A LETTER TO LORD STANLEY ON CONSERVATIVE AND REFORM ASSOCIATIONS.

My Lord—As might have been expected, your lordship's letter to Sir T. D. Hesketh, on the formation of the North Lancashire Conservative Association, has gone the round of the newspapers. It has fulfilled its course like a comet, drawing after it a long but varying and differently coloured tail of commentary. Had your legislative 'Tail' been proportionately long, we should never have heard of the 'Derby Dilly with its six insides.' But, as occasionally happens to comets,—those interlopers of the heavens, which, instead of belonging to one system, are believed sometimes to revolve into and connect themselves with two very remote systems,—your lordship lacks that appendage, and is only surrounded by a thin nebulous coronal. Your lordship's magnanimity is therefore the more illustrious in declining that popular, or rather party strength, which might have accrued to you by fraternizing with the North Lancashire Conservatives, and their clubbing associates. You are so satisfied that you are a Hercules, that you determine to be Hercules without a club, even when it is presented to your grasp. You will be independent and original even in your mode of abandoning the weapon. It was thrown aside by him of old that he might handle the distaff of Omphale; you do not forego it to spin with the jennies of Peel. How your threads may eventually intertwist remains to be seen. At present you keep to your own line, deeming it sufficient to support you as a statesman. Whether you be right or not, I have no occasion to discuss. But as credit has been claimed for your letter, and seems to be assumed by yourself, on the ground of your being a middleman in politics, I deem it not amiss to investigate that claim, which I take to be an exceedingly fallacious one. The ancient rule was to hang the neutrals: those who are most addicted to extremes will scarcely raise them into oracles, merely out of opposition to this portion of the wisdom of our ancestors.

There are rarely more than two sides to a great question. All the complications and cross lights of society still leave only the true and the false, the just and the unjust, the useful and the pernicious. Those who are in either of these extremes may be wrong; those who are in neither of them cannot be right. The inducement to compromise is generally an indistinct perception of the abstract merits of the case, combined with an equally indistinct notion of practical results. It is the refuge of arbitrators in a perplexity, who 'split the difference,' with the certainty of thereby doing injustice. The inconsistency which commonly characterizes middle courses in politics, shows their adoption to be the result either of an unsound political philosophy, or of unsoundness, logical or moral, in the application of that philosophy. For instance, your

lordship talks of upholding 'the just prerogatives of the monarch.' The thorough indistinctness of the expression makes it a good specimen of this middle-muddling. Your lordship does not mean a *monarch*; you mean a *king*. In the powers of a monarch, or sole ruler, all *prerogative* is absorbed. He needs it not, nor has it (under that form or denomination), because he has so much more. Prerogative is that fragment of irresponsible authority which remains to him who was a monarch, after he is cut down to a king. When the king becomes merely the executive of the national will, the responsible chief magistrate of the community, he ceases to have any prerogative. The measure of his power is its tendency to the public good. The hereditary right of the monarch being his tenure, prerogative is a superfluity; the common good being the rule, prerogative is an injustice. The king must hold on the one ground or the other; either of the people, or independently of the people; either for them, or for himself. Out of the confusion of the two principles springs this anomaly of 'just prerogative.' How much of it is 'just?' And why? One portion of it consists in authority, at any time, to dissolve Parliament. Suppose that experience shows this power to be detrimental to the people's well-being: on your theory of 'just prerogative' may the king be deprived of it, or may he not? If he may, you sanction injustice; if he may not, known public mischief is perpetuated. Your lordship's political creed is full of these perplexities and puerilities; this patch-work of phrases as substitutes for principles. You are also pledged to uphold the 'necessary connexion' of Church and State. The connexion which is necessary needs no champion; and such a connexion is rather oddly predicated of associations which not only exist, or have existed, independently of each other, but which in that independence have most flourished. If a Church, *i. e.* public machinery for religious and moral instruction, be essential to the well-being of a nation, it is then a portion, an integral portion, of every well-ordered state, and not an external something with which that state is in 'connexion,' whether necessary or unnecessary. Your lordship takes a middle course between the theories of ecclesiastical dependence and independence; and so you entangle yourself in an inconsistency, which you may find as perplexing in practice as untenable in theory.

The nature of the change which the diffusion of intelligence produces upon governments has now become pretty evident. They originated in force, to end in freedom. All are destined to the transition from despotism to republicanism. Not less clear is it that originally the strongest or the craftiest became the monarch, than it is that eventually enlightened communities will be self-governed. How far regality is consistent with that self-government, will be a problem for posterity to solve, in a period, the remoteness of which may greatly vary in different

countries, but the arrival of which may, for all, safely be predicted. There seems no reason why we should mystify this matter, which it quite as much behoves the king, the statesman, and the legislator to consider, as the contemplative philosopher. The recognition of it is essential to all political philosophy, and consequently to all sound political principle. We may think the advance to be practically too rapid or too slow; we may hold it useful to retard or to accelerate that advance, or to let it alone altogether; but, in any case, our recognition of it will be alike essential to the claims of wisdom or of consistency. The middleman, who overlooks a tendency as striking as it is important, and as resistless as the progression of the seasons; who strives to manufacture fixed and everlasting principles out of the phenomena of any particular moment of that progression, is the last man who has any claim for attention either on those who sympathize with, or those who deprecate, the great but undeniable movement.

The 'Morning Chronicle,' which, with all its ability, is too often indisposed to look deeper into a subject than just to ascertain whether the Whigs can be pushed up, or the Tories can be pushed down, took your letter under its especial patronage, giving it 'general publicity' as 'clever and important,' on another ground of confidence in the dicta of half-and-half politicians. 'The opinions and public demonstrations of *middle* public men, of any political section, are entitled to especial notice, because, although such intermediate characters rarely act on public opinion, they resemble by-standers at chess, and usually discern the result of the checquered contest.' It was a 'clever and important' discovery of the 'Chronicle,' that a class of persons who do not act upon public opinion must be particularly deserving of public attention. The chess-board analogy is a more ancient argument. We thought it had been demolished by Mr. Bailey, in one of those lucid paragraphs with which his work on 'Representative Government' is so replete. Certain we are that your lordship does not in this case understand the game, either of Conservatives or Reformers, half so well as those who are playing it. If you had, your letter would not have been recommended by Whigs to the attention of Tories. Nor is your lordship a by-stander. You have your own game to play, and rather a ticklish one. Your position may require clear-sightedness, but certainly is not favourable to it. With the policy of the Tories you profess to have but one point of agreement, and yet you are their forlorn hope of office. With the Whigs you profess to have but one point of difference; and yet it was only by your hostility that their triumph in the House of Commons was endangered or delayed; while, out of doors, their blossoming popularity has chiefly to apprehend the deadly blight of your adhesion. Seldom has any man earned for himself so much aversion. Philosophers pity

your inconsequential mind, and gentlemen cannot tolerate your consequential manner; party leaders despise, even while they seek, the egotistical trimmer; the people loathe the insolent aristocrat; and the Court has its natural grudge towards one of the authors of the Reform Bill, notwithstanding his forwardness as a champion of Church and King. It is well that your lordship sees little attractiveness in public life, and thinks it likely that that little will be less. There is probably but one man whom every friend of his country would not rather see in office than yourself. We would take even you to save us from the deep debasement of being ruled by an ignorant, self-willed, haughty, military dictator; but in any contingency short of that alternative, your return to power would call forth from thepopulation groans as loud as were the cheers which hailed, in the House of Commons, the announcement of your secession from the Grey and Althorp Administration. There is not much danger; but meanwhile we have not sufficient faith in your avowal of an indifference, which does not exactly accord with your position and movements, to concede your moral claim, barring the intellectual, to be a Sir Oracle on the subject either of Reform or Conservative associations.

Your lordship is probably correct in anticipating that, should the present tendency to form societies lead to the organization of the whole country in 'two rival sets of political associations, engaged in a deadly struggle with each other for the maintenance of extreme principles,' you would yourself 'be part of the lumber thrown overboard in the first process of clearing the deck for the general action.' Each would dread the danger of your support quite as much as that of your hostility. You have been the 'evil genius' of a Whig administration; in your present capacity of counsellor to Conservative clubs, your advice is that of an Achitophel. You warn the Tories against the only chance which remains to them for the recovery of their position. I trust they have lost it for ever. They certainly have, should they follow your guidance. By their own determination they will at least die game; your letter recommends them to die dunghill. They will spurn the advice; and the Reformers must prepare for them that fatal and final reaction with which you threaten them, and which you deprecate far more than this last united and desperate onset of the Conservatives.

Toryism lived and fattened upon the corruption of the House of Commons. The legislature was the machine for screwing out the heart's blood of the nation, that it might nourish a faction. The Reform Act (thanks to your lordship for all your share of its useful portions) stopped this process. How is it to be revived? Direct action upon Parliament is at an end. The sanctuary of borough property is desecrated. The electors must be subjected to corruption and intimidation. A seven years' Parliament would repay to the party the purchase-money of a

general election. But there is not yet a purchaseable majority of seats. Try club law. Put forth all the power of influence. Shake the whip with one hand, and the purse with the other. Much of the old enginery is yet capable of action. The Church, the magistracy, the army, are still intact. The sentence is gone forth upon corporations, but not yet executed. 'Organize, organize! A long pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together' for the Tory ascendancy, which enabled so many to revel in the fat of the land, conveyed by taxation to the indolent from the laborious. Such is the obvious policy of the party; obvious alike to friends and foes; not the less obvious for being desperate.

However much to be lamented, it is little to be wondered at, that stupendous exertions should be made to bring back the reign of corruption. Whether in accordance with, or in defiance of, the principles of the British Constitution, it boots not now to inquire, but it is certain that the practical working of that Constitution has been to generate a class interest in the misgovernment and plunder of the community. Under the pretences of preserving peace and order, of defending the country, of teaching the people religion, and other like plausible pleas, an enormous tide of wealth has long been steadily flowing in one direction. Was it likely that those towards whom it flowed would quietly see its course diverted, although such diversion was for the common good, and accompanied by the transformation into realities of these old and plundering pretences? Could we expect of an entire faction the rare magnanimity of relinquishing such golden advantages and prospects, merely on account of their injustice? Of that they have perhaps but a very faint perception. They have been trained to what they are by the working of our institutions, and morality itself has been warped by the same process; they will make fight, and this alone would render necessary the counter associations of Reformers.

That the latter should be anything more than defensive is much to be deprecated, but it may very possibly happen. The excitement of party spirit, roused in keen conflict, may be provoked to repel influence by influence, and intimidation by intimidation. There is not so much reason to apprehend this on the Reform, as on the Tory side, because, while the Tories are banded together by a party interest, the Reformers are only leagued by their portion of the common interest. The selfish and party principle is as much feebler, as the benevolent and patriotic principle is stronger, in the one case than in the other. But it may happen that the rights of individuals, the free exercise of the franchise, will be invaded on both sides. Nay, more; should the Tory aristocracy persist in the exercise of that power by which individual wealth may enable them to command the votes of dependants, the fearful but not astonishing reaction may follow, of non-dealing resolutions, by their more numerous opponents. The tradesman depends on

the many customers, as well as on the rich customer. Antagonist influences may place his livelihood in equal peril. It will not be a little that can sufficiently excite the many to this species of retaliation or counteraction, nor will it ever survive the nefarious proceedings which shall call it forth; but it may be produced: and for this worst result of the club system that can ensue, you, my lord, are, to the full extent of your influence and authority as a statesman, responsible.

Where would be the occasion, or the excuse, or the opportunity for exertion, of these associations and counter associations, but for those deficiencies in the Reform Bill to the remedying of which your lordship is the most decided opponent? Simplify the right of suffrage; extend it to all householders; get rid of the eternal complexity of the present plan of registration, if that indeed can be called plan which is altogether 'puzzled in mazes and perplexed in errors;' make voting free by making it secret; and to a large extent the clubs would find their 'occupation gone.' The defence would be superseded by the attack being rendered impracticable. The Barrister's Court would dissolve before the ballot box, together with all the expense, chicanery, vexation, disappointment, and party bitterness, of which it is the occasion.

And to this it must come. Until it does come to this, will the Tories, though defeated, still combine; and Reformers, though victorious, will not be so strong but that they will find it needful to associate. Large bodies of men are not to be diverted from the pursuit of great interests, whether party or public, by such logic as that of your letter. Nor, even had your immediate and professed object been attained by it, would your ultimate and far more earnest purpose have been thereby realized. Your arrow is not long enough, nor your arm sufficiently nervous, for the shaft to reach the vitals of Reform association, through the sides of Tory clubbism. Until the security of common interests shall be attained, by the recognition of common rights, the principles of Reform will combine the exertions of those by whom its worth is appreciated. Your lordship ought to be grateful to Reform clubs, even under their most offensive designation: the Political Unions of 1832 enabled you and your colleagues to redeem those repeated pledges to the nation, that the Reform Bill should pass, which you had yourselves become impotent to realize. Whether you deceived yourselves, or whether the King deceived you, certain it is that in May of that year you were bankrupt to the people, whose united zeal and energy, which you had so often tried to damp, alone discharged your voluntary and solemn obligations. The Reform Bill was promised by yourself and your colleagues, but it was carried by the Political Unions. You had told them to be quiet, as you now tell the election clubs to be quiet. But the lesson is not lost. Your advice rather deters than stimulates. The good of it consists in its not being taken. It has superlative

merit negatively. You shine as a beacon upon your solitary rock. The pamphlet edition of your letter, if it have one, should be mottoed from the schoolboys' sport,—'When I say hold fast, let go; and when I say let go, hold fast.' The Spirit of Reform replies, 'I will, my lord; and young Liberty shall not slip, or be torn, from my grasp, till I have nursed her to maturity.'

When once the possession of the suffrage is general, and its exercise free, it will be desirable that Reform clubs should cease; and I doubt not but that they will cease, whatever may have become, meanwhile, of those of the Conservatives. The nation will then be itself the one great Reform Association, and the Tories, dwindled in numbers and importance by the continued failure of their natural aliment, will only be in the position of a squad of refractory members, easily kept in order. The rapidity with which that consummation advances will be materially affected by the great measure of municipal reform now in progress. Your lordship's exertions have not been wanting to infuse into that measure as much as possible of the old corrupt and poisonous leaven of aristocracy; nor will you be wanting to the last effort of Oligarchy, when the time is ripe for it, the combination of the worst portion of all parties against the popular cause. The attempt, no doubt, will be made to form a government out of such materials as yourself, Peel and Wellington, and the more aristocratic Whigs. A strong government you will fancy yourselves; a slight interruption you may give to the movement of that mighty wheel which you dream of turning back; and then, the more majestic and resistless, from the feeble pressure and the momentary check, will be its continuous and accelerated revolution.

Rightly has your lordship enumerated not only your 'principles,' but also your 'education, birth, position in society, and prejudices,' as amongst the elements of your claim to the confidence of the Conservatives. In the following passage from your letter the operation of these influences is very evident. 'I do not deny that the present is a period at which great interests are at stake. I do not deny that the Reform Bill itself, necessary as I believe that measure to have been, and called for by the deliberate opinion of the country, may have had the effect of stimulating the desire of political change, and of exciting in men's minds an overweening anxiety for alterations in our institutions, and an unreasonable expectation of advantages to be derived therefrom. I am far from denying that to correct such exaggerated expectations, to reason away such overstrained desires, nay, even to expose the sophistries of ignorant or mischievous quack doctors in politics, who impose upon the ill-informed, by persuading them that the benefit to be derived must be commensurate with the strength of the dose administered, may become the duty of those whom Providence has placed in a station to give them the means of forming a more dispassionate judgment, and the influence to add weight

to that judgment on the minds of others.' How far your lordship's advocacy of the pecuniary interests of the Church may have been rewarded by supernal light on the ways of Providence, it is not for me to divine; but common observation has not noted it as any part of the Providential plan to designate by '*station*' those whose judgment ought to have weight with their fellow-creatures. The New Testament tells a very different tale with reference to religion; and so does history in regard to politics. Persons of your order, my lord, are the least likely to form a dispassionate judgment upon questions, some of which involve the extent of their own privileges and their prospects of emolument and power. 'Quack doctors' have found as much support in the ranks of the aristocracy as in those of the multitude. Nor is it always a symptom of ignorance or source of mischief to expect that the benefit should be 'commensurate with the strength of the dose.' In the reform of abuse, in the curtailment of irresponsible power, the proportion does obtain. Indeed, it is only the strong dose that is effective in such cases. Had only a third of the boroughs which appeared in Schedule A been inserted, the Reform Bill would never have accomplished a hundredth part of the good which it has already realized. Your metaphor savours of quackery; and it is obviously defective. Your apprehension of strong doses may have prejudiced you against 'expectations' which are *not* 'exaggerated,' and 'desires' which are *not* 'overstrained.' What to you presents itself as an evil result of the Reform Bill, to other minds appears one of its happiest consequences. It *has* stimulated the desire of political change. And when the origin of our institutions in a comparatively barbarous age, and the length of time during which they have been corrupted by being worked for party purposes, are considered, together with the immense advances made by the people in wealth and intelligence, who can doubt that change had become absolutely necessary? Moreover, if there be any truth in the doctrine of human progression, which is, in fact, the doctrine of a Divine Providence, change in the forms and institutions of society must be always needful, until they have arrived at such perfection as to accommodate themselves to all further advances in knowledge and civilization. Ours have not yet manifested any such character of excellence and expansiveness. They are still, in too many respects, only shackles forged by the past for the future, which must either yield or break; and which, until they do, will be productive of suffering and discontent, and act as impediments to the improvement of society. A philosophic statesman would rejoice in the desires and expectations which herald the coming of a better social organization. Foolishly called destructive, they are the manifestations of a creative power at work in the political and moral world; the power of that Providence which, operating by laws throughout the whole extent of its dominion, has made progressive

improvement the law of social humanity. But, although a smart and ready debater, a good House of Commons' man for the times that are gone, your lordship is not a philosophic statesman, nor ever will be. Sir T. D. Hesketh has written to decline your advice on the part of the Lancashire Conservative clubbists; as a Reform associator, and one of the public whom you have favoured with your admonitions, I cordially concur in that portion of the baronet's reply, and remain, my Lord, &c. &c.

