

THE HOUSE OF LORDS—REFORM OR ABOLITION?

THE impossibility of governing the country by the Houses of Lords and Commons, if each of those bodies is to continue as at present constituted, has received not only ample proof, but a most inconvenient surplusage of demonstration. That the Peers would either mutilate or reject the Municipal Reform Bill, was generally anticipated; that they would transform it altogether, so as to fashion it into a machine for augmenting and perpetuating the local evils of oligarchical domination, was beyond the compass of expectancy. While people were exclaiming that they could not do it, and dare not do it, the fact comes upon us that *they have done it*; there is the Bill—as perfect a Tory Bill, as pretty a contrivance for legalizing all sorts of local oppression, corruption, speculation, and misrule, as ever was invented. We trust that before these remarks have passed the press, the Bill will have been indignantly rejected by the Commons; will have been trampled in the dirt; and care taken of the public purse for the recess, if recess there is to be: but its final and fatal testimony against the Aristocracy is never to be obliterated. They have reduced the question between themselves and the people to its simplest elements. We thank them for this unequivocal exhibition of the *animus* of their body. The mask is dropped. The gauntlet is thrown. The nation's cry is 'to the rescue.' The inquiry is not, 'what is to be done with the bill?' but, 'what is to be done with the House of Lords?' And one point at least is distinctly understood, that whatever change be necessary, the country shall not be balked of that most important step towards peace, justice, civic order, and local and general improvement, which would be gained by the Municipal Reform Bill in its original state; but which requires, that it may be safely and permanently gained, the abatement of not one jot or atom of the popular provisions of that measure. Much, indeed, is it to be desired that those provisions should be made yet more extensive and efficient. We hope the Bill will never again leave the Commons without at least the optional introduction of the vote by ballot.

The principles avowed in the late discussions, and sanctioned by so overwhelming a majority that we may fairly note them down as the principles of the privileged order, are such as must deeply affect all future speculations upon the mode in which it is practicable for the people of this country to secure the blessings of good and cheap government. It is contended that no corporation should be interfered with, unless there be proof of malversation. Proof enough there is, in most cases, as all the world very well knows; but suppose there were not, what then? Is a parish or town to be permanently deprived of the best regulations and agency for its government, because the present corporators cannot

be convicted of fraud or felony? A whole district may be distracted by feuds, may be plundered by mismanagement, may be injured by partialities, may be subjected to a thousand annoyances, from the very institutions that should be the safeguard of its comforts and the means of its improvement, without being able to bring home proof of criminality. Sheer uselessness is a nuisance that ought to be abated. No guilt was ever proved upon that venerable civic authority, the Bear of Berné; and yet the Bernese were perfectly justified in saving the cost of his food, cage, and keeper. It is put in proof that the constitution of existing corporations is not well adapted for the purposes of municipal utility. That is enough. Let another be framed more in harmony with the dictates of observation and experience. 'No,' say the Lords, in effect; 'there is something of greater moment than doing the best for the inhabitants of a town; and that is, securing the emoluments, gratifications, and influence of the présent corporators, who are, like ourselves, one of the great class-interests of the country.' O, the strong affinities of corruption! The Reformers are well lessoned on the necessity of close union and active co-operation.

The introduction of a property qualification for municipal offices, even for the town council, which is to constitute the only check and control of the people upon mismanagement, is alone sufficient to settle the question of aristocratical legislation for ever. Our readers will observe, that the object of these remarks is not to illustrate the present condition of the Bill, but the character of the legislation by which that Bill has been reduced to its present condition. Why should the Peerage insist on a property qualification, or, what comes to the same thing, the belonging to the highest class of rate-payers, for town councillors? Not from any abstract veneration for the wisdom which belongs to property, and is by some presumed to be naturally associated with its possession. Their lordships would demur to a property qualification for their own House. Their lordships know what numbers of their own order are as poor as rats; they know the muster-roll of a hundred and seventy pauper Peers; but they know also that the sinister interests of an impoverished Peerage are leagued with the predominance of the propertied classes over the industrious classes throughout the country. Their objection is not to a poor man, either in a corporation, the Legislature, or the Peerage; but only to a poor man who is identified with the honest interests of the class to which he belongs. Who but the Peers used to practise the wholesale evasion of the qualification for the House of Commons? They were always ready to open its doors for any poor boy, provided he were a clever rascal, whose talents would help them to carry on the war against the 'adverse faction;' whose wit and rhetoric would be the 'life, grace, and ornament'

* Their lordships have vibrated; on the recommitment a property qualification was adopted, and the bankruptcy of an alderman was allowed to disqualify.

of their party; and through whom they could make the system 'work well.' On similar grounds they propose continuing the present aldermen for life, without regard to property, although the pauperism of many of the 'order' is notorious. The poverty is no objection, so long as there is no responsibility to the people. The poor and irresponsible manager of public property naturally belongs to the Tory party; he may be reckoned upon; by all means make him irremovable. In this connexion poverty is precious to the Peerage; it touches their hearts with the tenderness which softened the Whig poet to the sufferings of the exiled Stuart:

'A wretch to misery's still a sacred thing;

How much more sacred, then, a wretched King!'

And hence, by analogy, the sacredness of a pauper alderman. There is in him the very essence of Toryism. Beautiful fellow-feeling of the Robe and the Gown, the Coronet and the Cap of Maintenance! Is the *fur*, which is their common adornment, only a sly specimen of punning Latinity?

It is, then, abundantly obvious that the division of the rate-payers into six classes, and the exclusion from the town council of five of those classes, so as to create a municipal oligarchy of the highest-rated, was not meant simply to keep out poor individuals. The aim was to proscribe the natural representatives of the middle and lower classes. In many cases, this arrangement would reduce the election to a mere form, or rather a disgusting farce. In all cases, it annihilates freedom of choice: it excludes those on whom civic burdens fall most heavily, and whose activity, stimulated by the direct interests of their class, would be of the best service. They are not the highest payers who have the deepest interest in parochial or town government. No class, except the very lowest, has generally so little motive or so little aptitude for civic business; but they would serve as a barrier against 'the democratic principle.' They and the life-holders together would do admirable duty in keeping out responsibility and representation. They would preserve the harmony of oligarchical government, from the top to the bottom of society, till the great mass of the community should have nothing it could call its own, except payment and submission, and the chance of now and then one of its members slipping out of the ranks of the bees into those of the drones; a chance so often boasted of as the glory of our country and Constitution, by which 'the son of a cotton-spinner' may become Prime Minister.

Aptly does the restriction of (elective) office to the wealthiest harmonize with the preservation of the franchise to the most wretchedly poor and notoriously corrupt. No comment is necessary on this barefaced patronage of vendibility. The conduct of the freemen has left but two courses open for an honest Legislature to pursue; either to disfranchise them altogether, or to swamp their votes by making the suffrage universal. The last

is, to our apprehension, by far the best ; especially in combination with the ballot. There would then be a stimulus to instruction, where now there is only a temptation to corruption. But a vote is regarded by the Peers as property ; a something for the poor man to sell, and the rich man to buy. They have endeavoured to provide for the permanency of this most degrading of all kinds of traffic. They, who clog the borough-suffrage of respectable inhabitants with all sorts of vexatious restrictions—they, who fought so desperate a fight against the very limited franchise conferred by the Reform Act—*they* cherish, as the apple of their eye, the poor man's property, forsooth ; his property in the misgovernment of the entire community : and they are equally careful of all other *property* which is capable of being turned to similar account.

Never before have the poor been favoured with such a court of guardians. Loud was the outcry for the freemen's property ; their hereditary property, as sacred as the hereditary estates of their lordships themselves. Now, as to the present possessors of these common lands, charity-endowments, &c., be it observed, there was no question. They were secured, or an equivalent assigned, by the Bill. The only point at issue was the future enjoyment of such property by freemen *in posse*. To continue the existence of a vendible class of voters,—to endow its future members with the matter of corruption,—these were the objects of the vaunted stand which has been made for pauper property. For these was the public interest to be sacrificed, including that of the individuals themselves, whose share in that public interest would be an ample remuneration. But the peculiar attachment shown for this species of property is not surprising. It is precisely that with which certain fingers are most familiar. Church property, as it is called, is of a similar description.* It is neither earned, nor inherited, nor heritable ; but consists of public funds, which are divided amongst those who can possess themselves of the government of the country, and their dependents and supporters. Church reform is resisted, because it would diminish the amount of these funds, and change the principle of their distribution. Law reforms are resisted for analogous reasons, although in that department the competition is more open, and the service to the public more substantial. Of such property it is that the Peers have constituted themselves the peculiar guardians ; property, neither fairly won by individual industry, nor ministering to the purposes of public good ; the property which Idleness pos-

* And is cherished by their lordships with similar tenderness. While writing the above remarks, we find they have rejected the *appropriation clause* from the Irish Church Bill. How will Ireland bear this ? The first poor pittance of good for the people out of the Church is withheld ; the crumbs of educational advantage from the table of Protestant Episcopacy are refused. Church or no church, congregation or no congregation, still, say the Lords, the clergy shall have the money. The spirited conduct of Lord Melbourne, through the very trying situations in which he has been placed, during the proceedings on these two great measures, entitles him to the warm respect and gratitude of the country.

sesses in abuse. If the property of humble Industry was dear to them, why do they not secure to the poor the full advantages to which they have a right from educational and ecclesiastical endowments? Why do they not repeal the corn-laws, which mulct the labourer of so large a proportion of the bread which he earns by the sweat of his brow? Why do they not promote a complete revision of taxation, and let it fall, where it ought chiefly, and, if possible, alone, to fall,—on realized property? Why do they not assert those rights of labour, the property in his own bones and sinews, of the man who toils; a property continually and cruelly invaded and restricted by the corporate privileges so vigorously upheld by their lordships? Why, but because the Peerage is the great sinister interest by which all the other sinister interests in the country are shielded and supported? And what reform can make it otherwise? The principles avowed in the late debates are of no accidental growth. They result from no individual peculiarities. They are the natural and necessary result of making the legislation of a great empire a private inheritance, instead of a public and responsible trust. They must ever flow from making a property of the enactment and administration of law and government. Occasional exceptions will be produced, from time to time, by various causes; but substantially the House of Lords always has been what it is, and always will be. A single generation of titled patriots would involve the institution in an act of suicide.

Very brief would be the good resulting from any creation of Peers, however extensive. Every body knows the effect of the alderman's gown, though it be not hereditary. Even life Peers would be a perilous experiment; and a creation of others would only cut out worse work for the next generation. Besides, the introduction of a hundred new Lords, and not less would now suffice, is equivalent to a revolution. So strong a measure would scarcely be more palatable to the Peerage than the simple abolition of their legislative functions. An elective chamber has been suggested, to be chosen either by the Peers themselves, or by the people. The cumbrousness of such a contrivance is much more evident than the utility. Supposing Peers the electors, the result would be merely a distilled essence of the present House. If the election were popular, we should only have a second and less perfect representation of the people. No intelligent nobleman but would, we apprehend, prefer a seat in the one representative body to any such position. To that he would, of course, become eligible; and it would be a much more honourable and efficient station for him to occupy.

It will be said that the abolition of the legislative functions of the House of Lords would be unconstitutional. Very likely; although the unmeaningness of the word constitution, as applied to anything really existing in the Government of this country

renders it prudent not to be positive on that score. The late Lord Chief Justice Abbott laid it down that the Constitution comprehended whatever was constituted. If so, the House of Lords is certainly part and parcel of the Constitution; so was the representation of Gatton and Old Sarum; so were many things which have been abolished whenever the abolition was desired by the possessors of power. It is true, these abolitions have been effected by certain forms, implying the joint consent of King, Lords, and Commons. But why should not the Lords be persuaded to give their consent to any change needful for the welfare of the community, by reasons analogous to those which obtained their assent to the Reform Bill? Or why might not the Constitution be preserved by some such legal fiction as that by which the appointment of a regency, in the reign of George the Third, became formal and authentic law? The point is a knotty one; but the old proverb says, 'Where there is a will there is a way;' and when the desire is once general and determined to do without the Lords, no doubt means will be found, peaceful, legal, loyal, and very constitutional, for its accomplishment.

Suppose the whole affair to have been quietly and harmoniously arranged; and a Bill for conducting the legislation of the country, in future, by means of the Sovereign and one representative body, (consisting, indiscriminately, as the people might elect them, of Peers and Commoners,) to have become the law of the land with all the due formalities of assent by King, Lords, and Commons; would not the Aristocracy itself be in a much more comfortable situation? It is not possible for them ever to govern the country in their separate capacity as a Peerage. They can only make a long and unavailing struggle, attracting to themselves all ill feeling from the community. The country must be governed in and by the House of Commons. The Peers must exercise their portion of the government in the House of Commons. They did so before the passing of the Reform Bill. They must do so again. Not, as they did then, by means of nomination and corruption, but by being themselves placed there, those of them who are qualified, as representatives. Almost all the county representation would fall to their share, as a matter of course. Their influence on all questions of home or foreign policy would be more prompt, direct, and effective than at present. Now, the utmost exertion of their power only stops the wheels of the State; then, they would have the proper share in giving the impulse, and indicating the direction. As independent bodies, the two Houses have manifested principles and feelings so dissimilar as to ensure constant collision; and yet neither can move without the other. We have only the prospect of ceaseless agitation. There is a constant tendency towards a violent convulsion. The Peers, if they reflect at all, can only look to governing the nation by force, or being themselves the victims of

force. Such a state of things cannot last long. Its speedy and peaceful termination is alike essential to Peers and people. But there seems no prospect of its termination, save in the absorption of hereditary legislation in universal representation. We should then have united councils, and a happy triumph of nationality over classification. No little good would be effected by all the great officers of Government being in the same House. There would be more of simplicity, unity, and dignity in the policy of successive Administrations. It would not have to shift its form according to the varying atmosphere of the two Houses. All that is good and great in the Aristocracy would always be found in that assembly. There would combine with it all that is vigorous in Democracy. The people's choice should be fettered by no restriction or qualification. It would be the grandest legislative body that the world had ever seen; and both worthy of, and competent to guide, the greatest and freest of nations.

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THE ACTRESS.

(Continued from p. 530.)

