious monarch had been duly placed as the head of the army, while the social policy of government had at the same time seen fit to endow him with the bishoprick of Osnaberg, (thereby showing forth, to such as

can understand, the natural junction of religion, with the power of defending its holy rights and revelations upon earth,) might have silenced your idle animadversions on such subjects. Is it not written that 'a fool uttereth all his mind,' and also 'the forward tongue shall be cut?' Doth not the apostle say, 'suffer as a Christian?' and do not the holy Scriptures exhort us 'above all things to put on charity?'

The history, as you are pleased to term it, of your mind, which you have submitted to my notice, is indeed a very lamentable one. It evinces the woeful misdirection of your voluntary studies; and I am bound in duty to express my strongest and most unqualified disapprobation. You describe your vain-glorious 'aspirations' in terms that savour even of blasphemy; the results to which they have led you, judging by the figurative style in which you make an ostentatious display of rhetorical colouring, are but too characteristic. You appear to have taken far more interest in cultivating the art of displaying a gorgeous gallimaufry of the passions, than in studying and teaching the meek and unadorned gospel of our blessed Redeemer, thus striving to renew that wickedness of the earth, 'when God saw that every imagination of man's thoughts was evil.' I lament, sir—sincerely lament—to observe the misguided efforts you make; not without some skill, which is evidently the consequence of long practice; to delineate Ambition with verbose extravagance; Hatred, with its tautological mysticism; Revenge, with its horrid and monstrous image of murder; and Despair, with its preternatural absurdity. It would, in all respects, have become you better, to have written a sermon of meek simplicity upon the beautiful attributes of faith, hope, and charity, for the benefit of your parishioners. It is true you speak of these things as the contemplations of a by-gone period; but the prominent position they still retain in your mind, is but too manifest from the pleasure with which you dwell upon them to an unseemly length. Be assured that no one can take the slightest interest in such displays, except those who prefer contemplating gross passions to pure religion, and prefer mythology to revelation. They must be thoroughly condemned by every sincere Christian; their bad taste renders them equally unworthy of criticism.

Touching the account you have favoured me with, in respect of your domestic affairs, it is a matter which, by a different method of application, should have received a due consideration. As it is, I cannot feel it my duty to interfere in the manner you wish, were it only in justice to other better-qualified individuals. One circumstance, however, I cannot pass over without comment, though I scarcely know in what terms to express the revolting sentiments wherewith it inspired me. I, of course, allude to the most offensive account you yourself have given me of the self-murder of your own son, and the yet more offensive, unparalleled—I had almost

said unnatural—line of conduct which you pursued in reading the burial service over his grave! I can only compare it with the prime act of some most obdurate and stony-hearted scoffer, or to the matchless pride of Satan himself, seeking to justify one of his ministers before God. Art thou, indeed, the man who hast preached patience, humility, and resignation, for so many years, to thy parishioners?—art thou he who would still retain his cure among them, or be appointed to some other?

Let me exhort you, sir, in alarm for the salvation of your immortal soul, to turn to your Bible, and peruse its sacred contents with new eyes. In particular I would recommend the following texts to your serious consideration: ‘Inordinate affections are visited by the wrath of God.’ Bear this in mind, and you will see one great reason why I should not dare, even though I were highly prepossessed in your favour, to accede to your request; it would be striving to uplift one whom the Lord hath smitten. You will also find it written in Colossians, ‘Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.’ In the fifth of St. Matthew, and the fifth verse, you will find that ‘Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth.’ Is it not, therefore, manifest that you, being of so opposite a nature, should inherit nought of the good things of earth? Remember, it is written, ‘Be not high-minded, but fear!’ The style in which you speak of intellect and power, is arrogant and profane: ‘For there is *no* power, but of God;’ and again, in St. Matthew, ‘All power is given unto Christ.’ Humble yourself, therefore, as becomes you, abandon vain imaginations, and as St. Luke admirably exhorted, ‘preach the gospel to the poor!’ Ponder well on these things if you would *hereafter* be saved!

I cannot conclude without remarking, that I detect in many passages of your communication a spirit of double-dealing, in words or meanings, which conveys to me the impression either that you are indulging a kind of covert inuendo and sarcasm, or else that you are *gifted* with the most unsophistical impertinence and the utmost naïveté of ignorance. With a sincere Christian spirit, it behoves me, however, to accord forgiveness to your error, and pity for the querulous weakness wherewith you so ill endure the visitations of Divine Providence, who has seen fit to afflict you with a wholesome chastisement; and I solemnly charge you to believe, in all charity, that however deeply I am impressed with the wise dispensation that has thus brought calamity upon your house, I do not rejoice or feel any unhallowed gladness that, to use the words of Revelation, ‘the accuser of the brethren is cast down!’ Moreover, I shall, at a fitting leisure, set on foot a subscription for you, sanctioned with my own name, and thereunto the donation of one guinea, so that, under the blessing of heaven, you may receive in course of time a sufficiency to sustain yourself and family till you can obtain some fresh employment, the which, if you are sedulous

and humble, you may soon obtain ; and, if industrious, even the widow's mite will prosper in your hands, ' for the hand of the diligent maketh rich.'

I remain, sir,
 With a most earnest and religious hope that you will
 attend to my exhortations,
 Your sincere spiritual friend,
 ———, Bishop of ———.

THE CURATE'S REJOINDER.

To the Right Rev. the Bishop of ———.

MY LORD,—It would demean me as a man, far less would it become the dignity of undeserved calamity, were I to enter into any circumstantial comments on your answer to my communication. It is evident, my lord, that we are beings whose respective natures are as opposite as our stations, consequently there can be no sympathy between us. You, my lord, are one of the heads of the Established Church, and I am but a servant of Christ.

Little did I think, in my simplicity, that my humble suggestions, dictated by a conscientious feeling of liberality and justice, with reference to certain beneficial reforms in the Established Church, would have drawn down upon me the severe and unrelenting displeasure of your lordship. I rather felt diffident and somewhat uneasy lest you should accuse me of impertinence in offering opinions, that I ought to have felt certain would long since have been entertained by yourself, and which you only waited a favourable season for bringing into absolute practice. As to the narrative I ventured to give you of my life, and also of my domestic calamities and deep distress, I beg to offer you my sincere apologies for so unbecoming a proceeding. I confess I mistook your lordship for one whose natural superiority placed him above his station ; but perceiving that your heart and mind are identified therewith, I can only plead the fact of my previous ignorance in excuse for my indecorous error. As to the figurative picture I was so foolish as to give you of my early feelings and mental aspirations, you pronounce it 'beneath criticism,' and I agree with you. It must, indeed, be so far beneath your lordship's powers as to become vague, verbal, nay, lost in opaque invisibility from its distance.

In the vain roundings of this terrestrial world of ours, my lord, the pure feelings and hopes of youth are gradually spun off from human nature, till, as we advance in years, little seems in general to remain, but the mere corporal shell, whereon they were once so thickly wound. This is a homely figure for your lordship's contemplation ; nor can it apply to any of that heaven-favoured class, who have become swollen by time in proportion as others were spun bare. I do not infer that their appropriation

of the goods of others has made them redundant in fine feelings and thoughts. I trust, however, that I, lowly as is my state in this great scale of conventional things, have not derogated from my youth—far less turned traitor to its early aspirations. I have only learned to know that they are futile; which is now finally *proved* to me by your lordship. If I sit down ‘by the waters of Babylon,’ to weep for the degradation of human nature, my tears are not unmingled with pity and indignation, at the vices, the ignorance, the intolerance, covetousness, and miserable hypocrisy of those who sit in the ‘high places,’ and are equally prominent in unworthiness, as in conventional elevation.

You vouchsafe me your spiritual advice and exhortation. You quote the words of Luke, telling me to ‘preach the gospel to the poor;’ inferring thereby, I presume, that the rich have no need of it,—or, it is of no use to attempt it with *them*. I answer you, ‘The poor *have* the gospel preached to them,’—have long had it; they now want *bread*! This is my own case; but it would now be poison to receive it from hands such as thine; for thou hast torn the seal from my eyes most completely. Yet, even in the erroneous estimate which a country curate, who has passed the whole of his life in the seclusion of collegiate walls, the retirement of a private family, and the lonely innocence of a green village, could form of the real character of a dignified prelate, it does not appear that any very extravagant requisitions were preferred by my communication! It only contained a request, which, if your lordship’s sense of justice had been equal to your station, was less a favour than a right. But I now see the magnitude of my mistake. Well may your lordship speak of my ‘naïveté of ignorance,’ for what you *felt* as sarcasm was not intended as such.

Your lordship has made many severe animadversions—not to term them unfeeling and barbarous—on my domestic calamities; the tragic fate of my noble-minded boy; my own conduct, &c.; and you quote sundry passages from scripture, intended to support your cruelty and want of comprehension. I am not disposed to ‘bandy texts’ with your lordship, or any other great Master of Arts, as I have never been addicted to profuse quotation, considering it in general as ‘begging the question;’ and have always preferred composing sermons on the principle of argument *from* authority, rather than the unsatisfactory plan of making authority and ‘established law’ supply the absenteeism of the former. I shall only reply therefore, to your numerous texts of denunciation &c., by offering two or three for your own especial reflection. The first applies to myself. It is this; ‘Be not soon shaken in mind!’ the second also has a similar reference: ‘Love is strong as death!’ It is a noble and exalted aphorism, and is one of those grand theories of comprehensive humanity which prove the divinity of their author, and ‘justify the ways of God to man.’ Sneer not, my lord, at ‘the lofty grave tragedians,’ and at their

sublime teaching; fret not with mean and envious spleen, that the eternal sun rolls immeasurably beyond thy worldly power! respect thou the mirror that reflects the tempest-shaken bark of life, and the sufferings of thy Maker's creatures; for 'we also,' (I do not include the *dross* of mortality in the text,) 'are men of like passions.' You must remember, if possible, my lord, that there are *high* passions as well as *low* ones. Let mankind judge between us. The last scriptural quotation I shall presume to intrude, applies exclusively to your lordship, and was penned with prophetic inspiration for your especial behoof. 'Your riches are corrupt,' although 'your garments are *not* moth-eaten.'

Oh, thou cold earth!—is there no regenerant spirit for the grey haired who are in calamity? Where are my thoughts of the sublime heavens—that seemed to descend upon the vivid fields of the primeval glories of time? The song of creation is changed to a dirge by my deep sufferings, and fears for those I love. The fields and vallies seem no longer green, because my soul is blighted and without mortal hope. Oh, patient flowers, mute woods, and silent-floating heavens! how could I fill ye all with my voice of lament, and mar your beauty with a human grief! And thou, maternal grave, I cannot sink with any comfort even into thy bed of rest, because I leave behind me a large inheritance of ruin for my children!

This vain rhapsody, my lord, is not addressed to you. It appeals only to those who know what it is to have leaden weights upon the struggling heart, and chiefly for the love they bare to others. But I will discharge what remains to me of duty. The hour of ejection is at hand. I shall depart with my family, amidst consoling tears of many, young and old. I go hence, the trembling father; the unconsoled, though devoted husband; the sick, poverty-stricken outcast from his step-mother, the Established Church; the desolate, friendless, unconquered man of God.

Exult not thou in thy palace, at my ejection from this poor curacy; neither clap aloft the wings of thy spirit, that one, whom thou hast termed 'the accuser of the brethren,' is cast out from the home of his declining years, with no other roof to shelter him! When the grave has made us equal—think of *this* in thy false pride—when thy palace is levelled with its congenial dust, and the trumpet of the great archangel pierces the empyrean, and echoes through the infinite remote of the sphered stars, summoning the whole human race of each long-generant world, to appear for their last account—thou shalt take thy hollow mitre before the throne of God—and I will take my heart.

I remain, my Lord,

With a clear and keen-felt estimate of your character
as a man and a prelate,

JOHN WILLIAM —.

Two other communications which subsequently passed between

the bishop and the wife of the curate, are extant ; but, as they displayed too much of the incoherency of grief and indignation on the one side, and of heartless insensibility and pious evasion on the other, (if a greater degree than we have already given can be supposed possible,) it has been thought best not to publish them. We have to conclude our melancholy task, by announcing the death of the curate, which occurred a few weeks since. He was buried at the expense of the parish ; but his family have not yet been admitted to the workhouse.

R. H. H.

MEMORANDA OF OBSERVATIONS AND EXPERIMENTS IN
EDUCATION.

No. I.—INFANCY.

THE child's head rested on her arm, and his deep blue eyes were fixed upon her face, with a gaze so inquiring, and yet so confiding, that her eye fell beneath his, and her heart trembled as it would have done if some heavenly being had come under the form of childhood, and asked her to guide him pure, and even more than ever exalted, through this mortal life. 'My beautiful!' said she, 'why dost thou scan every lineament of my face, as if I were thy destiny, and thou would'st read it ere beginning to fulfil it! How thoughtful is thy brow even now; and how much stronger thy will than thy power—the eye longs for the curl that my bending head brings near thee, but the little hand knows not yet how to reach the mark. Such is the fate that must attend thee through life! Such is the difficulty of arriving at the good we see and desire, that even as I press thee to my heart, and vow myself to thy service, and picture to myself the being I would make thee, I know not the means by which thou art to become that being.'

So spoke the young mother ; and she fell into a long reverie ; and dark mists interposed themselves whenever she would have built up a system of education. At length she resolved to try to become a child—to enter into the child's nature, and merely to lend it the aid of her physical strength, and of her affection.

The next morning after she had come to this determination, she heard loud cries issuing from the nursery. Upon going into the room, she saw the baby kicking and screaming, while the nurse was vainly endeavouring to tie on his cap. She reflected, that it must be very bad for him to have this daily irritation ; and upon consulting good medical authority, found that the cap might safely be left off, as the weather was hot. It was impressed upon her, however, that warmth is much needed for the young infant, and that for this reason the babies in India are very beautiful, and thrive well. Having abandoned the cap during the summer, it

was never resumed, notwithstanding the ill-concealed derision of her visitors, and the advice of her friends. Her eye soon became accustomed to the little bare head, and she found her child less subject to cold than is usual with children; and during the time of cutting his teeth, the feverishness always attendant upon that process, was doubtless much mitigated. Her next care was to invent a dress so simple as to slip on in a minute, and which leaving his limbs unfettered, should yet have that warmth which the young being required. She succeeded so well, that beaming looks and joyful crows were substituted for the face swollen with rage and pain, and the perpetual cries which usually had accompanied his toilet.

A few mornings afterwards, there was another bustle in the nursery; the babe screamed worse than ever, and there was a running and changeful accompaniment by the nurse, of coaxing, flattering, scolding and singing. The reason of the uproar was, that the baby had been dipped in water which was too cold. 'I shall bathe him myself in future,' said the mother to herself, 'for in this way both mind and body suffer.'

As soon as the baby was dressed, his food was brought in, and 'here it is,' cried the nurse, in a tone which implied, 'here comes the sovereign cure for all your wounds.' 'Worse and worse,' thought the mother, 'and yet I shall never be able to make the nurse feel what I mean—I must turn nurse myself.'

Upon stating the case to her husband, he, like a true father, cordially agreed with her that she must dedicate herself to the child. 'I have my work in the world,' said he, 'you should have yours; every wife, if she have no children to educate, should find something else to do, besides the poor selfishness of providing for her own and her husband's daily comforts, by settling the domestic arrangements. For my part, I shall gladly accommodate myself to any plan which will render the performance of your duty to your child easy to you; and by and bye, I should think that my share of the business will become the largest. As it is not right, however, for all our sakes, that you should be wholly engrossed with the boy, find out some good-tempered and sensible girl whom you can train to help you in the more mechanical part. For the first months, perhaps, it may be advisable to trust only to yourself.' So the affair was settled, and the nurse was dismissed.

Beautiful, beautiful human nature! What a proof was this child, that evil must be put into the young mind, carefully sown and nourished there, being no plant of native growth; but that, on the contrary, simply not to thwart nature is, not to spoil.

To some, the following detail may appear minute and trifling; but such will not be the opinion of those who have learnt, by experience, how soon the physical leads to the moral, and how impossible it is to alter the one, without altering the other.

The mother then began her labours, setting out with the resolution to watch her child's true wants—to help him to satisfy them—but strictly to refrain from forcing him on to acquirements of which *she* might wish to see him possessed.

He was every morning dipped, and every night washed, in a bath of summer heat, and so far from crying, as he had formerly done, he seemed to delight in these operations. Perhaps an infant is conscious of the moral feeling towards him, long before we are aware that he is so; and very likely this child distinguished between the light, firm, rapid, tender touch of his mother, and the rough, clumsy, angry way in which he was handled by the nurse, when irritated and half deafened by the screams which her own awkwardness had called forth.

His mother's watchful love perceived his wants before they had become so pressing as to require him to resort to screams and violence in order to gain attention. He was never allowed to wait too long for his food, nor was he given too much at once; nor half suffocated by the way in which it was administered; nor did a triumphant 'Here it comes!' announce its arrival. It was given to him regularly, moderately, slowly. When he became able to feed himself, he did not lose the good habits of his babyhood; he never thought of his food until he saw it, and then he took it quietly and cleanly, looking about him and talking to his mother. Often, before he was two years old, has he stopped in the middle of a meal, and touching each flower in a tumbler that stood near him, say, 'What is it?' and as she answered, 'rose,' 'lily,' &c. he would catch up the sound; and when he had learnt as many of the names as he wished, he would go on eating.