July 1, 1835. W. J. Fox.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

No. 5.—The Sentimental.

'Come here, Maria,' said a lively brunette, addressing a little plain orderly person who was examining the contents of a bookcase, 'you have looked at those books a hundred times before, and I can assure you I have made no new additions to them. I want you here at this window.'

'Well, here I am,' said Maria, looking into the street. 'Really, rooms for *me* might be furnished with a skylight, for never by any chance do I go to the window.'

'Then let me tell you that in consequence you lose a great deal of what I call bird's-eye observation. I am going to tell you about a neighbour of mine. How is it that you never quiz your neighbours? You may be sure that they quiz *you*.'

'So let them.'

'I do not recollect ever hearing you say anything against anybody. Now that must be all prudence or hypocrisy.'

'I assure you it is not either.'

'I told you what your friend Mrs. Treacle said of you the other day. Ah! I see you are piqued at the mere recollection. There is a little malice dilating the pupil of your eye,—a little revenge tingling in your cheek. Now I am satisfied. I cannot bear your over-good people. Now, if you will but swear and stamp a little, I'll love you for life.'

'My dear Pauline,' said Maria, after she had indulged her laughter, 'when *compelled* to see the wrong side of human nature I sigh, when *forced* to feel that a friend can be unjust, a relation unkind, I am hurt; but I do not long surrender myself to sadness from either causes.'

'Because you despise the causes; because, with all your seeming humbleness, you have the pride which was reproved in Plato; you trample upon the pride of the world through a greater pride. There must be some retaliating principle to keep you at the equilibrium you preserve. *Apropos*, the homæopathy system is no new discovery in malice, whatever it may be in medicine: minute doses of spite have long proved particularly effective, if

well followed up; but *I* have not patience for such a process; whenever *I* give moral arsenic or prussic acid, it is in *decidedly deadly* doses.'

'You have a most incorrigible tongue, Pauline. I wish every one knew how pure that issue keeps your heart; yet I fear it will be fatal to you. The matter-of-fact people take you at your word, are half disposed to go to a magistrate, swear that you put them in fear of their lives, and have you bound over to keep the peace.'

It was now Pauline's turn to laugh, which, though a very graceful creature, she did most riotously. 'I fancy,' she resumed, 'something of this sort must be the case with Elliot, our magnificent iron-worker, when he rushes along the heights of poetry, shaking his axe at social iniquity, and bringing the hot branding-iron of his indignation to bear upon it. Yet would I answer with this little head of mine, that the lion, who so shakes the forest with his roar, is in the homestead a very lamb, around whose neck children may hang, wreathing the flowers they resemble.'

'The strong expression incident to *such* minds,' said Maria, 'is moral evaporation; it cools the hot brain it quits, and fires the cool brain it meets. *Such* minds are mighty agents appointed by Providence to carry on the work of human progression; they stir into motion the sluggish multitude, which, wanting them, would remain a stagnant mass. But we have strangely wandered from my object in coming to the window.'

'Truly,' cried Pauline, 'I might almost say,' like Juliet,

"I have forgot why I did call you back."'

'And truly I can say, like Romeo,

"Let me stand here till you remember it."'

'Aye,' exclaimed Pauline, finding in the poet's words an echo of her feelings,

'"I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Remembering how I love thy company."

But do you see that pale woman opposite, peering over the parlour blinds, looking like Death waiting for doomsday?'

'I see a very sad-looking sad-coloured person,' said Maria. 'The poor thing must be in bad health, perhaps in affliction. What is the matter with her?'

'She is the wreck of a Sentimental: her history will afford you matter on which to moralize. When a girl, could she have chosen her position in life, she would have preferred being a pining princess to anything else in the creation; next to that a duke's daughter, dying of a consumption, fair as a lily, and, of course, as fragile. Now, mark the perversity of fate: she was, on the contrary, a little plump person, scarcely four feet high, with a florid complexion, and her father—what do you think her

father was? Oh, that there should be such things in the world! Her father was—A BUTCHER!

'All her sorrow over this circumstance neither reduced Miss Bullock's bulk nor blushes; and the first serious indisposition into which she succeeded in throwing herself was on the occasion of her father's marriage with a worthy woman, who became his second wife soon after Selina Bullock had completed her seventeenth year. She attributed the fits and fever from which she suffered to the sound of the marrow-bones and cleavers, with which characteristic music the newly married pair were duly honoured; but I cannot but believe that what she considered her father's fatuity, in making such a woman "bone of his bone, and flesh of his flesh," was the real thorn in Selina's side.

'Hitherto she had suffered from few annoyances but such as she created for herself, which were not half so efficacious as those which were created for her by another. Such a salutary love of self is implanted in human nature that we never voluntarily give unto ourselves any very serious hurt.

'Mrs. Bullock was an honest homely woman, with as much coarse common sense as her daughter-in-law had fastidious refinement; this sense was a hard rough-flavoured fruit, a sort of wall-fruit, cased in a sturdy cover, which, when cracked, afforded a kernel difficult of digestion.

'"What a fool your father has been," said the bride one day, addressing Miss Bullock, "to have let you be brought up in all this here idleness, which makes you go moping about all day, with more megrims in your head than he has meat in his shop."

'Selina drew forth her smelling bottle: this attack upon her nerves was made near dinner time, and, unfortunately for her sentimental character, she felt an appetite, and no disposition to postpone its gratification, or she would certainly have retired to her room, wept over her uncongenial destiny, and perhaps penned some stanzas under the title of "Delicate Distress." As it was, she swallowed her sufferings and her soup in silence; while her sire, between the pauses of a very arduous mastication, regaled his helpmate with the history of his morning occupations in Smithfield market, to which she listened with lively interest, and which she rewarded with many a hearty laugh, many an incidental remark or exclamation.

'This was the tenour of their life: to the obscure and toiling portion of society one day is like another; as in the same way, in a different field of action, one day is like another to the votary of fashion and pleasure. The sweet spirit of variety is present to none but the moral and intellectual worker, who, with one purpose, has a thousand prospects; who, with one source of light, has a thousand beaming tints.

'Selina, continually disgusted or offended by the manners, habits, and expressions of her parents, adopted a system of silence,

in addition to her other injudicious habits, and the effects of their combined influence grew gradually apparent in her declining, or, as she liked to call it, her delicate health.

"Thoughts shut up want air,
And spoil like bales unopened to the sun."

And nothing spoils without spoiling something else, especially that with which it lies in contact. Had Selina possessed a healthy instead of an unhealthy sensibility; cultivated real instead of a sickly sentiment; she would, nevertheless, under *her* circumstances, have suffered pain, but it would have been partial, and it would have quickened her sagacity to discover a shield for herself, and a cure for the faults by which she was offended; while affection would have induced forbearance, and forbidden selfishness.

'Selina's silent contempt effected a sort of moral distillation, converting all her feelings and impressions into poison, the corrosive action of which working on her mind, affected her temper and her frame, and she became a melancholy invalid.

'The concern and anxiety of her parents increased, and they made new efforts to induce her to change her habits, to which they justly attributed some share of her malady. But she, who loved to read and talk of the yielding nature of the female character, was unconquerably obstinate. It was in vain that she was urged to take walking exercise; she could not do it, though she could occasionally dance all night in the heated room of a subscription ball, or at a dancing master's academy. She was too delicate to walk; besides, it was so unladylike; the sight of the least mud shocked her; the people in the street were rude or rapid; the carts and other carriages noisy; the dust and dirt insufferable. It was impossible to deny the existence of all the annoyances which she enumerated; the wonder seemed to be how other people supported or said so little about them. Selina solved the difficulty—they had no sensibility. Occasionally she would condescend to avail herself of the convenience of a hackney coach, but never without expressions of disgust at the vehicle, and lamentation that she had not a carriage of her own. On the sabbath her father usually hired a conveyance for the day, to carry himself and spouse a little jaunt into the country. Selina would never join them in these excursions, because all the vulgar and working world were abroad on that day. Hence away went Mr. and Mrs. Bullock of a Sunday; Selina sighed, staid at home, and sat looking through or over the venetian blinds.

'Everything in and about the house was active and cheerful but herself; two women servants were kept, who were ever unconsciously reading her lessons of wisdom; for Sally would sing as she twirled her mop, and Betty would bandy jests with the baker and the brewer.'

'You love to dip your pencil, Pauline, into the colours of the caricaturist. It is highly delightful now to you to sketch this sentimental daughter of the shambles; but such a character is as ridiculous and as pernicious in a less antithetical scene. How do the daughters of men, conventionally above the butcher, such as the more opulent trader, the manufacturer, the merchant, the professional man, spend their time and employ their talents? Those among them who cannot afford to enter society or to entertain it at home, pass their days in that listless idleness which the *lady's* privilege, to do nothing, admits,—almost enjoins. So they stand, like your neighbour yonder, half the morning, and perhaps all the evening, looking over the parlour blinds, and deeming the sight of a passenger, who varies the vapid minutes, and excites their slumbering faculties, a boon. In fact, were I asked what expression of countenance is most frequently absent from their faces, I should say the brightness which is incident to a mind full of some energetic and happy purpose.'

'Take care, Maria; when we speak of the expression of a populace, or a part of a populace, we ought to consider the many causes in operation to create discontent and despondency; there is the struggle to live, to ward off, to sustain, or *conceal* distress.'

'My dear Pauline, the people who feel public evils or private exigencies *acutely* are not the people who remain listless or appear apathetic. They do not sit down to repine; they rise up to repair; for they know that repining is but another make-weight in the scale of calamity. No, the women to whom I allude, so far from thinking about public ills or general distress, do not think of the evils or distresses often existing in their own homes, and which their inert habits and unhappy ignorance must tend to aggravate. All these women, and especially the more opulent portion of them, are united by the most endearing ties to men who are daily expending great personal toil, often intense mental exertion or anxiety, for the support of circumstances and style which does not yield them one hour's rational enjoyment out of the day. Did these women think and feel as human beings ought and might think and feel, would this slavish subservience of mental and moral properties to the accumulation of pecuniary property, its protection and display, subsist for another month? No, not for another hour. Were women those *unfeminine* things, politicians, philosophers, and political economists, in the best senses of those words, instead of being the pretty pets of gilded cages, with collars and chains of diamonds or pearls, they would, like the free bird, voluntarily help to build up the nest, and not admit into it an atom that was wrung from the excruciated energies of their mates; they would be animated by the wisest views for their offspring, their country-people, their species. *Then* man, instead of being, as he is, the slave of the slave (for men domestically are something like kings politically, flattered

with the show of power, and defrauded, if usurpers *can* be defrauded, of the substance; for beneath the edifice of despotism subterraneous passages have been planned, and secret recesses sunk; and the tyrant, who treads his polished floors in fancied security, often falls, or is drawn through the traps connected with the hidden machinery created by folly, whim, or worse offsprings of suppressed or misdirected intellect and sensibility); men, instead of being as they are, the slave of the slave, would be elevated into friends and fellow-workers with beings full of active intelligence and open honest tenderness—attributes of universal human nature, but which the offices of wife and mother are perhaps most especially calculated to heighten and increase—attributes which, when developed under the influence of freedom and knowledge, will present images which the pen of the poet has never yet pictured, his fancy scarce conceived.

'Oh, that I could pour my heart out to humanity, as of old they did libations to the gods, if that might propitiate those now supinely slumbering on their energies, or mischievously perverting them!

'The false position of woman has created a world of wild mischief among mankind; her taking her true position only can repair it. Oh, that I could call her, and see her come forth like a redeeming angel—see her shut the dazzling casket of her *cruel* vanities, and open that which contains the resplendent spirit that God has given her—given her, not to be drossed by diamonds, but to be kindled by the bliss-giving power with which love and intelligence can endow it!'

'Never, Maria, do you and I get on with a story,' said Pauline. '*You* are too fond of the moral, *I* of the graphic; thus the mere incident is smothered or lost sight of, between us. Pray dry your eyes, and come down into the every-day world again; to assist your descent look across the way at Miss Bullock, now Mrs. Button. From the period of her becoming marriageable, till her marriage, she passed her time to as little purpose as a dormouse, and thousands of women do the like.'

'Then who shall wonder,' interrupted Maria, 'at the unions they form. Why *liking*, let alone love, must be so welcome an excitement in the stupid scene they occupy, as to be hailed with eagerness, and little embarrassed by inquiry. Love, they say, is born of idleness; then it is that son of Nox and Erebus who so ill deserves the name he bears, and it is no matter of surprise that he takes wing after wedlock, when some of the business of life necessarily begins. The *real* god is born of sympathy, the offspring of intelligence and knowledge, and he grows in vigour in proportion to the beauty, excellence, and variety of pursuit in which he succeeds in uniting two congenial spirits.

'But to your heroine:—her bridal could have been no ordinary business; the white robe, the orange-flower chaplet, the

post-chaise, and departure through dusty roads for a distant and strange scene, must to *her* have been indispensable; or did she prefer a poor lieutenant's love, and a cottage, and an elopement?'

'Now do not hurry me on, Maria, in this uncomfortable manner. I listen to your moralizing, and I expect you do the same by my descriptions.

'Miss Bullock became a sort of willow, bending beneath every blast, moral or physical, which passed over her. Mrs. Bullock remained a kind of sturdy oak, refusing to bow before even a storm; but death, the "tremendous shadow," which extinguishes the giant as easily as the glowworm, swept her away with a force as sudden as unseen!—once again he passed through Selina's home, but less hurriedly, and her father fell!

'Here let me pause to note a point of conduct peculiar to sickly sentimentality and morbid sensibility. Selina, who loved to weep over a pathetic fiction, was deficient of feeling and fortitude in the *actual* scene of sorrow; while the circumstances, which tell the proudest piece of humanity that it is *but* humanity, moved her with disgust and impatience. Not because she understood and appreciated the higher portion of human nature did she cherish this irritability, but because she did *not* understand, did *not* appreciate *that* portion. *Her* feeling was like the love that lives on mere personal beauty, and which falls away, like the caterpillar, when the leaf loses its freshness. If we properly love the nobler part of human nature, like the goddess who chose a mortal, we cast a veil of so much beauty over the common clay, as to create for it a charm even amid infirmity; and thus it is that enlightened love lingers at the chair of age, bends over the couch of disease, and casts itself upon the sod, where sleeps, at last, all that of the being so beloved could die.

'In fact, Selina was not "affected by the reality of distress touching her heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking her imagination—she pitied the plumage, but forgot the dying bird." She wept, alas! too little at the couch of vulgar pain, though the sufferer was an affectionate father; but when he was dead she wore deep weepers, and melted over his memory.

'The time of sighs and sables passed away, and Selina stepped forth in virgin white, the possessor of a much more considerable fortune than she had expected. The vanity inseparable from such a character, which courts the gaze that it affects to shun, soon blazoned abroad the important fact, and Selina grew proportionably interesting in the eyes of many who had hitherto overlooked her.

'Not butchers, but bankers and barristers, were upon the muster roll of the circle which she called her friends. The weaknesses of her character, the habits which she had acquired in solitude, or from vulgar association, were subjects of ridicule which gave a relish to the breakfast of many a lounger who

afterwards treacherously lavished upon her compliments and courtesies. Men, who should have put from them such thoughts as they would the fetid vapour of pestilence, suffered her guineas to gild her character, and sought her hand:—looked upon her imbecility not as a drawback upon the value of a wife, but as an addition to it.

'This has been the policy of all who desire to govern according to their own corrupt inclinations, instead of the broad principles of justice. Wisdom, elected by love, acts like the Creator, who gives light and air unto all, that all may grow glad and vigorous, happy and capable, to the utmost extent of the powers given: but craft, which has crept into power like a slug into a hive, through some reptile-gnawed chink, loves darkness, that his unsightliness in person and practice may not be seen.'

'Who is moralizing now?' said Maria.

'It is all *your* fault,' replied Pauline. 'I catch the tiresome habit of *you*. Now to return to Selina—

> '"Each hour a mercenary crowd
> With richest proffers strove,
> Among the rest young Edwin bow'd,
> But never talked of love."

Yes, Edwin, fortunately for him, he had been christened, and Mounteagle he was commonly called. What a combination for her fancy to feed upon! The pastoral and the powerful—the lover and the lord. She adored him by instinct—sighed deeply to think that her own name was not Emma—the union of two such pretty names was so important an item in the article of happiness.

'There was something foreign in Edwin's accent, which was "*so nice*," "*so interesting*;" then his dark eyes and long black lashes, and a sentimental sallowness in his complexion, all suggested to her delighted fancy that he was not a common Saxon compound. At length, modest as he was, following her like her shadow, worshipping her with looks, not language, she learned from him that he had had an Andalusian mother.—Ecstatic discovery!!! And his father—she trembled lest that father's origin might break or abate the spell which the fair Spaniard breathed upon her son. But no, his father had enriched his veins with the blood of the ancient kings of Ireland!!