It may have seemed inconsistent with the lofty nature ascribed to Walter Brandon, that a mere reverse of fortune should have had power to reduce him to such an utter state of weakness; nor would this probably have been the case, had not a variety of other circumstances combined to shake a constitution which had never thoroughly recovered from its first terrible earthquake. He had been, for some days previous, suffering from temporary illness, the symptoms of which were aggravated by the suddenness and anxious nature of Sir James's communication. The return to London,—the grave of his wife and of the two friends who had not long survived her; the struggle to keep down the revival of past memories; the absence of any external aid on which to rely in the present crisis; the dread of dependence upon those who had never gained nor deserved his esteem,—all came upon him, and seemed at once to deprive him of the little strength that remained. The chance of Flora's dependence upon her own powers he had never calculated upon; and if the idea had ever crossed his brain, of her having to exert any extraordinary degree of energy, especially in the peculiar province for which she was so eminently fitted, he had turned from the thought with a morbid horror, easily accounted for by the untimely fate of her mother. Added to all this, of late a new anxiety had sprung up in his mind, and to which his nervous indisposition was partly ascribable. He had seen, with concern, the increasing intimacy between Flora and Percy Fenton; a man whom he respected and even loved, but whom he felt to be unfitted, both by circumstances and education, ultimately to ensure the happiness of his child: aware, as he was, of Mrs. Fen-

ton's prejudices, he saw nothing but a hopeless struggle as the consequence of the continued association of his daughter with her son. That all these considerations worked together, and not for good to poor Walter's health of body and peace of mind, may be easily imagined, nor is it to be wondered that they finally reduced him to the state in which we last left him.

Flora's shriek, as her father fell, summoned the whole household to her side. George was foremost in the group; he waited not an instant, but went in search of the nearest medical help. Meanwhile every possible means were used for Walter's reanimation, and at last a faint sigh relieved Flora from her worst fears. He unclosed his eyes, but no look of recognition came from them; vacantly they wandered from side to side. 'Father, dear father, speak to me! look at me! it is Flora! she will be your comfort! All is well! do you not know me? it is Flora,—Flora!' again she repeated; and, after each successive sentence had failed in its intent to recal him to his senses, in a sort of desperate agony she knelt down close to him, and whispered her mother's earliest name distinctly in his ear, but with a half-fearfulness lest she should rouse even a stronger intelligence than she desired. For the first time the one name remained unanswered by its accustomed thrilling response, and the lids again closed over his speechless eyes. George returned with the hope of instant succour, and by the time his master had been conveyed to his chamber it had arrived. Flora wisely felt the necessity of communicating as much of her father's previous state of mind as might assist in a decision. An overwrought system, which would require time and the most extreme care to restore it, was the verdict. He might remain a longer or a shorter period in this state of torpor. The utmost importance was attached to the speedy security of as hopeful a set of circumstances around him as his friends could command, that when his brain recovered from the shock it had sustained, he might not suffer a relapse from a continuation of the anxiety that had occasioned it. The medical man departed. 'Can I do any thing, Miss Flora?' said George, with a quivering voice and eyes filled with tears. 'Thank you, George, no; when you hear this bell ring, you will come; it is such a comfort to see your face, instead of a stranger's.'—'Thank you! thank you!' said George; and Flora was left alone. Quite alone she could not feel: the reliance with which she looked to Percy; the feeling that in him she had a brother; that he could advise with her as to the best plan of directing the energy she felt so strong within her, and materially help her in carrying it into execution; the recollection of the strong sympathy that had sprung up between them, gave her a feeling of trust and thankfulness even in the midst of circumstances unusually trying to one whose life had been spent in a round of almost uninterrupted enjoyment. She could arrange nothing till he came; in every thought for her father's comfort

she contrived in some way to link Percy with her in its ministration. She sat for some time, all ear for the sound of footsteps on the stairs; she went to the window; she walked gently up and down the room; returned again and again to her father's bedside, to watch his pale helpless face, listen to his moaning breath; adjusted the bedclothes more lightly; shut out the last stray sunbeam, that had contrived to make its way between the curtains: there was no more to be done. The minutes went by, ranged themselves into hours, and yet no Percy! The suspense became intolerable, and she summoned George. 'You are sure you made no mistake about my note last night?'—'Quite sure, ma'am; for, when they said Mr. Percy was out, I asked if they meant out of town; and they said "No, only out for the evening;" so I left the note, with particular charge to give it him that night, as it was of the greatest consequence!' Flora remained in thought. 'Shall I go again, Miss Flora?'—'No, George; you wait with my father; I will be back soon.' George had many entreaties to urge, and many warnings about her 'losing her way, and not knowing what sort of a place London was;' but she stayed not to listen, and in a few minutes was on her way. Her heart beat rapidly as she approached the house. She looked searchingly at it, half doubting if George's account could be correct. The balcony was verdant with plants; and a vase, which she recognized as one of the favourites of Percy Court, filled with fresh flowers, was on a stand in one of the windows. 'They are at home, and the note has been forgotten.' Her whole frame trembled with an emotion new to her, and she could scarcely bid the massy knocker do its office. A woman servant opened the door. 'Is Per—is Mrs. Fenton at home?'—'No, ma'am, she left town at nine o'clock this morning.'—'And Mr. Percy?'—'Is gone with her, miss!' and she eyed Flora suspiciously, as her hastily awakened colour gave place to excessive paleness. 'Do you know where they are gone, or how long they will remain?' The door and the post were brought into nearer companionship. 'None of us knows where they are gone, but for some time, I s'pose, as most of their things is to be packed up and sent after 'em.' By this time the aperture was so lessened that there was scarcely room for the two faces to see each other. 'One question more; was this a sudden journey?' The sub. looked 'what business is that of yours, I should like to know?' but the opportunity to an under servant of being somebody was irresistible. 'Yes, miss, very sudden indeed! Mr. Percy received a letter last night—a very important letter indeed! and they do say, it made some words between him and missuss; however that may be, I know for a fac that it positively obliged them to go into the country!' and the Jenny in office drew herself up with an air of dignified importance as if she were chief keeper of secrets to the establishment. Flora stood, how long she knew not, until the sudden and somewhat sharp shutting of the door

recalled her to herself. Till this moment the extent of her love had remained concealed from her, and now she was too much bewildered to analyze her own sensations: she only felt that the rock on which she had rested had suddenly sunk beneath her, and that she was alone, struggling amidst the waves of a wide tumultuous ocean. She reached home, scarcely knowing how, and made her way to her own room. She sunk on the floor, and a gush of tears relieved the bitter agony she had suffered. 'Is it come to this? have I loved? and must I wake from all those dreams, and upon such utter desolation? Were all those days that we have passed together, our walks, the books that we have read, the tears we have wept together, the looks of love—aye! it was love! at least, with me! I know it now, even from this dreadful torture!—was it nothing?—is it to be nothing? I *was* happy! I could be content even now, but for this ache—this dreadful ache! Why did you come across me? Oh what a child I was—a happy, happy child! What am I now? A miserable, heartbroken wretch!' and she grovelled and writhed on the floor in a paroxysm of agony. Such anguish was too strong to be of long duration: she lifted her head from the ground. 'Why is this? Flora Brandon, is this worthy of you, to be thus shaken by your own selfish sorrow, when he who has been always the kindest, the tenderest, the truest (and the tears again gushed forth), is suffering, helpless, dependent on your future strength for his very existence! Oh, forgive me, my father—my dear, dear father! Would that you could hear me—would that you could take your poor Flora to your bosom!—would that you could comfort this wretched, wretched heart! What, again? hush! hush!' and she remained for some time with her hands pressed tightly to her head and chest, rocking her body into rest, and uttering from time to time the low hushing sounds that nurses use to lull their children to sleep. She succeeded in becoming calmer, rose up and arranged her disordered appearance, composed her features as well as she was able, and made her way to her father's room. George was still there, and, with his finger on his lip, made sign that Walter slept. She gave George what tried hard to be a smile, and pointed to the door. George looked with wondering eyes upon her altered face, but was too good a nurse to stay to question. A look at her father's face again called up her emotion. 'Alone, now indeed *alone*!' and her exhausted frame sunk on the couch, her place of rest beside her father's bed. Her mind reverted to the one subject, and the tears rolled in heavy drops one after the other, as the thoughts came thickly and sadly. 'He never *said* he loved me; he knew not that I loved him; he knows not what I suffer! Gone! gone! Oh! what a beautiful nature he had!' continued her thought, as if he were indeed dead. 'Has still! Just Heaven! do not let me wrong him; a strange cloud seems to veil it from me now, but do not let me wrong him.'

I will believe him just ; at least, let me respect him. Oh ! what a word for a heart like this !' she continued, as she felt that heart rushing towards him in a tide of strong love, that no barrier of word or thought could restrain. 'And yet it is much ; any thing rather than the degradation of my idol—anything rather than to be the dupe of a childlike trusting love ! No ! no ! I may still hold my faith ; thank God for that. Nothing can tear it from me !—nothing but his own spoken word. Hear me, Heaven, and chronicle the words I utter ; I rest my life on Percy Fenton's truth !' A peace came with these thoughts that did indeed pass her own understanding, and in a short time her wearied frame was wrapt in slumber. Not so her mind ; dreams and half-waking visions came in thick succession : some vague and indistinct, others clothed in a frightful reality ; all in some way taking the events that had so-rapidly closed around her for their argument. One—and it was the last—came with peculiar distinctness.

She thought she was wandering through a wood with Percy ; a beautiful wood ! Each tree was in its prime ; a blue sky over all ; and the sunshine darting in and out amongst the green recesses. Percy was at some distance from her ; but, as they went on their way, they approached nearer and nearer to each other. At last they came to a long vista ; they entered it together. The sun became brighter, the trees greener ; pleasant airs played amongst the branches ; the birds sang, and the bees and glad butterflies sported amongst the wild flowers : innumerable sweet chirpings were heard from underneath the mosses, and all seemed instinct with life and happiness. At the end of the vista there seemed a garden. Delicious perfumes came upon the air, mingled with the sound of lulling waterfalls ; dim glimpses of bright spirits flitted here and there ; beautiful forms seemed to beckon them on, and a syren voice was singing in the air 'Come'—and a sweet echo answered 'come,'—'to your home !'—'Home !' again the echo answered, till the sound was heard in endless repetition. They were about to join hand to hand, and to enter upon the garden, when on a sudden the heavens were darkened, and a mighty and rushing wind uprose, and the trees of the vista waved wildly to and fro, and they bowed their tops to the ground, and hid the garden from sight. Flora felt her hand grasped tightly : she turned to look for Percy. He was gone ! and a hideous demon was in his place. Suspicion lurked in the snaky eyes that darted sharp glances from beneath their pent brows. The fiend raised a long gaunt arm, and pointed to the leafy portal. Suddenly it unclosed upon where had been the garden ; but how changed ! Trees blasted, flowers withered, fruits rotten upon stagnant waters ; forms of ghastly horror seen at intervals, but all fixed and motionless. The wind was hushed into deathly stillness ; the sky coldly wrapt in one universal cloud. Enthroned amidst the ruin was a gigantic figure. Despair was written in power upon her sullen

brow, as she sat rigid, mighty, moveless, a Queen amidst desolation. Flora felt herself dragged forward; a horrible voice was in her ears. 'Come!' it said—'Come!' repeated a sullen echo—to thy home!—Home! echo moaned in the distance. Flora tried to call for help on Percy, but her voice failed her. Nearer and nearer she was drawn to that fearful garden. As a last hope, she turned to look back for succour; and there stood the pale spirit-like form of her father, who, with clasped hands, seemed to implore her to struggle against the destiny that was dragging her onwards. She concentrated all her strength into one desperate effort to free herself from the grasp of the fiend—and awoke! Her first impulse was to rush to her father's side. All was safe; and she returned to her couch, to recover from the state of alarm into which her dream had thrown her. She again tried to compose herself to rest, but in vain; and her thoughts began to turn towards the future. She soon found that her only chance was in a speedy formation of that future; in an instant severing the past from the present; in immediate exertion to free her mind from the pressure of this last and heaviest trial, and to remove as soon as possible the anxiety resulting from her father's state of sickness and destitution. Her own nerves were already beginning to totter, and, unless she opened for herself some immediate and engrossing pursuit, she felt the possibility of her being reduced to a state even worse than his own.

In the silence and solitude of the darkened chamber did Flora summon all her noblest energies; the gloomy twilight, the absence of externals, the low breathing of the invalid, coming at intervals, as if to remind her of his dependence upon her, all helped to concentrate her powers, and strengthen her rapidly-forming purposes. 'Yes, I will become an actress!' Quickly did the thought flash upon her; slowly and deliberately did she plan its execution. She recalled her father's conversations on the subject; tried to remember the names that had been associated with his dramatic life. To her great joy she recollected having seen, in a public print, one that had been in some way connected with the history of her mother's death. Once on the alert, her inquiries soon produced a result. The stage manager, who had announced the event to the audience on that memorable night, and who had shown an unusual degree of feeling for Walter's distress, was connected with one of the theatres. To him Flora at once resolved to apply; to tell him frankly her circumstances, ask as frank an opinion of him as to the proposed application of her talent, and, if available, entreat his assistance to procure its employment as soon as possible. Not a moment was lost in the prosecution of her plans. The next morning, she made the first step into her new world. The perfect simplicity of Flora's appearance, her undeviating frankness, the affecting earnestness of her every look and every tone, would have been sufficient to interest the most sceptical observer; but coming, as she

did, in the likeness of her well-remembered mother, the recital of whose melancholy death was an oft-told tale, that had caused many a moment's mournful rest even among the flippant groups that too often disgrace the green-room, and with all the added interest of the peculiar circumstances about her, no wonder that she called up the strongest and best feelings in the heart of her auditor. Unlike most managers, and even beyond himself, he encouraged her hopes; doubted not of the possession of a similar talent to her mother's; but would not allow her then to make a trial of it, owing to the morning's excitement having been already as much as she could bear. 'I have indeed found a friend, then,' she said, as the tears sprang to her eyes; and she held out her hand. 'Rely on me, and mind and take care of yourself, and we must take care of you, for your poor father's sake; and, to give a more selfish reason, for our own; not forgetting the public, to whom I hope soon to introduce you, and who, I doubt not, will find in you a valuable acquisition.' The words passed idly by Flora; the chance of her acceptance was all she required; she joyfully fixed on the morrow morning for her first ordeal, and, again thanking her new-found and kind friend, took her departure. The whole of the day was devoted to the recal of her past dramatic studies, or rather amusements. They came with added vigour and freshness; and a good night, won by the excessive exertion of the day and the hope that it had created, had restored her nerves to a somewhat firmer tone, and given her the power to realize all that she desired. Her trial passed triumphantly; access to the theatre, that she might familiarize herself as speedily as possible with the business of the stage, was immediately gained for her: she was introduced to the wife of the manager, herself an actress, a little, kind-hearted, active, cheerful woman, who, like her husband, was impressed at once by the interesting circumstances that surrounded Flora, and determined to do all in her power to procure her pleasure or prevent her annoyance, as the occasion might serve. On Flora's return home a letter from Lady Brandon was on the table; they were to arrive in town the following week. Flora looked to their coming with more of fear than hope: she loved her aunt, and the more she did so, she felt that the career she had chosen would be likely to add to the distress she had suffered from their other circumstances. Not that her aunt had any peculiar horror of the profession; her strong affection for her brother had secured her against that; but Flora's adoption of it would bring her into such constant collision with Sir James, if she attempted to keep up any association with her, that she saw no end of difficulty. But a greater fear than this was the dread of having Percy's name dragged before her; she was endeavouring as much as possible to shut it out, as its recurrence never failed to herald a troop of miserable and hopeless sensations—the most unfitting influences with which she had to contend. At the time mentioned, Sir