When he cried, his mother endeavoured to discover the cause of his suffering, and to remove it; but she never tried to amuse him when he was screaming, or even to soothe him, further than by that gentle manner of holding him, or doing whatever was to be done for him, which is peculiar to affection. She never said 'Hush,' or spoke at all to him when he cried. The consequence was, that he was scarcely ever heard to cry; never, after he could *speak* his wants and feelings. He learnt to bear pain better than most *men*. When he was teething, his flushed cheek and curled lip often showed he was in extreme pain, while no sound escaped him. When he was teaching himself to walk, he often got tumbles and knocks; generally he was quite still, and as it were surprised to find himself in his fallen condition; sometimes he would utter a little 'oh,' not an impatient 'oh,' or a painful 'oh,' but an 'oh' which said, 'so, here I am! well, its very curious how I came here.' All the while the mother was thinking, 'I wish I could bear all these blows.' If he really got into such a case as required her help, she quietly went and extricated him partly, always leaving him to help himself out a little, by which he acquired the habit, and, in a wonderful degree, the power of

righting himself when he had got into difficulties. It is often fright which makes children cry when they fall, more than pain; and his mother therefore avoided running hastily to his help. She was particularly calm in her manner when any accident had happened. But accidents rarely did occur; first of all, because she never said to him, 'take care,' and so he took care of himself, and never attempted things much or dangerously beyond his strength; secondly, because she took pains to dispose the furniture, his bed, and every thing with reference to him, so that he was safe without that constant watching which is, on various accounts, so bad for children. As his parents meant him to have, from his very birth, the feeling of liberty, all the arrangements were strictly made for that purpose—the drawing-room with its paraphernalia was not for him, so he was saved the incessant fire of 'don't, don't,' to which children are for the most part subjected, and which entails many bad consequences; the vanity caused by consciousness of being a constant object of attention; the irritation of being constantly thwarted; the sense of loss of liberty, of action, &c. &c. It was long before it was necessary to say 'don't,' because, without saying a word, the physical weakness of the child made it easy to put physical obstacles in the way of his doing what was hurtful; and by the time he had sense to wish, and strength to do his wishes, such confidence and love had been generated, that *from them* sprung coincidence of will in parent and child, so that a 'don't' was never disputed.

The first thing which struck him was light, the candle; then he studied his mother's face; next he caught sight of some red curtains—the colour seemed very pleasing to him. As he grew older, motion became the most interesting—an animal running, or trees blown by the winds, or flowing water; then came the wish to know structure: every thing was peeped into, or torn to pieces to be better understood; and when about a year and three quarters old, the question was, function—'what for?'

When he was particularly intent upon observing some object, and turned upon his mother that inquiring look peculiar to infancy, and so affecting, she would show him some property of it; or if she could do nothing better for him, she would tell him its name. She never told him the name of any thing unless he were looking at it, and he always tried to repeat after her. As she never suffered him to be stunned with the chatter with which people think it necessary to overwhelm poor babies; but, on the contrary, short and simple sounds only were addressed to him; the consequence was, that he spoke faultlessly from the very beginning, and most beautifully, in deep, musical, true-hearted tones. She often would sing to him, but only her very choicest songs: he listened with delight to all, but particularly to such as were slow, swelling, sweet, and melancholy.

From the first month of his life, he lay almost constantly on a

cloak on the floor, or, in fine weather, on the lawn; his mother judging this to be a more favourable position for him than the upright one, or than lying in bed, or on her lap. He soon learned to raise himself upright, and he invented many curious modes of low motion, such as rolling, crawling, &c. before he thought of walking. At last one day he saw a bright coloured ball on a chair—he rolled to the chair, and helping himself up by its leg, then, for the first time stood upon his own little feet. His mother took the hint, and, by placing various objects on a line of chairs, she induced him to exercise himself in balancing himself, and finally he ran alone. It is true this great event did not occur until he was thirteen months old, but his limbs were straight, his gait firm, and, better than all, he had neither been coaxed, nor threatened into unnatural exertions.

How *can* they say that man is naturally idle? That free child worked as hard as possible from morn till night, to the very fullest extent of his nature. The tendency of his first efforts seemed to be the attainment of the use of his muscles; it was just happiness enough for him for the first three months of his life to lie in the sun and work about his little ivory limbs, and this he did crowing with delight. Then he began to use his eyes very much. His first words after ‘Papa’ and ‘Mamma,’ were ‘what is it?’ he went about the world inquiring ‘what is it?’ not ‘what is its name?’ and his mother did on all occasions try to answer him in the spirit of his question. If he pointed to a cow, she would take him to pat it, and see it milked, and drink of its milk—if to a bell, he was allowed to ring it. All his objects being his own, he understood their value, and worked for them patiently; thus, from liberty, came industry and true perseverance. When four months old, he sat for an hour trying to unroll a ball which his mother had wrapped up in a sheet of paper, and the little fingers and feet and mouth all worked away, and at last out rolled the ball. Luckily there was no sycophant by, to whine out ‘clever little dear,’ ‘beautiful boy,’ &c. only the mother’s eye bent in sympathy down to meet his upturned glance of joy, and the two understood each other. It was strange, and beautiful as strange, to see the perfect absence of self-consciousness in this young being—third blessed effect of liberty.

At first it was the business of life,—serious, and requiring all our energies,—to roll a ball, move a chair round the room, watch the skeleton clock, or touch the notes of a piano; every moment brought its work, and every work increased the power of working, and slowly but harmoniously all the powers developed. No sooner could he do anything with his mother, than she allowed him his share; but she most carefully guarded from letting him over fatigue himself, and never insisted upon his doing anything. At first his natural activity, and afterwards the charm that he felt there was about her, and in being with her, made the little occupations she gave him a delight. She never said to him, ‘do;’

it was always, 'will you do;' and too happy was he to be employed by her to shut the door, to run and call some one, to gather chick-weed for the canary, or feed the poultry and pigeons; to hold the basket whilst she cut the roses, and afterwards to stick them into the sand in the plate; to drop the seeds or roots into the ground when she had made the holes to receive them, or stick in the labels to show where they lay; or do any of those thousand daily things which an intelligent and loving mother will always gratify her child by letting him help to accomplish.

By being constantly with her, he acquired, insensibly, a great store of ideas; and now and then she would try to teach him to classify these ideas. One day they brought in from their walk a large nosegay of wild flowers. 'Will you bring me,' said she, 'a flower like this, out of the nosegay?' and she showed him a marsh-marigold which she was in the act of putting into water. He brought her, successively, a marigold, butter-cup, and dandelion; showing that the resemblance of colour had most struck him. He got the idea of two before he was two years old; and also of *round*. His mother taught him the last by putting her finger, and drawing his too, round the edge of a table, shilling, wafer, &c. He was very fond of looking at pictures, and of heaping wooden bricks on each other: in short, the day seemed too short for his business; and his little life was, like a wreath of flowers, ever fresh and smiling.

Thus did this mother lead her child through the first two years of his life; and, if *he* had been happy and progressing, what had *she* been? Oh, who can measure her sum of joy, as she contemplated the result, or count the moments in which her heart had ached with bliss? When she looked at her boy, there was the sunny face, and candid brow, and dimpled mouth; there was the full eye, always sweet, but by turns, serious in observation, or sparkling with mirth, or beaming with affection: there were the nimble foot and dexterous hand, even then, good instruments of the active and inquiring mind: there was patient endurance of casual and necessary pain: and there was that love for her, and confidence in her, which was to be the basis of trust in man and God.

Nor had these years been to her a season of mere passive reception of happiness from her child; she had diligently been preparing for that which she had perceived would be required of her. She had foreseen that the outward universe would first engage the child's curiosity, and she had been diligently studying the natural sciences, well aware that only the profoundly scientific are simple and clear, and that to them alone the commonest object in nature is instructive. It was of the facts of nature which passed before his eyes that he must first take cognizance; and, in order that she might never lose an opportunity of giving instruction when asked to do so, or of directing his attention in a useful channel, she was well aware that she must herself be

thoroughly enlightened and awakened. Besides the good at which she aimed, there were happy incidental results from these studies of hers. The first was, that they prevented the appearance (which she thought it most important to avoid,) of being devoted to her child. She would sit at her desk for hours, absorbed in her studies, whilst the boy worked about the room or garden in a very independent manner. The second good effect was, that, through sympathy, he became interested in what his mother was thinking of, and he too began to examine attentively insects, flowers, &c. &c.

Thus happily had passed two years, when this mother was removed from her boy. He passed into other hands, and became an altered being; for, as yet, he had no principles, nothing but sweet impulses.

To describe the cause of his deterioration, is as instructive as it is painful. His next guardians were of those who believe in the corrupt nature of man, and say that the first thing to be done, is to break the child's will. What! that liberty which God has given to man—that power of choosing what he shall do, which is his glory, and the means through which he is to be raised to yet higher and higher glory, shall be withheld from the young, pure, child! ‘Try all things: hold fast that which is good,’ is the language of man to man; while that of the man to the child is, —‘*Try nothing but just what I tell you is good; that believe and do.*’ Vain man,—vain man! How many lessons of wisdom, truth, beauty, and love, might you learn from that unsophisticated being, if you could but raise up your proud heart to his humility and purity! If you could but regain his child-like confidence in the existence of good, which, in the struggles of the cold selfish world, you have lost!

The little hero of our tale was then taken into totally different circumstances. He who had never heard a command, was, from morning till night, tyrannised over. At first he could not understand it. The harsh tone fell on his ear, but he did not heed it or obey it; he did not know it was meant for him; it was as if the dog had barked,—a sound that struck his sense, but did not reach his intellect. It will be sufficient to mention one specimen of how he was treated, the rest will easily be imagined. One day, when, not understanding some order he had not obeyed, and when his little hands were held as a punishment, and he smilingly endured, thinking they were held in love: this smile was construed into hardened guilt, and the sharpest reproaches were uttered, to make him aware that the intention was to pain and degrade him.

Alas! alas! the miseries that flowed in may be guessed:—fretfulness, passion, idleness, cowardice, deceit, malice. The canker was in the bud; or is it more true to say, that the storm which tore to pieces and scattered the blossoms that had come

forth, caused that the tree shot forth more vigorously afterwards?—that the being was going through the process appointed for man?—and that it is true, not only as regards the human race, but as regards each individual, that it is the plan of Providence, that man should work out his own salvation through evil? There is the question. However, it is needless to try to settle it: no one can form a notion what sort of a being a man would be who should never have known evil. It is enough for us to be fully persuaded that, to work for good, and by good, is all that man should attempt. The Almighty can educe good from evil; but the man who presumes to use evil as an instrument, takes upon himself a fearful—a fatal responsibility.

C.

OXONIAN MANIFESTATIONS OF 'THE SPIRIT!'

'THE animosity which prevails here against dissenters, of every denomination, is almost surpassing belief. The *laugh* (alluding to a prolonged roar of impotent malignity) given against them on Friday, was an indication of mingled *hate* and *fear*; a sort of anticipation that the laugh may, at no distant period, be converted into wailing and gnashing of teeth in the sacred halls of Oxford!'—See the Times, June 16, 1834.

When hobberdehoys, in gowns and caps,
Blown out with Greek and Latin scraps,
Resolve to have a roaring romp
With dukes, and dolls, and May-day pomp;
Spout verse, with action, haw and hem,
Though this is poetry to *them*!
Applaud each brazen calf, and shake it
With echoes that might well unmake it;
While to gross vice, with many a brand
From foul roots burnt—that cumber land!—
They bend the abject toady's knee,
And sound *its* sound morality.
No ranting mob, no bedlam spite,
E'er reaches such a vulgar height;
For fat professors, whirling whigs,
Like sows among the little pigs,
By unclean spirits quite possessed,
And maddening at the orgie's zest,
Grunt forth incessant exhortation,
While the 'last squeaks' amuse the nation!
O corporals, serjeants, fifiers, drummers,
Ye who enlist the raw new-comers,
Henceforth assure them—quoting names—
If they pursue war's desperate games,
Some day they'll rise, with ardour burning,
Through blood and bayonets, up to learning!

Have wisdom given, with salve-like verse,
 Their names a whole week to rehearse ;
 As qualified as Etna's crater
 For Doctor of Laws—or something greater !
 Peal forth the organ's solemn tone
 For Christianity, outraged—gone !
 A dirge that now ascends the skies
 From Oxford's Universities,
 Whose blind malignity and zeal,
 In selfish scorn of general weal,
 Hath shown horns, hoofs, fork'd tail—and worse,
 A heart of hate, a tongue to curse,
 To slander, challenge and deride,
 With foamy and intolerant pride ;
 Not for the meed religion proffers—
 But for man's bane—religion's coffers !
 Thus might we see an old ship driven,—
 A Saracen *craft* at war with heaven,—
 Before the circling storm of fate,
 With guns all loaded—generous hate !
 But which, through headstrong rage, break loose,
 And in revenge of impious use,
 Roll down to leeward ! Over she's borne,
 In all her arrogance and scorn !
 So doth thy belly-bloated pride
 Hasten the storm of time and tide ;
 And while her friends the deeds bemoan
 That hurried her to darkness down,
 E'en foes may pity the last lurch
 Of suicidal Mother Church !

AI ! AI !

HOUSEBUILDING AND HOUSEKEEPING.*

IN spite of Kings, and Queens, and Bishops, and Tories, and Whigs, and crackbrained pseudo-radicals, and selfish money-hunters, and other fools and knaves generally, it is a beautiful world we dwell in, and possessing more noble-minded inhabitants of the human race than the public, overpressed by that 'laborious nothing,' called business, are commonly aware of. But such beings are scattered, doing their share of good in small circles, and are not thrust into prominent relief, standing out from the rest of the community as other 'bodies' do who are linked together by ambition, or sectarianism, or sensuality, or other ordinary motives of ordinary-minded men. Were the good and unselfish formed into a society, working in concert to produce the best results by the most effective means, in the discriminating spirit of the true sound radical philosophy, no great number of years would elapse ere

* London's *Encyclopædia of Cottage, Farm, and Villa Architecture. Hints on Practical Economy*, by James Luckcock.

they would wield a greater power than all the other ‘bodies’ put together, even as the beautiful *spirit* of Christianity has worked its way in the world in spite of the abuse with which most of its professors have overlaid it. Christ was the first radical upon record, and his *true* disciples are waxing more numerous than ever in these latter days. I have been led to these remarks by a great book and a little book, which have just alighted in my pathway, both produced by men remarkable as lovers of their species, and who, without other influence than their own cultivated minds, have acquired considerable control in their own spheres over the tastes and pursuits of their fellows. The name of James Luckcock, of Birmingham, is honoured wherever it is known, and the influence of his spirit and the practice of his most blameless life, constantly active in the furtherance of his creed, ‘I believe in doing good,’ has mainly contributed to effect the change in the people of Birmingham from what they were in the days of Priestley, to what they are now: in a word, he has been a most efficient promoter of rational education amongst the working classes. It is a beautiful thing to contemplate the life of this most exemplary man; it fills the heart with love and veneration growing out of the satisfied judgment. In all his relations in life, which give an outward indication of the heart within him, and by which alone the worth of a man can be safely judged, there has not been a speck upon him; all who know him look up to him as an apostle of the latter days; all who know him look forward with pain to the time when his spirit must pass away and the component parts of his material organization be mingled with the common mass of matter. If his biography shall fall into able hands, the history of his valuable though not brilliant existence will prove a useful lesson to many holding humble stations in the world, to go and do likewise. I cannot refrain from quoting the words of this good old man, in a letter to one whom he honours with his friendship; they will speak to the hearts of all who are capable of appreciating moral beauty far more effectually than the warmest encomiums any of his friends could bestow:—

‘I have taken a fresh census of the days of my pilgrimage, and find a wonderful rapidity in their increase on the one hand, and consequent decrease on the other. My beautiful garden adjoins my house, and was always my recreation and delight; judge then (but you cannot) the severity of my privation, when I tell you that I have not been in it the last six months, and still more, that during the last eight or ten weeks I have been confined to my chamber, and do not feel confidence that the approaching warm season will release me from it. I have no inflammatory or chronic complaint upon me, no agonizing pangs to endure; my appetite is good, and my sleep abundant and refreshing as I might reasonably expect; but still I have strong symptoms of vital decay, and cannot attempt the smallest exertion without being much distressed in my breathing, attendant with convulsive spasms about the region of my heart, that tell me, in very plain terms, that I am mortal,

and shall ere long finish my course. I must, however, endeavour to be satisfied. I have had, I believe, my full share of happiness. I have lived just half my life with my conjugal companion in a state of uninterrupted and refined friendship ; and this softened the asperities of passing events, and rendered existence truly a blessing. And I have now the consolatory reflection, to cheer the remainder of my fleeting days, that I have endeavoured to fill my station in life under the guidance of reason and virtue. As a man of business, I can make the boast (not in ostentation), that I do not believe there ever lived a person who would accuse me of wronging him to the amount of a penny ; and among my acquaintances and friends, and in the bosom of my family, I feel gratefully how much their kind affections reward me for my former and uninterrupted anxiety for their welfare and happiness.'

How the maudlin, whining sentiment of the much vaunted and drunken Addison falls into the shade before the cheerful resignation of this good-old man, whose whole life has been a practical lesson in the doctrine of utility. 'See how a Christian can die.' Hear him further,—

'My intercourse with the world soon brought the conviction, that interest and prejudice were the leading principles of ordinary life. In religion, in politics, in education, in morals, in social intercourse, in diet, in medicine, in justice, in equity—in short, in every circumstance connected with frail humanity—prejudice was the rule, and common sense the exception. "Take nothing for granted," soon became my ruling maxim ; and seeing that high classical attainment did not in the slightest degree produce unanimity of opinion, I resolutely set up for myself, and found no subject so terrific as to fear to encounter it. I have thus dared to think for myself, and my moral courage has far outstripped my physical timidity. Nature did not form me for a public leader, but what I had the power to accomplish, I have attained by application and perseverance. A little success gave me confidence in my own capabilities. I have never failed in any attempt to which I devoted my heart and my time ; and it is perhaps a fair inference, that the principles I formed for the regulation of my conduct were correct, inasmuch as that conduct was successful.'

Remember, reader, that these are the words of an old man of threescore years and twelve, writing from the chamber he never expects to leave in life ; yet not content with all he has done, still is the worn mind of the veteran lover of its species—still is it striving to work their further welfare. He has put forth a little work on the economy of domestic life, knowing practically that most important of all social truths, and without which social happiness cannot exist, viz., that he who has an income of one guinea per week, must contrive to live on twenty shillings, in order to provide against emergencies by accumulation. Without this firm groundwork on which to base all worldly affairs, there can be no prosperity, and though in a state of adversity a strong mind will manfully bear up, still there can exist no actual comfort ; the utmost

that can be done is to look forward to the future. The opening paragraphs are specimens of a sound judgment and correct appreciation of the every day affairs of the world:—

‘ That sound, moral, and prudential maxims are the best regulators of our habits and affections, must be obvious to every reflecting mind, both in the greater and minor concerns of life. But, in proportion to their utility, so much is the danger of adopting a vicious maxim without a thorough examination, although it may present itself under the garb of long usage or fashion. To take, for instance, the well-known adage—“One must do as other people do;”—try it by every test of experience or common sense, and a more universal or pernicious guide in our principles or conduct cannot be found in the long catalogue of human delusions. It is applicable chiefly to the appearance we make in the eyes of the world, in our dress, our establishments, and in those observances of fashion and etiquette which the exclusives so well know how to assume, as their sole and arbitrary test of respectability and rank. There are few persons who are sufficiently methodical in the arrangement of their affairs, to know, with any thing like accuracy, what may be their income or their expenditure. And it is on this principle utterly impossible they should be able to form an adequate opinion concerning the property of their neighbours. We may witness their profusion or their parsimony, but cannot judge of their prudence. Taking, then, as the standard of our conduct the example of others, I am justified in saying—my neighbour keeps a horse and gig, and I must do the same. Another is perpetually cramming his house with a fashionable mob, and one must conform to such a friendly and hospitable custom. Another sends his children to a genteel school, where fifty pounds a year for each is an average expense, and you know we are bound by every principle of duty and affection to give them the best of educations. And where is this indiscriminating nonsense to stop? The misfortune lies here—that we are never allowed to look below our level for an example, but always above it; and if we do not run headlong to ruin with our eyes open, it is only because we wilfully shut them that we may not see the consequences.