'I have heard talk of the seventh heaven, I much question whether any ever inhaled its ether but Selina, when her Hibernia-Andalusian lover declared himself, and endowed her with his heart, his honour, and an inheritance, which, though then hovering, like a vision, in the vista of probability, might, he told her, at no distant day, drop a coronet upon her peerless brow!

'To conclude a conversation which has run on too long.—In

two years after Selina's marriage, her fortune of fifteen thousand pounds was dissipated. Feather after feather had long been falling from the jackdaw who had plumed himself upon her fortune, and palmed himself upon her credulity; but, when the last guinea was gone, he stood before her in the unadorned dignity of his real character and name, which were Benjamin Button, a journeyman tailor, the son of a travelling tinker and a gypsy fortune-teller.

'Notwithstanding all this, Benjamin was a genius in his way; and, had any sense or any strength of character existed in his deluded wife, their affairs might have been retrieved; at least utter destruction averted. But such an issue to her visionary hopes overwhelmed her; her husband forsook her to seek his fortune on the Continent, and she, many years his senior, mortified and aimless, sunk into a consumption. A relation of her despised mother-in-law offered her, from motives of the purest pity, an asylum, and there the sentimental is dragging out the remainder of her days a miserable dependent.'

M. L. G.

MUNDI ET CORDIS CARMINA.*

THE appearance of this volume will be warmly greeted by all those of our readers whose poetical appreciation has been made a source of pleasure by the poems which have appeared in the 'Monthly Repository' under the signature of *W*. The greater portion of it is original, but it includes, amongst others, the 'Phosphor and Hesper,' 'The Copse,—to Alphonse de Lamartine,' 'The Glowworm,' 'To a Water-Drop,' 'Nymphs,' and 'The Life of Flowers;' and to these we may refer as specimens of its contents which will at once decide its character to all by whom they are remembered. Those who see nothing in them need look no further, for they will see nothing more. Let them and the author shake hands at the threshold, and part with a friendly *de gustibus*. Others we invite onwards to the gratification which awaits them in the expanse of the 'Templum Mundi,' or the recesses of the 'Adyta Cordis,' not pretermitting the occasional stimulus of the 'Temporalia.' Under these titles has the author distributed his effusions; and, bating that we think the English language might have served his turn for the inscription over the portal of the temple, as it does for the service within its gates, the classification commends itself to us as made in a poetical spirit, and giving a promise which is amply redeemed.

To the further division, into 'Poems' and 'Sonnets,' we decidedly object. Although many of the author's poems be not sonnets, it would be difficult for him to produce a sonnet which should not be a poem. There is a rare felicity in his compositions

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* 'Mundi et Cordis: de rebus sempiternis et temporalibus, Carmina; Poems and Sonnets; by Thomas Wade.'

of this description. He does not construe its laws in their utmost strictness, but it still presents impediment enough to display a graceful power, only surpassed amongst living writers by that of Wordsworth.

The 'Templum Mundi' is a poetical philosophy of the universe, exhibited as a poetical philosophy is best exhibited, not in the regular arrangement and with the technical details of system building, but by varied views from different points, fragments, particular objects or impressions, and sometimes momentary glimpses of the entire structure, opening upon the vision like the enchanted castle in the Valley of St. John.

Although a brick may not serve as a specimen of a house, any more than a quotation of a work of science, yet of such a temple as that whereof we speak, with its towers, and pinnacles, and clustering pillars, and rich tracery, and delicate foliage in eternal marble, there may be a specimen, even perchance in some minutest ornament, which shall by its peculiar beauty convey distinct notice of the artist's skill; and such we find in this quaint fragment of fretwork:

'BIRDS AND THOUGHTS.

'Oh! I am weary
Of this being dreary:
Sweet birds! sweet birds!
The winter is around ye;
And ice and snow
Wrap all below;
Above, the air
Is cold, and bare
Each bough,
And the frozen breezes wound ye;
That, wherever ye fly,
On the earth, or on high,
Ye find no rest,
Nor food, nor nest,
Sweet birds! sweet birds!

'Oh! I am weary
Of this being dreary:
Sweet birds! sweet birds!
Our thoughts like ye must ever,
In this cold world,
With wings half furled,
Make voyage bare,
Till by despair
They're whirled
Around, and peace find never;
And, sinking or soaring,
Earth or heaven exploring,
They still must flee
Joyless like ye,
Sweet birds! sweet birds!

'Oh! I am weary
Of this being dreary:
Sweet birds! sweet birds!
Ye must wait till the spring unfoldeth
The sun and earth;
And then in mirth
Ye may rejoice,
And with clear voice
Her birth
Chant to the sphere which her beauty holdeth;
And our thoughts must await
The great life beyond fate,
To soar and sing,
Like ye in spring,
Sweet birds! sweet birds!'

p. 55—57.

That the author is an admirer of Shelley might have been certainly inferred, had he not put it upon record. The congenialities of spirit are obvious. There is no imitation nor blind homage, but a strong affinity of quality and tendency. The same addictedness to creations of mist, and rainbow, and filmy frostwork. The following sonnet shows how a poet is appreciated by a poet:

'SHELLEY.

'Holy and mighty poet of the Spirit
That broods and breathes along the Universe!
In the least portion of whose starry verse
Is the great breath the sphered heavens inherit—
No human song is eloquent as thine;
For, by a reasoning instinct all divine,
Thou feel'st the soul of things; and thereof singing,
With all the madness of a sky lark springing,
From earth to heaven, the intenseness of thy strain,
Like the lark's music all around us ringing,
Laps us in God's own heart, and we regain
Our primal life etherial!—Men profane
Blaspheme thee: I have heard thee *Dreamer* styled—
I've mused upon their wakefulness, and smiled.'

p. 120.

The last two words were better away. He 'mused upon their wakefulness,' but we doubt whether he 'smiled.' The conclusion jars more upon the mind than would the unfinished line upon the ear. Short measure is better than false fact. If the smile did come, it must have been a slow and melancholy one; such as might not have misbeseemed Jacques, in the Forest of Ardennes, encountering there some intolerant and conceited interloper from the city. To this sonnet succeeds another, from which we cannot separate it, inasmuch as it is, perchance, an amplification of the aforesaid smile's meaning, as excited by one class of objects:

'SHELLEY AND KEATS, AND THEIR "REVIEWER."

'Two heavenly doves I saw, which were, indeed,
Sweet birds and gentle—like the immortal pair
That waft the Cyprian chariot through the air;
And with their songs made music, to exceed
All thought of what rich poesy might be:
At which a crow, perched on a sullen tree,
Dingy and hoarse, made baser by their brightness,
Would fain be judge of melody and whiteness.
And cawed dire sentence on these sweet-throat turtles;
To which his fellow flock of carrion things
Croaked clamorous assent; but still the wings
Of those pure birds are white amid the myrtles
Of every grove, where culled they nectared seed,
Whilst still on cold dead flesh these carrion creatures feed.'

p. 121.

In the 'Adyta Cordis' there is a redolence of beauty which must place the author high amongst erotic bards; yet with something too much of mere sensation, and too little of that true power of love which he professes to celebrate. It seems as if, with the author, love had been the offspring of poetry, rather than poetry the offspring of love. His descriptions are of the phenomena of sense, passion, and the general perception of beauty, rather than of that strong and permanent individualization of them, in which consist the power and purity of love; of that love which refines and elevates the best natures, and is the motive and the recompense of the noblest actions.

In Lord Brougham's 'Natural Theology,' we are taught that the final cause of the passion of love is the perpetuation of the species, and such would probably have been the purpose assigned to it in the calculations of Jeremy Bentham; yet may the Utilitarian philosophy and the theology of nature yield a better oracle to the inquirer, and indicate its proper and noble agency in those impulses to the exertions of the poet or the patriot, which no other stimulus can so well supply. The author's perception of this agency, and his want of an entire, consistent, and uniform recognition of the power which exercises it, may perhaps both be illustrated by the poem entitled 'Pain and Solace, a Vision.'

'PAIN AND SOLACE.

'*A Vision.*

'With her I love I enter'd a proud chamber,
Festooned with golden lamps, of many dies,
Illumed, with pendants of rich pearl and amber;
And on the walls hung ancient tapestries,
Storied with many tales of smiles and sighs.
There, in the midst, on a low ottoman,
Sate she I loved, gazing with weeping eyes
Upon a woven mythos of old Pan,
And Syrinx, piteous nymph! transformed as she ran.

' " Thou hast destroy'd me, traitor!" wildly turning
To greet me as I passed, she cried aloud;
Her fine eye flashing, and her fair cheek burning:
" Thou seest me here to mine own sorrows bow'd,
Thou dreaming Falsehood! of thy falseness proud!
Still thinking how to use me for thy lyre;
And out of my dark passion's thunder-cloud
Lightning to draw: ay, like yon shepherd sire,
A living song to make of thy most dead desire.

' " Begone!—I shall not die!"—she said, and faded,
Like to some form of mist in evening dim,
When the true vision of the eye is shaded,
And all around with spectral face and limb
The fields and woods seem ghastly. As a hymn
Of God long sounds within the sinner's brain,
After the airs have tomb'd its notes sublime,
Those words still shook my heart; all pierced with pain—
As haunt a slayer's soul the last sighs of the slain!

' But with the solemn echoes as I quivered
Of that prophetic voice of her I loved,
Deep phrase of solace she I love delivered
Which the infection of their grief removed—
That phrase—" She shall not die!" Let it be proved
By entranced songs of living minstrelsy;
Which lark enclouded, nightingale engroved,
May pipe sweet concord to from earth and sky,
Whilst the world's loving hearts in chorus soft reply!'

p. 141, 142.

The 'Temporalia' contains a glorious lyric burst of feeling on 'The Three Great Days of France,' with some spirited 'Reform Bill Hymns,' and two or three minor poems of various merit.

The most characteristic and sustained flight of the author's fancy is the 'Ode to Poesy,' which stands at the commencement of the volume, the lofty-pillared porch of his 'Templum Mundi.' Some fragments of it must conclude this very imperfect notice; they will be its most efficient portion to all poetical spirits.

'TO POESY.

'Thou " wine of demons!" by dull flesh abjured,
But the true essence of all things divine!
The incense that perfumeth Nature's shrine!
Nectar of the heart and brain!
Spirit's sun-unfolding rain!
Deep Poesy! I come to thee, allured
By all that I do hear, scent, touch, or see;
From the flower's delicate aglet, where the bee
Makes music, to the depths of sea and ether,
Where winds and waves in fierce love leap together,
And storms are thunder-voiced and lightning-plumed,
And worlds, Creation's sparks, extinguished and illumed.

'The mysteries which the dreamers of old days
Did gird thee with, in many a solemn strain,
Are buried in the grave of our disdain:
Men now no altars to Apollo raise;
And rich-brained Memory's glorious daughters
Sink in Oblivion's Lethe-waters:
The mount whence Eros shot his golden arrow
At jeering Phœbus' heart, revered by none,
Hath less advertence than a war-left barrow,
And every spring mates that of Helicon:
The blood-engendered horse, the winged vision!
With the child's steed, becomes the man's derision;
Round poet-brows no laurel crownlet clings,
And outward symbols all are scoffed as idle things!

'But life and death remain unread;
And by the same
Aspiring flame
Their poor inheritors are fed:
And thou and thy sublime rewards,
Deep-dwelling in the mind's regards,
Unchanged, are now as when dark Sappho writ,
Or Carus' wisdom on the world alit.

'Some idle voices are gone forth of late,
That thou art fading from the dreamless world;
But darkness cannot yet decree light's date,
Nor thine imperial flag by slaves be furled!
* * * * * *

'Deep cell of honey! evermore unclosed,
But filling fast as feasted on: thou flower!
That on the steep of life ay overpeerest
The ocean of eternity, and rearest
Thy beauteous head beneath Time's hurricane power,
In which, though shaken, thou hast still reposed:
Even as a green bough waveth o'er a tomb,
Thy glories float above the old world's doom;
And, as sweet blossoms beat to earth by rain
Rise with fresh beauty in the morning sun—
When barbarism hath thy grace o'errun,
Thou with a most tender
And more perfect splendour
Hast blushed reviving o'er the world again!
* * * * *

'As many wander by the wondrous ocean
Only to gather pebbles, thou to millions
Art but as vanity; but that emotion
Which of the hearts who feast in thy pavilions
Is the ripe-gushing fruit and foaming wine,
Is deep as Bacchus' vat, or Mammon's mine.

Those who despise thee and thy dreamy glories,
Because they know thee not, are dreamers vainer,
Who sleep through their dark life, and think it light;
Reality their spell-word; but thy sight
Out-glanceth dull day-life; thy lofty stories
Are clear as their fond creeds, and thy religion plainer.

* * * * *

'As the eye, eastward fixed afar,
Plucks from the dawn a paling star,
Seen but by a striving vision;
Thou, with a sublime decision,
Forcest from the universe
Many a dream and secret golden,
In its depths of glory folden,
And weav'st it into soul-essential verse!
Like the storm-presaging bird
In the van of thunder heard,
Thou prophesiest of eternity;
And from the great To-Come clouds roll before thine eye!

* * * * *

'I dedicate my transient being
To thy great altars, thou All-seeing!
Lead me in tumult to thy sovereign peace;
And print thy kiss of love on my soul's brow!
Suffer my footsteps in thy places holy;
And sanctify me with the melancholy
Born of that exaltation!—Lo! I droop;
And from thine ether to dim silence stoop—
Yet musing of thee: as the lark, descending,
Stills in the lower airs his gushing song;
And on the quiet mead his voyage ending,
Sits hush'd, as his deep thought did the same strain prolong.'
p. 5—12.

Mr. Wade is the author of two dramas, entitled "Woman's Love, or the Triumph of Patience, a Comedy,' and 'The Jew of Arragon, or the Hebrew Queen, a Tragedy.' Both partake of that rich mingling of poetry and passion which characterizes the old English drama; and the latter especially, although a division of interest impairs its dramatic effect, is fraught with a power to which we yield but poor praise in saying, that it may be long sought for in vain amongst the most successful of modern plays.

W. J. F.

'How sadly your brother neglects Flora's education,' said Sir James Brandon, as he looked from the newspaper, in which he had been reading a florid advertisement of a fashionable school, and addressed himself to his lady who was drawing at a table near him; 'it is lamentable—lamentable indeed!'

'It scarcely deserves the name of neglect, I think,' replied Lady Brandon; 'for he is constantly with her, joins in her pursuits, and permits her to share in his, whenever she feels disposed to do so.'

'Yes; but what are they? reading plays and similar useless books; idling time in writing others; letting her run riot in his library (a most improper thing for a young girl to be permitted to do, especially in such a mixed library as his) or anywhere else she may choose; allowing her to use the freedom to express her opinions, whatever they may be; and, by not putting her under the judicious restraint of some respectable person, preventing her from acquiring those quiet correct notions which every young woman, who has to live in the world, ought to possess.'

'Yes; but do you not think that up to this time my brother's plan has succeeded? She is one of the happiest girls I know, and one of the warmest-hearted; always active, and perfectly free from the most ungraceful fault in the world, that of being selfish.'

'All very well, Lady Brandon; but those warm-hearted people are very imprudent, and, by thinking too much of others, we are often brought into difficulty. I have contented myself with endeavouring to maintain a distinguished respectability in the world; and, if your brother were to take a little more pains to instil the same policy into Flora, it would be far better for us all.' Lady Brandon was about to reply, when the colloquy was stayed by the entrance of the Flora in question; and never was an argument in a person's own favour more captivatingly embodied. As she entered she held up a wreath of white wild convolvulus, and another of the same kind was twined round the large straw hat which shaded her brows.

'See, dear aunt, I have brought you the wreath you wanted; it was such a beauty, and I had such a scramble for it, and you must begin to draw it directly, for the flowers fade in an instant; bless its poor little life! Oh! how it did beg not to be torn away from the family of white faces it has left behind; but I told it that you would make it immortal, and then it came directly; now, do not disappoint its hopes.'

'Flora, how can you talk so much nonsense?' said Sir James; and then Flora's brows looked worried, but she quickly recovered. 'Good morning, uncle; when does Emma come home? do let her come and see me soon. I have a new garden, and papa has given me a nice arbour for the miranda to twine over; and I have

hung Dick up, and he sings as if his soul were constantly coming up his throat and going down again.'

'Hung Dick up! what are you talking of child?' said her uncle, who had imperfectly heard the last sentence.

'Why, my Dick, the canary; poor dear, it is one's duty to make them as happy as one can. I long to open the door and let it fly; and should, only they say it would die. But, uncle, you will let Emma come very often; we will sit there so pretty, and do our lessons together.'

'Lessons! I thought you had never anything to do with such things.'

'Oh yes, sometimes; for papa never obliges me to, and——'

'That *to* is a vulgarism,' said Sir James.