James, Lady Brandon, and Emma, came to town. The former had spent the interval that had passed since the confirmation of Walter's loss, in endeavouring to ascertain what were likely to be the feelings and opinions of the surrounding neighbourhood—his world—as upon their fiat would depend his line of conduct. Walter had seldom mingled with the visitors at Brandon Hall. Added to his disapproval of the master, there had been, in the first instance, an evident attempt amongst the guests to patronize Sir James's 'poor relation,' which spirit Walter had rebuked in a manner that had made certain cheeks to blush, and certain ears to tingle. Flora, too, had raised the spleen of many of the neighbouring gentry who had daughters (to say nothing of a little on the part of Sir James, for Emma's sake), at her having for a time engrossed such a prize as Percy Fenton; and, although all chance of final possession seemed over, they were not disposed to forget past grievances. Sir James was not long kept in a state of perplexity. 'Imprudence,' 'folly,' 'excessive carelessness,' 'extravagance,' were terms thickly lavished on the head of poor Walter. Others decided that it was 'very mysterious,' accompanied with certain what are called 'knowing' (and which are usually ignorant, and always vulgar) nods and winks, and shrugs of the shoulders; while some went so far as to shake their heads in awful condemnation at 'such a piece of glaring rascality!' Sir James was heartily (or rather heartlessly) pleased when he found himself relieved from the necessity of coming forward; so he *did* looking grieved, shook his head too, though after a different fashion, saying little, but just enough to earn commendation for showing a Christian spirit of forbearance to one who 'had brought disgrace upon the family!'

Flora was not long in making her way to her aunt after her arrival. It was a painful meeting; not a little aggravated by the presence of Sir James. Lady Brandon's reception was an agony of tears. Emma, who was trying on a new capote, was 'delighted to see her,'—and she turned again to the glass, far more 'delighted to see' how well the capote became her. Sir James looked something between coldness and arrogance, but began in a tone of condolence, which Flora, as soon as she could without positive rudeness, interrupted, to begin her history. She went through it rapidly and strongly, and with so much decision of manner as to keep Sir James silent. She entreated her aunt to be consoled; assured her that she was comparatively happy; that she was quite satisfied as to the wisdom of the course she was pursuing, as being the likeliest to bring eventual health and peace of mind to her father; that there were good hopes of his recovery, from the fact of his not having wasted away; that just now she was almost thankful to see him as he was, rather than in a racking state of anxiety. Lady Brandon's tears still continued to fall, while Emma stood by, not quite determined in her own mind whether it was proper to cry or not. Flora rose to go.

‘Tell me again where you are, dear child, for I have mislaid your last letter, and my poor head is so bewildered.’ Flora named the address; Lady Brandon took out her memorandum-book, but the tears would not let her write; Flora wrote it for her. ‘And now, dear, dear aunt, good bye—do not be thus distressed—do not be anxious for us—I am sure it will be well with him, and that is all I want to make me’—happy she would have said, but ‘content’ was the word for her future. She hurried away. Sir James listened for the closing of the hall-door, and then addressed his daughter. ‘Emma, if your cousin becomes an actress, I shall be under the necessity of requesting you to abstain from association with her.’ ‘Very well, papa,’ said Emma, while poor Lady Brandon, who could no longer restrain her sobs, retreated from the room. ‘Your mamma has too much sensibility, and allows it sometimes to encroach upon the bounds of propriety. You had better go to her, Emma; and tell her I shall order the carriage at three, and that I particularly wish, while matters are in this state, that your cousin may not be seen in it; and stay, Emma, I also must request that it may not be seen standing at the door of their lodgings; but perhaps it is better that I should speak to your mamma myself upon the subject.’ The eternal ‘Very well, papa,’ which so often said so very ill for the daughter, was Emma’s rejoinder, and she left the room.

As the day of Flora’s public trial approached, a new life seemed to possess her. Conscious as she was of her being about to try the issue of beggary or independence, and, what was of far deeper importance, the restoration of her father, which she felt to be dependent on her success,—yet feeling, as she did for the first time, omnipotence of will in the employment of her own powers, and that those powers gained strength from the vigorous exercise into which they had of late been roused,—the immensity of the result but imparted new energy to all her actions. Added to her father’s long-cherished feelings and opinions, which had become hers, the sanctity of her purpose elevated her far above the prejudices and impurities that still cling closely around and impede the progress of the profession she had adopted; and she prepared for her coming trial with a feeling of devotedness, and a power of affection prompting to strong purpose, that made her, indeed, seem very little ‘lower than an angel!’

The day arrived! the former part of it passed in a profound quiet, that alone, to an acute observer of the different workings of human nature, would have been a sufficient voucher for her success. She left her father’s room, to make what arrangements were necessary before her departure for the theatre. For a moment she hesitated whether to return, lest some circumstance might arise, some string be touched, the vibration of which might disturb her self-possession; but the old habit prevailed. He was seated, as she had left him, in a large arm-chair, watching,

like a child, the new departing sun-gleams, as they made their way through the window-blinds, and flitted across the wall. Of late this had been hailed by Flora as a blessed proof of returning consciousness;—but now, when about to take the most important step she had ever ventured, and when her father's sympathy would have been so precious to her, the absence of all intelligence between them, at a time when there should have been so much, made the tears spring to her eyes. 'And is it thus, my father, I must go forth, and without a blessing from thee?—Better as it is; better than that thou shouldst suffer the anxiety that would be thine at this moment, couldst thou read my purpose; and yet it is for thee—for *thee!*' and she kissed him again and again, and folded him to her bosom, and lifted up her eyes and her heart in prayer to Heaven that he might be restored to her; and then, with more earnestness than usual, she gave her accustomed look into his eyes of wistful search after the intelligence that had so long deserted them. Surely his eyes recognized her? No; it was fancy! Another kiss, and she turned towards the door; his head moved, his eye followed her,—she was at his feet in an instant; but whether the violence of her movement had checked returning consciousness, or whether his change of position had been merely accidental, she could not tell, as he relapsed into his former state of indifference.

The manager and his kind little wife were waiting to receive her. In selecting a character for her first appearance, Flora had cautiously avoided taking one that might in any way act upon her own personal feeling. Juliet, the one so often selected, had at once been rejected by her. Often had she read it with Percy; often had she talked over improvements in its representation; and in her loneliness recalled a remark which he had made in jest, while regretting the want of spirituality in the fat middle-aged gentleman usually selected to play the gentle Romeo. 'If ever you were to play Juliet, dear Flora, I would stipulate that they should let you play it to your own Romeo!' 'Yes, Percy, I am indeed dependent on myself, but how little I then thought it would be through your desertion—no, not desertion—loss!' Accordingly Flora had selected her old character of Portia, as one little likely to bear upon her own peculiar history and feelings. The girlish heroine, who had years before uttered the apostrophe to Mercy, in the library of Brandon Hall, had lost none of her beauty; time had rather added a treasure of strengthened feelings, tempered by ripened judgment, the loftiness of her purpose giving her steadiness to employ both in their fullest exercise. Her story had been freely circulated amongst all those whom it could reach, and her greeting was unusually encouraging; but she was too much absorbed to remark it as anything else but the accustomed meet to a new aspirant. If the grace, and dignity, and delicacy of the earlier scenes, attracted and charmed her au-

dience, the celebrated trial-scene completed her triumph. Her own strong purpose communicated itself, and became inseparable with the lofty bearing of the high-souled Portia. Her entrance into the presence of the Duke and the assembled court was a moment that stood alone, to be remembered in the annals of dramatic history. She came armed with a cause just and holy, to redeem another from bondage, to free one most dear to her from suffering. She did as her will had prophesied, as her appeal to her father had promised, 'triumph through all;' and the whole house rose, as the curtain fell, to give vent to its enthusiasm in universal acclamation. She hurried from the theatre, not waiting to receive the accustomed shower of plaudits; her kind friend, the manager, speaking for her, in the words of simple and earnest truth, and, in alleging the reason for her absence, securing to her a further amount of popularity. Arrived at home, Flora was not long in seeking her father's room. As she entered, the lamp, which had been studiously placed so as to avoid the pillow of the invalid, flashed full upon her figure. She was habited in white; a long white veil floated over her shoulders. 'Ha!' said a voice from the bed, 'art thou come at last? Long years have I mourned for thee, long have I waited for thee.' Flora was at her father's side in an instant; 'Come, come,' and his head sank on the pillow. For awhile Flora hardly dared breathe to herself what was her fear; she listened, and soon it was to hear the low deep breath of sleep. She hastily divested herself of her stage costume, and again returned to her station by the bed. She continued there for some time, when her father changed his position. She arranged his pillow, took his hand, and gave his cheek that kiss of affection, which in other days had never failed of a return. His eyes opened; 'Flora' was the first word he uttered. This time Flora was guarded. 'Flora!' again he repeated. 'Yes, papa,' came for answer, but in a voice that from its excessive suppression sounded as from the depths of a sepulchre. 'My child, where are you?' and Flora's lips were fastened to his forehead. 'Where have I been? Why are you crying?' and Flora could no longer restrain her sobs. 'What is the matter, Flora? I have had a dream, I have seen an angel, your mother! she came to me; alas! she is gone—gone; but my child, my little Flora, I have you. Why do you weep? You are with your father, you are my dear, dear child,—we are happy!' From that hour Walter slowly recovered; recovered to hear and tremble at all the events that had so rapidly changed their mode of existence. Flora's complete and increasing success, her uninterrupted and improved health, and the gloom that never failed to gather on her brow when he spoke anxiously of her newly-adopted career, soon made him discontinue any allusions to it but such as were encouraging. One other subject was entirely suppressed, though often in each other's eyes they could read their unspoken thoughts. Percy's

name never passed their lips. Since her father's recovery, this was the one cloud that darkened Flora's heaven; and, in spite of all her efforts to remove it, there it remained. Though the melancholy it awakened was not of the deepest kind, though she was spared the excess of bitterness which a disappointment in the object occasions, though she felt it to be a fault of the circumstance rather than the individual, yet the want of the one sympathy, the deprivation of the interchange which she had enjoyed so intensely, made her heart at times, even with all the strong interest of her pursuit, an aching void. The feeling of reliance which she had once felt towards her father had completely changed; she felt his thorough dependence upon her, and turned with a shrinking fear from the thought of what the consequence of any failure in her might be to him. What might not Percy have been to her now?—And where was Percy?

We must return to the evening of Flora's arrival in town. On the return of Percy and his mother from the opera the note was duly delivered, and the 'great consequence' of George lost none of its emphasis by its transmission. Mrs. Fenton lifted her questioning eyes to Percy as he broke the seal. 'Heaven! she is here!' was his first exclamation. 'Who?' said Mrs. Fenton. 'You shall read,' said Percy, still continuing to retain Flora's note. While finishing its perusal, his mother watched his rapidly-changing face, which had blanched to excessive paleness ere he gave the note to her. She read it without comment, refolded it, and placed it on a table near her. The excess and suddenness of Percy's feeling held him silent; his mother was the first to speak. 'I have been wishing for a half-hour's conversation with you relative to Miss Brandon for some time, dear Percy, and, though I am aware of its seeming a somewhat ungracious period at which to introduce it, the necessity of the case must excuse me, both to you and herself. I have marked the impression she has made upon you, which up to a certain point was a desirable circumstance; to go beyond that point, my dear son, you must allow, would be a most objectionable thing for you, and consequently a bitter affliction to me.' Percy continued silent; his feelings were all in tumult, and, for the first time, they seemed to rebel against his power to command them. He knew not how to answer; and his slight confusion and hesitation of manner awakened the fears of his mother. 'Percy, tell me, have you ever given Miss Brandon cause to think of you other than as a friend?' The silence continued. 'Percy, you alarm me; let me know the worst at once; have you made a declaration of love to her?' 'No,'—came out like a murmur from a dreaming man. Shadow of a denial as it was; Mrs. Fenton knew she might rely upon it. The principle of truth and justice, which her son had received from her, would have made her, had the case been otherwise, at once have sacrificed her long-cherished ambition upon the altar of plighted faith.

And Percy *was* in a dream, or rather a strong and new reality was rapidly creating around him. His murmured 'no' was a true answer to his mother's question, but in its tone might be detected a deeper truth—the conviction that was coming upon him, that, though his love had remained untold, there it was, making his pulses throb, his cheek glow, his heart beat against his breast, to fly to her who, for the first time, he discovered that he loved; discovered it too in one of those strongly painful circumstances that sometimes elicit a truth suddenly, which the common course of events might have taken a much longer period to bring to light. Mrs. Fenton was at ease; all fear was over. Her reliance rested securely on two points in Percy's character—his high notion of filial obedience, and his belief that in a total abnegation of self consisted the extent of human virtue;—a beautiful error in its unselfishness, but one of the most fatal into which a being of strong sensibility can fall.

How often, as in the case of Mrs. Fenton and her son, have hopes been blasted, affections killed, the whole bloom and charm of a life sacrificed! and to what?—ambition, desire of possession, grasping after distinction, and many another cause, less unworthy, but equally mischievous, which, however it might assume the guise of parental love, was a cheat—was the love of its own wish, rather than a child's true happiness. The personal affections are a right with which no parent should interfere; they are the strongest stimulus to human action; and, as such, though everything may and should be done to direct them, their complete destruction is a crime which should lie heavily on every parent's conscience. We would rather see a child a pauper in a parish workhouse, beggared by adventitious circumstances, the result, as it is called, of 'a bad match,' than have the sin upon our souls of having made a heart bankrupt in its most precious wealth—its affections. What had been Mrs. Fenton's course of action? Strong as was her love for her son—devoted as had been every thought, every feeling, every act of her life, to what she called his welfare—she had allowed his intercourse with Flora, not only regardless of what might be the consequence to *her*, reckless of the suffering which the entanglement of her feeling might entail upon her, but now was about to devote the son she had so much loved—a martyr to his own heroic but mistaken sense of duty—a victim to his earnest, but unreasoning, self-devotion.