‘ One of the most pernicious and demoralizing practices of modern refinement, is that of the “large party” system. Rousseau (with all his aberrations of mind) said, “I had rather have my house too small for a day, than too large for a twelvemonth.” Fashion exactly reverses this most rational maxim, and thus the mischief begins in a large dwelling and suitable accommodations. The next object is, not the selection of acquaintance, similar in taste, or of long standing in our esteem, or, as far as we can judge, in nearly equal pecuniary circumstances, but to make up a certain number, “helter skelter,” as chance or caprice may present them to our recollection. Of these “dear friends,”—say from fifty to a hundred—it is a fair presumption that one-third may be “pretty well to do,” another third just “from hand to mouth” in their affairs, and the remainder either in a state of insolvency, or closely bordering upon it. And yet they must all meet upon terms of perfect equality, fashionable and elegant in appearance, and all of them on the “must do” system—they are bound by the imperative rule—they must make suitable returns, by having occasionally such *respectable* parties at their own homes. And thus the man of from one to three hundred a year is

expected either to make the same appearances as another possessing 500*l.* to 1000*l.*, or he is subject to the mortification of inferiority, and, rather than submit to this degradation, or even the suspicion of it, he steps into the slough of ruin, renounces the integrity of an upright mind, and sinking himself, drags his creditors to that perdition, which, not foreseeing, they could not avoid. To show how fatally correct this sweeping censure is in its foreboding consequences, take the following report from the Insolvent Debtor's Court. The number of debtors discharged, from the commencement of the act to the end of 1829, was 51,000; their debts, 4,000,000*l.*; assets, average one farthing in the pound, after the expenses of 25*l.* for the discharge of each prisoner. Not more than 65 out of every 1,200 estates produced any assets at all!!'

Let no poor man be hopeless who reads the following statement, and learns from what humble means a James Luckcock was produced:—

'In the early part of his life the writer was one of a family consisting of a father, mother, and five children (from the age of about ten to eighteen), and, for a while, the amount of their income hardly reached 80*l.* a year. This was after the rate of about 1*l.* a year for each, and might be thus divided:—

	£.	s.	d.
Food, per week	0	2	6
Clothing, ditto	0	1	0
Share of rent, fuel, &c.	0	1	0
	<hr/>		
	0	4	6
	<hr/>		

And upon this scanty allowance the family preserved a respectable character and decent appearance. Everything was managed orderly and by rule. Three shillings per week were invariably laid by to discharge the rent quarterly, and eighteen-pence per day was deposited as stock, to meet common occurrences, and which was principally consumed in shoes, fuel, &c. If any one wanted a new coat, or any other article of dress, it was agreed in council that preparation should be made by an additional deposit, till the needful sum was obtained; but, in no instance whatever, was anything procured upon credit. They would as soon have thought of asking admission to the theatre upon trust, as of requesting the butcher or the tailor to supply them without immediate payment. They were thus never taken by surprise, everything was purchased at the best hand, and their custom was valued in proportion to its extent and steadiness. No luxury was ever admitted to their table, (excepting, perhaps, a fat goose on Michaelmas fair-day, or a plum-pudding occasionally on a birth-day,) but all was plain, economic, and abundant. Into such habits the younger branches of the family were thus early initiated, custom became pleasant, sound principles were established, and in after life were never abandoned. The writer is thus enabled to state, that he maintained himself by his own hand labour from the time he was fourteen years of age; and, for the encouragement of others, he has the additional gratification of saying, that, without any pecuniary assistance whatever, and in spite of more than an ordinary share of difficulties, he has worked his way up

from that humble station, has maintained and educated his children liberally, and retired from business about fifteen years ago on a decent and sufficient competency. And all this accomplished by the union of diligence, perseverance, economy, and good management. His career of life must now, however, soon be closed. He is rapidly advancing beyond the goal of threescore years and ten, and the world may soon have to pronounce whether or not, in his humble capacity, he contributed his share towards the improvement and happiness of his fellow-men.'—pp. 21—23.

Pass away when he will, the memory of this benevolent man will be held in honour when public pity or public contempt shall have been awarded to the memories of the ruthless persecutors of their species, known under the name of conquerors, whether Napoleons or Wellingtons. His farewell is touching—

'CONCLUSION.—Reader, this offering was composed in the chamber of weariness and debility, from which the author has little hope he shall ever emerge for any future enjoyments of life. Accept his good wishes, and cheer his aged and grateful heart by bestowing thine on him in return. Farewell!'

Mr. Loudon is another sample of a benevolent spirit, which has been silently working its share of good, seeking to improve the condition of the mass of the people by awakening their dormant taste, and laying the seeds of future refinement of their minds through the agencies of their senses. There is nothing of the bookmaker in his writings, nothing of the trader who gets up pretty pictures for sale; all that he writes is *con amore*. He loves gardens and he loves architecture, not the costly and unenjoyed possessions of the titled and the wealthy, but he loves the practically beautiful, adapted to meet the wants of the people, and thus render them happier through the extension of the sphere of their simple pleasures. There is a sweet, calm, gentle pleasure, in the perusal of his books, something like that which Isaac Walton gives us; and they are, moreover, unalloyed with the accursed thought of torturing organized beings for our gratification. This is, indeed, a big book, large enough for a 'ha' bible,' but it can well be excused, for it is a good book, calculated to carry improvement into the furthest parts of the earth. What a treasure such a book would have been to the first settlers in America, whether North or South. Instead of carrying with them the barbarous and inconvenient creations of their ancestors, and being swayed by them, the first settlers might have begun with the principles of utility in all matters related to their dwellings, and their compound progression in all other things would have been enormous. There is, perhaps, scarcely any thing so calculated to mould infant taste as the external objects and general characters of a nation's dwellings; and it is not saying too much to assert, that the character of a people might be safely described from an inspection of their dwellings. The perceptions of elegance can only be awakened by the sight of

elegant objects, which are not necessarily expensive things, as Mr. Loudon has well set forth. He stigmatises all mean and miserable dwellings, and it cheers the hearts of all good men, when in describing the general character of poor men's cottages, he emphatically says, 'dwellings, in worse than which no English labourer ought to reside, and in which an English nobleman might reside, upon occasion, without much privation.' I once wandered about the towns and country of the western part of New York state, and was struck with the remarkable want of taste displayed in all the buildings, whether public or private, and this was not the result of want of material, or enterprize, or the skill to execute, but purely from the lack of knowledge and designs. All that they had of newer or better the people had invented for themselves. For the most part the houses were nests of wooden boxes, a sort of human body packing cases; they were rather screens than dwellings, as boys make card boxes for silkworms. At the town of Buffalo, the thriving settlement at the head of Lake Erie, I remarked that there was some attempt at architectural ornament, and occasionally a little bit of taste might be observed, sufficient to mark the whole place with a character distinct from that of the neighbouring towns. Conversing with a lawyer and asking the cause of this, he replied, 'I guess the proprietor of the Eagle tavern is a gentleman of great taste in building, and all the new comers copy after him.' That same Eagle tavern was a splendid wooden mansion, painted in white paint and green paint, and pillared and carpetted, and glazed and gilt, and blinded and bestaircased, all in a style the most gaudy and meretricious; yet it was clean and airy and plentiful, and had a spacious dining hall, capable of holding I know not how many score of boarders, and altogether it was calculated to strike with considerable effect on the optics of that class of people who think more of the gilded cabin of a yacht, than of the symmetry of her build. Now, had the 'Eagle' of Buffalo been possessed of Mr. Loudon's book, he would, being a man destitute of all prejudice, have adopted every thing in it which his judgment might pronounce eligible, and Buffalo would at once have taken a stride in all relating to domestic architecture and domestic comfort which would have made her a nucleus of improvement to the whole country round. Invention and improvement from original ideas is a slow process; copying is simple, as Mr. Babbage will avouch. It took a Watt years to bring a steam engine to perfection; but when made, every ordinary engineer might multiply it an hundred fold. We will hope that a copy of Mr. Loudon's book will yet reach the 'Eagle,' and improve the condition of all the neighbours: it is more than a mere work of architecture, it is a manual of every convenience belonging to rural life in every branch. It gives not the shell only, but also the kernel; it describes the processes of building and furnishing as well; all may be found up to the period when the indweller lays him down

to sleep ; it gives not comforts only but also cheap elegancies, such as are within every one's reach. There is none of that compound, called, technically, 'halfpenny head and farthing heels ;' all is congruous as far as it goes, no ugly furniture appears to render unavailing the beauty of the edifice.

Yet well as Mr. Loudon has done all this, and well as James Luckcock has laid down rules for the management of the households of Mr. Loudon's dwellings ; it still seems to me that all is a provision for the genius of the present age, rather than of the coming one, as Mr. Loudon himself has hinted. The principle of utility is carried out, but it is not carried out to the full extent. The architecture is as yet but that of a number of parts, it is not built up into a beautiful whole. The economy is also good, but it is only a partial good, which has yet to be carried out into the great saving scheme, which, for want of a better name, I must designate social living : all hitherto is but a repetition of labours an hundred times over. The great object in economy is to save unnecessary labour and unnecessary waste of food, without, at the same time, trenching upon any source of personal comfort, without giving convenience and happiness in barter for mere economy. The object is to save personal trouble, at the same time with pecuniary means. All this may be accomplished, but the means require a careful examination.

Of course the treaders in ancient footsteps, the adherents of ancient prejudice, and the disbelievers in human progression, will at once exclaim against any plan of the kind, as being the destruction of all that which they, in their love of tyranny or in their ignorance of real comfort, call domestic comfort. There are many good ladies who devoutly believe that the essence of human happiness consists in chronicling small beer, in directing and helping the cook, superintending washings and brewings, and bad wine makings, seeing that beds are well aired, and above all exercising arbitrary power over domestic servants, who are not allowed the privilege of reply even to the most unjust charges. Such beings exist, made thus selfish by their mischievous training, and continuing the evil by their mischievous training of those who are to come after them. But such beings, though they constitute a large number, do not constitute the whole of the community. There are sufficient with perceptions clear enough to understand that food and clothes, and shelter and warmth, though perfectly necessary for the due maintenance and enjoyment of life, are by no means the ends of life, and they well understand that the best means of supplying all their material wants are those which do so with the greatest economy of personal trouble to themselves, and with the least possible dependence on the personal labour of others. Many, even amongst philosophically-minded people, complain of the imperfection of servants. This is a necessary evil, for were it not for that very imperfection there would

be no servants. In a community where the intellects and knowledge of all were on a par none would willingly be servants. All must take it in turn, and the stimulus to labour-saving inventions would be so great that in no long period the necessity for personal service would be in a great measure dispensed with. The abundance of inferior people at present to be found to perform the office of domestic servants is a drawback upon invention; but notwithstanding, for all those whose tastes are simple, who merely require abundant food and cleanly lodging, and ease and leisure, who, in short, have no love of ostentation, the presence of servants, and the necessity of overlooking them, is a great evil. The only remedy for this is a well-digested system of social living. There are many rational people who will at once start away from such a proposition, because, at first sight, the term *social* living portends the destruction of all privacy, a most necessary ingredient in human comfort, especially amongst thinking beings. But the destruction of privacy is not necessarily implied by social living; a well-digested system would be adapted to suit every mood of mind, to enable the members to congregate together when gregariously disposed, or to retire to their ruminations when otherwise disposed. I fully agree that unless this be perfectly understood and provided for, no such community would hold together six months. As society at present exists, the intercourse of intellect cannot be kept up without a great expenditure of time, trouble, and money. People live far apart from each other, and the disposition to society may change while traversing the distance between, and at best it is only at scattered intervals that such society can be enjoyed. But could it be easily attained, those who esteemed each other would mingle together at several periods of the day, and sharpen their intellects in discourse for shorter or longer periods as might best suit them.

In a dwelling whose inhabitants possess a moderate income, the time of the female members is usually principally taken up with what are called domestic duties, and thus the most important of all duties, the education of the junior members, is given over to hirelings. The kitchen—the accursed kitchen—‘my kitchen,’ ‘her kitchen,’ as is said by and of the cooks—the kitchen and what is thereon depending, usually consumes for three persons the time which might suffice, if properly arranged, for fifty. All is ill-arranged, and contrived to perform in the worst possible way the least possible quantity of work, and to give little choice of food to the inmates, though we know quite well that a variety of food is mainly conducive to health, and that the tastes of different persons are as diversified as their features. Then comes bed-making, and room-cleaning, and shoes-cleaning, in some cases done all by the same person, and mostly in a dawdling imperfect manner. And the carrying water up and down stairs, and the numberless contrivances for performing operations

imperfectly, which have therefore to be repeated again and again. In short, the whole is so badly and so uneconomically arranged, or rather disarranged, that were a cotton or other factory but one tithe so imperfect, it must insure the ruin of the proprietor. The simple proposition as to social living is, to perform all the household services, and prepare the necessary food of five hundred or fewer families, out of a joint-stock fund of labour and material, upon the same principles of economy and arrangement as are found so advantageous in our large manufacturing establishments. I will endeavour to give a slight sketch of the arrangement which appears to me desirable in order to produce these results, leaving the minuter details to be filled up by those who may see in my plan an opening for a good commercial speculation, the principle which is so mainly stirring at the present time.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

(*To be continued.*)

MR. BLYTH'S GARDEN.

[THE following *jeu d'esprit* is from the aged and excellent friend to whom Junius Redivivus has referred in the foregoing article, (p. 486,) in terms which have the sincerest concurrence of the Editor. The reader will be gratified by the indications it affords of the cheerful disposition of this veteran in the cause of all that is true and good.]

Diversity sweetens life and journals too.

One cannot be always moralizing, Mr. Editor, and even an old man (72) may claim some little indulgence if he occasionally resorts to harmless badinage for amusement; and more especially as he stands pledged to himself, that his pen shall never commit to paper a word or a thought which he would be ashamed publicly to acknowledge. Whether the public would always deem it worthy of its notice, belongs to another chapter.

JAMES LUCKCOCK.

'ADVERTISEMENT EXTRAORDINARY.'

'There have been some thieves in Mr. Blyth's garden, last night, and they robbed it.'

The conciseness, beauty, and correctness of this announcement, are well deserving of a critical and complimentary analysis. Is there a single redundant word, or can any one be added without impairing its simplicity, or injuring the sense so ably and so expressively conveyed?

1st. '*There* have been,' &c.

It is true that the sentence might have been so constructed as not to require the adverb *there*, by saying, *some thieves have been, &c.*, but it does not follow that every suggestion that a painful

criticism may dictate would be an improvement. *There*, indicates the spot where the transaction took place, and harmonizes well with the fact intended to be illustrated. It was the garden itself, the identical garden, then and *there* to be recognised as the sole and important scene of action.

2d. '*Have been*,' &c.

O! they have been, have they? It follows, then, that whether welcome or unwelcome, whether doing their duty or violating the laws of possession, whether commendable or injurious in their visit, whether they succeeded in their intentions or quitted the premises in alarm, yet still they *have been*; and there can be no absolute claim upon them, either in law or in equity, to come again. So far they are free from blame, and if not ultimately discovered, as free from punishment.

3d. '*Some thieves*.'

How beautifully idiomatic is our vernacular tongue, and here exemplified by our narrator with all the laconic energy that inquiry could desire. *Some*—then there must be a plural number—there must at least be two, and beyond this we may launch out almost to infinity; and this proves the correct and good feeling of the expression. The writer evinces no desire to impose on the credulity of his readers; you infer at once, from the modesty of the phrase, that if he saw them yet still he did not count them, or if he meant to convey the idea that he did not see them, how ingeniously he insinuates that he himself was not of the party, and therefore that he is well entitled to the admission of his evidence, as far as it may be useful. In the present stage of the inquiry, no correctness can be attempted as to the exact number of these nocturnal gentry; of one fact we may, however, be certain, that they could not amount to 1,000,000, and it remains as the groundwork of a speculative calculation where the probability of the number ends, and where the impossibility begins.

4th. '*Thieves*.'

A very ugly word this, but far too useful to be expunged from our judicial vocabulary; as with a slight degree of ingenuity it may be made 'to cover a multitude of sinners.' It may suit the civil authorities to brand petty transgressions with every epithet that contempt or indignation can apply or invent; but if every class of freebooters had its proper and expressive nomenclature, our dictionaries would lack words for the purpose. From the humble dealer, who purloins a cabbage or a handkerchief, or him who spends an hour at midnight in wrenching a brass plate from a door, and which, perhaps, he can sell for no more than twopence; to him who dexterously unburdens a coach of a banker's parcel, containing the amount, perhaps, of £4000 or £5000, or him who sells his services as a treacherous spy on his suffering countrymen, and urges them to the commission of what he afterwards betrays, or

even him in higher station, who screens the informer and grants him a pension from the public purse, and hangs the deluded victim of his confidence ; or again, to the neighbouring hierarchy, which in the possession of millions of undeserved wealth, sends its subordinates to England to supply their wants : let every grade be properly classified. We may soften some cases and aggravate others ; we may say, 'Knights of the nimble finger,' or 'Distributors of hoarded wealth ;' but till our limited nomenclatures shall be copiously enlarged, the word *thieves* may be considered as exactly appropriate to all.

5th, '*In the garden.*'

Is this exactly correct ? We say, and properly, *in* a well or *in* a snuff-box ; but what is a garden ? A surface only, and then comes the incongruity. We don't say a ship rides gallantly *in* the waves, nor a forest spreads its foliage *in* a mountain ; why, then, should we say a man works *in* a garden ? Would not *on* the waves, *on* the mountain, and *on* the garden, be all fair and straightforward analogy ? But, on the other hand, we don't say a village *on* the valley, nor a town *on* Dorsetshire. How, then, shall we reconcile these discrepancies ? Should it be said, that what is low or inclosed requires the term *in*, and what is elevated or open the word *on* ; then what a contradiction remains to say *in* a district, or *in* a county. These niceties of speech may be intelligible and familiar to us, but how perplexing must they be to foreigners in learning our idioms ! Let the learned decide, or futurity must take it, like ourselves, as custom dictates.