'Oh, is it?—well, where was I?—it is, however, right to do them as often as I can; and when I take pains, papa is so kind and smiles so; and then he reads to me out of "Macbeth" or the "Merchant of Venice," or anything else I ask him; and I have learnt so many speeches by heart. Oh! do let me say "the quality of mercy."' And she threw off her hat, shook down her hair over her shoulders, caught up a shawl that was lying on a chair, wrapped it around her, and was soon lost in her sensations of enjoyment; went fairly through the whole trial scene from the 'Merchant of Venice;' guessing at and personating Shylock and the other characters, which had usually fallen to her father's share, but giving her own part of Portia perfectly, and with all the truth, grace, and spirit which had been impressed into her both by nature and cultivation. Meanwhile Lady Brandon, who had begun to sketch the convolvulus wreath, now relinquished it, to gaze on the other and more exquisite child of nature before her. Of a form so fragile that it seemed scarcely sufficient tenement for the spirit that dwelt within it, and replete with that native grace which waits alike upon the unconsciousness of youth or the refined and cultured taste of later years; with every feature enriched with the music of expression, waking up a beautiful and universal harmony, the little enthusiast, her eyes brightening, her cheeks now red, now pale, as each successive emotion thrilled and vibrated through her frame, stirred not until the scene was near its completion. After the words, 'Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke,' she seemed suddenly to recollect herself. She hastily threw off the shawl, and gathering up her hair said, half-archly, half-timidly, 'I see, uncle, you are thinking it high time that I should "down and beg mercy" of you for carrying my folly into your library.' Sir James Brandon, somewhat mitigated by Flora's extreme artlessness and grace, softened towards her. 'No, my dear, no; it is all very well here; but let me warn you against the cultivation of a very dangerous taste, very dangerous, indeed!'

'Why *very well* here, uncle, and not very well anywhere else? Why dangerous? I am sure it always makes me feel better and

happier. I wish you would ask me to do something very difficult for you; I am so strong; I feel I could do anything; could fly, almost.' And she threw her arms back, and seemed, like Ariel, to 'drink the air before her;' and you felt that with a very little less of the mortal coil in which she was wrapped, she might have taken her flight home on 'a bat's back, after sunset merrily.'

'But tell me, uncle, why is it dangerous?'

'I wonder a girl of your sense (here was condescension!) should ask the question; dangerous, because it might lead you into temptation.'

'Into temptation! I do not know what you mean, uncle.'

'Why, tempt you to become an actress, to be sure.'

'Oh! is that all? well, I never could see why it should be very well here, as you said just now, and very bad at a theatre; to me it seems much better, because there are so many more people to whom you are able to give pleasure.'

'Flora, I am shocked to hear you express such a disgraceful opinion,' said her uncle.

'My father would not think it so,' said Flora, colouring to the temples.

'Possibly not,' said her uncle, with perfect coolness.

'And I—but we shall never agree, and it is absurd to waste feeling in this way,' she said, half speaking to herself; and she turned to her aunt to receive the kiss that had been awaiting her so long, and the test of affection from eyes that were always either filling with fresh tears, or parting with old ones; while Sir James was remaining inwardly shocked at the impertinence which could make a girl of fourteen commit the indecorum of not agreeing with a man more than three times her own age, and of much longer standing in society. 'Dear aunt, how beautifully you are sketching the little drooper! Pretty one! do you think me very cruel for tearing you away from your home?' And, as she kissed the dying convolvulus, a passing shade came over her, while Lady Brandon looked at the fragile girl and the fading flower, and sighed she scarcely knew why, though its interpretation might be found in the fleetly-vanishing beauty and freshness of fair youth. 'There! look at your futurity before you die,' continued the girl, holding the flower to the page on which it had been preserved in many a graceful curve; 'you will live longer than the companions whom you have left on the hedge-bough; but that is poor comfort; and here is so much life gone!' And the rapidly-dying wreath was again pondered over, and a resolve half-formed never again to pluck another. At last she threw it gently from her, as if that were the only way to end her doubting. 'And now, dear aunt, I must go, for papa was to come and meet me at the gate at the end of the wood,—this end; for I love to walk through a wood with him, and he will be there before I am. Do let me know as soon as Emma comes home, for we are going to give the school children

a treat, and George is planning all sorts of things in the garden; and you will let some of the servants come, and Emma and I will sing to them, and teach them all sorts of games; and you will come too, my own dear aunt;' and she coaxingly threw her arms round Lady Brandon's neck, while Lady Brandon kindly turned her eyes towards her husband, who was looking as coldly objective as heart could *not* wish. 'Your father allows George too much licence,' said he; 'servants ought to be kept at a proper distance.'

'Yes, uncle, but I never think of George as a servant; and he is not, he is our friend; I am sure all that he does is because he is happy to do it for us; and how well he talks, and how much he knows; and how intelligent his face is, and how it lights up when he listens to the conversations and tales at table! I do like to see his quiet laugh when anything is said that he enjoys.'

Sir James, more shocked than ever, looked colder than ever, while Flora, who knew well each change of a thermometer that never rose above *temperate*, continued: 'I shall put you out, uncle, so rather than *you*, let it be myself—good bye!' and she hurried hastily away, brushing her aunt with another kiss as she passed. Much conversation followed her exit; Sir James's usual cold, dry objections, and Lady Brandon's tearful palliations; we prefer to omit both, choosing rather, while Flora makes her way to the stile, to give a slight outline of the character and history of the two families.

Walter Brandon and his sister had been early left orphans to the care of a bachelor uncle, a country gentleman of great wealth but small learning. His leading passion was to make his name great, to distinguish himself and everything belonging to him by any lawful means that came within his reach. He had made many fruitless attempts to connect himself with some family of rank; and now, despairing of any further advancement through his own person, he determined that his nephew and niece should be the achievers of this long-coveted exaltation. He saw how much the want of a complete education had impeded his own fortunes, and accordingly he determined to give the little Walter all the advantages himself had lacked. As for the girl, it was of less consequence; she could pick up the crumbs that fell from the ample provision which he determined to furnish for her brother's mental table. He neither was, nor pretended to be, a judge of character, was ignorant of the different means necessary to effect a desired end; he acted solely as the thought of the moment prompted, and in nine cases out of ten worked hard to produce the exact contrary result to that which he desired. He was a sufficient judge to detect a spirit in Walter that, if properly managed, might, as he emphatically termed it, 'make a noise in the world;' and, accordingly, he began to look out for means by which he combustible matter might be concentrated, and go off with a loud report, to the glory, honour, praise, and power, of the

family of the Brandons, and to him, Humphrey, who had been the first mover in what seemed to him a mighty plan, in particular. Accordingly, he looked about in his neighbourhood, and in every newspaper where advertisements could be found, for a tutor likely to suit his purpose. At last, one appeared which seemed to promise all the requisites. 'A middle-aged man, who had had an university education, &c. &c.,' 'earnest desire for the advancement of his pupils,' 'acquisition of true power,' 'strength,' 'progression,' 'elevation.'—'That's it!' and he read over and over again the catchwords, each time imbuing them more strongly than before with his own especial meaning. The advertisement was answered, the references exchanged, and in a few days the new tutor was installed in his office. And a blessed one it was. The sanguine high-hearted spirit of his pupil, which was already running to an extravagant and ill-directed luxuriance, was timely placed under judicious training. Channels were daily made for the noble torrent of enthusiasm, which, for want of guidance like his, would else have rushed headlong in mad impulse, have wasted itself in overleaping its banks, have brought desolation where it should have ministered to beauty and happiness. Meantime the bachelor contented himself in the choice he had made of deputy guardian to his nephew, and renewed his old habits of visiting amongst the adjacent families, frequenting all places of public resort within reach, races, county balls, &c., to see what new scions were growing up who it might be advisable to graft on the Brandon stock. A husband for Emma was the first thing to be looked after, as she was two years Walter's senior. Many and many a regret did the old man waste over her want of beauty; for the sweet, quiet, gentle expression, which dwelt in features that would have approached to insignificance but for that added charm, was too unobtrusive to flatter the hopes of her ambitious uncle. He would have had the girl heir to a face that would have been of itself a fortune, and then have left Walter all the concentrated wealth of the family. As it was, he feared lest he should be obliged 'to serve her as I do you,' and he looked at his gun as he spoke,—'load her, to make her GO OFF.'

Meantime, all unconscious of the plots and manœuvres that were making the brain of their uncle so busy, nephew and niece were progressing according to their different natures. Though totally unlike in character, they possessed for each other a strong and undeviating attachment. Walter's noble spirit of romantic enthusiasm, noble because it was wholly untinged by self-interest, led him to look upon Emma's gentleness as something to be sheltered and protected by him, a treasure to be so carefully tended that no rude influence might come in contact with her to shock the sensitiveness of her nature; and, though his tutor would frequently remonstrate with him on his excessive indulgence, his unconscious ministering to a morbid sensibility, which prevented

her acquiring a strength so necessary to her character, yet the pleasure of seeking her present ease, made Walter blind to future consequences; and he still continued in the same course, often at the expense of his own comfort, and—what he was so anxious to promote—Emma's future happiness. Time was meanwhile working a thorough change in their circumstances. The bachelor was beginning to be tired of waiting for the result of all his plans for the future greatness of the family. Walter was now in his eighteenth year; 'quite time that he should be looking out.' He *had* been looking for a long while, but it had been *in* to the depths of things, sounding the shallows, discovering the quicksands, diving deep into the ocean of truth, bringing up treasures which he placed within the storehouse of his mind, there to remain till time and circumstance should call them from their recesses. Yet he was unconscious of all this. His tutor was the directing spirit; he it was who had harmonized the noble elements, which he had found a chaos, into a world of beauty and order.

And now Bachelor Humphrey came to another period, when he determined to bestir himself; and accordingly, as five years before he had consulted his oracle, the newspaper, and it had seemed to answer so well that it had given him what he wanted with little trouble, again he applied for help to the source which had found him in tutor, to find him in profession. At the time of which we are writing, the public prints teemed with an account of promotions in the India service. India had always been a sort of El Dorado to him; and now that his imagination was in a newly excited state, it seemed so more than ever. All consideration of his nephew's fitness, (of the necessity of a previous military education,) all consciousness of the lapse of time that must take place before his hope could receive fruition, (of course, affection never having had any part in his feeling towards him, the personal separation was as nothing;) all was lost in the distant vision of coming glory, at first dimly seen, but now advancing with phantasmagoric fleetness and increase of dimension; and, to pursue the metaphor, it finally ended in his being 'Walter Brandon, Lord Brandon, Governor General,' close to his nose, and there was no longer doubt upon the subject. Accordingly, one morning, Master Walter was summoned to attend his uncle in the library. He was not a man of many words,—a good thing for those who were compelled to listen to him.

'Sit down, nephew, sit down;—hem! I have been thinking, nephew, that it is high time you should be seeking your future profession.'

'My future profession, sir?'

'Yes; is there anything so very extraordinary in that, that you start as if you had been shot?'

'No, uncle; only profession is a word I hate, and hope never to have anything to do with.'

The bachelor looked up and stared in utter astonishment. 'I don't quite understand you, nephew, and I think you have misunderstood me; I mean that you should be thinking what will be the best thing to help you to make your way in the world; or, perhaps, it is better to say at once that I have thought for you, and saved you the trouble of deciding; and that, as I see by the papers that many young men have gone to India and risen in the world, (he did not dare hint at the whole glory of his anticipations,) and as you are as likely a young man to do this, if you choose to try, as any one I know, with your own attainments, and the property I possess, and the interest I can make, I have settled to purchase a cadetship for you at the earliest opportunity; and will give you a capital outfit and everything needful. And as I have no doubt that your tutor has instructed you in good staunch principles, that you will be prevented from getting into any extravagances which might otherwise hinder your doing all you can to add to your own honour and wealth, I have also no doubt that eventually I shall look upon you with pride, as one who has added fresh lustre to the name of Brandon.'

For a moment the bachelor forgot everything else in wonder at his own eloquence; it was for him a momentary gleam of inspiration. The next instant he paused for answer, or rather approbation, from his nephew. Walter, during the harangue, had had time to recover from his first astonishment, had gathered enough to understand his uncle's meaning, and had determined to answer coolly and courageously.

'I am sorry, my dear sir, to disappoint you; I have long made up my mind that it would be impossible for me to go into the army. I never will voluntarily enter into a service that stamps a man a slave; that obliges him to wear a livery, and *that* in a service that at times appears to me little better than murder; that compels him to draw his sword and sheathe his conscience; and all at the *command* of another whose order he dares not disobey.'

'What folly is this, sir?'

'Truth, uncle, simple truth.'

'What, I suppose your tutor's been making you pious, and you want to go into the church?' and the bachelor thought of a prospective bishopric, but with such visible discontent that it almost amounted to actual dislike.

'My tutor has taught me a better lesson, uncle; he left the university without taking an honour, though his high talent might, with ease, have earned it for him, because he would not lay the guilt of perjury upon his soul by subscribing to articles which he did not believe.'

'The law! so it is to be the law, eh?' and then a splendid vision of future greatness uprose to the eyes of Humphrey's excited imagination—'Walter Lord Brandon, Lord High Chancellor of England, Defender of the Faith. No, faith; that's not

it—"**Keeper of the King's Conscience;**"—ay, now we have it! and a match for any earl's daughter. Well, my boy,' he added aloud, 'let it be the law, if you like; but you will have to work hard—very hard, and'—

'Dear uncle, may I interrupt you? The same notion that prevented my entering the army or the church, applies, with almost equal force, to the law. My tutor and my conscience together have long ago settled the question for me. The latter pleaded hard not to be outraged, and I gave her a promise, and that promise I mean to keep, that I never will voluntarily place myself in circumstances which will render me deaf to her voice. Some there may be who can stand the trial; but the temptation is hard to bide, and I for one will not run the risk.'

The bachelor was stunned, and it was some time before he recovered speech; at last it came.

'And pray what is to become of you? I suppose you would like to live a quiet lazy country life all your days? Never, sir, never, if I can prevent it!'

'Or I either, uncle; I mean to devote myself to literary pursuits, and'—

'Literary fiddlesticks; what will that do for you? do not all poets starve, or deserve to be starved? Who ever heard of an author's rising to distinction? Who ever heard of an author's being anything but poor? And do you think I shall be brought to consent to such a thing? never, sir, never!' and he walked up and down the room, boiling with rage, uttering a torrent of words, which, from the excess of his passion, could hardly be distinguished, except the expressions which, every now and then, coming with peculiar emphasis, arose like a beacon of warning, 'never, sir, never.' At last he stopped to take breath, waited a few seconds, and then made a final gathering up. Fixing his eyes strongly on Walter, he said, 'I tell you what, sir, I will give you your choice of the army or the law, which is as much as you can expect, and more than you deserve. I give you till to-morrow to consider of it, and if you do not then think proper to come to your senses, I shall'—here he paused, for he had not quite made up his mind as to what he should do;—'take measures accordingly,' uttered in what was meant to be a tone of threatening solemnity, concluded the sentence and the conversation as he turned hastily out of the room.

Though startled by the suddenness of the crisis, Walter was in no way dismayed, and he repaired to his best friend, his tutor, to advise with him as to his future course. He found his sister in the study, and, as she had ever shared his entire confidence, he proceeded as gently as he could to tell her all that had happened. Counsel he knew she could offer none; tears were all she could give, and entreaties that he would not leave her. Walter well knew that here would be his trial. He consoled her as well as he

was able, assured her of their separation being only a temporary one, and persuaded her quietly to listen while the necessary future arrangements were being agreed upon. By no personal affection had the bachelor ever endeared himself to his nephew or niece, he had adopted them solely to answer his own selfish ambition; and as this had been daily making itself more apparent to the increasing discernment of Walter, on his own account he was glad to be removed from what seemed to him so degrading a position. But his sister—what was to become of her? She was little calculated to battle with the world—weak health, weak nerves, abundant and ill-regulated sensibility, luxurious personal habits, made her completely unfit to stem the torrent that calls forth fresh energy in the strong, but too often drowns the weak in its eddies. To leave her dependent on her uncle for that affection which was so necessary to her, was a groundless hope; to leave her dependent on him for what he *could* supply, money, was gall and wormwood; to take her with him into the world with their limited means, limited when compared with their past style of living, would be to drive her to instant privation, without having the solace of his frequent society, as his pursuits would necessarily take up his time away from her. At last he determined that she should at least remain in the country until he had insured some way of adding to their income, half of which was to remain with her to save her from the humiliation of being entirely dependent on her uncle. Of its amount Walter knew but little; they had always been liberally supplied, always had ample provisions of every kind suited to their style of living. Walter knew that the cottage once, with some acres of farm land attached to it, in the neighbourhood of his uncle's mansion, had been his father's, but of what was the rental, or of what other property had been left with this, he was ignorant. This he was determined to ascertain as soon as possible; and, as he was willing to avoid another stormy interview, he wrote a repetition of his former determination to his uncle, accompanied by the desire to know what his real circumstances were, and that matters might come to a speedy termination. While Walter had been busily occupied in forming his future plans, the bachelor had not been idle. Walter's decision of manner gave him little hope of his intentions, and he determined from henceforward to banish him from his presence, and not only that, but what others would have thought a far more objectionable proceeding, to shut him out from all future remembrances of any kind. He now turned his hopes to his niece, determined to retain her as his playing card; and, though he felt how much he had lost in not having his nephew as an auxiliary, he resolved to waste no time in regrets, but to look about him. He returned a mere business answer to Walter's inquiry, telling him that his entire dependence, and that of his sister, was on the rent derived from Uplands, the cottage and farm above-mentioned,

which did not exceed £150, enclosed him notes and cash to the amount of the whole rent received since his father's death, with the interest, and a year in advance, and added that this would be the last communication between them. Walter begged to depart from this last injunction in one particular. He retained half the yearly advance of rent, and enclosing the rest in a blank envelope, left it with his sister to place in her uncle's possession after he had taken his departure. The following morning he bade an affectionate and hopeful farewell of her, bidding her look forward to a speedy reunion, and promising to write often; and with his tutor set forth to enter that world whose fiat he had so uncompromisingly defied.