After Percy's 'No,' Mrs. Fenton again broke silence. 'Percy, you have made your mother happy;' and she held out her hand, into which Percy's found its way by a mechanical impulse. She was too happy in the assurance he had given her to feel annoyance at the coldness of the act, and continued: 'You know well I would not have you forfeit a pledge and dishonour your faith, though the breaking of my heart might be the result of its fulfilment. I am sorry that Mr. Brandon should be so circum-

stanced, and regret that it is not in our power to assist in extricating him from his difficulty.' This brought Percy to his senses. 'How unfortunate that we should have been at that provoking opera!' (his mother looked up; he had never seemed to have had greater enjoyment from the same cause than on that evening :) 'however, I can go before breakfast in the morning: where are they? You have the note, I think;' for it had disappeared from the table. 'I have, Percy. Listen; and do not account it strange when I tell you I mean to retain it;' (Percy looked somewhat possessive :) 'that is, if you will, after I have explained my reason, permit me to do so.' 'My mother! I permit *you*! What is it you mean?' 'All is safe,' again thought Mrs. Fenton. She continued aloud,—'Listen, Percy, quietly, for a few minutes. When I first saw your acquaintance with Miss Brandon, I felt that it would be a harmless pleasure, which I had no right to deny you. I had too much confidence in your prudence, in the kind consideration with which you have always regarded my wishes, (wishes, I may earnestly say, ever having your good for their object,) to fear, for a moment, that you would completely ruin the hopes I have so long cherished for you, by attempting an alliance with one so much beneath you.' Percy's brow crimsoned. 'Beneath me!' 'Do not interrupt me; I will not trouble you long.' 'Trouble me! Mother, why do you use this form to me?' 'Because your excessive impatience obliges me to do so.' 'Forgive me; I will not again interrupt you.' 'Before I left the country I observed that your feeling to Miss Brandon had become of too engrossing a character; and, since our return to town, your repeated reference to her, your constant linking the thought of her to all our pursuits, convinced me still further that it would be necessary, as far as I had the power, to prevent any further ill consequences to you, and consequent misery to myself. Mr. Brandon's unfortunate affair, happening at such a time, will, I fear, make what I am going to propose more annoying to you than it otherwise would have been; but the absolute necessity of the case must plead for me. My dear son knows my motive, and will not judge me unkindly.' 'Unkindly! You who have been so devoted to me, that my whole life can never repay you!—my true, my noble mother!—why say all this to me?' There was something in Mrs. Fenton's conscience that shrank slightly; but all was at stake, and poor conscience was smothered in a moment. 'Dear Percy, you must not answer that note of Miss Brandon's: we must leave this neighbourhood, that there may not be the unpleasantness of an explanation; and you must learn to forget that she ever existed.' The first sentence came like a thunderbolt; the next re-awakened him; and, by the time the third was finished, he had found his speech. 'What, now? now that she is in suffering?—now that she is dependent?—now that all those who have loved her should leap

to succour her, to cherish her?—now that she is without a home, and perhaps is soon to be without a father? And I, who am her sworn brother;—yes, her sworn brother! who have taught her to rely on me, to look to me! and well might I, in return for all she has done for me. What was I before I knew her?—a listless worm, a clod. Through her I live, I breathe, I move, and feel that I have an immortal soul, bidding me strive upward and onward, the more to be like her—the more to be near her; and, O, would to God I might say, the more to deserve to love her! Oh! not now—not now, my mother, let this blow come. I promise you I will withhold all knowledge of that love from her;—I promise you to be no more than I have seemed to be; nay, to be more guarded; but, O, force me not to the misery of degradation in my own eyes; and, what is far worse, scorn and execration as a heartless, worldly, contemptible wretch in her's! Mrs. Fenton waited till the feeling excited by this outbreak had a little subsided. ‘Percy, you are misjudging; you are supposing that Miss Brandon’s feeling is stronger for you than it is; you are totally ignorant of its extent. The reliance upon you is that of a mere acquaintance; she has never realized the feeling, for she has never been in circumstances to require it. The grief you would give her by your withdrawal could not be half what would be that of your mother at your refusal to grant what she so earnestly implores. There are other reasons which make a continuation of your friendship unadvisable; which, when you know, you will be less warmly disposed for a continuation of your present intimacy than you are now.’ ‘What reasons?’ ‘Nay, Percy, is that look of defiance what I deserve?’ ‘Mother, forgive me; you know not what I suffer:’ and he pressed his hands tightly against his throbbing brows. ‘You do not know that Flora’s mother was an actress. Nay, listen: you do not know that, in all probability, a reverse of fortune may tempt her, with the undoubted talent she possesses, to adopt the same disgraceful profession.’ ‘I do know it; I know all; I know that her mother was an angel, like herself. Disgraceful! I, too, had that feeling once: O, how I spurn myself that I could have it! Disgraceful! nay, it is a glorious one. Look what she could do, with her loveliness, her truth, her purity of soul, and her beautiful enthusiasm. How she might teach others to worship her; and, in worshipping her, to aspire, though at a humble distance, to be like her. O, what a bright example she would be to a world thirsting after beings like her to lead them on to that perfection which all might attain, if all had equal chance!’ ‘Percy! what means this infatuation? Is it possible that if Flora Brandon were to become an actress, you would take her for a wife?’ ‘Take her! O, were the hope but mine at this moment! To watch over her, to guard her, to cherish her, to shield her from every breath that could chill her, to help her as far as my

mind could help in her pursuit—*our* pursuit; for our minds would be linked together, our principles firmly knit together, our energies equally devoted, though after a different manner (for I, alas! have not her power;) and, the crown of all, her precious heart's love mine own through all—oh! it was too much bliss for earth; why did I hope it?' Mrs. Fenton was at a loss. The strength and truth of Percy's feeling impressed her, in spite of the prejudices so unaccountably interfered with. She was aware that to speak of Flora would be to exaggerate Percy's state of feeling, so she had recourse to argument. 'How inconsistent this is, Percy, with all I have heard you say. You, who have so often expressed a contempt for the profession of a barrister, because it obliged "a man to sell his brains for hire." Why what is this but a woman selling her brains, her feelings, her soul, for hire?' 'Mistake not; the lawyer, as a necessity, sells his conscience with his brains. The actress, at least she who is worthy to be one, gives brains and feelings in defiance of no principle, but for a public benefit; the hire is, or should be, a matter of secondary importance, only received because the present exchange throughout society makes the acceptance of remuneration a necessity to her existence. Oh! how much rather would I be an actor, than one of the many parish priests whom we have known about the neighbourhood of Percy Court, who dole out the knowledge which ought to be the freest gift under heaven, and who are paid for the scanty service they render, not by a voluntary offering, but by a compulsory tithe!' 'Percy, what is this you are saying? Where have you imbibed these dangerous opinions?' 'They are the thoughts of the moment, called up by the truth of an elevating passion—a passion that has given me true life. I, too, had once that selfish pride, that ignorant, false delicacy, which would have shrunk from the thought, as you do now, as contamination to the being I loved. Oh, how low! how mean! how injurious to her high and sainted nature, which no communion, even with the lowest, could taint, but which would elevate all who came within her sphere! It was *I* who would have contaminated her, by desiring other than the full and free devotion of her noble powers, which were not bestowed for utter uselessness, or worse—to wear away her own heart and brain by their unemployed energy. She it was who awakened within me the strong desire to help those who need it; to help them through her, and with her, who first taught me to long after the luxury of blessing others; who first lighted up the true spirit within me. Beware, oh, beware, lest you change that light into darkness!' There was something prophetic in Percy's manner; and this, added to the strong emotion under which he had been speaking, though it could effect no change in Mrs. Fenton's mind, involuntarily had its effect upon her feelings: only for a time; the object of years was not to be relinquished for the feeling of an hour;

and, for such a prospect, impossible! She had no argument left. The grey morning light was making its way through the shutters; there was much to be done, and Mrs. Fenton felt it was time to bring matters to a close. 'Well, Percy, I have nothing more to urge. My hopes are gone, my prospects for your happiness ruined; little did I dream that this fatal acquaintance would have the effect of destroying your devotion to her who has made you her one object through life!' 'It is not true; I am ready this instant to resign her. I have given no promise; nay, she may, she will, most likely love another;' and he buried his face in his hands. 'She knows not what I suffer; she shall never know, though my heart may break with its agony. Do with me what you will; go with me where you will; all that I ask in return is, that the name of Flora Brandon never again passes your lips!' 'My noble Percy! my dear, dear son!' But little enthusiasm was there to meet her own. Percy was exhausted. 'And now let me entreat you to go to rest.' 'Rest!' echoed Percy's heart in derision; but he kissed his mother, as had been his wont from childhood, and retired to his chamber. Mrs. Fenton immediately proceeded to make the necessary arrangements for their departure; the whole house were in requisition, with strict injunction to proceed quietly in their movements. The following morning, mother and son were on their way; Percy asked not, Percy cared not, whither.

In a few weeks from that time Percy Fenton was, to all appearance, dying. The effort to overcome his feelings, the mixture of remorseful doubt that would sometimes mingle itself with them, the absence of all hope, the deprivation of sympathy, a growing discernment of his mother's motives, the struggle between old affection and newly-awakening distrust, without the needful energy to redeem himself from its consequences, had reduced him to a state of weakness and depression that seemed to be making rapid approaches to total decline. For some time they had journeyed from place to place, in the hope that quick and repeated change might wean him from this dangerous dotage on the past; but Percy's strength would hold out no longer, and Mrs. Fenton fixed her residence on the coast, where she hoped the sea breezes and good medical advice would restore him. Blind mother! his had been no selfish passion; not the sensual, senseless worship of a pair of lustrous eyes, a perfect set of features, or a faultless form; the love whose light plays upon the surface of the eye, but flashes not within the deep recesses of the heart and brain. He had been no ranger from one to another, offering up to gods many and strange the devotion meant only for the true religion of the heart; nay, daring to take the name of the true Divinity in vain, by appropriating it as a representative for feelings polluted by their promiscuousness, and debased by their selfishness. With Percy love had been the enshrinement of one object within his

heart's holy of holies. Absent or present, there had burnt the pure, unwavering flame, by whose light every vivid emotion, every kindling thought, every new impression, was made purer, brighter, and happier. All the best and noblest powers of his nature had ministered to the awakening flame, nay, had seemed to be created by its agency, till it had burst forth in its strength an absorbing, but elevating and hallowed, passion. Time went on; no blessing waited on the change; the sea breezes brought no healing on their wings, and medical skill was of no avail. Mrs. Fenton began to doubt! She watched his weakening frame, his wasting cheek; and his sunken eye and patient smile were reproaches which were silently, but deeply, cutting their way to her inmost soul. Through the public prints and other means the whole history of Flora was known to them both, but her name never passed their lips. Percy would sit for hours with his eyes fixed upon the sea; his mother would have given worlds that his mind should have been laid bare to her; but gradually he ceased to write even a thought upon that waste of waters, and the last helpless, hopeless state of apathy seemed closing upon him.

On the afternoon of a day unusually sultry, during which Percy had shown new and painful signs of increasing weakness, his mother, after fanning his brow and wiping away the moisture that gathered on his temples, succeeded in soothing him into sleep. She darkened the room, and sat down beside the sofa on which he was lying. The quiet was intense. The memory of other days came upon her. She thought of her early love, of her ill-assorted marriage, of the little fount of love that had sprung up within the desert, of the happy, playful, loving child that used to come and nestle in her bosom as a home; her eyes rested in anguish on the pale hollow suffering face beside her. 'And is it thus I have repaid thee for all the joy you brought to me when my heart was sore grieved for love? Alas! it is I that have wrought this change. It is I who have sacrificed thee; yes, sacrificed thee to a cruel, heartless, mad ambition!' The blue curtain that partially shrouded the window cast a livid gleam over the pale face of the sufferer. 'Beware, lest you change that light into darkness!' wrung in her ears; she sunk on her knees. 'O! God! do not blast me with such misery; let him be restored to me,—let but this dreadful agony pass away, and all shall be for his heart's happiness; I will forget all the dreams I have cherished; what are they compared to the desolation that would wither this heart if'—a cry of anguish burst from her bosom. Percy awoke; she knelt beside him: 'My son, my dear dear son, will you forgive me, will you forget all the misery I have caused you—will you try to be all you once were to me,—the hope, the life, the comfort of my heart; with all granted to yours that it would ask, all,—all,—only look as you once looked, only be again what you once were?' Percy gazed at her; and

the conviction of that moment laid the first step to his restoration to life.

Within a month of this day Percy was on his way to London; his errand need not be told. By one of those coincidences which are called strange, but which, if they did not happen sometimes amongst the separate number of circumstances that make up life, it would be stranger still,—he arrived in the great city the day before that in which Flora was to take her first public benefit. To her unqualified fame as an actress was added the popularity which her domestic history, now universally known, could not fail to call forth. It had been determined to mark her benefit by some public tribute to her worth, to grace it with a peculiar triumph, which her exalted genius, linked as it was with devoted and heroic virtue, richly deserved. Accordingly, after various plans, the following was agreed upon, the manager, in half jest, claiming from her implicit obedience in performing all that might be allotted to her. Amongst that part of the public who had yielded homage to her genius, she had obtained the name of ‘the modern Corinne;’ by those who preferred worshipping her in her other character, ‘the modern Cordelia.’ Accordingly, the play selected for the evening was Shakspeare’s ‘Lear,’ in which she was to play her own part; to be followed by (with an adaptation to the present circumstance) the ‘Triumph of Corinne in the Capitol.’ The whole town was full of this approaching triumph; ‘coronation of the modern Corinne’ greeted Percy’s eyes in all directions. He had wisely determined not to see her until the eventful night should be over, but it seemed strange that he who loved her best, who joyed most deeply at her success, should take no part in her triumph. He looked again and again at the play-bills; a sudden thought flashed upon him! He made his way to the theatre—sought the manager—gave his name, which was at once recognised; described himself as an early friend of Flora’s, and anxious to occupy a favoured position on such a night.