6th. '*Mr. Blyth's.*'

You're sure it was *Mister* Blyth's ; then, of course, it could not be the widow's, nor the doctor's, nor the baronet's ; one can't be too perspicuous in such affairs. And then, again, how lamentable that the owner of such a pretty and euphonical cognomen could not escape the vulgar attack. One might have supposed that the amenity of feeling conveyed by this melodious and heart-soothing designation, should be some security, some charm, in preference to the harsh, dissonant, and unwelcome sounds of Shufflebottom, Groutage, Hogsflesh, and many others ; but no, refinement advances slowly, and it is much to be feared it will be long ere these distinctions shall have any influence on the nightly depredator.

7th. '*Garden.*'

In our worst calamities, we are seldom without some alleviation. As the Dutchman said when he broke his leg, 'thank Heaven that it was not both ;' so, in this case, a lesser evil probably prevented a greater. The thieves got into or upon the garden,—granted ; but as no possible inference can be drawn that they visited any other part of the premises, it is fair to suppose that they were diverted from any other attempt ; and as conciseness in narration is a beauty, let that pass without farther comment.

8th. '*Last night.*'

Well, and what then? When should you expect thieves to come but at night? You can't suddenly change the arrangements and constitutions of the social fabric. The man turns out with his wimble and his crow-bar, and the frail Cyprian, 'hastening to her nightly jobs, robs fobs:' such things are, and so must they remain a little longer. Have a little patience, and allow the reformed parliament a few more sessions to wrangle, to sleep, to blunder, or to dissemble, before they reform the morals and condition of the country; and don't, in the mean time, expect impossibilities. And then, as to the term *last night*, how admirably this indicates the vigilance of the police. If it had been the night before, there would have been no occasion for the advertisement, for most assuredly the thieves would all have been in safe custody.

9th. '*And,*' &c.

One can't sufficiently admire the simplicity and connexion of the whole paragraph. It is evidently the production of experience combined with intelligence and dispatch. Having so briefly, and yet so copiously, and may we not add, so eloquently related the introductory facts, without parade or circumlocution; the practised and masterly writer now proceeds to the consequences, beginning with the impressive and significant conjunction—*and*. He might have said, 'consequently,' 'therefore,' 'assuredly,' &c., in imitation of the generality of less gifted authors, in choosing long, pompous, high-sounding, and abstruse words, in preference to short ones; but disdaining such artificial clap-traps, he leaves it to the manly and sterling sense of his readers, to draw their own conclusions from the most simple and energetic style.

10th. '*They robbed it.*'

Can there be any shadow of a doubt, any demur in the most sceptical mind, who are meant by this expression; not less rich in its brevity than in its force? A whole sentence in thus winding up the catastrophe expressed by a single word, and that too of only one syllable. A lawyer, ever in quest of fees and tautology, might be allowed to say—the aforesaid thieves, rascals, plunderers, knaves, scoundrels, gaol-birds, miscreants,—these, and a score more epithets, might swell and adorn his folios; but the plain and emphatic word—*they*, beats them all hollow.

Robbed it.—Perhaps, after all these liberal and erudite commendations on the unquestionable merits of the composition, there may here be a little redundancy; but let the faultless critic 'throw the first stone,' for,

Whoe'er expects a perfect work to see,
Expects what never was, nor e'er will be.

Robbed it—yes, you may be sure they did, without your being informed of it; what else could be their object? Children of nature, though they may be, and disdaining the arbitrary laws and

shackles of society, yet they would hardly be recreating themselves at midnight for the purpose of admiring the beauties of a luxuriant spring vegetation; and, although you cannot sympathize much with them in their calling, nor love them as thieves, yet you perhaps would despise them still more, if they should be at the trouble of breaking into the garden, and take nothing from it. A thief may have some good qualities blended with his failings, to excite our admiration, and call for our laudatory testimonials in his favour; but who will waste his breath, or his paper and ink in palliation of a fool? The indictment, however, will not avail, unless the articles are minutely specified which they abstracted; but as the advertiser has not mentioned them, we must wait till he comes forward with some further explanation.

11th. '*It*.'

Insignificant as this tiny pronoun may appear, and though *it* must be admitted to be the smallest word the alphabet can bestow in two letters, yet in *its* sense *it* is of superior importance. *It* is, in this case, the rear-guard of the whole document, and *it* prevents the necessity for much roundabout circumlocution. You may magnify *it*, till *it* shall be as large as the garden *it*-self, or a bag of moonshine, or the solar system, or even the whole universe. Let *it* then have *its* due, and let crowns and palaces yield *it* the palm of superiority.

But now, may not a forensic objection be legally started,—was it the garden that was robbed, or was it Mr. Blyth? To rob, may be defined, to take something secretly or by force from another. Another what? A person, undoubtedly, be it man or be it woman. But one garden cannot rob another garden; and by the definition here given, how can a man be said to rob a garden? The cabbages and roses don't belong to the garden; the garden can't prosecute, or carry the action into a court of justice, nor can it pay the costs in case of being nonsuited. The law is always presumed to guard, as much as possible, against its being perverted or strained to suit any particular purpose, and must therefore be understood and acted upon to the letter. A man was prosecuted for stealing a couple of ducks, but was acquitted, on the plea that, though what he stole had once been ducks, they were no longer so, as they were dead when he took them, and being stripped of their feathers and decapitated, they were not perfect, and therefore not ducks. By analogy, a human being ought not to be pronounced a man, if he, by accident or otherwise, has lost one of his toes, or even a tooth from his masticating apparatus. And how shall a poulterer proceed against his debtor, when he has nothing but dead or imperfect animals charged in his bill?

Leaving, however, these queries to be settled as future occasions may bring them into public notice, as the garden cannot lodge the complaint before a magistrate, it appears an unavoidable

corollary, either that Mr. Blyth must make the application himself, and thus obtain redress through the opinion and authority of the bench, or the whole affair must be neglected, and perhaps, alas! be soon forgotten.

FINIS.

PETITION OF A CLERGYMAN OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH
FOR ECCLESIASTICAL REFORM.

To the Editor of the Monthly Repository.

SIR,—The enclosed, which I have thrown into the form of a petition to Parliament, will serve at least to explain why I did not take part in that Petition for the Separation of Church from State, which was brought forward so ably by yourself, and with which I agreed in many points.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A CLERGYMAN OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

That your petitioner was brought up by his step-father, a clergyman of the established church, in a belief of the doctrines of the church of England, and that in his preparation for the ministry of the established church, your petitioner, both in his examination for a degree, and in his examination for orders, received testimonials of the approbation of the university in which he was educated, and of the bishop of the diocese in which he was ordained.

That your petitioner was not unsuccessful in his ministration during the time his health allowed him to undertake the active duties of his profession, having established and conducted the management of a daily school for poor children in the parish intrusted to his care, and having more than doubled the number of the congregation which attended the services of the church in which he ministered.

That falling into bad health, in consequence of exertions he made in studying for his degree, your petitioner was obliged to relinquish the active duties of his profession, but continued to pursue his theological studies, till he had obtained clear views on many important subjects.

That some of these views were published by your petitioner in the *Quarterly Review*,* and afterwards, being republished in a separate form, were spoken of with praise by the *Edinburgh Review*, and would have opened to your petitioner a road to preferment, if he could have been satisfied to suppress further statements of truth.

* In two reviews of the *Despondency of Cowper* and the *Enthusiasm of Newton*.

That your petitioner would draw your attention to the false and tyrannical spirit of the established church, and to the peculiar harshness and severity with which it bore upon his own feelings and opinions, by stating the single fact, that the appointed services of the church of England required your petitioner solemnly to profess his belief, as in the sight of God, that his own father,* and his wife's father, and many of their relations and connexions, 'without doubt shall perish everlastingly,'

That your petitioner begs to submit that a *national church* ought to be founded on the principle of respecting the sincerity of the individual minister, and of not violating the right of judgment of bodies of men; and that this may be accomplished by the state legislating in the case of the church in the same way in which the state legislates in the case of other professions; thus, for example, the law requires candidates for a medical degree to give proofs of a sufficient acquaintance with medical studies; but candidates for a medical degree are not required by the law to pledge themselves to hold narrowly defined opinions about which the most able men have not been able to agree.

That your petitioner would beg further to submit, that the great objects for which a national church has to make provision, are the promotion of pious feelings towards God and the diffusion of religious obligations towards man, and that these objects have been fully accomplished by persons holding different, and even opposite doctrinal opinions; and, consequently, that in attempting to enforce one system of doctrinal opinions to the discouragement of other systems, the state, whilst it claims to itself infallibility of judgment, and divides the community into privileged and degraded orders, thereby placing discord and variance between bodies of men who may be equally pious and religious, is losing sight of the real objects of a national church.

That your petitioner therefore submits, that a national church ought not, by its professions of belief, to exclude pious and religious men who differ in opinion on questions about which the wisest and best men have been unable to agree, but ought to avail itself of the services of a Watts, a Wesley, and a Priestley, as readily as of a Horsley, namely, in promoting pious feelings towards God, and in diffusing religious obligations towards man, and in spreading useful knowledge, and in advancing real civilisation, and in strengthening the bonds of justice and peace through the whole land.

That your petitioner is desirous, according to the measure of his ability, to promote the objects of a national church, and is convinced that thousands are to be found with whom his opinions on disputed points of doctrine and belief would give him great

* He died before your petitioner was born.

advantage in the promotion of the real objects of a national church, —pious feelings, religious obligations, sound knowledge, and right conduct.

That your petitioner cannot consent to the insincerity and fraud of professing what he does not believe; and that he conceives the state has no right to force him to this under penalty of losing his station in society and his means of life; and that if he were to submit to that injustice, he should sacrifice a moral satisfaction and an intellectual power which might be employed with good effect in promoting the real objects of a national church.

That your petitioner begs to submit, that it is not a national church, but a sectarian creed, which, by depriving him of useful employment and daily bread, forces him into opposition to the government of the country, in order to obtain the repeal of false principles and unjust practices, which bear hard upon his rights and interests, and still more hardly on sincerity and justice.

That your petitioner has clung, in defiance of many evidences, to the hope of right measures, respecting the union of church and state, being adopted by a Whig government, is proved by the fact that he has declined to attend meetings and to sign petitions for a separation of church and state.

That your petitioner adduces this fact as a proof that he has some feeling for the daily bread and the deliverance from evil of the members of an established church; he cannot call it a national church, which hitherto has proved that it cares little for the sincerity of the individual minister, little for justice to bodies of pious and religious men, little for the peace and welfare of the community. These blessings, together with an advance in truth, already become so necessary for the repression of anarchy and the support of government, the established church is willing to sacrifice for a short lease of its spiritual and temporal monopoly. It is abundantly evident that on a determination to employ national means for national objects, depends the union or disunion, not only of Catholics, and Churchmen, and Dissenters, but of the higher, the middle, and the lower orders.

That your petitioner deeply regretted to see one great opportunity lost by the present Ministry of placing the state in its true position with the church, namely, at the time of the disturbances in Ireland, to suppress which the Coercion Bill was passed. The government might then have boldly declared its intention to defend the revenues of the church, as a fund for the education and civilisation of Ireland, instead of sacrificing an insufficient portion of them. Protestants and Catholics, Catholics and Protestants, might have been called to unite in this great object, under promise that the doers of the work should, under some arrangement, be rewarded without fear or favour. It was a glorious opportunity for statesmen to have told churchmen a truth they ought to hear, 'You may become good servants, and therefore we will save you from your

enemies ; you have been bad masters, and therefore we will save you from yourselves.' It was a position for the state to assume towards the church as obvious as it was commanding. The enunciation of the principle would have advanced not only education and civilisation, but piety and religion a hundred years : as applied to Ireland the principle would have been so manifestly just and useful, that a large portion of the church, a larger portion of the dissenters, and the great body of the people, would have hailed the measure. On the other hand, that cowardly measure, on which Lord Althorp congratulated himself as having established *no principle*,—that cowardly measure which sanctioned confiscation without attaining justice, gave the church an opportunity of resorting to her old tactics, exposed the dissenters to the danger of committing their old error, and caused the weakness and prejudices of the people to be played upon by the old cries, religion is attacked ! the church is in danger !

That your petitioner cannot admit the plea, that a Whig Ministry 'did not dare to hazard so *bold* a measure.' That the Whigs had sufficient courage to hazard a bold measure, when they individually were to gain by it, witness the Reform Bill ; that the Whigs had sufficient courage to hazard a bold measure, when they individually were not to lose by it, witness the emancipation of the slaves. The very point of which your petitioner complains is, that when a measure of great benefit to the community is not to be paid for altogether by English Tories or West Indian slave-owners, but is to be partly at the expense of Whigs, (such are the great questions of the Corn Laws, the Septennary Bill, and Church Reform,) then the Whigs become attached to a cautious policy, and are very tender of vested interests.

That your petitioner prays for such an union between church and state as may, without robbing any clergyman of his daily bread, or depriving the state of a great means of promoting and diffusing, of establishing and advancing, what is good, cease to outrage the sincerity of individual ministers and to insult the opinions of large bodies of pious and religious men. That entertaining this hope, your petitioner is still unwilling to pray for that *extreme* measure, which yet, and that at no distant time, if sincerity and justice cannot be otherwise obtained, will be demanded by the great body of the people.

MRS. AUSTIN'S TRANSLATION OF M. COUSIN'S REPORT ON THE
STATE OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION IN PRUSSIA.*

IN a recent number we briefly announced the appearance of this important document in an English form. We now return to it, because the reception of Mr. Roebuck's motion by the House

* Effingham Wilson.

of Commons, and the appointment of a committee to consider the subject of national education, are tokens, among many others, that the present is an auspicious moment for inviting the attention of the English public to that highest and most important of all the objects which a government can place before itself, and to the great things which have been accomplished by another nation in the prosecution of that object.

The value of M. Cousin's Report does not consist in the details, though without the details it would be comparatively of little interest. It throws no new or unexpected light upon the means of educating a people; it simply enables us to realize the fact that a government exists virtuous enough to will the end. The machinery is no other than that which common sense suggests, and would suggest to any government animated by the same spirit. Schools for *all*, without distinction of sect, and without imposing upon any sect the creed or observances of another; the superintendence shared between a Minister of Public Instruction, and local committees of a most democratic constitution, (a fact perfectly accordant with the spirit of the Prussian government, whose municipal institutions are among the freest in Europe;) and finally, that without which the remainder of the system would be of little value, schools for teachers. In all this there is nothing intricate or recondite; what is memorable is not the conception, but that it has found hands to execute it: that the thing is actually done; done within two days' journey of our own shores, done throughout a great country, and by a government unrivalled in the art of doing well whatever it does at all, because surpassing all other governments in the systematic choice, for whatever it wishes done, of the persons fittest for doing it.

The spirit which has accomplished this, with us is still to be created; and in the hope of contributing to the creation of such a spirit, Mrs. Austin has employed herself in rendering M. Cousin's Report accessible to the English reader.

'Constituted,' says she, 'as the government of this country is, and accustomed as it is to receive its impulses from without, (a state of things approved and consecrated by the national ways of thinking,) it would be contrary to reason and to experience to expect it to originate any great changes. This is not recognised, either by governors or governed, as any part of its duty. It is to the public mind, therefore, that those who desire any change must address themselves.'—p. viii.

The preface, from which the above is an extract, well deserves to be separately printed and widely circulated; by the force and conclusiveness with which it combats the shallow opinions and groundless feelings which oppose themselves in this country to a national education, and by the happy union which it exhibits of an earnest spirit and a conciliatory and engaging tone.

If, as from a speech of the Lord Chancellor a year ago we might suppose to be his opinion, it were enough that schools exist, and it

mattered not what they teach, or in what method they teach it, we might in this country expect to see all the ends of a national education speedily attained with little assistance from government.

‘ In a country containing thirteen millions of people, the whole expense of the schools to the state, not only for the lower but for the middling classes, did not amount, in the year 1831, to 35,000*l*. When we remember that, as it is asserted on the highest authority, 1,200,000*l*. are voluntarily raised for the support of our extremely defective popular schools, we have surely no reason to despair that if our management were equal to our means, ample provision would be found for the suitable education of the whole people.’*

The £20,000 granted by Parliament last year for building school-houses called forth private contributions of nearly treble the amount. Independently of all this, we have the immense endowments which the charity commissioners have brought to light, and proved to have been for generations embezzled and wasted. As far, therefore, as *quantity* of teaching is concerned, the education of our people is, or will speedily be, amply provided for. It is the *quality* which so grievously demands the amending hand of government. And this is the demand which is principally in danger of being obstructed by popular apathy and ignorance. The very first condition of improvement is not yet realized; the public are not sufficiently discontented. They are not yet alive to the bad quality of the existing tuition. The very people who furnish so vast an annual sum for the maintenance of schools, often oppose themselves to the wish of their own schoolmasters to give valuable instruction. With many of these patrons of education, whose support Lord Brougham fears will be withdrawn if a state provision be made for education, the constant alarm is, not lest too little, but lest too much, should be taught. And even where the state of their inclinations is unexceptionable, can we expect any judgment or intelligence in providing education for their inferiors in the scale of society, from people who allow the places of education for their own children to be in the wretched state in which we find almost all the schools for the higher and middle classes of England? Are not those schools, and the influence which parents exercise over them, correctly described in the following passage:†—

‘ Let us look at home, and examine whether with all the grievous abuses of the endowed seminaries of Great Britain, they are, after all, a particle worse than, or even so bad as, almost all our other places of education. We may ask, whether the desire to gain as much money with as little labour as is consistent with saving appearances, be peculiar to the endowed teachers? Whether the plan of nineteen-twentieths of our unendowed schools be not an organized system of charlatanerie

* Sir W. Molesworth's speech.