We must pass over very briefly the events that happened ere the brother and sister again met. For some time Emma bitterly lamented over her brother's absence; but time, which heals all grievances where the heartstrings are not absolutely cracked asunder, soon quieted her into an uncomplaining submissive girl. She was now looked upon as old Brandon's acknowledged heiress, and there were not wanting many of the neighbouring scions of the adjoining estate-holders, who seemed to think the connexion a desirable one. But old Brandon's views were far too ambitious; for Emma had not the beauty which could attract for its own sake, nor sufficient wealth to tempt rank to the condescension of marrying beneath itself. He had the mortification of seeing her dance with half-pay officers at county balls, while the sons of earls passed her by with utter indifference. He was beginning to despair of success, when chance threw into his way a Sir James Bingham, a son of an old friend with whom he had formerly been intimate. He decided, at last, that a baronet would be better than nothing; and Sir James deciding, at the same time, that money was a thing which, if weighed in the balance, would be found wanting in him, and consequently very acceptable, it was finally resolved that for a con-si-de-ration Sir James Bingham should be soon Sir James Brandon, taking the estate that bore that name, and a wife into the bargain. The father of Sir James had sprung from low origin, had made a fortune by government contracts, had purchased his baronetcy, and had since lost the greater part of his wealth by linking himself with an insecure banking establishment. His only son, meantime, had grown up to be ashamed of him, and to make the only principle through life that of standing well with the world, and supporting his name with dignity. With a handsome person, cold as an icicle, with manners too evidently the result of study to be those of one of nature's gentlemen, with conduct squared to what some called the strictest rules of virtue, but which was, in fact, only strict adherence to worldly policy, he continued to gain a reputation for being one of the most 'respectable' men in the county; and when Walter, soon after having parted with his sister, heard of her approaching marriage

with one who was accounted so worthy a man, he felt relieved from an anxiety which had formed the only drawback upon the life which had lately opened before him.

We must pass as briefly over Walter's life as we have done over that of his sister, though it would make a volume in the history of the mind and heart of man. To the great city Walter came, with a somewhat more chastened feeling than would have been his had the visit taken place under less uncertain circumstances. His tutor, who now considered him more in the light of a son than a pupil, determined to continue to watch over him with the most affectionate vigilance. The adopted father and son engaged a quiet lodging, and began to take the steps that would best ensure them against the attacks of the only enemy they had to dread—poverty. The tutor had little fear on his own account, and he soon succeeded in raising a small class of daily pupils, to whom his mornings would for the future be devoted, leaving the evening of the day at liberty to devote to Walter. Walter's talents for literary composition, or rather his enthusiastic temperament, which appropriated the vast store of information of every kind to which he had had access, coupled with the most exquisite taste, led him into the expression of many an eloquent and imaginative effusion; and carefully did his tutor watch for the time when his powers should become concentrated upon the working out of some one mighty principle, that he might be identified as one of the leading minds of the age. The society of all the wise and good and gifted, at least as many as the tutor's limited acquaintance could command, was eagerly sought out for him; and it was here that Walter's real existence first dawned upon him. It was here that its fullest capacity for happiness appeared for a time to receive all that even so sanguine a spirit as his craved after. It was here that he was destined to find that other soul, which, when found, discovered to him indeed, that until that time he had been only half created. It was here that all the full heart-springs, which had as yet slumbered like imprisoned waters, were loosened from their captivity. The magic wand touched the rock, and they leapt forth in strength and brightness, gladdening and fertilizing all who came within their influence. It was here he first found that *one* sympathy which made the 'peopled solitude' to him a paradise of bliss. Walter loved; and oh that there were more with love like unto his!| The treasure had never been lavished on unworthiness; he had never been fooled into the belief of excellence that did not exist; imagination had never played him false in first gilding an object with brightness, and letting him believe, in the unsuspecting credulity of his heart, that the brightness was the creature's own, till cold reality came too late to show him how deeply he had erred in attributing light to another which was but the reflection from his own soul. He had never heartlessly played with the feelings of another; never recklessly debased his

nature by the degradation of self-indulgence; he came with a heart filled with love, pure as an alabaster urn filled with the most precious flowers—no, not flowers; they have no immortality.

Amongst the few whom his adopted father called friends was one who had been an early college acquaintance. A similarity of principle soon ripened their casual interchange into enduring intimacy. They had both left their 'alma mater' branded as disobedient children, and both from the same motive—obedience to the laws that have been graven on the hearts of all who follow the dictates of their consciences, before alma mater, to use a homely phrase, 'was born or thought of.' They were alike principally dependent on their own exertions, and alike sought out for the means by which they could most efficiently employ their individual talents. While the one sought employment in the bestowment of classical and mathematical knowledge, the other, with equal earnestness, and with an utter contempt for a prejudice which then existed in much greater strength than it does now, devoted himself to the dramatic art. Not fitted to attain first-rate excellence, he had not the conceit to tempt him into a position beyond his powers. He placed himself in the ranks, a devoted follower, and, in a worldly point of view, a martyr to his belief in the high purposes and beneficial influences to which his vocation might be made to minister. The friends continued steadily in their different courses: at intervals they met, but it was too often, amongst other things, to compare the different struggles and difficulties which their opposition to the despotism of Mammon had entailed upon them. The actor married, while the tutor remained a bachelor. Many years had elapsed since Walter's adopted father had seen his early friend, and in the intermediate time the one had become a widower with one only girl, and the other returned to London with the youth of his adoption. Fate could not do otherwise than point them out for each other, and the hearts of the friends rejoiced, though with trembling, at witnessing their children in the possession of the most exquisite bliss this earth holds—pure and perfect sympathy. The girl had originally been dedicated to the stage, but delicacy of health had entirely unfitted her to endure the trials and fatigues of various kinds dependent upon it. It was a sad disappointment to her. She worshipped her father, and to have run a course by his side would have been what she would have chosen. All she could do she did. She turned her attention to illustrative drawing, and many of the best theatrical portraits of her time were the result of her sketches. In Walter she found all the high-hearted generous self-devotion which was the divinity she worshipped. In Walter she found that purity of which the world knows nothing, and too often ignorantly blasphemes: from Walter she learnt to controul a somewhat too impatient spirit, which would often break out in gusts of indignation that were almost more than her delicate frame could bear; and to

Walter she gave a whole heart, that, like his, was untenanted by one thought, one feeling, that would have prevented an angel making of it a tabernacle. And there *was* an angel dwelling within it—an angel of love and beneficence; and often would the celestial spirit visit her eyes and irradiate her features, till those who looked upon them almost deemed that one of the inhabitants of heaven had descended to bless the sons and daughters of earth. They were married. They knew well the only enemy they had to dread, but they felt that together they would be far stronger in resisting its attack: they had few artificial wants, and there was not one comparable to the want of each other's society. A house was taken that would provide for the domestication of the entire group under one roof, and they all continued to persevere in their accustomed avocations.

The theatre was a new world to Walter; and what a world!—With her for his guiding spirit, how did he dream—no, realize, all that he had dreamt—of a world of beauty and happiness far different from the one in which he had lived, and yet all fashioned out of the same material. And here it was; here was redemption from the formal petty detail of every-day life; here were thoughts that breathe and words that burn; here was scope for powers that had as yet remained undevoted; and, oh bliss! here was that other life within his life—that spirit who had opened this world upon him—all his own, to go through life with him hand in hand, soul in soul, to be his joy, his inspiration, his all. Daily, hourly, did he feel all his noble powers expand beneath her influence: he seemed to tread on air, rather to fly through it; daily he asked, 'What shall I render for all this?' and daily plans were made and unmade in the exuberance of his gratitude. He saw how sadly deficient was stage authorship for all the higher purposes which the art was calculated to achieve; and though far from assuming his own ability to attain first-rate excellence as a dramatic writer, he felt he could at least make an appeal to a universal human feeling, without its intermixture of low art or coarse vulgarity. Then to have what he wrote spoken by *her*; to write for *her*; to hear her, see her infusing her own exquisite nature into a thousand hearts; to support her, cherish her, through it all; to have such a home, to which they might come after their good work was achieved! oh what dreams they would have! 'Walter,' she would say, 'write much in praise of love, and when I speak it look at me, look at me well; for I shall be thinking of *you* all the time; and I must write, too. I *must* write a character for you; no, I must be some one to praise a character like you; oh, to tell them all what you are! what I feel you are!—my blessing!' and she threw herself upon his bosom, and wept out the fulness of her heart's love. Walter's fears for her health were fast vanishing; she seemed daily to gain strength; but he still determined on her not trying her strength for a year, until different circumstances

that would happen during that time might place her beyond all risk. 'Besides, you shall speak your husband's words, as you wished, my precious one, and I must have time for practice, that they may approach to something like worthiness to be uttered by those lips.' 'Then you must do another thing that I wished, my Walter; but that you cannot do, no, nor any one living—write your own praises as they deserve to be written.' Walter soon found that he did not need much practice. He continued to write, and his pieces continued to be successful; while her sketches were more greedily sought after, from the double interest which they had acquired. All cause of fear for her general health had vanished; and now he had but one, which was of an absorbing nature, and yet so mixed with joy at the prospect of another being like herself coming to dwell in such an atmosphere of love, that at times all fear was forgotten. She became a mother; she was safe—his own —quite safe, and there was the little helpless one, with a world wrapped up within it—a sacred trust—a part of her he worshipped, yes, worshipped too idolatrously; and he looked upon blossom and bud, and he wept over them; and then his heart laughed within him, and he wept again, and asked heaven what he had done that he should be so blessed—what he should do to continue to deserve such bliss. Mother and daughter continued rapidly to improve, and Walter began the eventful piece. 'You will not forget your promise of letting me have something to say about you, dear Walter; how I shall long for it to come!' 'Nay, love, I gave you no promise; I should not know what to write.' 'Well, then, find out some place where I may say what I like; just a blank space that I may fill up;' and the place was found, and the piece was written, and the day arrived. There were no fears of success; there were no tremblings at thoughts of a failure; they had sufficient power to keep them ahead of the world; they had high principle to carry them through all they did; and they had their own most secure treasure and comfort of love, of which nothing on earth could deprive them. Half the anxieties, half the tremors and fears and quakings that wait on any pursuit that brings man or woman a little more conspicuously forward than the multitude, arise from vanity and the excessive love to please—not to give pleasure; not from the intense interest in their object, but intense love of themselves; modesty, diffidence, bashfulness, are often, almost always, different words applied to that one feeling of self-consciousness which excites the fear to come forward lest all that the world exacts should not be achieved. Walter had not to endure the pain of seeing any of these weaknesses in her he loved. The only suffering he had ever known through her was the result of her precarious health, and even then the tender pleasure of cheering her when there were pallid looks, of supporting her when there were trembling limbs, far outweighed all anxiety.

At the requisite hour they went to the theatre. The two old

friends, one now a grandfather, the other trying to make himself believe he was one, and intending to put a like cheat on the little daughter, as far as teaching her to lisp him out as one could deserve the name, went with them; the former to take his prescribed part in Walter's play, the latter to witness the triumph of her who, despite of her acquired matronly character, retained yet her old, or rather young, epithet of 'the darling.' The house was full; the curtain rose; and all went well. The time came for the utterance of the speech on which the wife had set her heart. A girl, the heroine of the piece, (who was at the same time Walter's,) was reproached with being about to marry one beneath her.

'He is not worth thy love;'—the wife's colour rose—her chest heaved—her form dilated—and her eyes flashed as though they would wither the speaker; for awhile her feelings seemed too intense for utterance; at last she spoke:—

'Not worth my love! Hear this, ye blessed gods!
Ye who have dowered him with your precious gifts
So richly, that yourselves do feel a fear
Lest he should show himself as one of ye.
Oh! be not envious; take not part in this;
Or rather lend thy lightning to mine eyes
To scorch yon rude blasphemer into dust.
Not worth my love! Were I the fairest fair,
Had all the wealth of twice ten thousand worlds,
They would be poorest dross compared with all
The treasure that his love doth bring to me.
Not worth my love! Come, come to me, my life,
My star from out the darkness—hope in gloom.
Come, let my soul leap through mine eyes to thine!
Oh let me hear *that* voice whose every tone
Comes like an angel to awaken love
Within the deep recesses of the heart!—
Look on me! speak to me! and let me live
In learning how I may deserve thy love,
Or let me die—so it be in thine arms!'

At the conclusion of the speech the audience rose with their enthusiasm. The blood which had rushed tumultuously to the face and neck of the speaker at the commencement, had now entirely deserted it. She remained some time motionless, and then gently turned her head towards the side scene—a thing she had been observed to do often during the evening—for why?—Walter was there. At last she was seen to totter, and the next instant Walter rushed on the stage, and caught her in his arms in time to save her from falling. The curtain dropped amidst the tumult of the house. This gradually subsided into a waiting quiet. No one stirred, for all were alike anxious for tidings. They waited longer—longer—yet no one came, and the stillness was again broken up, first by one voice, and then another, till at last there

was an universal clamour for the manager. Another minute they were hushed into stillness by his appearance. Pale as ashes, with trembling lips, three words were all he uttered, 'SHE IS DEAD!' A universal shudder ran through the house, but no voice spoke. Slowly, silently, each one, as if treading over a grave, departed; and nothing now remained save darkness and death!

S. Y.

(To be continued.)

NATURE'S MINISTERIES.

DOES thy heart bleed—has early grief
Planted its thorn within thy breast?
Oh! turn to nature for relief,
And she will soothe thee into rest.

From out her treasured flowers and dews
She will distil a healing balm,
And soft, into thy soul infuse
A heavenly and enduring calm.

Her voice, the voice of living things
Exulting in the bliss they share,
The murmur of the rippling springs,
The whisper of the summer air.

Yes, these, with softly varied tone
Shall win thee to the sweet belief,
That this wide earth is not alone
A scene of dark unmingled grief.

Dost thou, with tearful eye, look back
Through the dim vista of long years,
Where childhood's brightly-gleaming track
Like a last ray of light appears?

Come to the daisy broidered mead,
And where the cowslip hangs its bell,
Oh! these will sweetly, gently lead
Thy spirit with a mystic spell.

To those loved scenes where Nature first
Opened her living springs to thee,
And thy young heart, by feeling nurst,
Gave back its own sweet melody.

Is thy soul sick; does it recoil
From human guilt and human woe,
From sordid pride, and craft, and guile,
And pain that hath no hope below?

Oh! lift thy dim and aching sight
From earth to heaven, and let it rest
Amidst those far-off worlds of light,
The dwelling-places of the blest.

Gaze on, for holy thoughts are there,
And high resolves, and strength, and power;
The Spirit of the breathing air
Will bless thee in that hallowed hour!

C. P.

CORPORATION REFORM.

ONWARD rolls the movement, resistless in its progress, sometimes faster, sometimes slower, but still it rolls onward, gaining fresh impetus from every would-be impediment. The great Reform Bill for the purification of the national council has become a matter of history, and the lesser Reform Bill for the purification of the local councils has become the subject matter of public debate. The faults of the first are the faults of the last likewise. Rights are secured to the people, by law, but they are denied their exercise, by a system of private penalties over which the law has no controul. The people may vote for their representatives, but it must, in many cases, be as their taskmasters choose to direct, under pain of their taskmasters' persecution. The only remedy for this is to deprive the taskmaster of the knowledge how his dependent votes, by enabling the voter to vote in secret, *i. e.* to vote by ballot. At the word ballot rise a host of Whigs and Tories, denouncing all secrecy as unmanly, un-English, and cowardly. Let all these charges be made good, and what then? If the coward needs strengthening, and can be strengthend by the ballot, then the ballot is a good thing. A man's unprejudiced judgment is needed to choose the best men at an election; and all things which tend to unsettle his judgment should be removed. The real objection of Whigs and Tories to the ballot is not that it is in itself cowardly, but that it is a stronghold to cowards, and makes them as effective resisters of arbitrary power as those who possess more nerve. The dishonest ballot-opposers like cowards, they are the fittest men to submit to their evil influence; they like slaves, and they hate all things, and the ballot amongst them, which tend to raise the slave into a freeman. There are honest opponents of the ballot who abhor it because it is secret, and secrecy is the opposite of frankness; these people would have all men brave and incorruptible; they would have a nation of heroic patriots, ready to enact every species of self-sacrifice for the pure love of country. These people argue upon false assumptions. They take it for granted that all Englishmen are Hampdens, that every shop-

keeper walks the street with as bold a bearing as an American woodsman treads the forest path. Were it so, the ballot would not be needed; but it is not so. In a country where the pressure of population, corn laws, and custom-houses reduces men to such a state of destitution, that large numbers of them consent to wear, for the sake of food, the badges, and liveries, and patchwork garments of their richer fellows—in such a country free and sturdy independence cannot be a national characteristic, and the rich will contrive to oppress the poor, unless insurmountable difficulties be thrown in their way. In the United States there are no badge-coated white servitors, yet even there the ballot is considered the only effective guarantee of independence. How much more, then, must it be needed in a country like England, a huge den of aristocracy, where every man below the King is master and dependent in his own person at one and the same time. Not the will of the Whigs but the will of the people has forced on Reform; the Whigs have done all they could to retard, and have yielded to necessity. In yielding to it they have taken all possible pains to leave open the sphere of aristocratical influence. Why such a man as Francis Palgrave, a mere curiosity antiquarian, and at the same time the most inveterate public jobber a jobbing government could find, why such a man should have been appointed a commissioner of Municipal Reform can only be accounted for by supposing the Whigs anxious to make as-little-as-need-be a reform. But his protest has not availed; antiquity is set at defiance, and reason is taken for the basis of future Municipal government without regard to prescription. All is fair on the surface, and it remains for the people themselves to defeat the sinister purposes for which the details have been improperly arranged. The people must bear in mind that the aggregate of town-governments serve to make up a general government, and that if the town-governments be corrupt, the general government will be corrupt likewise. If well managed, the local governments will form admirable schools for future legislators. If badly managed, they will merely be engines of more effectual misgovernment than the ancient corporations, inasmuch as the ancient corporations are glaring abuses which no one is deceived by, and the future Municipal governments will present a fair surface while all below is rotten—they will satisfy the sight and cheat the sense, a thing much to be deprecated, as the majority of human beings are but too apt to judge by externals, without using the radical test of reason. There is an anecdote told of one of the Guelphs, which, whether real or fabricated, is much to the purpose. Discussing the cause of Charles's head rolling on the scaffold, he remarked, 'Pooh! pooh! Charles was a fool; Charles was a fool; Charles should have governed by his (corrupt) parliament.' Let the people beware, lest the apparent liberality of Whig Corporation Reform be intended to cover a purpose of this description. Let them watch that there be no Lord Chandos

clause introduced to make an aristocratical tenant-at-will Corporation council. The apparent readiness of the Tory foes of human improvement to co-operate in this reform, renders it more than suspicious that they see prospects of sinister gain to their cause in modelling the details as it passes through the various stages of legislation.