The story of ‘Corinne’ has been universally read; but it may be forgotten by some, and unknown by others, that, after her coronation by a prince of Italy, an Englishman, who is present, replaces the crown, which had accidentally fallen from her head as she leaves the hall. This had been ingeniously taken advantage of, by the author of the adaptation, to reserve the right of Flora’s coronation to her native country. The manager heartily rejoiced in the exchange of a somewhat material and unpicturesque hero for the graceful and spiritual Percy. The responsibility was slight; a few words were all, and he felt that those words might be safely trusted with one who seemed so exactly fitted to enact the part. Percy’s romance will be esteemed unaccountable and extravagant by many; to those who have not a key to it in their own bosoms it is useless to offer explanation. Long before the day

had arrived every place had been secured, and long before the time of access every avenue was crowded. The heroine of the night displayed a power almost beyond herself; so true it is that a lofty spirit rises with the excitement that would sink one of less noble mould. The time for the triumph arrived; the pageant passed through the streets of Rome—Corinne had ascended the steps to the capitol—the eulogy of the prince of Castel-Forte had been spoken, and she had uttered a response; the crown rested on her head, the whole house rose, and showers of wreaths and clusters of flowers were cast at her feet. The voices of those who had joined in procession were uplifted in a triumphal chorus. She prepared to depart. As had been previously arranged, in turning suddenly to offer a last acknowledgment to the audience, the crown of myrtle fell from her head; the Englishman advanced—he touched her hand—he led her slightly forward—he lifted in triumph a crown of roses above her head: the rose fête of Uplands rushed back on Percy's memory but for a moment; he spoke:

'Nay, 'tis for me upon that brow to place
The crown that borrows, more than lends a grace;
Our own we hail thee, and thy power divine,
And with the myrtle England's roses twine.'

'And with the myrtle England's roses twine,' sounded in tumultuous chorus. Flora heard it not. Another shower of roses and myrtle was scattered at her feet; she saw them not; one voice was in her ear, one glance was in her heart; her agitation became excessive, her head reeled, she tottered, and, had not Percy supported her, she must have fallen to the ground. The triumph was completed—the curtain fell—the spectators naturally attributing her emotion to the excess of excitement which the whole scene was calculated to call up. Though taste may condemn the practice, the audience were not satisfied without the usual *in propria persona* appearance. Some time they waited, yet Flora came not; a profound stillness prevailed, and many, who had observed her fainting state when the curtain fell, had a feeling akin to fear, as the recollection of her mother's death passed across their memory. At last the curtain was seen to wave, and in a few seconds Flora and her father, grasped tightly hand in hand, were upon the stage. She was ashy pale, but there was a peculiar light in her eyes; and a discerning observer of the multitudinous expressions that had often played about her features, exclaimed in triumph that he detected 'a new smile!' Doubly redoubled plaudits rent the air, wreaths were again scattered, and, better than all, here and there an affectionate 'God bless you both!' was heard above the tumult. Walter tried to speak, but tears came to plead eloquently for his want of words. His hand trembled in Flora's, and she felt they had best not prolong what had already been an effort almost beyond her

strength: they passed slowly across the stage, and, while the enthusiasm was at an excess which seemed almost to threaten the walls of the theatre, they withdrew.

The cottage, the water lilies and their fountain, the rose garden and the cherry orchard, and, better than all, the village school-house, are not deserted. It is now the secured property of Walter Brandon; Flora's gift to her father on the day of her marriage. The rose fête and the cherry feast are yearly celebrated, and every autumn Flora and Percy come to refresh themselves amongst the woods of Percy Court, and in the fields of Uplands; in the quiet, and freshness, and charm of a country life, again to live over their happy history, again to renew all their increasingly active plans for each successive season. On they move together in concert, like two sweet instruments attuned to each other; alike devoted, in heart and soul, to what is to them their 'good cause'; alike finding, in the equal strength, constancy, and purity of their love for each other, a stimulus to their continued exertion. Trials have come, and the world at times has been ready to work them annoyance; but, through good report and through evil report, they have clung closely to each other, and have never ceased to exult with the deep joy of their hearts in the fate that first led Flora to become an actress.

S. Y.

THE FIRST OF SEPTEMBER.

WELL! what then? is my gun warranted? are my dogs staunch? No; that is not the matter. Oh! spinning a text! Well, why not? Some sorry wight who had possessed himself of yonder rope might have contrived of it a noose to hang himself; but see! that boy has only noosed an elm-bough, and, being a chap of the easiest-idlest, he is riding his hobby—so swing I upon this old yarn, and wish you as good sport.

No, ill luck to your cruel eye! What! is it not enough that you drive yon beast in your dog-cart, just as you yoke and drive every other animal that crawls but beyond these fellow creeping things must you — Were you a creature of the same species you might try a rival wing; but out of pure spite you will make a piece of lead outfly a feather, and level to the ground the tenant of the upper element. Could you not creep on and over, could you not scratch, and search, and sift, until you finally sink and sleep *there*, the earth, that claims you as one of its clods? The air, which buoys their bulk and fills their wing-compelling bones, which nurses their song, which bathes their brisk youth, and wins them from the narrow cradle pilfered from the grosser elements, and obeys their every impulse, and leaves no track for the destroyer behind their path—the air is blasted to desolation by

your contrivance, and shuts out heaven from the heart that meditates the ruin, unpeopling the pure space; down, down the victims flutter; there are your spoils, count their wounds, pluck out the weapons of their defence, strip every feather, and see a naked wretched biped,—then think of Diogenes' definition of a man.

But, who are you that take all my invective to yourself? Oh! no, it was not meant for you, who only taint the air with sulphurous smoke to recall the dingy atmosphere of your London, and wish that birds would, like your customers, fill your sack for your courtesies of the counter; your bow and your hawking of your offices are of no avail, birds will not come to be killed to make a cockney's supper; he must apply to the poulterer for a fowl, and despatch it, per coach, with a lie; and so Tooley-street shall perpetuate the glories of the shooting-jacket. Vain pretence! the boy who scared the birds from the spring corn was a hero to you; the mole is the only animal who has an instinctive dread at your approach, and pursues more intently his dirty ways, feeling that a rival is plodding on the surface. Enough! Cruickshank, take up your pencil; here is sport for you in the uplands; sketch in a dozen shooting-jackets, and come here; you will fill them to your heart's most jocose desire.

‘But how to spend the holydays in the country? You would not have us bring the ink-horn, the foolscap, and ——’ ‘O, by no means; here are herbs and trees.’ (What have I said? The last new ‘Botany,’ got by rote, is tossed into my ears.) ‘No, no; no books nor papers in the elm avenue.’ ‘What is to be done?’ ‘What to be done! What part of this province of earth holds you? Are you westward? wait a few weeks, you will find the hop-fair at Wayhill; count the sacks, and calculate the consumption of ale, and see what comes of it. Broad shoulders and bright cheeks, and a hand that never tires between sunrise and the glooming. Go home now, count the miles of your walk, call for the Cognac to restore your lost powers. But whither goes your sport? If north, steam it, and you will count a hundred miles a day, beside waves and gulls; and then ports, and the Gael, and lakes, and —— O, you would off by the Shrewsbury coach! Get down, you rascal! defile not the Vale of Llangollen; the Welch harps will be out of tune; the mountains will grow weary, and throw their weight from their shoulders. Indeed, I can advise you no further. Stay at home; you will have a dozen new ‘Tours’ on the library table at Christmas, including a lease from Biscay, with a portrait of Zumalacarreguy, and a speech of Colonel Evans on the first charge. I thought that would do for you. Down with your gun!—off to your ledger!—enter two pounds of gunpowder and a dozen ditto of patent shot, debtor to cash; per contra, creditor, by three brace of partridges, &c.’ I did not think you would have made half so good a bargain. Now sell your new jacket of velveteen, and keep your

gun to shoot the cats when they grow clamorous, tearing the ear of night with all that is inharmonious.

Courteous reader, I beg your pardon; that impudent fellow with his sporting pretences, whom I met on the Clapham stage three weeks ago, would not from my memory. But I wish you would have let me go on or continue going off at that cockney. Stopping me is as awkward to my sensations as when you check the swing; there the white head in the sun, and now the little heels here in the shade, and a chirrup swinging to and fro in companionship with the hobby; and now that jolt, and the little fellow is nearly thrown on his face among the nettles—I mean the last word as a *simile*, and find myself nettled by the critics, who are calling ‘question, question,’ while you only, Mr. Editor, are liberal of voice, and bid me ‘go on, go on.’ Well, sport for the country is, to rise with the sun, to empty the scent-bottles of your toilet, and make them depositories of a cottage wall-rose, presented with ‘good morrow’ from little rosy-cheek; or if the fair hand have culled the roses of so many and ten summers, then raise thy wish to virtue, she may be a worthy wife for—but you are *above* a farmer’s daughter: then pray pass on and keep the flower, and remember that ‘Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these;’ and it was a gift from a maiden’s hand, (or from any hand, if you are called to the wonders of its mechanism and the lecture of Sir Charles Bell,) and make that a text on the rights of humanity; or go on without a thought to the ‘Hand and Flower,’ and drink deeply of mine host’s home-brewed, if you have not been by the way deeply intoxicated with the every-day sights and sounds of a country walk at dawn; the little children up three hours beyond the going-out of father and the elder lads to plough or reaping. If you have never before seen a joy sunning the countenance, look there,—the one who speaks, how freely part the pearly teeth-row! how full the voice comes, without a hint that the lungs procured a double gulp of pure air with that effort! And then the laughers—see! the quiet cheek as still as the sky before dawn; and now—travel not to witness a glorious sunrise, it is here; it is gone. Another word. See! again that countenance, without an effort, is all joy, bright as happiness, and easy as innocence. ‘Very innocent amusement,’ quoth my reader, repeating the question, ‘what is to do in the country?’ Do something, or do not wander from the nothing-doing of town. If you can use the pencil, or touch the flute, or tell a story, you will have enough to do, unless you would keep happy neighbours from you, for you will be in request wherever these accomplishments are beyond the leisure of your company. But cricket, or bowls, or quoits, are the classical sports of the green, and thus, while work takes his new title, and perhaps shows to the setting sun a different costume from that worn at his rising, you will learn that they are always doing

in the country? I hardly think they could fold their arms and fix their attention while you should pass the hours in telling all the *on dits* of the season, all the failures in the East, all the *faux pas* of the West; but you may find it otherwise; try, see how many 'Ages' and 'Satirists' come to the post-office, and whither directed; follow them, and take up the theme; your coterie may be as clever and their consultations as dark as the conclave of crows that blacken yonder acres; yet, whatever their mischief to the corn, they are catering for their species, and therefore speak more profitably than your neighbours, though they only say 'caw.' But, should you escape these corners, you may find a cottager who has been to the top of the highest hill in the adjoining county, or a yeoman who is learned in the rise and fall of markets, a lass who has danced at the assize town, or a mechanic who has been on tramp, or a wooden leg which bespeaks a son of Neptune or of Mars. Oh, that oak of Dodona, whose fabled bird-tone was (as Mitford tells us) an Egyptian emigrant, was not more eloquent than are yon elm-boughs that screen the cottage eaves. How cozily curls the blue smoke from amid the foliage! I dare say the Dodonæan oak was an old smoker too while giving out his wondrous tales.

But you despise my attempt to read these elm rows classical. Well! let the country speak to you in its own language of whispering boughs, of sunny uplands, of dark deep streams, of generous labour and unequivocal repose. Become a part of the healthful society, a spirit of the grand and beautiful, an echo of the silence that is eloquent as the mirror of heaven; then go in your strength to your hearth, and take down the old author from your shelves; you will meet him half way in his opinions, anticipate his imagery, cling round his meaning with affection, and meditate upon him in the hushing hour which precedes 'good night;' then thy dreams will be holy, slumber light, and thy morrow a new birth of creation, and of the creature who welcomes earth and blesses heaven. But this will come without recourse to old authors at midnight. Here a circle engaged in a talk of their crops, or a discussion of the game at bowls, or of the fighting at Waterloo, may hold you long in digesting their opinions, or analyzing their characters, while the evening clear-obscure shuts out all objects that excite the organs of sense; in the stillness, the *humming* of the gnat is loud in terrors, the waving of the boughs an intrusion; you turn your head, (perhaps at the warning of a gnat's wing,) there, above the boughs that have lost their day-hue in one sombre purpling blackness, the moon is up, a wonder of light, the seal upon the season of coolness, the fountain of rays that should thread the beady dews—or what you will, for you start from the long twilight as if these gentle beams and that silver orb were strange and new, and you are deaf to your neighbour, and his markets, or his politics; do you not bless the out-

of dear home, the country walk that gives the spirit room to mingle with the beauty and beneficence reflected on the face of nature?

G. S.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

POPULAR patriotism,—not the *love*, but the *boast* of country, a beating out of the leaf-brass of self-conceit,—is out of vogue. It seems to have been declining ever since the days of Dibdin, that poet-laureate of loyalty; then it was at its zenith. At that period the belief in the superiority of a ‘true-born Englishman’ over every other creature on the face of the earth, especially a Frenchman, might have swelled the thirty-nine articles to forty, for it was part of the universal creed of the country.

Such narrow and exclusive opinions have for some time been yielding to broader and better views; thanks to peace, a free intercourse with foreigners, and the power of a few master-minds, more or less in operation among us.

It is the tendency of these minds to think, as it were, in masses; to merge the petty details of connexion, class, and clime, in the grand circle of universal humanity. This is a sublime disposition of mind. The philosophy it inculcates cannot be too warmly cherished, too firmly fixed; it will furnish the lever which will raise England out of the mercenary mud into which she has been in a great degree sunk; already its electric power has roused many from the torpor of exclusive interests, wrenched open the double-locked doors of ignorant selfishness, and will in its irresistible course shatter the showy fabrics of specious power and pretension.

This philosophy has breathed doom upon the Aristocracy, not of England only, but of the whole earth. Aristocracy is a tumour growing out of the diseased state of the body politic; a tumour which will die away under the alterative administered to the public mind by this philosophy,—a better process for its extinction than any violent excision could offer.

The progress of this philosophy will create a new moral atmosphere, in which future generations, with their first, fresh, free energies, will awake at once, and take a character unknown to the cramped, crooked, contracted nurslings of past opinion.

Yet while I recognise with delight this enlarged and beautiful philosophy, the conception, comprehension, and acting upon which is the nearest approach man has made to the Godhead, I feel,—even while my reason and experience bid me perceive and acknowledge the inextricable, unalienable, universal, and eternal linking of the whole chain of being,—I feel so strongly within me the principle of independence, the sense of *oneness*, if so I may express myself, that I cannot forbear to take my stand for a moment with the atom in opposition to the universal, and endeavour

to see how far we have been wrong in the cherishing of individual and other exclusive interests, the excess of which a noble philosophy is now endeavouring to dissipate.