† From a pamphlet, entitled, ‘ Corporation and Church Property resumable by the State. From the Jurist of February, 1833.’

for imposing upon the ignorance of the parents? Whether parents do, in point of fact, prove themselves as solicitous, and as well qualified, to judge rightly of the merits of places of education, as the theory of Adam Smith supposes? Whether the truth be not, that, for the most part, they bestow very little thought upon the matter; or, if they do, show themselves in general the ready dupes of the very shallowest artifices? Whether the necessity of keeping parents in good humour does not too often, instead of rendering the education better, render it worse; the real ends of instruction being sacrificed, not solely (as would be the case under other circumstances) to the ease of the teacher, but to that, and *also* to the additional positive vices of clap-trap and lip-proficiency? We may ask, whether it is not matter of experience, that a schoolmaster who endeavours really to educate, instead of endeavouring only to seem to educate, and laying himself out for the suffrages of those who never look below the surface, and only for an instant at that, is almost sure, unless he have the genius and the ardour of a Pestalozzi, to make a losing speculation? Let us do what we may, it will be the study of the mere trading schoolmaster to teach down to the level of the parents, be that level high or low; as it is of the trading author to write down to the level of his readers. And in the one shape as in the other, it is at all times and in all places indispensable, that enlightened individuals and enlightened governments should, from other motives than that of pecuniary gain, bestir themselves to provide that good and wholesome food for the wants of the mind, for which the competition of the mere trading market affords in general so indifferent a substitute.'

To quote another author:—

'As regards the common run of day and boarding schools, it is well known that they are, as much as any shopkeepers, obliged to gratify the tastes, and satisfy the wishes of their customers; and that, even if some establishments have risen into such popularity, as to render it truly difficult to insure places in them, this enables them no more to resist and combat the prevailing prejudices, than the most fashionable shop in the metropolis has it in its power to abolish all fanciful fashions, and to introduce a plain and simple dress. Their high popularity is founded upon the opinion, that by them the public taste will be gratified more than anywhere else; but let it for a moment be suspected, that there is a design radically to reform that taste, or merely to correct and purify it, and all the popularity will be gone in an instant. Nowhere is there a more extensive application made of the maxim, *Mundus vult decipi, ergo decipiatur*; that is to say, in education,—the vanity and folly of the parents will be flattered, therefore let us flatter them. And although the weakness of the parents, and the servility of schoolmasters, has been fully explored, and although they heartily despise one another, yet the practical language of a father, when putting his child to school, is still, "I want to be deceived,—I want to be flattered;" and the schoolmaster's answer is no less, "You may rely upon it, it shall be done, in general matters, on the usual terms, and in special matters, at so much extra." *'

What wonder, then, if they who so ill provide for what most

* Biber's Lectures on Christian Education, p. 181.

nearly concerns themselves, should be the wretchedest purveyors for the wants of others? What wonder that, as Sir William Molesworth affirmed in his speech on seconding Mr. Roebuck's motion,

‘The so-called education, provided for the working classes of England, deficient as it is admitted to be in quantity, is immeasurably more deficient in quality; as *instruction*, it is lamentably meagre, incomplete, and inappropriate; as *education*, as nearly as possible, absolutely null. All instruction consists in the mere repetition by rote of certain words, to which the children affix either no idea at all, or ideas too indistinct to have any hold on their minds, or influence on their conduct.’

‘The schoolmaster,’ (says the Cornish paper* from which we take our report of this excellent speech,) ‘the schoolmaster may be abroad, but it is in quest of his daily bread, which he earns hardly and ungratefully,’ and with as little thought and as little labour to himself as possible.

Well was it said by Sir W. Molesworth, that,

‘In order to obviate all doubts upon this subject, and at the same time to provide us with the data required for legislation on it, some means should immediately be adopted to ascertain distinctly what is actually taught in the popular schools throughout the country.’

Such should be the main object of the committee recently appointed by the House of Commons: and a committee being essentially an unfit instrument for conducting inquiries which must be protracted far beyond the duration of the session, and for collecting from all parts of the country evidence much of which can be obtained only on the spot; the best proof which the committee could afford of wisdom and zeal in the cause, would be to follow the example of the committee on municipal corporations, and recommend an address to the king for the appointment of a commission, to inquire into the quality of the existing popular education in all its branches.

The sort of facts which such an inquiry would elicit, may be judged by the passages we are about to quote from a series of Lectures on Christian Education, delivered in 1829 and published in 1830, by Dr. Biber; a man of remarkable powers and attainments, and a most unexceptionable witness to the narrowing and perverting tendency of the religious instruction pretended to be given at our schools; as his own religious sentiments are most fervent, and his hostility to latitudinarianism in religion touches the verge of intolerance.

Of the Church-of-England, or self-styled National, schools:—

‘What affords the most convincing evidence on this subject, and what I wish, therefore, all those that are interested in it to witness themselves, if they have the opportunity, is the yearly public examination of the central school at Baldwin's Gardens. I have been present

* The Cornish Guardian and Western Chronicle, published at Truro, (June 13, 1834.)

on one of those occasions, and what I then witnessed, far exceeded all my conceptions of manufacture-teaching. What struck my mind most forcibly in the whole display, was a sort of co-operative plan in the solution of an arithmetical question. This was done, like all the rest, in rotation, the first boy beginning, for instance, 6 times 3 are 18; *second boy*: put 8 and carry 1; *third boy*: 6 times 2 are 12; *fourth boy*: 12 and 1 are 13; *fifth boy*: put three and carry 1; *sixth boy*: 6 times 7 are 42; *seventh boy*: 42 and 1 are 43; *eighth boy*: put 3 and carry 4: and so all round and round, again and again, till the whole of it was gone through. Now, although unquestionably all the children could, with a moderate degree of attention, get the ciphers correctly on their slates, it is evident that, with all this, there might, perhaps, not have been more than two in the whole number, who could have solved the same problem for themselves. But what is far more important is, that such a plan of instruction is the direct way of preventing them from ever thinking about what they are doing, and thus cutting off every chance of their understanding it. With their memory-knowledge of the multiplication, addition, and other tables, they are put into this machinery, which, like the wheel of a treadmill, although put in motion by the joint exertions of those in it, overpowers the individual, and forces him to go on at any rate, whether he be disposed to do so or not. Not to mention the absolute ignorance in which the children in those schools always remain concerning *number*, their attention being only directed to *ciphers*, I question whether the above plan is calculated to make even good cipherers. For if there be no knowledge of numbers, there should be some understanding, at least as far as it can be had without the other, of the ciphering system, that the pupil may not be the blind instrument of rules, blindly learned by rote. Nevertheless the solution of the question, as I have described it to you, gave general satisfaction to a number of the bishops, and a large public, assembled on the occasion; and so did the reading of a long list of alms—or reward—givings, at the end of the examination, decreeing to one girl an apron, to another girl a pair of shoes, to such a boy half a crown, to such another boy a pair of trowsers, &c.; that both the givers and receivers might be seen and known of men! The observations I made at that examination, I found confirmed by private visits to the schools; and, among the rest, to one which I may, with the more propriety, instance in support of the charges I have brought against the system, as I can, from personal acquaintance, bear the highest testimony to the zeal, as well as the generally enlightened views, of the clergyman who presides over it, and in whose company I visited it. I asked the children to read the parable of the Prodigal Son, and among other questions which I put to them was this: "What is meant by riotous living?" "Dissipated living." "And what does dissipated living mean?" "Wasteful living." "And what is the meaning of wasteful living?" To this question, as their collection of synonymes was exhausted, I received no answer, and therefore, to get upon intelligible ground I asked then what things were necessary for subsistence, and what not; when some of the girls contended that beer, and cheese, and cakes, and patties, were indispensably necessary for life. And as in this case, so I found it invariably, whenever and wherever I travelled out of the road of those questions, which have for their object to direct the children's attention to mere words; on the most

common subjects I found their ideas unclear and confused, and the same children, who would use the most correct language as long as they remained in the track of what they were just then reading, or what they had learned by rote, were unable to express themselves even with tolerable correctness on other matters; a clear proof that their apparent knowledge was a mere word-knowledge, in the acquisition or advantages of which the mind had no share. Thus, on another visit, the boys were exhibiting their slates, on which they had written various words. I stopped one among the rest, who had the word "*disadvantageous*." "What does that word mean, my boy?" "I don't know." "You know, perhaps, what *disadvantage* means?" "No." "Do you know what *advantageous* means?" "No." "Or, have you ever heard the word *advantage*, what does that mean?" "I don't know." "Well, but suppose you lost your jacket, would that be an advantage or a disadvantage to you?" "An advantage!" was his answer.

'It would be unfair, however, to let it be supposed that facts, such as these, are only to be met with in National schools. On this head the British system is quite as defective. Its method of ciphering, though different in some of the details, is, on the whole, no less objectionable, as it is, like the other, a mere mechanical application of the mechanical rules of ciphering, mechanically inculcated into the memory. And, as regards the preposterous exercise of learning to read and to write words, selected merely from a regard to the number of their syllables, by which the children are so stupified, that they lose the habit of thinking altogether, and do not care about the meaning even of that which they might understand, I recollect a fact which far outdoes the boy, who thought it an advantage for him to lose his jacket. It was at a Lancasterian school, and one which has the name of being among the best conducted; so at least I was told by my friend who went with me, and who is one of the managers. When we entered the room, we found the boys engaged in writing words of different lengths, according to the order of their seats; I passed by those in which such words as "approximation, superintendency," and the like, caught my eye, and, looking over the sentences which some of the more advanced boys were writing, I found one who had copied, about half a dozen times, the words "Live in love." "What are you writing here?" I asked. "Live in love." "And what does that mean?" "I don't know!" "You don't know! But don't you know what '*love*' means?" "No!" "Or do you know what '*live*' means?" "No!" "What must you do to live in love?" "I don't know!" "Do you know what you must not do, to live in love?" "No, I don't." "Well, but you should know something about what '*Live in love*' means. Does it mean that you are to fight with the other boys?" "I can't tell!" "Well," said I, turning to my friend, "what do you say to this?" Upon which the school-master, observing somewhat of the scope of our conversation, came up to us and said, "I dare say you might ask such questions all over the school, without getting a better answer; they none of them know what they are writing."

Of the Lancasterian schools:—

'It is worth while to examine, in detail, the operations of this system. "Tickets of nominal value are given to deserving boys each school time, which are called in at the end of every three months, and rewards

are paid to the holders in exchange. These tickets are valued at the rate of eight for one penny." It is not a mere prospect of reward, by which the pupils are encouraged; a prize stuck up at the end of a long career, which they must run through to attain it:—no, a reward is immediately bestowed upon every performance of duty, the very same morning or afternoon. A distant prospect, it is apprehended, might not act powerfully enough; thus the children are accustomed to "love a reward upon every cornfloor," and in whatsoever they do, instead of doing it, according to the apostle's injunction, for the glory of God, to "love gifts, and follow after rewards." So effectual is the operation of this admirable principle, that the fact has actually occurred in a Lancasterian school that, upon the mistress proposing a task of rather a novel description, the girls asked her, whether they should have tickets for doing it, openly declaring, that if there was no reward attached to it, they would not do it. "*Point d'argent, point de Suisse.*" The daily getting of a reward for every thing that is called "deserving," by the British system, is, however, not sufficient, properly to cultivate an hireling spirit. To complete this part of its education, the system gives proper encouragement to a calculating spirit; first of all by the conversion of the reward tickets into substantial rewards every three months, and, secondly, by a popish sort of indulgence-trade, which the children are permitted to carry on with them before their conversion into real property, and by which those reward tickets come fully under the denomination of the "Mammon of unrighteousness." Under the head "Punishments," we are informed that at the close of each school-time, "the bad boys are classed into divisions, corresponding with the number of their offences, and are required to pay one ticket for each offence; those who do so are dismissed, and those who have no tickets are confined a quarter of an hour for every offence reported against them." And lest any doubt should remain on the subject, it is further stated that "in all cases, the parties may be excused from confinement, if they are in possession of reward tickets, by forfeiting them, at the rate of one ticket for every quarter of an hour's detention." Not enough that the child is taught to do his duty, not from conscientious feeling of obligation, but for reward's sake; he is also taught, and that in the most effectual manner, viz., by practice, that past good conduct amounts to a license for the commission of sin. This may not be the intention of the framers of those ill-contrived regulations, but it is the necessary effect of them. How easy is it, for instance, for a clever boy to gain reward tickets, to a considerable amount, by attention to reading, spelling, and arithmetic, all of which he may, if he prefer present indulgence to future gratification, convert into as many tickets of license for the perpetration of such offences as are particularly to his taste. I call upon those that are candid, among the advocates of the British system, to deny, if they can, on the score of principle, that from such causes such effects must follow, or, on the ground of practical experience, that such effects are actually taking place. And if they have not been observed as frequently as might be anticipated, is there not reason to suppose, that this may partly be owing to the want of close contact, on the part of the master, with every individual child, an evil which is the necessary consequence of the much-extolled machinery of the British system, and which, on more than one ground, calls loudly for a remedy? Be that as it may, the effect of the remission of punishment, for the

forfeiture of rewards, is obvious enough, and the fact has been admitted to me by some who have had opportunities, more than myself, of watching the practical effects of the system. But even without such an admission it would be evident, from the combination of all the influences enumerated, that the British system must beget a set of hirelings, who, for hire's sake, do the good, and, for hire's sake, abstain from evil. But, as if there had been an anxiety to collect, on the score of motives, all that is unscriptural, and to put it into practice in those schools, the conversion of the reward tickets into actual rewards, at the expiration of each three months, is celebrated in the following manner: "When all the boys have received the prizes, they are conducted round the school-room by the general monitors, who proclaim that they have obtained their prizes for good behaviour, regular attendance, and improvement in learning; after walking two or three times round the school, they are permitted to go home." Is not this, in plain language, sounding a trumpet before the boys?

'Now, I would ask my Christian friends—for so, I know, some of the managers and supporters of the British system will permit me to call them, in spite of what I have said against that system—I would ask them, as Christians, whether they can justify any of these practices individually: the setting aside of genuine moral feeling; the stimulus of appearing greater and better, one than the other; the seeking a reward for every performance of duty; the exemption from punishment through rewards before gained; the calculation of the total amount of these rewards within a given period; and lastly, the going round "the corners" of the school, with the monitors as trumpeters before them?'

Lastly, of the infant schools: and this is the most frightful perversion of all. That any kind of technical instruction should, in vulgar and unintelligent hands, degenerate into mechanical routine, is less wonderful: but that an institution designed for *moral* culture only—a place where the child learned nothing, in the vulgar sense of learning, but only learned to live; that places designed exclusively for the cultivation of the kindly affections, should by dulness, hardness, and miserable vanity, be converted into places for parroting gibberish; this is a more wretched example than any other, of the state of mind of the people who subscribe the 1,200,000*l.* which Lord Brougham is afraid they should prefer to keep in their pockets if more rational views of education were substituted for their own.

'The original design of the infant system has been entirely perverted; and, as a natural consequence of this, the system itself has undergone considerable alterations. The first idea, if I am correctly informed, was to collect those children who were below the grasp of the other systems, and to endeavour, at the very tenderest age, to awaken them to a life of love and intelligence. Positive instruction was not made an object of, but merely considered as a means for the attainment of that higher object, the developement of the soul in the true life. With this view, the first infant schools were founded, and it seemed as if, from the mouths of babes, the public would receive evidence, to convince them of the errors of long cherished prejudices. But, as it is written, "Though

thou shouldest bray a fool in a mortar among wheat, with a pestle, yet will not his foolishness depart from him," so did it prove to be the case with the prejudices of the public. Infant schools, indeed, became the fashion ; for there was something in them to win the feelings, which has since very much worn off, but which, then, was in all its freshness, and made converts by hundreds. But the consequence of this was, not that the public adopted the principles of the new system, but that they grafted upon it their old prejudices, their sectarian sympathies and antipathies, and all their paltry party feelings and interests. Originally, the infant schools were calculated to show, what could be done by appealing to a principle of love in the child, which would subdue the wrath of its nature, and to a principle of truth, which would enlighten its darkness ; and thereby eventually to subvert those systems in which, as we have seen, the evil tendencies of our nature are made the levers of education. This was no sooner discovered, than a stir was made, for the purpose of suppressing the rising opposition in its very germ. A society was formed, which, under the pretence of advocating the infant system, succeeded in gradually commuting it into the very reverse of what it was originally meant to be, and which, after having accomplished so praiseworthy an object, has at length absconded, by a sort of mystification, in a stationer's shop. But although the agents have vanished, the baneful effects of their labours have remained. The infant schools are now no more than preparatory for the Lancasterian and National schools, especially the latter, which had most to dread from the rising system, and whose influence, therefore, was most powerfully exerted in defeating its success. The machinery of those two systems has found its way into the infant schools, and has made them, with rare exceptions, mere miniature pictures of the others. You see the little monitors spelling, with their classes, over the A, B, C, and a variety of lesson tables without sense and meaning ; you hear them say, by rote, the multiplication table, the pence table, and so on. The same things are repeated over and over again, so that a parrot hung up for some time in one of those schools, would unquestionably make as good an infant school mistress as any. There is hardly one of the means introduced at the beginning, which has not been turned to a bad purpose. Thus, for instance, among other things, sets of geometrical figures and bodies, cut out of wood, were used, for the purpose of questioning the children respecting the number and proportion of their angles, sides, &c. ; but, instead of making them the means of intellectual exercises, in which the children would be led every day to make new discoveries, and to think for themselves, those figures are now pulled out, chiefly in the presence of visitors, and then the whole school bawls out together, " This is a pentagon—this is a hexagon—this is an octagon, and so on." One of the most pleasing features of the infant system, in its origin, was the social feeling, the cordiality, and cheerfulness of the little company, which was greatly promoted by some short and easy tunes, to which occasionally some infantine words were sung. The effect which this had, in soothing the irritation of some, moderating the violence of others, and arousing the dull ones into life, was truly wonderful ; but no sooner was the discovery made, that there was, so early in life, a way to man's heart and mind by singing, than the machinists of education availed themselves of this fact, for the purpose of conveying to the

memory some of their dead stock, which would not otherwise have found its way there so easily; and, presently, the multiplication, and other ciphering tables, the pence table, avoirdupoise weight, and more of the like kind, were set to music, and occasionally better fitted for the infantine taste, at least so it was supposed, by the addition of the most silly rhymes. What intellectual or moral effect, I should like to know, can be anticipated from a child learning such a verse as this:—

“Forty pence are three and four pence,
A pretty sum, or I’m mistaken;
Fifty pence are four and two pence,
Which will buy five pounds of bacon;”

Or, still more vulgar, in the song about the cow:—

“And when she’s dead, her flesh is good,
For beef is our true English food;
But though ’twill make us brave and strong,
To eat too much, we know, is wrong.”