But the principle is once more recognized that the people are the source of power; that government, whether general or local, is an institution for their benefit, and that the governors are merely their servants; the contest of brute force is given up, and the contest of chicanery will be the only struggle. The people, as far as the term is yet understood, meaning at present all those male human beings who have attained majority, and are not disabled by madness, idiocy, or crime, and who moreover happen to be occupants of a dwelling, shop, or place of business, are to be recognized as the employers, and turners off, of their local governors. The people are to be called burgesses, and those they employ as governors are to be called a mayor and council; the people electing the councillors once in three years, the councillors electing the mayor annually, from amongst their own body. There is, it is true, a provision made, that one-third of the council shall vacate annually; but this confused regulation only marks the unwillingness of the Whigs to give a perfect popular controul, a dread of annual borough parliaments, and at the same time a fear of the people which makes them temporize, and concede a small part as an excuse for withholding a larger part. And the exercise of the burgesses' suffrage is clogged in every possible way. Three years residence is required, accompanied by payment of rates, ere a burgess can gain a right to vote for his local rulers, and as often as he may change his locality so often must he undergo the same process. The mayor and councillors, too, are hardly dealt by. They are obliged to serve the respective offices if elected, under the penalty of a fine; and if misfortune should overtake them they are liable to be dismissed with ignominy. But mark the absurdity wherewith one clause contradicts another. The imposition of a fine in case of a burgess refusing to serve, is of course made on the assumption that the office is onerous, and, if possible, to be avoided; yet the next clause provides, that one month's absence from the borough shall ensure the dismissal of either mayor or councillors without a fine, thus assuming the office to be desirable. Therefore the plain course of the councillor who does not wish to serve, is, to accept the office by way of avoiding the fine, and then to quit the borough for a month in order to vacate his troublesome employment. The principle of compulsory service is a bad one. 'One man may lead a horse to the water, but twenty cannot make him drink.' He who serves by compulsion will be as bad a servant as he who serves gratuitously. The labourer is worthy of his hire, and the well-paid labourer is the one who will

perform the best work. Mere amateurs are not remarkable for being the most skilful workmen. Amateur lawmakers have done much mischief in the great national council, and they are not likely to do less in the local councils. Butchers, and bakers, and tailors, and carpenters do most justice to their customers when they have efficiently learned their trades; and surely the business of lawmaking does not require less study than the mechanical arts, whether it be lawmaking on the local or general scale. The proposed plan of electing a large number of persons, will serve to produce a mob of squabbling debaters, but not a body of wise councillors. It will be an assemblage of squads, each of which will have a particular interest to advocate without regard to the others, as is the case with the House of Commons squads. Where people are forced to serve against their wills, they will assuredly indemnify themselves in other modes, and if they seek for the office, without any apparent recompense, they will generally have some sinister end in view. The Scot in the story did not care for the 'pennie fee,' but just contented himself with 'the wee things he could peck up about the house,' which amounted in value to the pennie fee many times told.

The advisable principle is simple—elect just as many councillors as may be necessary to transact the business in hand, and pay to each an adequate salary, not so large as to tempt jobbers, nor so small as to expose respectable men to temptation or exclude them from office. The power of annual removal by annual election would be a sufficient responsibility for their good behaviour. Were the local governments thus arranged, in a very short time the most efficient men would be found to hold the seats of legislation. They would study the rationale of lawmaking; and as it would be their interest to be honest, so it would be the interest of those who employed them to continue them in their offices throughout their lives. Such a system once established, we might laugh to scorn alike the aristocracy of rank and of wealth, and triumph in the aristocracy of mind. The whole of the boroughs would become nurseries of future national legislators, the wisest men would have a career of usefulness before them, and legislative talent be advantageously appropriated instead of being wasted as is at present the case.

By the Act it is provided that the mayor for the time being, shall, in virtue of being a mayor, become also a magistrate or a judge so long as he may continue mayor. That is to say, he shall pretend to be a judge, by being the mouthpiece of certain dicta spoken in his ear as he sits, by a salaried lawyer, called a town clerk or city solicitor. It is too ludicrous for gravity to reflect on the 'Banquo's issue' of lord mayors, who have defiled through the London Mansion House as gilded speaking trumpets for the use of that legal oracle Mr. Hobler. What a lying farce has it been! Why not at once have made Mr. Hobler the legal as well as the real judge? It would have destroyed one of the beautiful fictions

of the law, which so loves the crooked path and eschews the straight one.

But the mayors are to be the chief magistrates, according to the Act, by virtue of being mayors. The Crown, like a cunning fox, knowing that it has not much to apprehend from the radical tendency of mayors, has taken care to secure to itself the appointment of all *salaried* judges: patronage must be preserved to it, it would seem, fall what may. But, however, so long as the 'crown shall hang on a bush' or a ——, we of the people can afford to let the ministers of the crown have the appointment, as, after all, some one must appoint, PROVIDED ALWAYS, as Acts of Parliament express it, that we the people shall have the power of removal upon showing cause in the bad behaviour of the crown-appointed judges. We want responsibility, and the power of removing inefficient or partial public officers is a far better guarantee to us than any power of electing them could possibly be.

The mode of voting proposed, by means of a written ticket, so much resembles the machinery of the ballot, though entirely distinct in its effects, that the nerves of Geoffry Lord Stanley were sadly shaken by it; he feared that the fangs of his 'order' were finally clipped by it. How truly Whiggish is the arrangement, to look like the ballot and yet not be the ballot! But we of the people neither fear Geoffry Stanley nor Robert Peel. They may perchance cut down the bill in a House of Commons committee, but they will not tear the purpose it is meant to serve out of the hearts of the people. 'God do so to us and more also' if we wrench not the power of misrule from the hands that have so long wielded them. Let our right hands forget their cunning, whenever our brains become dull or our hearts become cold to the high and noble cause we have espoused—the great cause of human freedom and human progression.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

June 23, 1835.

All who have the cause at heart will do well to peruse the pamphlet of J. A. Roebuck, and the pages of a most valuable periodical, 'The Municipal Corporation Reformer.'

HAZLITT'S FIRST ESSAY.*

WILLIAM HAZLITT'S first work was the 'Essay on the Principles of Human Action,' or 'An Argument in Defence of the Natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind.' The idea originated in his reflections on a speech which Mirabeau, the accredited author of the 'Système de la Nature,' has put into the mouth of a supposed infidel at the day of judgment; and the first rough

* Principles of Human Action. Second edition. Millar, Oxford-street.

draught or outline of the plan of his Essay was made at the age of eighteen, an instance of early developement of the reasoning powers that has few parallels in history. He had previously, however, written several brief metaphysical treatises as studies; and it appears from certain letters of remonstrance on his part, that his father entertained objections to his engaging his mind in speculations of so abstruse and important a nature at such an age. These objections seem to have been eventually overruled by subsequent letters, in one of which his son enters into an explanation of the plan and purpose of his argument in the projected Essay. But the work itself was the laboured production of eight years, and was not published till 1808, the author being then twenty-six years of age.

This work was read by a few friends, and here and there, perhaps, by some solitary abstract thinker, and was then no more heard of than if it had never been written. After remaining in utter oblivion, with the exception of a synopsis of it by the author in his Letter to Gifford, during seven and twenty years, some probability of its examination is now afforded by the announcement of a second edition, the first having been long out of print; and the admirers of Hazlitt's writings will be gratified in learning the fact, that numerous applications have already been made to the publisher. In the ensuing numbers of the 'Repository,' a disquisition on the genius and writings of its author will be attempted. With reference, however, to the present Essay, we are not aware of anybody having ever taken up the question in any way. It is, nevertheless, the only work to which the author ever adverts with satisfaction in his subsequent productions. One of the two instances occurs in the 'Essay on Great and Little Things,' after a deeply poetic impersonation of the spirit of concentrated human affections.

'The image of some fair creature is engraven on my inmost soul; it is on *that* I build my claim to her regard, and expect her to see my heart as I see her form always before me. Wherever she treads, pale primroses, like her face, vernal hyacinths, like her brow, spring up beneath her feet, and music hangs on every bough: but all is cold, barren, and desolate without her. Thus I feel, and thus I think. But have I ever told her so? No. Or if I did, would she understand it? No. I "hunt the wind —I worship a statue—cry aloud to the desert." To see beauty, is not to be beautiful; to pine in love, is not to be loved again.—I always was inclined to raise and magnify the power of Love. I thought that his sweet power should only be exerted to bind together the loveliest forms and fondest hearts; that none but those in whom his godhead shone outwardly, and was inly felt, should ever partake of his triumphs;—and I stood and gazed at a distance, as unworthy to mingle in so bright a throng, and did not (even for a moment) wish to tarnish the glory of so bright a vision

by being myself admitted into it. I say this was my notion once; but God knows it was one of the errors of my youth. For, coming nearer to look, I saw the maimed, the blind, and the halt, enter in; the crooked and the dwarf, the ugly, the old and impotent, the man of pleasure and the man of the world, the dapper and the pert, the vain and shallow boaster, the fool and the pedant, the ignorant and brutal, and all that is farthest removed from earth's fairest born, and the pride of human life. Seeing all these enter the courts of Love, and thinking that I also might venture in, under favour of the crowd, but finding myself rejected, I fancied (I might be wrong) that it was not so much because I was below, as above the common standard. I did feel, but I was ashamed to feel, mortified at my repulse, when I saw the meanest of mankind, the very scum and refuse, all creeping things and every obscene creature, enter in before me. I seemed a species by myself. I took a pride in my disgrace, and concluded that I had elsewhere my inheritance.'

Immediately after this pathetic portraiture of adverse fate, which he requests the reader, with a mixture of self-contempt and proud refusal of sympathy, to look upon as a 'mere specimen of the mock-heroic style,' he adds, in the bitterness of wounded feeling, 'The only thing I ever piqued myself upon, was the writing the "Essay on the Principles of Human Action;" a work no woman ever read, or would ever comprehend the meaning of. But if I do not build my claim to regard on the pretensions I have, how can I build it on those I am totally without? Or why do I complain, and expect to gather grapes of thorns, and figs of thistles? Thought has in me cancelled pleasure; and this dark forehead, bent upon truth, is the rock on which all affection has split. And thus I waste my life in one long sigh.'

That no woman ever read the 'Principles of Human Action,' we can easily believe: that no woman would ever comprehend the argument, is by no means a fair corollary. Nor would it be impertinent to inquire how many men have read and understood it? Very few, we fear; for nobody has ever breathed a syllable of the matter. Though written without any of the usual jargon of scientific nomenclature, we confess that the Essay requires a long labour of patient thought. It may, however, be very feasibly assumed, that a book which is never spoken of, is scarcely read by anybody. But as to the author's allusion to women in general, in the other essay previously quoted, we plainly see the time advancing when a very different education will both render all those who possess the requisite germ of mind competent to understand the most abstract subjects, and induced to find an interest in the study for the same reason; choosing the direction of such studies according to the peculiar bent of feeling and capacity. Was not Madame Dacier 'as great a man' as Dr. Parr?—has Mrs. Somerville broken through a law of nature,

(in her works on the physical sciences,) or has she made the most of her nature? It is not improbable that an equal abstraction from the consciousness of sex, when different education, habits, and position in society shall supersede the self-reference which is the necessary consequence of being obliged to act, and even think, on the defensive, will be manifested by many women with reference to the moral sciences. It would appear, from Hazlitt's occasional remarks on this subject, that he had never met, in the course of his life, with any woman of superior intellect, whom he could place even as an exception to his general view; though his remarks on Imogen, and some others among Shakspeare's women, show how fine a sense he had of such characters in his imagination. But this much we know, that there *are* women living, on whom his abstract intellect, his impassioned love of truth, and his uncompromised integrity and patriotism, have produced almost as strong and lasting an effect as his intense sensibility in appreciating all the deepest human feelings, and all the forms and idealisms of beauty.

Let us return, however, to the subject of this paper.

While nation wars with nation, and then, recoiling upon itself, strangles and merges the blessings of peace in the war of politics, consequent on its debts and losses; while the tumultuous scheme of society advances, retrogrades, and yet again advances, borne onward by the inherent impulses of human nature towards a better condition; abstract truth—which ought to *precede* all practical changes and constitute their philosophical foundations, as the only means of ensuring their value and permanence—comes struggling fitfully among mankind, after the longest intervals, by the slowest gradations, with the most arduous efforts, and accompanied by the fewest adherents.

In proportion as we undermine the matter-of-fact surface of a question, does the abstraction remove it from ordinary comprehension, because it is comparatively distinct from and independent of all the practical bearings. Hence it will be found that abstract truth in its purest forms, is almost always in direct opposition to the assumptions on which the common practice of mankind is founded. This is the case with society as to morals, (not with individual man, who often acts contrary to convention from a just feeling of abstract right,) and with mankind at large as to metaphysics. 'Ever since the beginning of the world,' says Bayle, 'all men, except one in two hundred millions, have firmly believed that bodies are coloured; and yet it is a mistake.'* Now,

* It is a curious instance of the difficulty of establishing a theory, even in the physical sciences, that the doctrines of colour, propounded by Newton, have recently been disputed and repudiated by some of the most eminent scientific men in Europe; such as Professor Airey, Dr. Young, Arago, Fresnel, Brewster, &c. After all the indignation showered upon Hooke and Huygens by the Newtonians, it induces an equally grave and ludicrous reflection, when we find the theories of these two early antagonists in a fair way of being established—for a time.

in all that relates to practical action, the millions are quite right in following natural impressions, and taking the objects of the five senses for granted, *i. e.*, believing that positive appearances are positive realities. Philosophers are of course compelled to do the same, but this does not in the least affect the abstract principle. In all profound metaphysical speculations we can scarcely avoid arriving finally at conclusions very similar, with reference to the ideality of all impressions, to those of Leibnitz and Berkeley, tracing them back with various modifications, which occasionally take a step 'beyond the sublime' to the days of Carneades and Protagoras; discovering the same opinion in the 'ideas' or images of Plato, and in the 'numbers' and mathematical mysticisms and symbols of Pythagoras. Mind is the only criterion of all things; the only type and proof of reality; the only measure of creation. The arguments of the realists and materialists always proceed, directly or indirectly, on a *petitio principii.* The only fixed datum for metaphysical speculations, is consciousness. Even this principle has been 'put to the question' by some philosophers, but in vain. The best analysis of identity, however, we believe will be found in 'The Principles of Human Action.' 'Some persons,' says the author, in his letter to Gifford, 'who formerly took the pains to read this work, imagined that I wanted to argue them out of their existence, merely because I endeavoured to define the nature and meaning of this word, *self*; to take in pieces, by metaphysical aid, this fine illusion of the brain and forgery of language, and to show what there is real and what false in it.'

But although the millions are quite right as to the beneficial result in believing the reality of physical appearances, as in the instance of bodies being coloured, a very different result must ensue from acting on erroneous impressions as to the fundamental principles of mind and moral being. All the force of habit from the cradle upwards, is brought to bear in favour of various debasing and superficial notions, which are not less opposed to practical virtue than to abstract truth. It is the business of the above Essay to demonstrate that the human mind *cannot* be exclusively self-interested in its elementary principles.