When speaking of atoms, I may, without being largely guilty of egotism, refer to self; it is the only grain of the grand structure, universal humanity, I have at hand; when, then, I feel that I would rather be broke upon the wheel by instalments than acknowledge the arbitrary control of any earthly power, I am made sensible of how strong a principle of unblending self-concentration is implanted in my nature; if in mine, more or less, in all; if in all, it is a primary principle of human nature; if a primary principle, incapable of extinction, an attempt it would be fallacy to make, and folly (if practicable) to effect. This principle is that which the phrenologists call firmness; they mark the seat of this organ at the crown of the head; there is to me a beautiful analogy in this, for I regard this principle as the crown of character, by which every man is monarch of himself, the only monarchy there should be on earth.

‘ For man should give a brother’s hand
To *all* beneath the sun;
But the sceptre of despotic power
And tyrant force to *none*.’

The human atom whose relativeness I acknowledge, and therefore desire for it a comprehension of that philosophy which I shall call universality, this atom has a *oneness* so distinct that, in an equal degree, I claim for it a recognition of a principle I shall call individuality. It can as little surrender the one as it can stand aloof from the other; and, were I disposed to impute error to some past and present moralists, I should say that their error consisted in making but one, instead of both these principles, the organs of human action. The perfect reception and comprehension of *both* appear to me all that is necessary to the perfecting human nature.

I utterly deny the so much talked-of notion of merging self in another or others; I entirely acknowledge the little understood tenet of the relativeness of self to all the created and the UNCREATED.

How, it may be said, feels this atom towards the UNCREATED? surely *there* independence were impiety and presumption. How feels this atom? Not as a wretch whose ‘best righteousness is filth and rags,’ as the Orange Catechism has it, but as a creation noble in its source and termination, as a creation flowing from perfect power and tending towards it, as a creation flung from the ceaselessly revolving wheel of nature; a wheel which the INCOMPREHENSIBLE, the UNCOMPREHENDED, hath set in motion, why or for what purpose is it for them to, inquire who see but a point, and pause but a span, upon the immense circle which it sweeps?

Thou art all, and by what thou hast made me—apparently insignificant as a grain of dust in the desert; probably as important as the more prominent agents of thy unfathomable design.

Among the principles of creation I perceive that the thing originated is not perfect, but instinct with the principle of perfectibility. This principle, decidedly perceptible in the human being, is latent in all, and through human agency developed in all. Fruits, flowers, vegetables, are by culture carried forward into varieties and excellencies unknown to the original stock. The same may be said of all the lower animals.

I regard man as the youngest animal on earth, or, to speak more distinctly, as a species newly on it; that he is hastening towards a high and happy state, and will attain it by the working out of the principle of progression implanted in him. The work of the Supreme has its course; the accomplishment of that course is its completion; its completion takes it back to that whence it came; the circle is made, and the source everlasting. Instinct with the desire of progress, the human mind has an undeviating purpose of action, an unerring path of action, an unchanging object of action; the purpose is improvement, the path is power, the object or deity Perfection.

In the creations of God I perceive two things—the highest adaptation of means, and the utmost economy of materials; in the working of these creations two others, force and facility. None of these principles have ever entered into the machinery of State religions: on the contrary, the means have ever been clumsy and incompatible; the expenditure, whether we consider that of life or money, immense; as to its force, one strong mind has opposed a conclave, one high heart defied a hierarchy; while, for facility, we perceive nothing but clogged wheels from the pew-opener to the prelate.

Man, as a species, is only just entering into the stage of youth which immediately follows childhood: his early and barbarous habits of excessive selfishness, which, under various modifications, is still perceptible in all his plans, is analogous to the action of the infant, who, under the influence of a vague impulse, carries everything it can grasp to its mouth. As its perceptive powers expand, and its knowledge extends, it learns that it is only edible substances that can be profitably applied in that manner. In the same way man now begins to perceive that individuality has its limits for him, and universality a lien upon him; that he has faculties, the working of which is a moral arithmetic which must go forward in himself, but that the result is for society.

Individuality is in morals what the division of labour, or, as it has been said with more precision, the division of employment, is in commerce and manufacture. It continually concentrates the individual in himself, or on his immediate sphere of action; prevents his depending on extraneous aid or support; and thus forms

the base of the truest courage, the most perfect decision; for he looks to nothing, he trusts to nothing, relative or collateral.

The desire and endeavour to attain individual excellence should be coexistent and coactive with the universal philosophy; while we desire good for all, we should equally desire individual capability to aid in the production of general good. This is not the view which is present to the minds of *all* the admirers and disciples of this wide philosophy; they often seem rather to seek from it a shelter for human infirmity than a motive for vigorous self-exertion; they love to dwell on the sustaining strength of union, the pleasures of participation, and the power of numbers; they do not sufficiently feel that the key-stone of these great moral arches, the grandeur and beauty of which I freely acknowledge, is *individuality*.

In the new faculty of looking afar, they forget to look at home; but inasmuch as

‘Sands make the mountain, and moments make the year,’

individuals make the human world; each of these, like the sand and the moment, have a *relative* value to the whole, but they have also a *real* value in their own person and place. In fact, universal power and happiness is only the aggregation of individual excellence; the whole can never be complete till the parts are in themselves perfect; the existing state of the world, abounding as it does in vice and wretchedness, sufficiently declares the condition of its component parts. We must think less of what we are to *derive*, than what we are to *bring* to the great whole, since *that* can only accrue by such individual contributions.

A watchful eye must be kept upon everything which has a tendency to generate sloth and dependence—the most fatal blights which can fall on human faculties, the most certain inlets to every vice which saps moral strength. Sloth and dependence operate as would the use of crutches to a strong man; his legs would soon lose the power of muscular motion: they are like the substitution of fanatic faith for good works, which surrenders the believer to sin and bigotry. We need but look at an army, or any organized despotism, to see what miserable machines the privation of independence makes men.

‘Each for all’ is a fine maxim, but let it not be inverted. To act up to it, there is but *one* way—that is, for each to pay into the universal treasury the quota of individual merit. As the grand exchequer is within no one’s reach, the branch banks of home and country are positively necessary. The moral wealth emanating from good husbands, good wives, good parents, good children, good citizens, and good legislators, must yield the moral circulating medium which will dispense the riches of universal happiness.

Individuality, like an honest trader, takes stock, and ascertains

what we are worth: universalism, independent of that self-preserving principle, is like him who trades with the wealth of others; he is apt to draw too freely on funds he has no fear of exhausting, and to indulge in an expenditure often profuse and profitless.

The times and the triumphs of autocrats and aristocracies are passing away; let us not create a power less tangible and more irresponsible; let us not establish a sort of paper-currency in morals. The few *must* succumb to the many, but it can only be by the many holding *true* power with the same tenacity that the few have held *false* power.

Co-operation cannot create individuality, but may corrupt, even cancel it. Individuality is the power by which we grasp that which we would prove, and grapple that which we would possess; and there is much that we must prove and possess individually: by it we strike down opposition, and vault over obstacles; and much is there that alone we must encounter and overcome: by it the night of solitude and even of sorrow, and the waste of poverty, have blazed with song and science. If sometimes it leads us to stand aloof from our fellows, and rather owe all, however little, to ourselves, than anything, however great, to others, it also endows us with the power to serve, to save, to give; for of all the efficient, the faithful, the unflinching, *they* are the most so who are most perfectly possessed by the spirit of self-dependence.

It is that spirit which makes us say to tyrants, What would ye? and to tortures, What are ye? Everything sinks or shrivels before the self-sustained courage which can endure to live, and dare to die, any how but degraded.

Individuality is the pedestal of genius. Talent, science, skill, may co-operate, but genius is essentially concentrative. I have heard the lovers of the co-operative system extend their views to men of genius, and luxuriate in visions of joint-stock companies for the production of plays, poetry, and every species of literature. Beaumont and Fletcher certainly start to recollection, and tell us such things *have* been—*may* be. Would that we might call their spirits back and question them. I fancy that they would tell us that the partnership was a sort of sun-and-moon matter; that the one was always down when the other was up, and that it was only in the twilight passages of mediocrity that the poets worked together.

When Newton sat wrapped in the robes of abstraction, who could have borne to see them twitched by busy combination?

Abstraction is one of the luxuries of mind; blessed among men are they capable of its enjoyment. Let the aristocrat, with his poor pride, go look at them—see where they sit, conscious alone of God and his great gift, their heavenward genius!—heedless

whether they draw their blood from kings or cobblers. Let him who has coined his very soul for counters, periled all for to point out 'So much trash as can be grasped thus,' see where they sit—great without a groat, and grand though in a garret.

What power but the self-concentrating energy of deep individual feeling could have created that imperishable monument of passion and poetry, *Eloise*? Speak, spirit of *Rousseau*!—thou whose

Love was passion's essence—as a tree
On fire by lightning, with ethereal flame
Kindled he was and blasted; for to be
Thus and enamoured, was in him the same.
But his was not the love of living dame,
Nor of the dead who rise upon our dreams,
But of ideal beauty, which became
In him existence, and o'erflowing teems
Along his burning page, distemper'd though it seems.

What power but this looked with *Byron*, on the cataract of *Velina*, and poured the roar of its waters on his page? what but that empowered him to picture the dread imagery of 'darkness'? And *Shakspeare*—was not *his* spirit lone and wrapped in its own brightness when it gave itself to such creations as *Miranda*—the gentle lady married to the Moor—the love-lifed *Juliet*—and the true *Imogene*?

The strong action of individuality inseparable from genius accounts for its too frequent concomitant—egotism. It accounts also for the few instances of its happiness in wedded life.

It is fruitless to counsel those touched by the spell of love—where *that* leads, they *will* follow; but to those yet capable to receive, and willing to take advice, I should say, embark not on the 'ocean of wedlock' with a man of genius or a woman of genius. They have loves of their own, of which none know but themselves, and justly may their less ideal loves become jealous of the solitary leisure in which they delight to indulge.

Those who are 'never less alone than when alone,' love abstraction better than association—to contemplate rather than to converse. The most fortunate union does not present them with beings so much in harmony with themselves as the creations of their own minds. What, then, must *they* endure in an unfortunate union!

Men of genius, however, seem to have drawn a line between the faculties and affections, to the deep injury of both—one cause, perhaps, why so many men of genius have married women of inferior intellect.

It is said that *Wieland's* wife never read a page of his works. To me this is a fact the most revolting—no weaker word will express

my feeling. I might employ a stronger, without risk of exaggerating.

The sympathy of appreciation is surely essential to a union of affection or friendship; but *how* is this, still less the sympathy of affinity, to exist between beings so oppositely educated as men and women? Were they never destined to meet—were they never called on to co-operate in the business of life—some excuse for such a system might be framed; but when they *are* called to form the most intimate union, to co-operate in the most important duties, it is impossible not to brand the system with the name of insanity.

I cannot tell whether my disgust and indignation at the causes, or my distress and humiliation at the consequences of this system, are greatest. Alternately they lacerate me as might lightning, and paralyze me with the numbness of despair; it is the redeeming glow of hope, flowing from the spread of intelligence, the extension of a liberal philosophy, and the interests awakened in the cause of education, which come upon my heart, and save it from extinction or stagnation.

That striking differences have existed, and do exist, between the sexes, I admit; that they are natural or necessary, I deny. Variety is one of the beautiful laws of nature; by that law each being differs from all other beings—man from man as widely, in a thousand points of power and character, as woman from man, or man from woman. These are *natural* differences. The general differences which attach to sex *en masse* are *artificial* differences—as artificial as those of class, having their origin in similar causes, and flowing into similar consequences.

Women, like the aristocracy, have a specious elegance and an aimless indolence—a love of showy distinction and an indifference to sterling greatness. They are thus the gilt gingerbread of society,—nothing at the feast consisting of ‘reason and the flow of soul,’ still less, if less there can be, in the hour of political famine, when we want wheaten opinions, principles, and actions. It is the fault neither of women nor of the aristocracy that they each are what they are. Justly has it been recently said, by one of the ablest and honestest of our journalists, ‘The Lords are what their institution makes them, and its vices, so long as they exist, must produce the same fruits.’ This applies to the *ladies* as well as the *lords*.

The most elaborate arrangements, the most persevering endeavours, are instituted to create and confirm sexual differences; the most tortuous circumstances continue this dissimilarity, till, under every degree of mutual deception, men and women meet for an indissoluble union. Then, as if by magic, with scarce a thought or feeling in common, they are expected to become sympathetic and inseparable!

What can be expected from such a course but the consequences

which so commonly follow? The finest minds soonest feel incompatibility—are most conscious of the impossibility, under such circumstances, of happiness and usefulness, of the inevitability of wretchedness and injury;—they break the bond, and are branded as sinners against society; but it is society which has sinned against them—which has decreed that they shall be born and bred victims, and then carried to the altars of their country, and offered up as martyrs for life. Oh, where is the angel which in the land of Moriah stayed the sacrificing hand?

The days of miracles and miraculous interposition are past; man is now left to draw wisdom from accumulated experience and the deductions of observation;—when we know that fire will burn, and water drown us, prohibitions respecting them are no longer necessary. But the sources of female enslavement must be laid bare, that men may see and hate them; enormities exist in society, till, under the sanction of custom and habit, they are not merely endured, they are even adored,—as the child loves the black face of the negro nurse to which it is used, while it will turn from the most angelic face to which it is a stranger.

Would we put an antelope and an ox into the same team? Would we harness a hare and a horse to the same carriage? Yet, let me ask, when is the car of matrimony drawn by a pair more assimilated than these? What are the consequences to those poor innocents, seated, per force, in that ill-managed conveyance? They are the sport of weakness and wilfulness; they are cast at random upon the world maimed and distorted, instead of being formed and fitted for the work of life:—

‘The Spartan mother made her son
A reckless warrior wight—
And an intellectual mother fills
Her son with love and light.
A patriot woman never gave
The state a recreant child,
And on the great of every land
Ennobling mothers smiled.
With equal truth the weak, the vain,
The slave of pelf or power,
May plead for pity, and exclaim
“I hold my mother’s dower.
She loved the vulgar gauds of life,
Pledged honour—peace—for pelf,
And taught me for the sake of *that*
To even sell myself.”

Women, as do soldiers, as did the Jesuits, as, in fact, ever will any despotically drilled body, want individuality most lamentably. At first they are all girls,—a word which, in its conventional sense, gives me a confused compound idea of pianofortes, curl-papers, parade, and all that is most purposeless and specious.