‘In one infant school, I have known the children to be made to laugh, or to cry, or to look happy, or unhappy, or kind, or angry, at the master’s command; in another school, in which the picture of a farm yard was hung up on the wall, the master assured me that he was expressly enjoined by his committee, to ask the children for scripture references to every object represented in that picture. Thus, when he pointed to a cow, the children were to quote him chapter and verse of those passages in scripture in which a cow was mentioned; the same with the sheaves, the clouds, and whatever else the picture contained; this was considered, by the committee, as an excellent method of connecting religious instruction with all other subjects. To enumerate all the nonsense that has been practised, and is still practised, in this manner, would be an endless task; but what has most effectually contributed to the ruin of the infant system, is the manner of propagating it. The renown of the system penetrates into some country place, or into some district of a large town, and some persons take it into their heads, upon hearing what excellent things the infant schools are, that they too will have an infant school. They then go in search of a place, and find out some old barn, or coach-house, which, with a few alterations, can be turned into a school-room. So far all is right; for it is better that a good school should be in a wretched place, than, as we so often see it before our eyes in the metropolis, that a wretched school should be in a splendid place. But the great difficulty arises in the choice of the future master or mistress. Each of the originators and patrons of the proposed institution, has some client in view, whom he has nominated in his heart. A poor fellow, a tailor, a shoe-maker, or a fiddler by trade, who is not prosperous in the exercise of his calling, has the suffrage of the most active member of the committee; or an old dame, whose school would suffer by the opposition of the new system, is patronized by some charitable ladies; or the richest contributor has an old servant, whom she wants to put into a snug place; a struggle arises between these contending interests, the result of which is, that the client of the most influential party is selected for the situation, although, perhaps, the most unfit of all the candidates. The next question then is, how the new master or mistress is to learn the system, of which they must be presumed to be entirely ignorant. Some friend,

perhaps, advises the committee to send the teacher to London, or some other place, for three months, and have him regularly trained under a good infant school master. In vain ! they cannot wait so long, it will protract the business, and the zeal of the good people in the town might get cool in the mean time. The infant school must be opened in a fortnight or three weeks at the latest, and this is consequently all the time that can be permitted to the newly chosen master for his preparation. The question of time being settled, another arises : to what place is he to be sent ? The expense of sending him up to London, or to some other place of note, is found too great, particularly for so short a time, and it seems, therefore, better that he should be sent the least distance possible, to the nearest infant school, to "catch" the system. But suppose even he come to London, or to Exeter, or Bristol, to one of the best schools that are, what can he learn in so short a time ? What strikes him chiefly, is the singing of the tables, the distribution in classes, the marching round the room, the clapping of hands, and all the other machinery. This he catches, as well as he can, and back he goes, and opens his school, and his chief endeavour is to follow the system which he has caught, as closely as he can. And what can be expected after this ? What else, but that the infant school should become a treadmill for the minds of the poor children !

'Such has been the history of the infant system ; it has been misapprehended by prejudice and narrow-mindedness, and perverted by bigotry and false zeal, so much so, that those who were its warmest advocates, are tempted to wish that never so much as one infant school had been established in the country.'

We can add nothing to this. Surely every member of the committee of the House of Commons who reads it, will be eager to make the labours of that committee instrumental to the reform of such abominations.

We conclude in the words of the same author, with the following general summary, every word of which accords with all our own information.

'I have had a sad picture to lay before you, when speaking of the neglect of education, and of the numbers of children who are left without any instruction at all ; but no less sad is the picture of the present state of our charity schools. All the evils under which society at large labours are, as it were, concentrated upon this point, as if to destroy the very vitals of the nation. The universal motive is money-getting ; the means are all devised upon the analogy of large manufactures, carried on by mechanical power ; and, to make the measure of evil full, the cloak of it all is a dead profession of the gospel. The principle of mammon is recognized as the life of education, the existence of mental and moral powers is set aside, and the spirit of religion is supplanted by the letter. Such is the general character of the education which is imparted to the poorer classes of this country, whatever may be the name of the system under which it is done. I leave you to judge, what must become of the nation !'

THE WELSH WANDERER.

On a sultry day, towards the end of July, a traveller was seen slowly advancing along the road which forms the passage from Herefordshire to Worcestershire, at the end of the Malvern Range. From the knapsack at his back, and the entire arrangement of his costume, he was evidently one of those pedestrian tourists, whose complete equipment for their vocation is a part of the true genius for travelling—those whose love of beholding nature in her varying aspects is stronger than the toil of ministering to the gratification of artificial wants. The noontide sun was burning fiercely, and every object around, that had once been called vegetation, showed signs that it had been both a ‘burning and shining light,’ day after day, for weeks. The moss on the hills, so far famed for its extreme richness and beauty, was no longer of that refreshing green which makes so sweet a promise of rest to the weary eye, and yields such kindly fulfilment to the pressure of a weary foot; but now, brown and parched, and needing but a single spark to lighten it up into a blaze, like the driest hay. The poor sheep were lying exhausted in all directions, crowding together in heaps, where any thing like shade could be found, gasping and panting for the moisture, for want of which they, and the moss, and, indeed, all creation, seemed to be suffering. The traveller continued slowly to ascend the road, and as he reached the spot where the opposite valley opened upon him, he sent his eye forward with the intense expectation which an acclivity in a beautiful country seldom fails to excite. In this case it was not the expectation to admire, but an almost irritated longing for shelter from the burning sun, that made the heavens appear to give out heat like one vast concave of glowing metal. Behind him was one valley in a misty swoon; before him, all the exquisite richness, and beauty, and luxurious stretch of the view was lost in the thick yellow atmosphere, which was as if the earth were sickening with fever. His eyes pulled up suddenly—like a checked horse when at full speed—from the distance, to seek for the nearest appearance of shelter. There were a few trees near a farm-house; but then there were red tiles, and there would be noise from pigs and poultry. What was that, beyond the broad open field, on the right? A small, dark-looking church embosomed in trees. Shelter, shelter! and he jerked up his knapsack, and seemed to gain fresh vigour at every step that brought him nearer to the object he sought. There was a scattered group of people at work in the open field, and he thought with a deepened interest of the hard fate of the peasant, who, in such days as these, had to labour unceasingly to earn a bare subsistence; and longed earnestly for the time when machinery should have fulfilled its high destiny, in superseding the necessity of painful and laborious exertion in man. And there were *women* too! and as he turned into the gate he sickened at the thought of such bitter toil being their portion. Little Malvern churchyard is perhaps one of the most perfect places of rest, both for the dead and for the living, that can be found for the searching. It lies at the foot of one of those hills, which are almost mountains, sheltered alike from wind and sun, by the high barrier beyond, and the rich trees which cluster around it. It

commands a terrace view of the far valley, where orchard, cornfield, and hop-garden, all in their season, yield a harvest of equal but differing beauty. Our traveller entered the little gate, heaved that expressive half-sigh, half-yawn, that says, 'that is done, and now for rest,'—threw back his arms in a sort of extacy, using just so much exertion as to rouse the attention of his muscles to the delicious repose they were about to enjoy, and then looked round the quiet shady inclosure, to secure the nook best fitted to his purpose. There was a mound heaped up in a remote corner, which probably at one time was a collection of superfluous mould, but was now covered with rich soft grass, that had been kept freshly green by the shade of a chestnut growing directly above it, and throwing its branches so low as almost entirely to screen it from view. That was the place! The knapsack was untied, and he threw himself down. 'Ah!'—the pleasure was almost pain. He could not sleep; but remained for some time in the full enjoyment of the cool green, transparent roof above him, and then closed his eyes, and continued in that state which is neither sleeping nor waking, reverie or contemplation, where the body may be described as being in a pleasant unconsciousness of any thing save mere pleasurable sensation. How long he remained thus he did not know, nor did he ask; for, on rousing himself, and looking between the boughs that formed a screen between him and the churchyard, his eye was at once fixed by a vision which, from its extraordinary appearance, he almost believed to be the creation of his own brain, while in the half-awakened state to which we have alluded. At the opposite side of the churchyard, where the low fence made the boundary-line between it and the wide expanse of valley beyond, was a human face; the rest of the person was concealed by the fence; and, to make it so, must have been in a stooping posture. Though at some distance, the remarkable and strong character of the countenance, and its deadly paleness, peculiarly striking at such a time of sunny heat, gave to it the effect of near proximity. The traveller unconsciously drew himself up higher on the bank, where he had full opportunity for observation, without its being returned upon himself. The ghastly face continued to rest upon the fence. A small black hat was drawn down nearly to the eye-brows, from beneath which there was a gaze so intensely searching as almost to attain to fierceness. The nose and mouth were strongly marked; and there was a firmness about the latter that contrasted strangely with the exceeding paleness of the complexion. In this day, when the cheek of man, woman, and child, was burning and browning with the hot sun, when the earth was yellow with the thick shower of its beams—whence could come that face so pale, and yet so strong of purpose? And was it that of man or woman? It remained in this position until the whole of the churchyard had been carefully explored, and then the figure drew itself up for a moment to stoop again; and in another instant a child was thrown lightly over the fence—in the next, a woman was by its side. She was of middle stature, inclining to short; but, from the energy and purpose in her movements, gave an idea of being much taller. The figure was one of slight fabric, and even that had been evidently much impaired by sickness or suffering. She was habited in the short jacket and petticoat worn by Welsh women of the peasant class, and a handkerchief was folded neatly across her chest. She was

bare-armed and bare-footed; the arms so slight and attenuated, as to make you wonder at the strength that lifted the stout, ruddy, tired child so lightly. She pushed the hat that had occasioned a part of the mystery—but was, in fact, only in keeping with the rest of her costume—from her brow, discovering a broad expanse of forehead, and at the same time a nobility of expression in the face, which was one of its peculiar characteristics, but which, owing to the partial concealment, had until now remained unnoticed. At her back she bore a lightly, but strongly-made basket, somewhat similar in shape to the coracle of the fisherman, to which was attached at either end a cord, fastened from side to side, so as to form two flexible handles. She threw it, and the small bundle it contained, on the ground—her hat next—and the whole of her beautifully formed head was given to view. She then dropped on her knees to the child, and taking the round, heated, tired face between her hands, kissed it repeatedly and tenderly—not smotheringly, but so lightly as if she would kiss away the slight shade fatigue had caused to rest upon it; all the while murmuring some words in a tone that was like that of a dove cooing to its young. It was a strange sight to see the ruddy face of the boy by the side of his pallid mother. It was as if, like the fable of the pelican of the wilderness, she had drawn from her own veins the blood which had nourished him into health and vigour. His dress was of the simplest possible make, and humblest material, but there was nothing in his appearance to betoken the slightest discomfort. He wore, suspended from his neck, a small dog-whistle, which seemed neither to belong to the character of ornament or plaything. The mother rose from her knees and seated the child gently on the grass, and then moved towards a thickly-boughed dwarf tree at the end of the terrace. On her way she continually looked back, and spoke to the boy in Welsh, and, from the exquisite tenderness of her voice, the harshness usually found in a language abounding in gutturals was entirely lost. She busied herself among the boughs of the tree, trying the different strengths of some, and twisting others skilfully and rapidly in and out, so as to form a kind of bower. She kept up a continued coo to the child during the whole of her work, hurried back to him the moment it was completed, and, with him in one hand, and the basket and bundle in the other, again turned towards the tree. She succeeded in securing the cradle-basket to the bough, so that it would rock with a gentle touch, and then lifted the boy and laid him down within it, with the bundle for a pillow. She then took up the whistle, looked at him earnestly, pointed to it, spoke one steady, emphatic word, and then locked it in his little hand, with hers upon it; again and again kissed him, and again and again drew back from the cradle to look at him. She then began tenderly to move it, and at the same time to sing, in a low lulling tone, an air which at first recalled the well known ‘Rising of the Lark,’ but as it went on proved to be of an entirely different character. The traveller watched earnestly, and listened attentively. He was both poet and musician. He marked well the gesture and expression that accompanied the air. It served him for an after record, and although passing from his own mind, and given in his own language, it is yet a faithful interpretation in words of the feeling that pervaded the whole scene.

‘ Sleep, my child ! and take thy rest,
Sleep ! as on thy mother’s breast,
Sleep ! my bird, within thy nest,
Nor restless move.
God will guard thee with his care,—
All things good and all things fair
Bless thee in thy leavy lair,
With looks of love.
Sleep, my child ! O take thy rest,
Sleep ! as on thy mother’s breast,
Sleep ! my bird, within thy nest,
Nor restless move.

‘ Things that fly on gauzy wing,
Lulling thee, forget their sting !
Airs come sweetly whispering,
And cool the grove !
Though the sun, with scorching heat,
Try to pierce thy green retreat,
Like soft wings the branches meet,
To shade my dove.
Then sleep, my child ! O take thy rest,
Sleep ! as on thy mother’s breast,
Sleep ! my bird, within thy nest,
Nor restless move.’

Her voice died away in a murmur ; she ceased to touch the cradle ; she looked down upon the sleeper for a moment, mournfully shook her head, and then stepping back a pace, ingeniously twisted the boughs so as entirely to conceal the cradle from view. While returning slowly to the place by which she had entered, the expression of her face and figure changed. A deep gloom settled on the brow, and her whole appearance was that of a being weighed down with the heaviest sorrow. She rested against the fence in a half sitting, half standing posture, scarce seeming to know that she did so. Her eyes fixed, she became—not paler—she could not—but the shadows on her face deepened almost into blackness. One hand was laid upon the fence—she grasped the handkerchief at her chest, as if to crush the viper that was gnawing within. Oh, the bitterness of that agony ! as thought chased thought, each one seeming to deepen the characters that misery had written so strongly upon her brow. At last she started as if an adder had stung her ; pressed her hands tightly to her forehead ; heaved a sigh that seemed to shake her whole frame ; and then stole gently to take one more look at the unconscious slumberer. She came back with a calmer brow and steadier step—caught up her hat—sent one more searching glance round the inclosure—threw a blessing from her eyes upon the peaceful little covert—and was out of sight in an instant.

‘ Thank God, I have seen her happier !’ was the traveller’s *first* thought, as he saw her no longer—he felt if it had not been so, the vision of her misery would have haunted him for years. His next—to remain there, and watch the child till her return. And then came conjecture as to her history—plans to find it out—and when found out, to do all that could be done to mitigate her misery. While thus engaged in thought, he heard the gate, by which he had entered, open, and on looking out perceived a man, habited in a rustic dress. He was old

and kindly looking, and his purpose was soon ascertained, by the heavy keys that swung from his hand. It was the sexton, who came to look after his charge—the church. Was it possible that he could know anything of the being who had just claimed sanctuary for her child within its precincts? In brief time he had heard her brief history:—‘We call her the “Welsh wanderer,” for she has wandered many a day backwards and forwards, up and down the country that lies at the foot of the hills. For a long while we never knew why she would stand looking at them at times as if her eyes would look through them, and then turn away with a sigh fit to make the heart of a stout man ache. We never knew why she would live away by herself, and go and find her rest in the barns, and sit beneath the hedges talking in a strange tongue to the boy, who almost lives in her arms. But she always was civil and kindly, and somehow or other, every body liked her that she came near. And whenever any body did her any little service, she would give such a look—it meant to be a blessing, but with her sad pale face and sorrowful smile, was more like a misery. We never knew who she was, nor whence she came, except by her strange clothing, and that told us that she must have lived somewhere yonder up among the mountains. We never knew till last year in the harvesting, when a man came down to get work; I was in the field at the time; and when he came where she was a reaping, as soon as she set eyes upon him, she gave such a shriek as I have heard tell of, but never heard before—threw down her sickle, flew to the hedge where her baby was asleep, caught it up, and the queer basket and the bundle, and ran into the copse that you see over the yard yonder. She did not come for awhile again, and when she did, it was to look shyer than she had done before.—And then we knew why; for the strange man had lived up among the mountains where she had come from, and knew all about her sad story. She was a rich farmer’s daughter; but, from what the man said (and he had been one of their serving men), he was not like a father to her. Her mother was an Englishwoman, and had lived in a gentleman’s family. She never had but this one, and took great pride in teaching her to read and write, and all sorts of learning—but she died before the girl could know much about them. The father was a hard man. It was work, work, work, the whole day long, and all to get gain by his labour. The girl grew up to be loved by all who could love anything; and she loved everything she came near. They say she would stand and look at the sky as if she loved it, and the mountains as if she loved them, and the trees and the water, and the birds and the sheep, and all—but when her father came, he would make her shrink up like that poor bush you see yonder, sir, that has been frightened out of its life by the hot sun. If he saw her turn from her work an instant, to look at a flower, or pick up a pebble-stone, or anything that took her fancy, it was always to call out at her in anger. She was very partial to those kind of things, and had a box full of all sorts of curiosities that she had picked up, and she used to give them to the neighbours’ children from time to time, who flocked round her, when her father was not near to scare them away, like chickens about a hen. The man saw with his own eyes her father take the box, and pebbles and all, and throw them into the pond, saying it was a shame to waste time on such rubbish. It might be a trifle, but I tell you, sir, to show what sort of a

man he was. And yet nobody could work harder than she did; she would do as much in half a day as another her own age would do in two. I don't know what you think, sir, but it seems to me that many a father, and mother too, go the way to make their children come to harm, when they take the hard way with them, instead of the kindly: so it happened with that poor girl.

'A stranger came up to the hills one autumn time, just as you might be here, sir, to look about him. He stopped late one night, and begged a lodging; and the farmer, seeing him a man who could pay his way, made him very welcome. Well, to make the matter short, he staid, and he staid; and he used to go up with the girl into the fields, when she was at work, and pick up pebbles and things for her, and tell her their names, and the names of the flowers; and he seemed to like them just as much as she did. Then they would sit together on a bank, after work was done, and talk, and look at the mountains together, and all the things, just as she had used to do by herself. The farmer's man said that at first he never saw two people run on as they did, particularly the girl, for she seemed to be saying all the things she had been thinking for years, and had had nobody to say them to. He staid the winter through, and would sit reading to her, while she knitted her father's stockings. While there he got very thin, and had an illness in which she nursed him and got him well. In a little while after, as the spring came round, she began to be less lively, and to look pale and thin; and though she still did her work, like her father's daughter, she never looked at it in the doing, as she used, but seemed to be thinking and thinking, as if all the cares of the world had come upon her. The stranger used to go away for days together, wandering up among the hills. Time went on; and at last, one July day, he went too for good and all, though I am afraid 'tis for bad with him: but long before that, the girl had lost her happy look altogether. He went very early one morning, leaving two packets—one for the father, and another for the daughter. The farmer seemed satisfied with his: but no one knew what her letter said; but she was seen to take something up that fell out, and throw it from her as if she hated it; and hate was a look they had never seen before in her face, so they well remembered it. No one ever knew—for she took to her bed next day, and never left it for six weeks, and then it was to be turned out of her father's house very soon after—no one knew what became of her, or why she went.