Our consciousness, whereon our identity depends, does not extend to the future (which is the only field for the contemplation of practical action) with any degree of reality. And in truth, it requires a considerable effort of abstraction clearly to distinguish and separate the objects we frame for the future, from those we have been conscious of in the past; so much are our imaginations mixed up with memory. In some cases this almost amounts, speaking abstractedly, to a solecism. I contemplate a statue or figure, in imagination, having heard of it only: a few days after, I contemplate as near as possible the same idea, *i. e.*, the memory of a former or past imagination. Is it not then a reasonable paradox, that the future is often unconsciously identified in the mind with the past? Perhaps I contemplate the

idea of the statue a third time, with quite different impressions as to its form and expression. When I actually see the statue, however, the reality is probably quite different in form and expression from all my previous imaginations. What *real* interest then could I possibly have had in the statue itself? My interest was imaginary only. We take the same kind of interest in forming ideas of good for others in future, as for ourselves, and our imagination redresses their past wrongs (and thus the past is unconsciously projected into and identified with the future) by the exercise of the same faculty that enables us to contemplate and mentally redress our own. But as to reality 'we certainly do not know, and we very often care as little, what is to happen to ourselves in future: it has no more effect upon us in any way than if it were never to happen;' for how can a thing which *is not* affect us in reality? But the probability, it will be said, may alarm the imagination. True, it *may*; which is a *petitio principii*; but we know from sorrowful experience that it very seldom does; and when it does, how often the fact turns out quite differently, thus proving the fallacy of the assumed principle, and showing that we possess no faculty giving us a real present interest in the future. Man stands like a speck upon a progressive point, between two eternities. Our present self is 'rounded by a sleep;' but the only fixed stars that illumine man's dreamy system, shine from the past, and penetrate a portion only of illimitable space, which our thoughts can reach with no more certitude than the atoms that compose our bodies. We have no sensation and no knowledge of the future; the sun of hope is a fiction which the wisdom of the Creator has implanted in our minds with all the force of anticipated reality. But we have no sure mental warning of any coming reality. The objects of the future may be as I imagine; but it may contain no real objects for me. Until I am practically conscious of them, the objects of my future have no actual existence; and if they become realized, they cannot be the same I contemplated, for that would be to confound the thing with its ideal semblance. My future may have real objects; but if I die before they are actually impressed upon my senses, they are proved, so far as I am concerned, to be mere fictions of my brain. And thus we all die; for our imaginations ever precede our present identities, and herald us onward towards the bourne of this 'phantasmal scene.' The imagination is the only faculty referring to future action. Man is practically selfish, more or less, according to individual nature, education, and circumstances; and mentally so, as to the past and present, by reason of the exclusiveness and circumscribed powers of memory and sensation; but there is no necessary and exclusive self-interest in the imagination, which is the common property of all humanity—a prevision for benevolence in the human constitution.

The Author of 'The Exposition of the False Medium.'

NOTES ON THE NEWSPAPERS.

William Cobbett.—The House of Commons has killed Cobbett. Bad air, late hours, and long speeches, which he could neither stop, endure, nor overbear, have proved too much for the sturdy old man. He is gone. His influence died away before him. It almost seems as if his memory were to follow. He is little missed for a man so extraordinary.

The quietness with which the world loses him, is ascribed to his not having been linked with any of our great parties. The solution is as untrue as the moral would be pernicious. It should rather have been said that he had not linked his name with any great principle; if he had, his power would have created a party of his own. His comparatively few disciples, at the last, seem to have been strictly personal ones. They followed William Cobbett whithersoever he might lead. They swore by the Register; so would millions, had it been the consistent vehicle of sound principles.

Cobbett was no philosopher. He has been very absurdly compared with Paine, whom he excelled as much in fertility of popular illustration, as he fell short of him in the faculty of generalizing, and in the condensed yet imaginative expression of abstract principles. Paine's merits as a writer are scarcely yet appreciated; those of Cobbett render themselves felt instantly.

Cobbett was no martyr. His popular influence never recovered his flight to America in 1817. He might be perfectly justified, by the measures which the Government had in contemplation, and the probable direction of its new and atrocious powers against him; but his departure gave a sudden chill to those popular feelings, which he had himself so strongly excited, and the effect was never reversed.

As an advocate Cobbett never had a superior, upon paper at least; nor could there be a more formidable enemy. The only deduction from his importance in either capacity was the prospect of another of those changes which so frequently occurred in him. The immense accumulation of facts in his memory, the readiness with which he produced them, the tact with which he selected them, the clinching force and humour with which he told them, the hard stones (nicknames and else) with which he pelted all who stood in the way, his wholesome, racy, stinging English, and his identification with the masses for whom he wrote, all made him a champion whom one would have devoutly desired should be always on the right side.

And Cobbett was self-taught. It should never be forgotten that all his various information, all his great powers, were self-acquired under the most formidable difficulties. The energy which raised him from the ranks to Parliament, and which might

have raised him so much higher, almost makes one forget his egotism.

Cobbett was not only an example of self-instruction, but of public teaching. He said, on some occasion, many years ago, 'It is certain that I have been the great enlightener of the people of England.' And so he was. The newspapers have not, that we are aware, adverted to our deepest obligation to him. He was the INVENTOR OF TWOPENNY TRASH. Let the title be inscribed on his monument. The infamous Six Acts, although they suspended the machinery for awhile of cheap political publications, could not undo what had been done, nor avert its great, immediate, and far greater eventual utility. If only for that good work, honoured be the memory of old Cobbett.

W. J. F.

The Times and John A. Roebuck.—The 'fourth estate,' 'all and sundry,' so far as I have observed, is in universal dudgeon with John Roebuck for his sweeping anathema pronounced on it in his place in the House of Commons. It would almost seem as if John Roebuck and the 'fourth estate' were henceforth to be enemies, *à toute outrance*. The 'fourth estate,' or some of the members of that body incorporate, wish to make out that they are all but universally immaculate. John Roebuck, on the contrary, declares that they are universal miscreants without a single saving clause, 'stock and block.' As common in such disputes, both parties are in the wrong. The editors of the public journals are not all hirelings, not all self-seekers; like other men they have their living to get by their occupations, but that living does not necessarily depend on their pursuing either a dishonest or otherwise immoral course. John Roebuck has been wronged by newspaper writers, and naturally feels indignant under his wrongs; but he can scarcely hope to right those wrongs by confounding innocent men with guilty, good men with evil, in one wide censure. He cannot designedly mean to class the high-purposed Albany Fonblanque, the keen and just analyst, with the poor self-seeking beings who compose coarse sentences of mingled ignorance, malice, and worldly trick, for the polluted columns of the tradesman-sold and Tory-bought 'Times' newspaper. The mind of John Roebuck is too essentially logical to permit us for a moment to think he had any such design, and the rash sweeping accusation was not the result of his brain's deliberation, but of an irritable digestion. It was done in bad taste, as all unjust things are, and it is the more to be regretted, as with the majority of mankind an error in taste usually weighs more than a positive crime. There are not many men of the high intellect of John Roebuck, and we of the people would not willingly see him damage the cause he has in hand by an injudicious lessening of his own dignity. It is beneath his position to

suffer himself to be stirred from his calm mood, by either the coarse falsehoods of the "Times," or the supercilious insolence of the Tories. The character and public estimate which must ultimately rest upon any individual, is not decided by what others may *say* of him, but by the *acts* he himself may perform. At the outset of his political career, John Roebuck offended the petty importance of the 'Times' by becoming M. P. for Bath in spite of the editor's denunciations; and, as he could not hope for forgiveness any more than Daniel O'Connell or Joseph Hume,—for petty men never forgive,—he should have disregarded the mock thunder altogether. Even in its palmy days, there was nothing in the 'Times' writing to stir fear in the breast of a patriot man; and now, nothing that others can do can render it more degraded, can heap more obloquy on it, than the conduct of its conductors has done. The editor of the 'Times' affects to treat John Roebuck with contempt, as a man of neither power nor influence, but it is only the writhing impotence of malice. John Roebuck has power, great power; he is a sound logician and a jurist of no mean repute, and these are two matters for which the 'Times' editor is by no means remarkable. The debates of the House of Commons mark John Roebuck as a sound politician and a firm friend to the freedom and advancement of the people; more than that, an efficient advocate of their progress. The 'Times' editor carps at him by means of his one-sided journal, but he is no match for him in intellect, and not comparable to him for honesty or morality. But the editor of the 'Times' has tact, he knows the weak side of John Roebuck, and, with crafty calculating malice, he bestirs himself to excite his irritability. He writes paragraphs which convey charges in inuendo, and rivals the worst vehicles of low scandal in personal abuse. When John Roebuck suffers these things to stir his temper, he loses much of his power, and this his crafty opponent knows. At the Bath election the squabble with Blake Foster was unworthy of a legislator, and the 'Times' editor exulted in it, and, so long as John Roebuck shall continue to evince an irritable temperament, there will be no want of mongrels, both of the press and also of the legislative mob, to urge him on to unworthy controversy. John Roebuck paints Geoffry Stanley to the life, as the creature of aristocratic *morgue* and petulant irritability; let him beware that he imitate not the man he condemns. Petulant irritability is not a vice of rank alone; and wherever it may chance to exist, it destroys the feeling of veneration alike in the possessor and beholder.

John Roebuck has established a system of pamphlets for the instruction of the people. He being an M. P. does well in this, to show how legally to defeat the immoral objects of unjust laws. He is doing more. He is exposing to the knowledge of the working classes the unprincipled conduct of their legislators, who

speak one way and vote another. This is as it should be. The working classes estimate morality in public conduct; and when political swindlers are exposed to discovery and contempt, they will cease to swindle—but not till then. It is pleasant to see working men walking the streets with these tracts in their hands; and it is also pleasant to read the ravings of the 'Times' on them, for it shows that the political swindlers feel their importance. Much abuse has been showered on Joseph Hume and John Roebuck for the part they have taken on the Canada question. The cant of their opponents should be exposed. The talk of the dismemberment of the empire is a farce. If it can be shown that the Canadians can be more happy under their own government, and thus save England the expense, then on all true principles of philosophy the dismemberment ought to take place. We should profit far more by Canadian allies than by Canadian subjects, and this the working classes will in time comprehend and bring to pass. Meanwhile, it is desirable that the pamphlets of John Roebuck should occupy the place of 'Cobbett's Register.' They will convey far sounder instruction to the people, they will disseminate principles and not party squabbles; they will speak to the conviction of reason, and not seek to excite blind passion.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

POWER AND THE PEOPLE.

How amazing, how amusing a study does the progress of humanity present from the time when man first looked forth a fierce, yet fearful, savage from his forest refuge, to the time when, with cunning craftiness, he based his political strength upon his brother's weakness!

Perhaps, amid all the progression perceptible in the world, the human species itself may be said, in many respects, to be degenerated. As social refinement has advanced, moral magnanimity has receded. Human nature, when rescued from mere animalism, and preserved from mere conventionalism, has a magnificence to which not merely imagination, but reason, clings.

The strong feelings, the calm endurance, the impulsive expression, the flexile frame, the fine action of the savage, are all natural beauties, which, instead of being regulated by refinement, have been surrendered to it; in obedience to its cold, dull, senseless rules, the human being, like a copy taken from a copy, has departed farther and farther from his original characteristics, and passed into the tame automaton of civilization.

I am no advocate for utterly untutored nature, any more than for merely tutored nature. Nay, if compelled to choose between being scalped and staked by an Indian foe, and being libelled and backbit by an European friend, I should decidedly prefer the

latter process; possibly upon the principle on which the girl defended skinning eels alive—being used to it.

When speaking of refinement and magnanimity, I had, perhaps, better endeavour to make myself clearly understood.

The legitimate purposes of refinement are to rub off asperities, to subdue exuberances, to harmonize the thing it touches into a general whole of concordant beauty. But to do this successfully requires a high sense of truth and taste. When we rub down rough edges, we must not obliterate characteristic outlines; when we abate excess, we must not reduce the measure meet for expression; when we harmonize, it must be after the manner of nature, in which concords do not preclude contrasts, nor unity, variety.

Refinement, as it exists in social life, is little other than a moral cosmetic, substituting a fleeting appearance for an enduring reality. Have modulated voices any necessary connexion with regulated tempers? Are smiling faces the inseparable concomitants of sunny hearts? Are the honeyed words of praise the produce of sincere admiration, or the caustic censure the conclusion of reflective judgment? Is propriety of language and demeanour always the index of purity of mind and conduct? Is sentiment an evidence of sensibility, or etiquette of hospitality? There *are*, happily, cases in which these questions can be answered in the affirmative, but they form the exceptions to general society, not the rule of it.

We are now, it is true, rarely shocked by rudeness; but when are we charmed by earnestness, by flashes of irrepressible feeling, those bright outbursts of unquenched humanity, which constitute, when carried into action, magnanimity; the daring courage which defies danger in behalf of faith, of friend, or forgiven foe; the passive courage which endures serenely unto death, outlasting the torture that racks the feeble body to make it false to the firm spirit? All this, whether exhibited in the sectarian or the soldier, whether for a creed, a country, or a creature, however erroneous the aim, or insignificant the object—all these are instances of magnanimity, proving the high and mighty things of which humanity is capable; the principles for which it, in many such cases, contended, may have been false, but the principles which sustained it through these conflicts were true; though its power was misapplied, power was still present, and of the highest order—the burning energy of *innate* power, which cultivation may increase, but cannot create.

The records of the past, which exhibit the exercise of human feelings and faculties, and are the real treasure of history, cheer us onward; because, if human power has thus bulwarked the false and ephemeral, what may we not yet hope from it, when acting under clearer lights in the cause of truth?

Truth! that misused word! men sneer as it is spoken, because they find it blazoned on the flag of every faction; because it is

the puff-word of every pretender. But truth is, nevertheless, as holy and as untouched as ever, and as discoverable to the touch of the truth-seeker. Facts are the impressions of the footsteps of truth, while the inferences to be deduced from facts form the light of her track, along which the eager intelligence of human nature is tracing its way. Every science smiles with serene confidence on many facts, and looks forward with well-grounded expectation for more.

Does moral science lack these guiding aids? If any being want sufficient or suitable nourishment, physically or morally, does not annihilation of his powers ensue, and does not a similar effect follow if he be surfeited? It is one fact, then, that all excess is evil. With that knowledge, why do we doom any to privation, or any to profusion? Are any beings on this earth, or any class of beings, independent existences? On the contrary, are not all so inextricably linked and involved, that injury or distortion to one, effects, immediately or remotely, all others? It is another fact, then, that individuality is an evil. With the knowledge of this, why are separate, exclusive, and consequently opposing interests so sedulously cultivated? Because our moral optics need to be couched; because, shut within the narrow pale of family, sect, class, or party, we deny, or are indifferent to, the existence of the same elements beyond our own immediate sphere. But the tide of circumstances is ever circulating, and contact and concussion are incident, often inevitable, to all who float upon its surface. Woe, then, to the porcelain pots when urged against those of iron; in vain shall they bemoan their constitutional fragility!

It may possibly be urged, that if magnanimity, like the mammoth, be departed from the earth, it is because the affairs of the world no longer afford opportunities for its exercise; and that, in the moral as in the material market, when a demand ceases the supply falls.

Upon a superficial view of the subject, some ground for this observation may appear. The alpine difficulties of the ruder ages do not strike the eye on the level surface of more civilized times, and, with the Alps, the Hannibals seem to have vanished also. But if mountains have been levelled, pits have been dug; and there is as much, if not more, heroism necessary to endure being sunk to the depths of the one, as is essential to surmount the acclivities of the other. Upon a nearer examination it will be seen that the notion that magnanimity is of *necessity* at a discount, could only arise from the want of a due recognition of the principles of magnanimity.

A short time since, a fearful accident occurred by the breaking of machinery which was raising some people to the mouth of a mine: they were all precipitated to the bottom, with the exception o f youth and an old man; these caught by a rope which hung down into the mine. The first person to whom succour came was

the youth; he refused it, saying, 'Go to so and so (naming th man beneath him), *I* can hold on a little longer, *he* is quite ex hausted!'

Was not this magnanimity—pure, naked, magnanimity, owing nothing to the trick or the trapping of station, catching nothing from the hope of reward or renown? Verily, amid all the gems that mines have yielded, *this*, to my imagination, is the brightest of any. That youth, whoever he be, has a moral power which education ought to cultivate, and the voices of his fellow-countrymen call into activity. He holds the freehold of a fine nature, the only rational qualification for a delegate *from* national power, or a representative *of* it.

There is a young member of one of our Mechanics' Institutions, who, after the punctually-fulfilled duties by which he wins his daily bread, acts as a gratuitous teacher at the Institution, to which he has presented a piece of work equally honourable to his ingenuity and industry. How much does this man give to society out of his little; gives it, too, without hope of reward, save that reward which is inherent in the work itself! Let us contrast this young mechanic with the supine possessor of thousands, with the woman who carries a pair of diamond pendants in her ears (a barbarism just one degree removed from a ring in the nose), or with the man who carries a star upon his breast, and who trusts to these gewgaws for distinction—AND GETS IT!

I was a few days since in the shop of Rundell and Bridge, looking at the silver model of Eton College, which the King has presented to that college; and I felt that I could not have stood acquitted to my conscience to own the idle wealth I there beheld, or any portion of it, amid the existing want which racks so many millions of my fellow-creatures. Oh! to have converted those brilliants into bread, and to have called the pale and perishing to the banquet; to have converted those shining mockeries of grace and grandeur into sources of real goodness and greatness, into schools for the young and asylums for the old! Then many an eye, now destined to the 'ever-during dark' of ignorance and its consequent, vice, might be kindled with the diamond light of intelligence and virtue; and many a toil-worn spirit, destined to depart in pain, might make its transit in peace.

Surely the time is fast approaching when the present degrading masquerade of pomp, amid surrounding masses of misery, will one and all pass away. The spirit in which we must regard all that has existed, is that it has existed of necessity; but now, with better knowledge and accumulated experience, that it need exist no longer. Error is the concomitant of human production, but improvement of human progression. Improvement will press steadily on; antiquated pretension, bloated and pursy as it is, will fall out of the line of march, which practical knowledge and universal love will lead. Thus shall conquest be achieved without

conflict; for the few remaining antagonists of equitable honours and well-earned happiness, already blush, and are prepared to bend before the power of a people, firm, informed, fitted to have influence and hold it.