Then they are all ladies; and now, quick as if Queen Mab had been with me, I see drawing-rooms and decorations, vanity and inanity, littleness and lightness, manœuvring and marrying. Then they are all mothers—petting, perverting, or neglecting their offspring. And all these beings might be—were designed to be—WOMEN—each instinct with the spark of individual power derived from the Deity, and capable of the agency due to the universe.

The beauty which women prize so much, do they apprehend it will be perilled by their coming from behind the curtain of conservative luxury, and quitting the degrading service of animalism—by meeting the broad disk of the sun of universal light, by serving at the altars of universal good? In truth they are mistaken. The finest transparency is nothing without a light behind it—the lamp may have form, but without light it has no lustre; in like manner, where there is no soul there is no beauty—where soul is, beauty there *must* be; it is the ethereal spark of celestial and eternal fire which permeates the human clay, making it transparent *with* light and love, and transmittent *of* them.

And power—do men fear that they will lose the whip-hand when women quit the harness of their present pernicious habits? First let them see whether they *have* the whip-hand, and, having it, *what it is worth*.

The avarice of power is ever ill served by the ignorant and secretive: it is thus that the blaze of ambition has so often gone out in its own fetid smoke, and conquerors, who lived amid corruption, lie at last covered by contempt, or the pity which is akin to it.

It is intelligence which renders homage to intelligence; as the astronomer's discerning eye knows the stars in their magnitude, so do the intelligent perceive *where* and *what* is power.

True power has no need to enforce itself—true power *never* does. Right onward lies its way, turning neither to the right nor to the left to court favour or follower. When intelligence meets and recognises this power, it is light meeting light,—the worshipped and the worshipping blend their beams, just as we may imagine some heavenward angels returning from a mission to this earth might combine their energies to cleave the cloud, baffle the wind, and meet the sun; the stronger spirit yielding support, the weaker feeling support, neither conscious of the cold, clumsy, vulgar, earthy moods of command and obedience, sway and submission, condescension and deference.

‘ The man

Of virtuous soul commands not nor obeys.

Power, like a desolating pestilence,

Pollutes whatever it touches; and obedience,

Bane of all genius, virtue, freedom, truth,

Makes slaves of men, and of the human frame

A mechanized automaton.

The universal philosophy is the good ship chartered to carry forward the whole human race—Heaven fill its sails, and speed its way! But, from the captain to the cabin-boy, individual zeal must contribute to the capital of general and united labour. INDIVIDUAL ENERGY—UNIVERSAL LOVE,—these are the fountains which education must feed;—either left to play alone make humanity vicious or visionary; both acting together will make it all that humanity can attain to; what that may yet be is as much beyond conception as is the cause which set this progressive particle—humanity—in action! When the first canoe was scooped, what thought its maker of an English man-of-war or a steam-boat? When the first arrow was launched, what dreamed the archer of steam-guns or infernal machines?

But amid the brightest hopes, the grandest views, let us remember that our starting-post is self-improvement, and the first stages of action are home and country.

It has been observed that the sun never sets on the standard of England; ‘before his evening rays have left the shores of Ireland, his morning beams have gilded the spires of Quebec: it is light on the blue hills of Australia before darkness has closed on Lake Ontario; and the reveillé has sounded at Calcutta before the retreat has beaten at Sidney.’ Would that, in like manner, moral light might everywhere attend the presence of the English! I do not the less desire that they should give the free frank hand of fraternity to all, that I desire that it should be the unexceptionable hand of high personal and national character.

What I would particularly enforce is, that so finite a creature as the human being must have definite aims, and decided actions:—the eye, according to its powers of vision, may survey a wide field, but the hand can only serve a small portion of that field—and surveyance without service is theory without practice.

I would willingly work for the world, but the limits of my powers and my position confine me to my country, and to a very small portion of that; but by an ardent devotion to this small circle I conceive that I more profitably employ the ‘talent’ that has been intrusted to me, than if, allured by the ambition of universal utility, I took a wider range. Gifted with commensurate power, gladly would I lead the vanguard of the universe; endowed but as I am, I put my hand to the plough in England.

Since writing the above I have read Professor Hamilton’s eloquent address to the British Association, recently met in Dublin, and which Association he finely styles the Parliament of Science. His remarks on individuality, his allusion to the standard of England, are coincidences of thought which gratify me personally and on principle; but I chiefly allude to that noble address for the able and ample view it gives of the advantages of co-operation, which I, not having the fear of the good and great Robert Owen sufficiently before my eyes, have perhaps treated too lightly.

M. L. G.

THE VISION.

DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE I.—*A spacious Chamber, faintly lighted by the dim autumnal twilight streaming through an open window, shaded by a vine-covered trellis-work. A single human figure is seen to rise from a couch, and pace the apartment, abstracted in meditation. Suddenly he pauses, and the light falling on him shows the face of a man of thirty years, browned with travel, and wearing an aspect betokening a mind ill at ease.*

STRANGER. Once more my steps are stayed, but not to rest ;
 Once more the weariness of travel stops
 To give the weariness of spirit way,
 Which feeds in the void caverns of my heart,
 And thus gains strength to sap the springs of life.
 How hard a thing it is to wear life out
 When Hope's exhaustion shuns no peril's chance ;
 When danger's very recklessness restores
 Elastic firmness to the unconscious mind,
 And gives fresh tension to the pain-wrung nerves !
 Fain would I die ; fain would I pass away,
 And sleep the sleep which knows no waking-time.
 Lo ! here are means : this scanty liquid drug
 Moistens my fevered tongue or loveless lips,
 And what is shall be was. This simple spring
 But gently pressed, calls forth the latent fire,
 And thought and all its organs lie dispersed.
 This keen-edged blade—whose polished surface shows,
 Like a bright mirror, Care's indented lines
 Graved in my visage—gives but one sure stroke,
 And Death in life-blood revels. But the space
 Of time in which a meteor passes o'er
 The face of yon blue heaven, and it were done !
 Why do I stay my hand ? I do not fear
 The physical endurance, though it were
 E'en a protracted torture. I have borne
 More than the pangs that wait on Matter's death ;
 I have borne the Spirit's torture. In all shapes
 Extinction has been braved, and yet it passed me
 As one not worth its touch. Let me call back
 The memory of the past. A dreamy void,
 In which dark shadows flitted to and fro,
 Served me in place of mind. The waking up
 Of that unpurposed time was terrible
 To all but me. The solid earth was rocking,
 The rivers disappeared, the lakes were dry,
 The ocean left its beaches and its cliffs,
 And made a water-rampart with its surf
 Heaped o'er its summit-level, the old hills,
 Green and tree-crowned, shook off their verdant load,
 And bared their rocky fringes, the ancient mountains.

That knew no cover save the shattered fragments
 Strewn o'er their giant angles, bowed their heads,
 And stony avalanches downwards rushed,
 While deep ravines in thunder disappeared ;
 All nature reeled, like to a drunken man
 Who rends the workmanship his hands have made ;
 The earth danced like a Bacchanal ; the dwellings
 Based on the earth were crumbled on their heads
 Who reared them up ; the gorgeous temples fell,
 And the salt wave, returning in its might,
 Washed scornful through their ruins. A tall ship,
 A toy in Ocean's arms, was laid athwart
 The very basement where the altar stood ;
 The wild beasts left the forests, and the birds
 Screamed in affright while rising on the wing ;
 The tamed horse joined the wild herd, and the goat
 Lost his firm footing on the crags, and fell
 Into the yawning chasms. The pale moon
 Lighted the fearful scene ; while crowds of men,
 Shiv'ring in terror, left their wounded fellows
 Mangled and crushed, and sought an open space
 Whereon to kneel and mingle fearful prayers
 With the wild shrieks of women and of children.
 Awhile I laughed, as in an opium-fit,
 For I had found excitement once again !
 Then in that fearful scene, yea, on that spot,
 Came deep analysis of human acts
 And human passions ; and, while thus I mused,
 I was alone amidst a ruined town !
 A shriek came on mine ear, a woman's shriek,
 A deep and piercing solitary shriek—
 'Save, save my child !' My heart was nerved once more
 My strength was as a giant's. Strong to save,
 I threw away my garments, and I toiled
 As love alone can toil. Woman and child
 Were rescued from the ruin ; and I cast
 My wearied body on the heaving earth,
 Faint with exhaustion. By the pale moonlight
 That woman pressed her child unto her heart,
 And blessed me as her saviour. The hot tears
 Gushed from mine eyelids.

* * * * *

Once more the land was quiet—the worn earth
 Had rocked herself to sleep ; another soil
 Greeted mine eyes from the wild mountain-peak ;
 A torrent ran beneath down the ravine,
 Swoll'n by a thousand rivulets, which streamed
 From the sunned snow-banks ; by that torrent-side
 The sure feet of my steed pursued the track
 Till the sun cast no shadow. Lo ! the ford,
 Known to the mountain-trackers. Forward, he !
 On, gallant horse, and plunge ! He started thrice

The Vision.

Ere he would dip his fetlocks ; and full soon,
Ere the mid current reached him, we were swept,
Rider and horse, along the rushing flood.
The torrent-spanning snow-arch had shut out
The light of day, and my wild shout arose,
Bidding farewell to life. * * *

* * * I could not die !
The mountain-trackers drew me forth again,
And warmed me back to life, and dressed my wounds,
And fed and cherished me, and taught me how
To chase the wild prey o'er the steepest crag,
And tread secure in peril. One bright morn
I stood upon a cavern's edge, and bent
Gazing in depths below my vision's ken :
The dropping pebbles from the black abyss
Returned no sound, and my impatient mood
Brooked not uncertainty : a craggy mass
I loosened from its bed, and as it fell
My unfirm footing followed. Death afar
Mocked at my peril,—for I could not die !
* * *

Time passed away, and on a broad green plain
Two hostile troops of armed men were ranged,
Eager for murder. A bright lady came,
And spoke fair words of Freedom and of Right,
And bade me be a warrior. At her words
I bounded on a charger, and a blade
Weaponed my hand ; the death-shots rang aloud,
And warm blood was poured forth. Then fell revenge
Grew stronger than ambition. Lances low,
And blades on high, and trampling hoofs, and spurs
Driven to their rowel-heads, and battle-shouts,
And volleying sounds, and clashing arms, and smoke,
And flames, and dust, and shrieks of rage and pain,
And crushing strokes, and breaking limbs and wounds,
Welling with blood ; and steeds upon the earth,
Crushing disabled riders as they fell ;
And o'er this scene of horror loudly rang
The victor's voices, ' Freedom ! ' ' Liberty ! '
' Our Country and Revenge ! No mercy, None ! '
How my soul loathes itself ! Throughout that field
My dark steed bore me, striking at, and stricken ;
My hand against my fellows' lives, and theirs
Failing to slay me. Oh ! I could not die !
Or I had perished, knowing the foul truth
That I had fought the fiend Ambition's fight,
And, like a hired ruffian, dyed my hand
In ignorant men's blood. That lady came,
And praised me for my work. I bade her look
On the piled carnage, and I turned away,
Breaking the gory weapon. Never more
Might blood be shed by me !
* * *

The Vision.

A bark upon earth's watery girdle lay,
Stagnant and sultry, gasping for the breeze
Which nursed her like a living thing, and failing,
Left her an ocean corpse. That weary time
Made quiet seem a hell. My spirit raved
Till matter's madness all but conquered mind.
I paced my narrow prison-house, and climbed
The lofty spars, and watched the wild sea-birds,
And marked the snow-white albatross, and longed
To curb him for an air-steed. His broad wing
Fanned me, while passing under, as I lay
On the outreaching spar. I sprang upon him,
Madd'ning for rapid motion. To the face
Of the blue glassy ocean downward plunged
The bird and his mad grasper. Through the deep
A silvery brightness tracked us, till the force
Of buoyant water checked our farther way,
And bade us mount again. The emerald light
Was darkened o'er us, and my feathered prey
Was rent from out my grasp. The tinge of blood
Had reddened the green waters. From the deep
The mariners redeemed me, and the fin
Of the voracious shark was seen to stir
The clouded surface whence my limbs emerged;
I could not die!

Before the storm-blast on the vessel flew,
Hopeless of any shore. Her sails were gone,
And hunger-palsied men held no control
Over her course. She reeled and pitched at will;
All unclean things were eaten, and the men
Glared horribly. Then murder did its work,
To earn one draught of water. Lots were cast—
I could not die!

The yawning timbers groaned upon the rocks,
And, one by one, the men were shaken off,
And swept away beneath the breaking surf,
Which wreaked its rage on its o'ertaken prey;
A boat was launched, but on the stern I sate,
And bade them leave me to my fate. That boat
The rushing waves devoured, and none were left.
The morning came, the storm had passed away,
The sun shone out, a yellow sandy beach
Gathered the fragments of the fated ship;
I could not die!

All this has been endured, and Death to me
Is a familiar. Fear has no control
Over my purpose. What then stays my hand
From seeking Death? What makes me shrink away
From that which gives me ease?

My heart is love, my spirit
 Loathes all destruction, and I cannot die
 To pass away in killing! Sympathy!
 Strong boundless Sympathy has been my search
 Throughout a weary life, and love of Death
 Has grown by hate of Apathy. I cannot
 Pass out of life in violence. Away!
 Away, fell instruments! ye shall not tempt
 My spirit from its calm, although that calm
 Be born of hopelessness. Oh! for the twin,
 The spirit-twin, to whom my soul is tied
 By Sympathy's strong link, though matter's sight
 Cannot pierce through the intervening mist
 Which shrouds her in uncertainty. In Life
 I still will hold that creed, and, when Death comes,
 I will believe he comes to lead me to her.

* * * * *

Shadowy beings, who around us flit
 Watching for human souls, as old tradition
 Has taught us to believe—Beings of power,
 Spirits of Good and Evil, hear me speak!
 Show me the forms of Beauty; let mine eyes
 Dwell upon all in turn, and where I choose
 Make that form real, with a kindred mind
 To dwell in it, then give her unto me,
 And I will fall in worship of your power,
 And know none other gods!
 Vain are my words; no spirits hover round
 To mark their import. Yet all things are spirits
 To those whose eyes are opened. Tell me, Cloud,
 Thou who art sailing o'er the blue expanse,
 Dost thou not love the heat which nourished thee?
 Dost thou not love the wind that kisses thee,
 And guides thee on thy path? And thou, bright Star,
 Does not the holy light which glimmers round thee
 Betoken sympathy with other stars?
 River of rushing waters, lov'st thou not
 The many rivulets, whose mingling makes
 The stream wherewith thou wooest Ocean's love?
 And lov'st thou not, oh Moon! the glorious Sun,
 Who lends the light to gladden human hearts?
 And thou, oh! hoary Mountain, with thy locks
 Of wreathed snow, dost thou not love the trees,
 The ancient trees, thy children, who are clinging
 Around thy skirts? thou patriarch of all time!
 Plants of a thousand odours! your sweet lives
 Are interchanging love. Flowers many-hued,
 And woo'd of every insect, ye are happy
 For on your mother Earth's warm breast ye nestle
 And drain your life, blood thence. And thou, oh Wind!
 Thou who embracest all things, who art around
 Around the whole Earth, clasping in thine arms

Her and her progeny,—oh! loving Wind,
Cool my hot cheek, and whisper in mine ears,
And bid thy spirits hasten to mine aid.