'The young man, for he does not deserve the name of gentleman, for behaving to her as no honest man could, came once again to the farm. The father was very angry, but appeared pacified after a little. The other looked unhappy, and said he should like to find out where she was, for she had sent back his letter, and returned the money! Poor girl! she is one of those who would rather starve on the high-road, than touch a halfpenny that had belonged to such as he! but the high-road she never goes near, if she can help it; and perhaps that may be the reason why she has never been seen by any one who knew her before her trouble. It is a sight to see her carrying that boy and his basket, and their bundle of clothes. She never lets any one do it for her; it seems to keep her pacified when she can do it herself; but it is a sight to see such a poor, thin, pale creature do that day after day, and the hard work that she does besides in the fields. She answers us in

our own tongue, but no one ever hears her say a word of it to the boy, though she is always talking to him, or trying to talk to him; for sometimes she falls a thinking, and they always seem very sad thoughts, and to make her forget the boy for a little; but this is not often.

'She always likes to get work near a church; and then she brings the boy to take his day-sleep in the basket she carries at her back, as you have seen her do now, sir. As soon as ever that boy wakes, he blows the whistle fastened round his neck; how she taught such a young thing to do it is wonderful! There she will stay in this hot sun, picking stones from off the field till the time is up. The farmers all know her hereabouts, and she is sure of work, for she always earns her money. Hay-making, hop-picking, harvesting, all's one to her. In the winter she knits, or does any kind of work the season will let her, always living in the barns, and about. She never likes to sit down to meals with any body, and never stays long in one place; and though they try ever so much to make her comfortable she is always on the move: just now is her restless time: last July she was worse than we had ever seen her: and now she keeps up a continued talk to the child, or works as if her life were bound up in what she was about. When away from him, and not at her work, she looks as if she was ready to die. She seems to like my church better than any other; at least she is oftener here than any where: she seems to make it more of a home like. I often see her looking on the graves, as if she were longing to be lying down there. Once, while she was standing and looking, her eyes fell upon a little grave, just about for such another child as her own: she burst out in a great cry; I thought her heart would break with it, but she stopped in a minute—gave one look to the place where the boy was sleeping—and then leapt right over the fence, and I heard two such sobs! the one was fainter than the other, for she must have gone at a great rate, no doubt, in fear that the child might be disturbed. He sleeps soundly, and does not wake at a cry, as his mother would, poor dear! She was always such a tender-hearted creature they say. I do all I can for her, and I think she knows it; for she looks at me sometimes in such a way, that I, old man as I am, can't for the life of me help crying. When it rains, I put some fresh hay in the porch, ready for her, and leave that board that you see yonder, sir, outside, for her to make a sort of a screen of. At first I used to keep watch while she was away, but soon gave it up, as there was no need. People seldom find out her bird's-nest, and when they do, no one ever has had the wish to disturb it. I wish I could do more: what can I?' Nothing! nothing was to be done. The traveller shook hands with the old man, and turned hastily away. He looked towards the covert, and felt an impulse to take one glimpse of the sleeping child, but instantly checked it with the thought that the watchful mother might be at hand, and that his doing so might cause her a momentary pain. He would not stay, for he had seen something like a calm come to that pale face, after its strong agony; and, in the hope that peace might yet remain for such a being, he departed. It was his lot to roam over many countries; but often, when sojourning in fairer climes, and gazing on happier faces and lovelier forms, would his thoughts travel back to that hot July day when he rested in Malvern churchyard; and he would wonder, with eager anxiety, what had become of 'The Welsh Wanderer.'

S. Y.

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

2d June. Abolition of Patronage in the Church of Scotland.—Alone among all Protestant churches, the Church of Scotland for some time was the people's church; not the church of the aristocracy, kept for them at the people's expense. This privilege the Scottish people possessed themselves of, not without a battle of several generations, against their own aristocracy first, and next against their own and our aristocracy combined. In the conflict, as much heroism, both of action and endurance, was displayed, as has probably signalized any cause since the beginning of the eternal war between right and wrong. For a century this battle lasted, and for a century more the fruits of it were enjoyed. The prize was kept, for about as long as it took to acquire. But corruption crept in; the Church of Scotland proved no exception from the evil tendencies of human affairs in general, and of the age in particular; the tendency of power to concentrate itself in few hands, and of what originally was sufferance, to convert itself into a right, and the tendency of the institutions of this country, since the Revolution, to become more and more aristocratic. The appointment of the ministers of religion gradually became private property; the Church of Scotland followed, though at a considerable distance, the steps of the Church of England, and progressively (for degeneracy as well as improvement is gradual) became the laird's church, no longer the church of the people.

Dissent from the Church of Scotland took its rise with this departure from the voluntary principle. The Seceders seceded from the abuses of the Church, not from its tenets: when the ministry of religion became a place for a great man to give away, it ceased to be a ministry for them. But dissatisfaction spread much further than avowed dissent; and now at length, aided by the spirit of the times, it has prevailed over the evil influences opposed to it, and enforced a reform.

It is the good fortune of the Scottish Church, that its government is not a monarchy or an aristocracy, but a democracy; it depends not upon a bench of bishops, but upon a representative assembly; and one, moreover, in which the laity as well as the clergy have a voice. In the Scottish Church, the power to root out evils resides in the sufferers from them, not in those who are the creatures of the evils, and who profit by them. Accordingly, no sooner was the evil generally recognized as an evil, than it has been forthwith remedied. By the regulation just adopted by the General Assembly, no patron will hereafter have the power of presenting any clergyman to a living, whose appointment is disapproved of by a majority of the heads of families in the parish.

It is thus that a Church is to be saved, if any of the Churches can be saved from the storm which is now, and not prematurely, rising against them. A national endowment for the support of teachers of religion might still be preserved, if the people, for whom the Church exists, the people, who *are* the Church, were allowed even a negative voice in determining by what body of persons, and by what member of that body, religious instruction should be imparted to them. But the people will no longer receive their religion from a corporation of priests, imposed upon them as teachers by their political superiors. And, as the ruling powers in the Church of England are incapable of opening their eyes to this truth, that Church, as a national institution, is tottering to its fall.

4th June. Mr. Rawlinson and the Man of no Religion.—In the *Chronicle* of to-day we read the following paragraph:—

'Yesterday, at Marylebone office, a poor man, far advanced in life, suffering under the dreadful affliction of a paralytic affection, which has deprived him of the use of one side, applied to the sitting magistrates, Messrs. Rawlinson and Hoskins, for an order to be admitted into Mary-

lebone poor-house. The old man stated that he had lived in Marylebone parish upwards of thirty-one years; and that, during the greater portion of that period, he had been master of a flourishing business, and spent thousands of pounds in bringing up his family. His trade, however, went gradually to decay; and, to crown his misfortunes, he had, in his old days, been seized with paralysis, which deprived him wholly of the means of obtaining a livelihood, and he was now in a state of great destitution. In this extremity he had applied to the parochial authorities to be admitted into the workhouse, which had been refused. Mr. Rawlinson asked Mr. King, (one of the parish officers in attendance,) why the man had been refused admittance. Mr. King replied, that it was in consequence of his having refused to say where his wife was; as the Board had decided that they could not receive one without the other. The old man said that she had run away from him, and that he did not know where to find her. Mr. Rawlinson directed that he should be sworn to that fact. The old man accordingly took the book in his hand. *Mr. King.* "Are you a Catholic?" *Old Man.* "I was bred in that persuasion, but have abjured it." *Mr. Rawlinson.* "What are you?" *Old Man.* "That is best known to my Maker: I am of no religion at all." *Mr. Rawlinson.* "Then I shall not compel the officers to relieve a man of no religion. Go about your business." He accordingly quitted the office, sighing as he limped away.

From long experience, we expect nothing from the London magistrates but subservience to the worst feelings and lowest prejudices of the vulgarest part of the community: and never was there a more signal instance in point than this of Mr. Rawlinson.

If the man had been a convicted felon—an outcast from society; if his life had been spent between the hulks and the house of correction,—if he had been convicted at the Old Bailey, of every crime short of such as could bring him to the gallows; and, after suffering his sentence, had come before Mr. Rawlinson in a destitute state, claiming to be supported by his parish, Mr. Rawlinson would not have dared refuse an order for relief: he would have known that a magistrate is appointed to sit in judgment, not on men's moral characters, but on their legal rights; that there is no statute empowering him to dispense with the laws, when they award something to a person of bad character; and he would have resented the very attempt to raise the question, as an irrelevancy, a cruelty towards the unfortunate, and an insult to the understanding of the magistrate. Such would have been his conduct if this poor man had been a convicted criminal; but against a 'man of no religion,' all is fair. An unbeliever has no rights: the whole vicious part of the community may be let loose with impunity to injure *him*: the law promises him its protection; but the law can only act through those who administer it; and, in *his* favour, it shall not be administered.

If Mr. Rawlinson thinks at all, (it is an undeserved compliment to one who can thus act in such times as ours, to suppose him capable of thinking,) he would most likely defend himself by saying that 'a man of no religion' must be a man of no virtue; for he will scarcely, we should think, plead guilty to what is probably the fact, that he had no motive but a wretched antipathy to a person who disbelieves something which *he* flatters himself he believes. Here, then, on the most favourable statement which can be made, a poor man has been treated, on a mere presumption of immorality, in a manner which would not have been tolerated if his guilt, instead of being presumed, were proved, and were of the blackest kind which a person could commit, and be suffered to live.

Let us go one step further, and notice the profound ignorance of the world, (the most fatal kind of ignorance to a person in Mr. Rawlinson's situation,) which is manifested by those vehement presumptions so readily made by vulgar minds, of all sorts of immorality, from the absence of religious belief. We will not be so uncharitable as to surmise that such peo-

ple as this police magistrate, judge of others from themselves; and finding that their own natural inclinations are towards all kinds of evil, or what they regard as such, cannot believe that any person could be prevented from being a scoundrel, except by the slavish and selfish terror of hell-fire. We will not press this. But we will appeal to facts. Does Mr. Rawlinson know anything whatever of the state of opinion among the lettered, or as they are called, educated classes? If so, he knows, that not less than one-fourth or one-third (at a moderate computation) of all the persons whom he meets at dinner, are either actual unbelievers, or have only the faintest and most doubtful belief; though they do not chuse, by avowing their sentiments, to expose themselves to martyrdom. Now, is there any perceptible difference between the conduct, in every relation of life, of this portion of Mr. Rawlinson's acquaintance, and the remaining three-fourths or two-thirds? Would he himself, on any occasion requiring confidence, place one particle less of it in them, than in the average of the remainder? Certainly not; nor is it possible for religion to exercise less influence over the lives and characters of actual unbelievers, than it does over the vast majority of professing Christians. If there be any difference, it is not in favour of those who call themselves Christians; for the speculative homage paid to a rule of life which they never for one half-hour sincerely endeavour to act up to, has rather a perverting than an elevating effect upon the character. Unbelievers, if they have not the direct influences of Christianity, have reason and natural feeling, and by those aids may, and generally have, worked out for themselves some moral convictions, by which they may really govern their conduct; but Christians who live in the world, and do as the world does, that is to say, who lead a life the main objects of which are such as Christianity either makes light of, or actually condemns, and in which nothing, except a certain small number of acts and abstinences, either flows from religion, or reminds them of it; such persons have perpetually to reconcile conduct of one kind, with a creed of a quite opposite kind; they cannot with any satisfaction to themselves, reflect on morality, or question themselves on their own moral state; all their moral perceptions become dim and confused; they acquire the habit of sophisticating with themselves, and paltering with their notions of duty: Christianity is practically disregarded, except on new or peculiar exigencies; and they live, if of a cautious character, according to respectability, and the breath of men; if incautious, by mere impulse.

Compared with such Christians, he who has the manliness to speak out, with simplicity and without ostentation, the fact of his unbelief, is a religious man. And he is turned out to starve—while they, possibly, are on the very bench which condemns him.

6th June. Business of the House of Commons.—It is just now beginning to be found out that the House of Commons has too much to do, and does it in a clumsy manner. The schoolmaster is certainly abroad; intellect is on the march; it will soon be discovered, after due investigation by a commission or a committee, that two and two make four, and that the sun is the cause of day. The Business Committee of the House of Commons has passed the following resolutions:—

1. 'Resolved, that it is the opinion of this Committee, that with a view to promote the convenience of members, and to facilitate the dispatch of private business, it is expedient that certain measures which, under the existing laws, must be brought separately under the consideration of Parliament, should be provided for by general enactments, enabling parties interested therein to proceed to their accomplishment without having constant reference to the special sanction of the Legislature.

2. 'Resolved, that it is the opinion of this Committee, that if possible, a General Inclosure Act should be passed, which may enable parties having an interest therein, to enclose lands, subject to such provisions as may secure the rights of all concerned, without subjecting themselves to the heavy expenses which are now incurred.

3. 'Resolved,' that it is the opinion of this Committee, that powers of providing for paving, macadamizing, watering, draining, and otherwise improving cities, towns, and places, should be vested (under certain conditions and regulations) in the inhabitants, to be carried into effect without the necessity of appealing to Parliament.'

Why stop here? Does the self-evident general principle involved in the first resolution, include no cases but those of inclosure bills, and bills for local improvements? Are these even the fittest cases to begin with? Is it not absurd, that from the clumsiness of the law of partnership, every numerous association for commercial purposes requires a special act to entitle it to one of the simplest of the privileges which ought to belong to all joint-stock associations, that of being treated in all legal proceedings as a single person? * Why should a turnpike bill, more than a bill for paving and watering, occupy the time of the Legislature? Would not *all*, or almost all local matters, be best provided for by 'parties having an interest therein,' the Legislature interfering only where national as well as local interests are concerned, and are in danger of being compromised by the supineness of the local authorities? To ascend to higher matters: what can be more monstrous than that there should be such things as divorce bills? Is it not self-evident, that what is good for a small number of the higher classes, must be good for the whole community; that the grant of a divorce ought to depend upon something else than length of purse; that there ought either to be (as is, to us, obvious) a general law of divorce, or else no divorces at all?

In regard to the particular points for which the Business Committee recommends that provision may be made, there is another recommendation which should have preceded. They should have recommended that the House do immediately commence the organization of an efficient representative system of local government. Till then, we should be afraid to trust the local authorities with any new powers; especially any powers of encroaching on the rights of the poor. Who would tolerate, that the men who have stopped up, literally, every path in some of the most populous counties of England, should have the power, without passing the ordeal of Parliament and the public, to confiscate remorselessly the vested interest of the poor labourer in the free air and the pasturage, and the vested interest of the whole people in the enjoyment of the beauties of nature?

It is something that the House of Commons will now no longer pass Bucklebury and Kingsclere Inclosure Bills. These were considered as cases of *pecuniary* injustice to the poor. But there are other kinds of injustice, besides pecuniary; injustice to the whole nation, as well as to the poor. Is it too much to expect from those who vote away 11,000*l.* of the people's money for two Correggios, that they should show some value for the people's tastes and enjoyments, as well as for what are called their *interests*? Hampstead Heath, it is said, is now on the point of being enclosed; the Sir Thomas Maryon Wilson, whose cupidity is the motive to this sacrilege, has already enclosed Charlton Wood, and stopped up every, or almost every, foot-path between Blackheath and the Thames. The writer of this, who has been a pedestrian in the neighbourhood of London for about ten years, has, during that time, had to lament the loss of the two finest pieces of natural scenery within twelve miles of the capital,—Penge-wood, between Dulwich and Beckenham; and the Addington hills, near Croydon. The first, an inclosure bill having been obtained by a man named Cator, who has a house in the neighbourhood, is now in preparation for being cut up into citizens' boxes and bits of garden ground. The Addington hills, one of the most remarkable pieces of heath and forest scenery in the south of England, have been usurped by the Most Reverend Father in God, Doctor Howley, Archbishop of Canterbury, the author of the famous 'prostration

* The Attorney General, we are glad to observe, has since obtained leave to bring in a bill for remedying this grievous and mischievous defect in our institutions.

of the understanding and will,' and of the doctrine, that the King, not in legal fiction merely, but in fact, can 'do no wrong.' When Dr. Howley was appointed to the archbishopric, to which a house and park adjoining these beautiful hills are unfortunately appended, one of his first acts was to obtain an order of two magistrates, for stopping a public road which ran along the summit of the hills; and, this being effected, he immediately enclosed nearly the whole tract with a paling seven or eight feet in height. By this the people of Croydon have lost their most frequented walk, and the people of London and the neighbourhood, the most beautiful scenery to which they had ready access. It is some comfort to think, that the ground which has thus been added to the primate's domain, will in a few years, with the rest of the church property, be at the disposal of the State. When the time comes, and it will come, when we shall see the people of Croydon sally out with axe in hand, and level the fences which have been set up to exclude them from what was morally as much their birthright as any man's estate is his—then, and not till then, we shall feel that the Reform Bill has done its work, and that the many are no longer sacrificed to the few.

14th June. The Tom-foolery at Oxford.—We know not if the sow ever mistakes the squeaking of her own pigs for the voice of the whirlwind; but the Tory aristocracy certainly mistake the voices of their sons and their sons' toadeaters for the 'spirit of the age.' The present exhibition wonderfully exemplifies that great fact in human nature, the importance of a man to himself. From Doctor the Duke of Wellington down to poor Lord Encombe, every character in the farce felt so solemnly persuaded that he was, or at least looked like, a hero or a martyr! while in reality he only looked like a fool. It is really too simple of the Tories to fancy that any one except themselves cares for, or so much as thinks about, what Oxford says or does. We all knew already that it is the hot-bed of Toryism, and that the clergy of the Church of England and the youths whom they educate are sure to be Tories. We know no more now. Tories they are, and Tories let them be. As they were the last Jacobites in the country, so will they be the last Tories. The only remark (beyond an occasional interjection of contempt) which we have heard from the lips of any Radical on the affair, was an expression of regret that a place pretending to be the fountain-head of morality and religion, should teach its youth to cheer a Lyndhurst and a Wynford; as if the youth of the London University should toss up their hats for Mr. Wakley or Mr. Whittle Harvey.