It cannot be too continually and forcibly impressed upon a people, that the work of their improvement, independence, and happiness, *depends upon themselves.* Let them deserve power, and who *will*, who *can*, dare deny it to them? Such a circumstance is impossible. They have put their hands upon the old fabric of abuse, and it already shakes; let them bring their moral strength to bear upon it, and it falls! When a people understand the strength of union, the sweets of unanimity, and that the controlling power of moral feeling is indispensable to the right direction of every kind of force, they *cannot* be enslaved. The *numerical* power of a people is in itself a great power; aided by knowledge and its right application, it is impossible but that its incumbent force must be felt. In such a case the aggregation of wisdom and virtue must govern; not, as heretofore, the aggregation of craft and coin.

There is a breadth and strength in English nature, calculated to form a base for the noblest structure of human character. If less impressible than that of our continental neighbours, it has a singular tenacity for *retaining* impressions when they are *once* made. To such a material let us bring the graver of radical reform, and what must be the result? That we shall strike an imperishable plate, from which proof impressions may be taken worthy of such an empire. From the cameleon character which a 'breath can make,' little permanent good can be derived; it is a moral kaleidescope,

'Everything by turns, and nothing long.'

But the English, I fear no imputation of partiality when I declare it to be my conviction, may be cultivated into the finest people upon the face of the earth. Oh! that they could immediately be made to feel that this may be,—to resolve that it *shall* be; that the omnipotence of unconquerable will would wake within them. 'For a nation to be free,' said Lafayette, 'it is sufficient that she wills it.' Let the echoes of every home catch the sentence and repeat it again and again, until men, aye, and women, too, ask, Why are we *not* free? WHY! Because you have *not* willed it. Will consists not in the word. Will is the impelling power of action—and what have hitherto been the actions of the mass of men? A blind subjection of their moral capacity to their animal propensities. Vainly were the slough spread, did not men go and roll themselves in the mire. This they have done, and, to a great extent, are still doing; and thus they furnish their oppressors with pretences for the harness in which they hold humanity, and the lash beneath which they make it smart.

It is very true that vicious institutions act upon the people, but now let the people turn round and act on the institutions. Let the rapidly-augmenting numbers of enlightened mechanics, the heart-head-and-hand men, come to the rescue of the rest. Let them stand as the bulwark of their important class, and turn back the recreant members who would desert its standard; let them snatch their little children from the contagion of evil example and the branding-iron of crime-producing ignorance; let those children's 'not speaking, speak for them;' let their mute eloquence plead now for themselves, that when their voices awaken they may be able to plead to man for man, and tell him to bid the school, the college, and place of social and improving congregation rise, where now the gaol, the gin palace, and the pawnbroker's, blast the scene.

Service rendered *to* society ought alone to give estimation *in* society, and purchase recompense *from* it. This fact once recognised, we should bring the axe down upon the heads of the hereditary hydra; it would in vain lift its many hands, (which, though they grasped sinecures, are no sinecurists, *for they have much to grasp,*) and the pocket and pedigree qualifications would partake the monster's annihilation.

Universal education will make power, like water, find its level; it will never rise so high in any as to overwhelm common happiness, nor fall so low as to strand it. Education, the grand lever of humanity, must not be applied to the infant only, but to the adult also—not to men merely, but to women as well. Let those who ask for it, have it, and to those who cannot or will not ask, let it be given.

The history of human progress teems with proof that the most important results have originated in the simplest causes; let us not, then, neglect the humblest babe that breathes. Wisdom bids us waste nothing—least of all let us waste human power. By what process does an acorn become an oak? and how, without planting and cultivating the moral germ, can the human being become the agent of human happiness?

There is a mighty evil to be met, and a mighty good to be called forth, as regards women of all classes; but more especially in the highest and lowest classes, as they are called, because it is in those classes that mis-cultivation and non-cultivation are most exerting their destructive influences. In the first, if there be not elevation, there is at least levity, and advice is, I fear, of too dense a character to be admitted to such an atmosphere. The best hope I entertain for that class is, that some strong-minded woman will rise among them and make it *fashionable* to have good sense and right feeling. There is more hope for the humble, even the very humble; nature is among them smothered by ignorance, not by art; it is the character of the former to yield to the light of intelligence; of the latter, to elude it. If, therefore, the light of

knowledge be permitted to fall upon the humbler class of women, much is to be hoped.

Whatever may be imagined by those who object to the absence of '*hair-strokes*' in my writing (and I will just observe, *par parenthesis*, that 'hair-strokes,' like hints, have, from their ambiguity, done much mischief—insinuation and subterfuge form no part of the plan of a lover of truth,) I have no desire to withdraw woman from the sphere of domestic life. I desire but to add to her domestic influence, the highest influence of all,—that interest in the general affairs of the world which is essential to preserve her from being the dupe and disseminator of narrow and exclusive prejudices—which will induce her to be the agent and encourager of generous and universal objects. To aid in effecting this is man's highest interest. It is utterly impossible in the course of human events that she can be for one moment neutral—she must either advance or retard the progress of society; to do the former she must be animated in the cause, and informed upon the interests of the human race.

She may not at all times go into the field, but she may assist to buckle on the armour of those who do, and sustain and inspire the high heart that beats beneath it. Besides we are now striking the tents of the battle-field, and gathering spirits for council instead of conflict. In the *moral* arena, the inquiry must be, not *who* brings power, but *what kind and degree of power* do they bring.

The annals of history show that in all great emergencies women have never been appealed to in vain. They had not the brutality which invented war, but they have ever had the heroism which nobly sustains its worst evils; and have given ample testimony that physical and moral courage, like every other good and great quality, is of no sex. The common cant, that woman only shows power under circumstances of great trial, rests with those who do not perceive that it has been *at those times only that she has been permitted the free exercise of her powers*. It might as well be said that birds only fly when their wings are not cut, or when they are not caged.

In nine hundred and ninety-nine cases out of every thousand, female talent is lying dead or dormant under the paralyzing influence of *presumed* inefficiency—under unqualified, not incapable, faculties—under restrictive suspicions, ungenerous usages and institutions—under imperfect and pernicious education.

There is a very general paradoxical opinion, that woman loves to gain power over man, and to feel her dependence on him. How are these two feelings compatible? *That* has never been inquired. Man, as ignorant of *her* nature as *his own*, indulged his idle fancy on the subject of the female character, and then, upon the procrustean principle, endeavoured to make it according to his crooked conception. As it is unfortunately more easy to

spoil than to perfect, he has to some extent succeeded in his foolish design: a weak desire of specious power has grown out of a vile state of dependence. It is the moral fungus which has sprung up amid the social refuse.

All beings love power, and loathe dependence. These two feelings are in constant action in every breast, and create what may be called the friction of the human machinery. There is but one sole case in which the lover of liberty can endure dependence —that case is love—a case as applicable to one sex as to the other. A woman can bear dependence on the man she loves, not on man; a man, on the woman he loves, not on woman. This aberration from an essential state of feeling rests with the nature of the passion, which, prone to excess, will induce the lover to bankrupt himself for the sake of being made solvent by the beloved—for the sake of giving to her the bliss of creating that solvency.

The wholesale state of dependence of one sex upon the other, the established system of society, is one of its grand cankers. In the *moral* state, the only state in which humanity can stand erect and call itself humanity, such dependence need not, and ought not, to exist; it belongs exclusively to the brute period of the species, when physical strength had its full sway, because it was a sole power.

Every moral being has rights; having rights, duties; since to respect and sustain the rights of others form the duties and interest of the being who has rights of his own. Duties have been abundantly and severely decreed to woman, while rights have been narrowly and barbarously denied her; for the paltry immunities secured to her by law deserve no such name. Man has acted by her as all conquerors have acted by him, and she has acted by him as all the enslaved act by their subjugators. The gibbet and the gaol have been everywhere the necessary and inseparable accompaniments of the sceptre and the crozier. Man has desired and endeavoured to erect every home into a monarchy, often an inquisition. But, like all inventors of tortures, he is himself the first to suffer by them.

Mr. Canning, when he stood for Liverpool in 1818, on one occasion observed, 'I have been guilty of a great omission. It too often happens that those who receive the greatest benefits, are, so long as they are continued in the uninterrupted enjoyment of them, unmindful of the hands from which they receive them.' (How true this is!) 'I state this infirmity of our nature, not as a sufficient apology, but as the best I can offer, for having, during this election, omitted to ascribe due influence to the female part of your community. * * * * * * * * *
But, however remiss I have been here, I have not been forgetful elsewhere of the claims of the female world to a due participation in matters of election. Of the plans of parliamentary reform, on

which, in my place in Parliament, I have had occasion to comment, I have commented on none with more indignation and rebuke than on that which, admitting the whole male population to a vote, presumptuously excludes women from a right of suffrage, falsely denominated universal. I do not mean to say that even the association of the softer sex would entirely reconcile me to an extension of it, which I think would be full of mischief. But there is one pledge which I am quite ready to give, that I will never consent to any plan of suffrage in which *they* are *not* included.'

This was, of course, an electioneering flourish—a stumbling-block thrown in the way of reform; for such is the state of morals that public and party dereliction from the right line of truth is one thing, and private mendacity another. But Mr. Canning's words may suggest a reflection worthy of some consideration; that is, how far the absence of all public and universal feeling and principle, all power of forming opinions of public men and measures, all aim and interest in the general improvement and well-being of the nation and the species, in one half of a people, are likely to affect the whole.

The lovers of liberty, like lovers in general, have in general desired to keep her exclusively to themselves; hence freedom has been but a name. Real liberty can alone exist among them who are too equitable to inflict on another that to which they would not submit themselves. Among the properly informed, the properly feeling, the words 'command and obedience' need have no existence. I fear the moral millennium, which will reform our theory and our practice, our language and our conduct, is more remote than some imagine; yet in the mean time we may modify, if we cannot remove, existing errors and evils. It may be unceasingly and anxiously urged upon people to choose, in all associations, any means of operating on their fellow-creatures rather than coercion: necessity may induce submission, but nature will produce a reaction; nature *will* have her indemnity, whenever it is possible to obtain it, and the rebound is ever proportioned to the force of the original blow.

I exult to feel that nothing can now check the stream of knowledge from flowing free and wide as the beneficial waters of the ocean. In consequence, the chances are as one to a million in comparison to what they were, that new discoveries and improvements of every kind will be made, and that happiness will be more perfectly and permanently realized. No longer does it need the lucky chance of being born to move in a cloister or a court to insure access to knowledge. The goddess now walks abroad, sits down on the shopboard, and tarries in the cottage. Blessed be her advent and her stay! It may make solitary stars of genius more rare, for they ever shine brightest amid surrounding darkness; but it will make practical intelligence and its concomitant, happiness, general, and that is everything.

The highest object of human aim is good to all,—an aim towards which all may assist, however variously endowed. Human beings, everywhere essentially the same, demand as the condition of enjoyable life (which alone *is* life) a healthful exercise of all the properties which constitute their nature. Amid all the disputation which disturbs the world, this is a fact which none deny; not denying it, they will surely direct attention to the 'ways and means' by which this natural and necessary condition, essential to the usefulness and happiness of each and all, may be attained. Can too many be qualified for this inquiry, and, being qualified, is there any pretence of sex or station on which they ought to be denied admission to it?

M. L. G.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

A Discourse on Natural Theology, showing the Nature of the Evidence, and the Advantages of the Study. By Henry Lord Brougham.

While this volume is more remarkable on account of its author than of its contents, the latter are far from being of an every-day description. Nothing about Lord Brougham is common-place; not even the abuse with which he is assailed, and which has not only produced a strong recoil of popular feeling in his favour, but, of late especially, is directed almost exclusively against whatever in his conduct is most honourable and useful. His noble exertions for the repeal of the stamp duties have earned the envenomed hostility of all who trade in falsehood, and would sacrifice the intellectual (and with that the physical) well-being of a nation to their own tax-created monopoly. The ambition of Lord Brougham, like that of Napoleon, seems just to have missed its mark, and perhaps from a similar error in taking aim,—that of making too large an allowance for the wind of expediency. Both might have hit by firing point-blank. The former has yet another chance. It is yet within his reach to be the greatest man of his time. We fear that a regard to temporary expediency is too deeply infixed in his moral constitution to allow his winning this glory. But we cannot utterly despair of him. Meanwhile, all the manifestations of his versatile mind excite lively interest.

Just as the Grey ministry entered upon office, in 1830, the Diffusion Society advertised an edition of Paley's Natural Theology, with Illustrations by Mr., now Sir C. Bell, and the (new) Lord Chancellor. The plan, however, seems to have been abandoned by the Society, and adopted by the authors individually. The Society must not meddle with theology. Its 'fundamental principles' (save the mark!) would be endangered. Of this edition, the present volume is the Introductory Discourse. That he could write, and has written such a treatise, we should think a marvellous and a glorious thing in Lord Brougham, did we only

know of him as one of the herd of lords, of lawyers, and of what by courtesy are called statesmen. Considered with reference to himself, the subject is the chief peculiarity. The originality and the triteness, the logic and the sophistry, the solidity and the showiness, the learning and the ignorance, and the fluctuating appearances of deep earnestness and of mere advocacy, are the characters of this work, as they are of his lordship's intelligence generally.

The most original, striking, and well-reasoned portion of the treatise is that in which the author argues the claims of natural theology to a rank amongst the inductive sciences. The most eloquent writing is that of the second part, which treats of the advantages of this study. The most illogical and unsound are those passages, in both parts, which relate to the nature of the thinking principle. All natural theology is made to rest upon the doctrine of the immateriality of the human soul. Neither the arguments of the sceptical Materialists, nor those of the religious Materialists, are done justice to by his lordship. To our apprehensions, the moral proof of immortality is far more impressive and conclusive than the metaphysical argument, even supposing the latter to be valid. We make no extracts from this Treatise, because we assume that all who are interested in the subject will go through the volume.

Faustus, a Dramatic Mystery; The Bride of Corinth; The First Walpurgis Night. From the German of Goëthe. By John Anster, LL.D.

We have no hesitation in pronouncing this book the best means by which the English reader can become acquainted with Faust. It represents both the letter and spirit of the original, and is a remarkable compound of freedom and fidelity. The metrical construction is preserved, and many passages might be quoted as beautiful specimens of versification. The translator says nothing of the continuation of this extraordinary drama; but we hope he will, in due time, complete his work.

The Boy and the Birds. By Emily Taylor. With Designs by Thomas Landseer.

There is in this little book something of the spirit of the beautiful and memorable '*Story without an End.*' It will not, indeed, delight so deeply, but it will please more generally; for, while the resemblance will endear it to some, there is an unlikeness which will recommend it to others; and those who complained of that as unintelligible and aimless, will value this as an instructive and interesting fragment of Juvenile Ornithology. The birds tell their own story to the boy, and, while the peculiarities of their habits, &c., are clearly presented, the narrative has, with kindred felicity to that of the artist by whom the work is illustrated, been rendered so characteristic as to provide a fund of amusement, and become the vehicle of some playful and delicate satire.

Memoirs of John Selden. By G. W. Johnson.

This work is dedicated to Lord Stanley, 'by one who admires his talents, moderation, and integrity,' and is avowedly intended as a memorial of what the author considers the 'moderate party' of the times

of Charles the First. We demur to his historical parallel, and to many of his political tenets. But he has evinced great diligence; and the facts and characters of that period are so strongly marked, that only very unfair dealing can prevent their speaking for themselves with a voice more loud than that of any narrator. In the personal history of Selden, the author has well chosen his leading topic; and the execution is very respectable.

Autobiographical Memoirs of Miss Macauley. Nos. 1 and 2.

It is difficult to judge of a work from so brief a specimen as this; but from the indications it affords, and from what is generally known of the author's history, we may anticipate that it will combine two kinds of interest which are not often united; the amusement, so generally relished, of theatrical anecdote and adventure, and the interest of tracing the exertions, conflicts, and privations of benevolent enthusiasm. The letter inserted amongst our advertisements for the last two months will have apprized our readers that Miss Macauley's continued endeavours to benefit others have not left herself beyond the occasion for assistance. The publication of her Memoirs, in threepenny numbers, is adopted as a means, in addition to that more direct aid which some will prefer to render, of supporting her, and enabling her to return, with happier prospects, to the accustomed exercise of her talents. To promote the success of the work may be expected of those who regard even intended benefits to society as entitled to grateful recognition.

Landscape Illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies; with Comments for the Curious. Part I.

A little jewel of a book. It contains four beautifully-executed engravings, of which the subjects are 'The Meeting of the Waters,' 'Inniscattery,' 'St. Kevin's Bed,' and the 'Wicklow Gold Mines;' and they are accompanied with comments of the most amusing description. The exact spot in the Vale of Ovoca on which the poet is supposed to ejaculate, 'There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,' about which it seems there has been as much contest as concerning the birthplace of Homer, is discussed with all the gravity and earnestness of an investigation of the Troad, aided by a map of the locality. With topographical disquisition there is a pleasant intermixture of legendary story and modern anecdote. This publication is an excellent model of illustration, both graphic and literary. It is brought out by Power; and the cover bears the appropriate device of a harp, with the motto, 'the power of melody.' The publisher will of course be called before the House of Lords, for the colour of the cover is green, and the harp is not surmounted by a crown.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The Paper on 'Female Education' is declined, but it shows ability which well deserves cultivation.

W. R. is also declined; but not, therefore, 'worthless.'

To 'rap the knuckles' of a 'fast friend' would be very ungrateful of us. Some of his suggestions have been under consideration.