Oxford was powerful once; but even the *prestige* of its power has passed away; it is as effete as the Pope, also an important enough personage in his day. But what has once been powerful, usually lives on until it become ridiculous; and that evil day has arrived for Oxford. Peace be with it! for it can now do no harm.

17th June. Parliamentary Monstrosities.—Lord Bacon recommends that in studying the nature and laws of any principle or element of the universe, we should observe it where it exists in the greatest abundance and strength, and is least counteracted by the presence of any adverse element. We think this a good rule; and in obedience to it, we shall exhibit from time to time such specimens as offer themselves, of the characteristic vices of some institution or some state of mind, carried to the monstrous. Two such have presented themselves within the last few days.

1. What a Bishop is:—In the House of Lords, on a petition for removing the civil disabilities of the Jews, some one remarked, that as they tolerated Socinians, they might as well tolerate Jews, who were not one whit greater blasphemers, (such at least seemed to be the spirit of the noble lord's remark.) Dr. Grey, bishop of Hereford, and brother of the Prime Minister, hereupon observed, 'The Socinians were a set of persons whom he held in utter abhorrence—as a Christian he could not do otherwise;' but yet he must say that the Socinians, though they rejected the divinity of our Saviour, believed him

to be the Messiah, while the Jews affirmed the Lord Jesus Christ to be an impostor.

Pious soul! As a Christian he could not do otherwise than hold a large body of his fellow-creatures 'in utter abhorrence,' because, though they acknowledge the same revelation with himself, they differ as to some few points of its interpretation; yet, even these people whom he utterly abhors, he thinks it but just to protect from being confounded with those who acknowledge only a part of the same revelation: for these last, 'utter abhorrence' is not enough; we know not what words he has reserved to express the bitterness of his feelings towards them.

Protect us from such Christianity! If this be the figure under which Christianity is to continue to be exhibited by its recognized teachers, there needs no prophet to predict, that, as the religion of the people of this country, it will not last two more generations. The religion which men shall ever again reverence, and shape their lives by, will be, Dr. Grey may depend on it, another kind of religion than *this*.

2. What a Landlord is.—In a debate, a highly important one, raised on the Emigration clause of the Poor Law Bill by Mr. Whitmore, who took that opportunity of pressing upon the House those enlightened views of colonization, which are about to be, for the first time, realized in the formation of a new colony, Major Handley called upon all supporters of the corn laws to oppose emigration, saying that the principle was exactly the same, for the people 'ought to stop at home and eat the corn grown in this country.'

The principle is exactly the same, being no other than that the whole people of England are the live-stock of the English corn-growers. And we, in imitation of Major Handley's *naïveté*, but reversing the terms of his proposition, call upon all who do *not* think it the duty of all English people to 'stop at home and eat the corn' grown for them by Major Handley, to vote for the repeal of the corn laws: for it is mere twaddling to affect to see any difference between the two pieces of tyranny.

17th June. *The Ministry*.—In common with the remainder of the liberal press, we augured no good from Lord Grey's filling up his cabinet with mere stop-gaps, promoted from the lower ranks; the resistance of the modified cabinet to Mr. Ward's motion; and that unfortunate letter to Lord Ebrington, deprecating what constitutes the sole strength of a reforming ministry, a 'constant and active pressure from without.' But our anticipations have been materially changed by Mr. Abercromby's accession to the cabinet, and by Lord Grey's noble speech on the Irish Church. How the 'Times' and the 'Examiner' could possibly see in that speech a truckling to the Lords, passes our comprehension: we see nothing in it but a defiance to the Lords; and the Lords, we are fully persuaded, see it in no other light.

To say that the Tories had the majority in that House, was merely to say what Lord Grey could not possibly be supposed to be ignorant of. To say that he knew it, and that knowing it, he should steadily pursue his own course, and that they, not he, had anything to dread from a collision, was not only no cowardice, but the most triumphant refutation of the charge of cowardice; the distinctest proclamation that, let them do their worst, he feared them not. Lord Grey's speech was the bravest act of his ministerial life, next to the framing of the Reform Bill. He said everything which could have been wished or asked for—everything which it had been the reproach of the ministry that it had not dared to say. We were not to expect that he would declare himself an enemy to Church Establishments; there is no reason to doubt that he is a sincere friend to them. Short of this, what did he not say that could have been said on the occasion by the most determined reformer? He avowed principles which went to the root of the whole subject. He declared, that if the endowments of the Protestant Establishment exceed the wants of the Protestant population, it is the right and duty of the State to apply the surplus to the general purposes of moral and

religious instruction. He declared that if, when those purposes were fully provided for, a further surplus remained, it was the right of the State to take that further surplus, and apply it to any purpose which it deemed most advisable. He declared it as his deliberate conviction, that, in the case of the Protestant Church of Ireland, after the religious wants of the Protestant population were fully supplied, there would remain, not only a surplus, but a large surplus. And he distinctly affirmed, that upon these principles, he, as a minister, was prepared to act. Nor did he, as is the practice of some of his colleagues, say bold things so timidly, that the impression left is of spiritlessness, and not of boldness. The *tone* of his speech was wholly in accordance with its substance: the style was that of a dignified determinedness of purpose, and by no means, as it has strangely appeared to some of our contemporaries, querulous and dejected.

What matters it, if Lord Lansdowne or Lord Brougham used language which did not come up to the mark of Lord Grey's speech? The principles of a ministry are the principles of the minister who is at its head. Lord Grey is a man who weighs his words: every word with him means all it seems to mean. Lord Brougham's words are thrown out at random; he never speaks twice of the same thing in the same tone.

Few things could have been more solemn and impressive than the warning addressed by Lord Grey to the assembly—addressed to them on an authority so imposing to them as that of Napoleon—that he, the conqueror of Europe, had fallen, not by the strength of his enemies, not by his wars or his imprudences, but because he had opposed the spirit of the age—that the Bourbons who succeeded him, and all the old governments of Europe, would perish from the same cause—and that every government, and the order to which Lord Grey belonged, and which he was as desirous as any one to maintain, unless they profited by the example, would share the same fate. That such truths should be spoken to that assembly, by an English prime minister, was what, very few years ago, would have been deemed impossible. The Lords have never received such a lesson; they will never forget it, though they will never profit by it; it will ring in their ears till the day of their fall.

After Lord Grey's speech, we were not surprised at Mr. Abercromby's acceptance of a cabinet office; and we do not doubt that he had grounds for what he is represented to have said to the electors of Edinburgh, that 'he has become a member of the administration, because he believes it now to entertain views more consonant to his own, and because he has a strong hope that its measures will henceforth more decidedly attack, and more completely remove abuses; and that thus our institutions, being thoroughly renovated, will more surely tend to accomplish the good of the whole community.'

Almost all that we have hitherto observed of the conduct and declarations of Ministers, since the debate on Mr. Ward's motion, has been of a kind to justify our hopes. We must particularly commend the feeling which they manifested, and which, it must in justice be said, was manifested by the whole House, on the subject of national education, when brought before them by Mr. Roebuck. An excellent committee has been appointed, and there is now reason to hope that on that grand subject something not inconsiderable will be done.

The only bad symptom which we have yet discerned is, their declared purpose of renewing the Irish Coercion Bill. On this subject we suspend our final judgment until the bill is brought in. The military tribunals, which Mr. Abercromby, before he was in office, steadily and uncompromisingly opposed, were the principal blemish in that bill; and we would fain hope that his influence may now induce his colleagues to provide a substitute for that odious jurisdiction. It is not in the least necessary to the efficiency of the bill; and is the great cause of its well-merited unpopularity. To deliver

men to be tried for their lives to-day, into the hands of the very men who were fighting against them yesterday, and who come fresh from the excited passions of a life-and-death struggle, to judge people who have been attempting to kill them—is so dreadful a principle, that no person of common justice or common feeling should on any human consideration vote for a bill containing such a provision.

20th June. The Beer Bill.—This odious measure has passed through the committee: and the meritorious efforts of Mr. Warburton to obtain the omission of one of its worst clauses, that which prohibits beer from being sold to be drunk on the premises, have been unsuccessful. It is some satisfaction to think that the tyrannical purpose will be easily frustrated, as the beer will be sold in one house, and drank in another. The Act, however, will remain a memorable example of the spirit of our legislature; which, with all its pretended regard for vested interests, when they are the interests of persons who have an interest in those two houses, will have deliberately sanctioned a more extensive confiscation of vested interests than has almost ever, within our recollection, been deliberately and undisguisedly propounded in a bill introduced into Parliament.* A.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Philip van Artevelde. A Dramatic Romance. By Henry Taylor. 2 vols.

Two volumes of poetry, of real dramatic poetry, with a beautiful lyric into the bargain, and a preface of criticism, are a present to the public which deserves acknowledgment. There is no occasion for alarm at the length; these two plays, or two parts of one play, are not intended for representation, and no reader, with any philosophy or feeling in him, will find them long. The hero is an insurgent chieftain, called by the citizens of Ghent from a studious and contemplative life to fill that perilous post; and the two dramas exhibit his success, and his destruction. The tale is founded on Froissart; and the time, the commencement of the fifteenth century. The author has availed himself of the points of similarity between the then state of society and the present, and made political as well as poetical use of the great and enduring contest between the few and the many. Not that he writes like a partizan; he is not one; and has so much genuine dramatic genius as to practise with facility its universality of identification. He reads his moral lessons fairly, both to the admirers of aristocracy and the votaries of revolution. Many lines might be quoted because they ought to become maxims, and many passages because they are pictures. Several scenes would be effective on the stage; especially that in which Elena is found by the corpse of Artevelde. Others have a contemplative character, which endears them for a quiet perusal; and a portion of one of these, out of very many passages which it would be a pleasure to transcribe, is all we can make room for.

‘*Artevelde.* Am I in life’s embellishments so rich,
In pleasures so redundant, as to wish
The chiefest one away? No, fairest friend;
Mine eyes have travelled this horizon round,

* Two other notes on subjects not of temporary interest are postponed to next month.

Ending where they began ; and they have roved
 The boundless empyrean up and down,
 And, 'mid the undistinguished tumbling host
 Of the black clouds, have lighted on a soft
 And solitary spot of azure sky,
 Whereon they love to dwell. The clouds close in,
 And soon may shut it from my searching sight ;
 But let me still behold it while I may.

' *Elena*. You are so busy all day long, I feared
 A woman's company and trifling talk
 Would only importune you.

' *Artevelde*. Think not so.
 The sweets of converse and society
 Are sweetest when they're snatched ; the often-comer,
 The boon companion of a thousand feasts,
 Whose eye has grown familiar with the fair,
 Whose tutored tongue, by practice perfect made,
 Is tamely talkative,—he never knows
 That truest, rarest light of social joy,
 Which gleams upon the man of many cares.

' *Elena*. It is not every one could push aside
 A country's weight so lightly.

' *Artevelde*. By your leave,
 There are but few that on so grave a theme
 Continuously could ponder unrelieved.
 The heart of man, walk it which way it will,
 Sequestered or frequented, smooth or rough,
 Down the deep valley amongst tinkling flocks,
 Or 'mid the clang of trumpets and the march
 Of clattering ordnance, still must have its halt,
 Its hour of truce, its instant of repose,
 Its inn of rest ; and craving still must seek
 The food of its affections—still must slake
 Its constant thirst of what is fresh and pure,
 And pleasant to behold.

' *Elena*. To you that thirst,
 Despite inebriating draughts of glory,
 Despite ambition, power, and strife, remains ;
 But great men mostly lose the taste of joy,
 Save from such things as make their greatness greater,
 Which growing still o'ershadows more and more
 Of less enjoyments, until all are sunk,
 In business of the state.

' *Artevelde*. 'Tis otherwise,
 And ever was with me. It was not meant
 By him who on the back the burden bound,
 That cares, though public, critical, and grave,
 Should so encase us and encrust, as shuts
 The gate on what is beautiful below,
 And clogs those entries of the soul of man
 Which lead the way to what he hath of heaven :
 This was not meant, and me may not befall
 While thou remind'st me of those heavenly joys
 I once possessed in peace. Life—life, my friend,
 May hold a not unornamented course,
 Wherever it shall flow. Be the bed rocky
 Yet are there flowers, and none of brighter hue
 Than to the rock are native. War itself

Deals in adornment—and the blade it wields
 Is curiously carved and gaily gilt.
 For me, let what is left of life, if brief
 Be bright, and let me kindle all its fires—
 For I am as a rocket, hurled on high,
 But a few moments to be visible,
 Which ended, all is dark.'

Vol. ii. pp. 77—80.

African Sketches. By Thomas Pringle.

THIS volume consists of two parts: 1st, Poems, illustrative of South Africa; and 2nd, a Narrative of a Residence in South Africa. Of the former we can only say, that they are specimens of pleasant and spirited versification; the latter we have read with very strong interest. Mr. Pringle was the leader of a band of emigrants from Scotland to Algoa Bay, in the spring of 1820. His descriptions of their place of settlement, the expedients to which they were obliged to have recourse, the perils to which they were exposed, and their gradual progress to a prosperous condition, are such as to hold the reader in almost breathless attention. They are a true and graphic 'Life in the Wilds.' And there is similar simplicity of style and power of description in the account of the author's residence at Cape Town; though the picture is of so very different a character. The serpents, wild beasts, and Caffers, were nothing of annoyances, compared with Lord Charles Somerset. Nor is it possible to read the facts here stated of the conduct of the colonial government towards the aborigines without deep emotions of disgust. The publication of this narrative has been suspended for some years by the honourable occupation of the author as secretary to the African Society, but the delay detracts nothing from its interest, and it may be received as a study for the mature, and an excitement for the young.

Christian Ethics. By R. Wardlaw, D.D.

The Capabilities and Responsibilities of Man. (A Letter, occasioned by the foregoing.) By William Youngman.

THERE did not appear to us to be any particular occasion for reviewing Dr. Wardlaw's lectures, as we had, just before their publication, stated our views of the principle of moral philosophy, in an article on Mr. Blakey's historical work, and were anticipating a recurrence to the subject in some remarks (which we hope to insert next month) on Bentham's 'Deontology.' We may, however, apprise our readers of a very acute and able review of those lectures in Mr. Youngman's pamphlet. He strikes at the very foundation of Dr. Wardlaw's theory (which resolves all morality into the Divine will, irrespective of the tendencies of human nature); vindicates humanity from calumny, and virtue from arbitrariness; and shows that, according to the words of Burke, which he uses as a motto to his own statement, 'Law itself is only benevolence working by a rule.' Emanating from a member of the same religious denomination with Dr. Wardlaw, this pamphlet eminently deserves the attention of readers of that class. It conducts

the argument on grounds with which they are familiar, and refers to authorities which they respect. It recommends itself to all by the clearness and calmness of the manner, as well as by the importance of the matter. And it has this claim to attention, that something like priestly influence (for such there is even in all the independence of dissent) has been exercised, in order to consign it to a premature and unmerited oblivion.

A Chapter from Eichorn.

THE translator appropriately terms this version of the portion of Eichorn's 'Introduction to the New Testament' which relates to the use of the phrases *the Word* and the *Holy Spirit* in St. John's gospel, a 'shaft sunk into a mine of boundless erudition.' Let him sink another and another; for every such effort must tend to raise the character of English theology out of the abyss of mental vulgarity and sectarian dogmatism in which it now rests. Whether convinced or not, the learning and philosophy of these speculations will cause them to be read with interest.

Minor Morals. For Young People. By John Bowring.

THIS pretty, pleasant, and profitable little book, is a pendant to the 'Deontology' of Jeremy Bentham. It attempts to do that for children which the larger work does for men. And this is what the reader must understand by the word 'Minor' in the title. For though intended for minors, they are really the major morals which are here illustrated and recommended. The tales, of which some are personal, some historical, and one or two imaginative, are generally well adapted to catch the attention, interest the feelings, and excite the intellects of children. There is a beautiful fable, of the latter class, in the section on 'advice giving.' The graphic illustrations are excellent for their purpose. We rejoice to see the great principle of utility, thus carried out into its practical bearings, brought home to the understandings of the young, and exhibited through the medium not only of simple language, but of philanthropic and poetical feeling. We hope the author will pursue his task as he purposes. If in some few of his views or applications of the greatest happiness theory, as a moral principle, we do not entirely concur, it is only because, as we may shortly have occasion to show, we entertain a like demur to the results of the investigations of the great master himself.

Sketches of Natural History. By Mary Howitt.

TURN a child into the fields among the flowers, or give him this little book of Mary Howitt's, and it almost comes to the same thing. The writer is one of the true scene painters in nature's theatre, and here we look *veluti in speculum*. If great nature be the common mother of childhood, Mary Howitt must be one of the most confidential nurses whom she entrusts to lead her charge abroad. The book, like the meadows, is all simple, fresh, melodious, and beautiful. Its getting up resembles the matchless 'Story without an end;' and though not so rich as that in *suggestive enjoyment*, its claims are complete to rank in

the class of *innocent delights*. While the author and her help-mate, who contributes a portion of the volume, are at home amid all the subjects of these sketches, there are three or four which especially commend themselves by their poetical spirit, and one or two by their humorousness. The satire of 'The Web-spinner' will occasion many a reflective smile, and the merriment of the 'Monkey' will waken the echoes of many a youthful laugh and good will it be for young voices to learn the stately music of the 'Cedar Tree,' that noble work of the Creator:—

'All within the garden,
That angels came to see,
He set in groves, and on the hills,
The goodly cedar tree.'

Or to chaunt the 'Broom Flower,'—

'O the broom, the yellow broom,
The ancient poet sung it,
And dear it is on summer days
To lie at rest among it.'

And, doubtless, to many of them her 'Garden' will so realize itself in the memory, as to seem to have been their own:

'I had a garden when a child,
I kept it all in order,
'Twas full of flowers as it could be,
And London pride was its border.
'And all within my garden ran
A labyrinth walk so mazy;
In the middle there grew a yellow rose,
At each end a Michaelmas daisy.'

Throughout these sketches, there is that complacency in nature, even to its lowliest formations, which is so large an element of the religion whose spirit is love. Take for a specimen, the woodmouse at his dinner, 'under a mushroom tall.'—

'I saw him sit, and his dinner eat,
All under the forest tree;
His dinner of chestnut ripe and red,
And he ate it heartily.
'I wish you could have seen him there;
It did my spirit good,—
To see the small thing God had made,
Thus eating in the wood.
'I saw that he regarded them—
Those creatures weak and small;
Their table in the wild is spread,
By Him who cares for all!'