What means this sudden blackness which shuts out
The sky, the stars, the moon, and leaves no light?
Or have mine eyes been blasted? Let me not
Be tried beyond my powers. There is a speck
Of vivid brightness where the chamber wall
Was wont to be; 'tis like a burning star—
And now it larger grows, a disk of light
Wider and wider, and an opening vista
Reaches to endless space. A shadow comes;
It takes a form like that we dream of angels!
Is then my invocation heard? It is:
Strong heart, be ready; strong brain, let thy words
Express all thy firm purpose. 'Tis a spirit,
But yet no more a spirit than this frame
Contains within it. Oh, how beautiful,
How glorious doth it show! yet my clear vision
Can read in those severe eyes discontent;
Does then that curse extend beyond this earth?
Is it a spirit of Evil or of Good?
It smiles, yet looks as though it would not smile,
And
A son of Earth has called on thee for aid,
And thou hast come to him, is it not so?
Speak, Spirit; hast thou power to give me aid,
And will to work that power?

END OF SCENE I.

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

(To be continued.)

THE LOVE-COMET.

As he who ever on the sky
Had fixed his astronomic eye,
Chanced one rich midnight to descry
A long-sought comet suddenly;
And doted so on that sky-elf,
He cared no jot for praise or pelf,
But laid his star-notes on the shelf,
And kept the wonder to himself!—
So I, who have been seeking long
A lost face in the heaven of song,
Have found it now, old lights among;
And mine it shall be—right or wrong!
I'll watch its courses, night by night:
Tracking, with telescopic sight,
Its wand'ring orbit infinite—
But never tell the world its light.

* W. *

PEEL'S PENN'ORTHS.

YE silly Whigs! ye won't sell penny news, though the public are craving for it, and Messrs. Roake and Varty's counter periodically groans with it; though the penny is paid for paper and letter-press not reaching a tithe of the cost of your own or your rival's 'Penny Magazine.' The penny politicians are not to be satisfied at your hands, but Sir Robert consents to cater to them. Unforeseen gratification! To whom? Is it not so to you, most thinking public? Then I am sure it is so to the publisher and to the vendors to boot at a thousand shops and stalls, to hawkers on trot and stationary, knights of the broad hand-bill, and eke to one else: yea, were the wig Ellenborough's temples and pericranium to lose their crisped tresses, ye would see the cheek and chin nourish the well-saved honours of long hair; and Peel cannot reach the unstamped politician in columns devoted to all the newest lies, he therefore consents to lie alone:

——— 'and still the wonder grew,
That one small head' ———

I forget the termination of Goldsmith's couplet; but let us see what fills the wondrous thing. There may be a secret ingredient or two in Morrison's pills, but in Wellington's Peels we have all divulged: so saleable a nostrum will never cease, till, by its administration, a sound constitution has been broken up, and an income destined for a better market has been consumed in this quackery.

But it cannot be so. The Baronet cannot be aware of his position: he has not an idea of the base purposes to which he is put by a faction; he relies upon their having supplied him with the full details for a speech of numbers (arithmetical); he was told, forsooth, that they had displayed all the points of their case, but they have only given him half the facts, and they have overwhelmed him with irrelevant particulars; they have fairly bothered him, and he, simple man, knows not how vast a multitude are admitted to see and consider his folly at the small price of twopence.

By the admissions of his speech, the number of Protestants of the Established Church in Ireland is 860,000; but, according to Mr. Sheil, this body of Protestants includes the Methodists: perhaps we may reduce the above sum to round numbers, and write down 800,000 for the total of Episcopalian Protestants in Ireland. Now, the point at issue in the twopenny book is whether there be any surplus of the ordinary revenues of the Irish Church, after allowing decent salaries to the officiating clergy. According to our orator, the total of these revenues amount to £377,779, comprising the item of tithes (exclusive of bishops' and the dean and chapters' tithes), and two several annual sums under the

land of ministers' money (a species of house-tax), and the value of the globe, of which two latter values an arbitrary standard appears to have been fixed by the advocate's authority, and which Mr. Sheil says should be greater by £50,000 on one of the items, and a large sum, not put into figures by Mr. Sheil, on the other: we may set down the total of the three particulars at £450,000, instead of £377,000, as above. Now, dividing the total of revenue by the number of benefices, which, according to the *Pennorth*, is 1,121 (exclusive of 264, which have not respectively a congregation of 50 persons), gives £401 as the salary of each incumbent. Now, what is the number of his congregation? For this result we must divide the 800,000 Protestants by the number of benefices, and we have 714 persons in each congregation. If, instead of the benefices, we take the parishes, we have their number, according to Sir Robert, about 1,000, the salary of each parish clergyman £281, and his congregation 500. And there is a Protestant church built for almost every parish, for the number of churches are given at 1,383.

Now, this revenue is admitted to be exclusive of all the tithes of bishops and of deans and chapters (in Tuam the bishop's revenue is £22,000 a year), and it further excludes a revenue raised under Lord Grey's Act (that of 'The Irish Church Temporalities'), by the sale of suppressed bishoprics, and other ways and means, calculated to amount to £155,000 per annum. Now, such is the perverseness of this partisan, that he actually glories in displaying the fact that the greater part or the whole of this is already diverted into the pockets of the old extortioners. Church building, forsooth, is to be one pretence for a seizure upon this fund, the repairs of churches another, and the expenses of Commissioners to carry the Act into effect is to absorb £10,000 a year of the fund, while certain unnamed particulars, alleged to have been provided for by the now suppressed church 'cess,' are to abstract upwards of £50,000 per annum. Now, in former years the application of this church cess was developed. Mr. O'Connell pressed upon evidence that sums were in one parish voted out of it to the organist for a gratuity, in another to the curate for a service of plate, and in others large sums for sacrament-wine, and

Is it a secret how the district authorities in Ireland have been accustomed to misapply the public funds intrusted to them?—how a high road is voted and made out of the county-rates, the whole line of which road leads to or toward no market or public resort, and terminates at the private house of one of the quorum? But the church-cess sacrilege was united to peculation: this feature of the case must never be forgot when the question relates to the treasury of our establishment for divine worship.

Sir Robert Peel and Sir Robert's flatterers! what were you about? How could you have betted all the venality of the press,

and gabbled or suppressed that speech, but you must wait
 await of your seniors, you have no case, and you have no right
 the reputation of your partisan, though he was a double agent
 at Oxford. He is an orator; his respected father appointed
 him to the delivery of sentences from the earliest period of little
 Robert's appearance at festive board beyond the nursery. He is
 unique in the length of his harangues, which is a great point; it
 is like a hero of the ring getting his man under his elbow; the
 attention of his audience is prostrated; 'hear, hear,' is an apology
 for many previous fits of snoring on the benches; and general accla-
 mation at the conclusion comes of course, for all rejoice that it is con-
 cluded; while even self-respect necessitates the critic to be moder-
 tory, otherwise he must particularise points of disrelish, or betray
 that he slept through the discourse. But, alas! if the
 public will not judge for themselves, what end can be attained by
 telling them to do so? The Currency case, the Catholic Emancipa-
 tion, are the stilts on which this cotton-spinner has lifted
 himself above the heads of his brother capitalists; and his
 'Criminal Acts' betray a more base apostacy. He adopted the
 reforms of Sir Samuel Romilly, whom his whole clan had re-
 fused a hearing to on every occasion of that great man's pre-
 senting himself the advocate of those important measures in that
 corrupt House of Commons. Is any insult more glaring than
 this required? you will find it in the Peel attempt to pack a House
 of Commons who should support him in office, after he had
 declared that the Reform Act would be conclusive with him as to
 the returning an unbribed Parliament. Oh, no! he did not use
 intimidation nor bribery in the elections. Nor does he, in person,
 make all the paltry motions when a Bill of Reform is in
 Committee; but he gives the minions of corruption encourage-
 ment to do this, and he is a member of the club which supplied
 funds for election-bribery.

Shall we proceed with our subject? the penn'orth relating
 to the May festival in Merchant Tailors' Hall. He boasts of
 his pretensions to go down to posterity with the 'greatest of
 conquerors.' Why the meanest of the rank and file, or altogether
 'pioneers and all,' have a better chance of holding that position
 in years to come than Sir Robert, son of Sir Robert, the cotton
 baronet. 'Oh! but their speeches will be written on the same roll.'
 Out upon thee! Is not their success in talking over Merchant
 Tailors a signal for all professions to empty themselves into the
 Senate. All campaigns will end at the hustings; every post-
 captain in the navy will consult the compass which conducts into
 St. Stephen's. Farmers are notoriously a ruined class; you will find
 the Corn Laws advocated in some future Sessions by those to whom
 whom Eloquence found in the furrow, and threw her mantle of
 inspiration over them. All England, now vegetating in idleness,
 will shortly run to tongue. And the multitudes of reportage

oblivion of names oratorical will posterity find those of Peel and Wellington? They will all rot together, to give place to succeeding crops of the famous. Amid a close receptacle of putrid matter, you cannot catch the savour of a proffered rose, nor in oblivion can be discerned the immortality of Sir Robert. Well, the *penn'orth* now under consideration goes on to recommend the influencing elections, and packing majorities in Parliament. How soon this came out! Poor Sir Robert hawking the base lures of the Carlton Club up and down the city; and for his pretty speech and affable deportment, and that condescension which turned up to the sun of their festivity the fact that he is 'the son of the cotton-spinner.' And the Carlton Club moved into action hard upon the heels of their orator, and little Carlton Clubs sprang up, and taxes and rates have been looked to, and the registration is to be overflowing.

To proceed; he gave the Merchant Tailors the old war-whoop, Church and King in danger, and one peal more. He reminded the Merchant Tailors of their pretensions; whereas a tailor hath been *hight* the ninth part of a man, he assured his auditors that a man was but the ninth part of a Merchant Tailor. Thus he wound up gracefully an harangue proving by this conclusion that his speech's commencement was a reality, and that he felt himself before an audience so respectable, so awful, a presence so annihilating to oratorical pretence. 'See the speech,' if you will; it may suit your occasions should you ever have to develope nothing, and to declare only a few things which you will not do, (and were never expected to aim at doing,) and should you wish to speak with so little thought as not to spoil your digestion, and so little emotion as not to spoil your taste in the next bumper.

G. S.

CANADA.

To the Editor.

SIR.—The August number of your magazine contains an article headed 'CANADA,' which is calculated to generate great misconception concerning the political and social state of that colony. This feature I desire to obviate; and I conceive the shortest way of so doing is to give, in the fewest words possible, a correct picture of the disputes which at present agitate both the Canadas, occasionally noticing the most striking errors of fact to be found in the article to which I have alluded.

In the first place I would remark, that the range of the article is so wide, and the topics are strung together with such little regard to order, that I am not quite sure I shall always give a correct interpretation to the author's remarks. If so, I can only assure him, in advance, that I have no intention to cavil; I am simply desirous of making the actual condition of Canada known to the public.

As the article in question applies chiefly to the lower province, I shall direct my attention chiefly thereto. Indeed, it demands a preference on many cogent grounds. Its population is double that of the sister province, and nearly equal to all the other North American colonies combined.* It takes the lead of all the other North American colonies in the march of Reform. Its case has been more frequently brought before Parliament; and it has, in consequence of these circumstances, engaged a larger share of public attention in this country.

The struggle in which the people of Canada are engaged is similar in its principle to that which is agitating every country in Europe. It is a struggle of the people against the undue power of those who have managed to get hold of the governing power—a struggle of the many against the few. The Canadian *many* form an immense majority of the people; the *few* are consequently extremely limited in their numbers, and could not maintain their power, were it not for the support of the mother country, the aristocratic Government of which has always ranged itself on the side of the several oligarchies which the old colonial system of Great Britain established in most of our colonies. In Lower Canada this oligarchy consists chiefly of the office-holding class and their families; supported, on all occasions, by the most fortunate of the mercantile class, who are drawn towards the official circle by the influence of fashion.

Between the persons who compose these two exclusive classes on the one hand, and the great mass of the community on the other, there are no interests in common. The former sympathise not with the people at large. There is scarcely the slightest communication between them. They are not the lords of the soil; indeed, the relation of landlord and tenant, as we understand it, is almost wholly unknown: so is that of employer and employed. Thus the very basis of the 'old country' aristocracies, for which great veneration exists, has no existence in Canada.

But one of the objects of the Canadian Constitutional Act of 31 Geo. III. c. 31, was to create an aristocracy. Finding no natural materials, an attempt was made to manufacture an aristocracy out

* It may be interesting to your readers to see the latest statement of the population of the British American Colonies. The following is a Table of the same, giving the latest authority, with a correction up to the end of 1833:

Colonies.	Population according to the last Census, with Date prefixed.		Population, 1833.
Lower Canada	July	1831	511,917
Upper Canada	April	1832	296,544
Nova Scotia	"	1827	123,848
New Brunswick	"	1824	74,176
Cape Breton	Bouchette . .	1831	30,000
Prince Edward's Island.	July	1833	32,292
Newfoundland	"	1825	68,414
Total Population of British North America at the end of 1833			1,346,591
			2 X 2

of the salaried officials; and the clumsy, disjointed, and ill-working machine, 'The Canadian Constitution,' is the result.

I shall not trouble you with a catalogue of the grievances of the French Canadians since the fall of Québec, (p. 535, No. civ.) against which your author warns the public. I will merely state that it is quite justifiable to quote even *redressed* grievances as evidence of what the system has produced, and may produce again. The Canadians do not, however, put forward expired or redressed grievances 'as a statement of those at present complained of:' all the grievances put forward in their authorized statements are in actual operation at the present moment. I will here add, that, although the list of grievances complained of as now pressing upon the people is sufficiently large, the Canadians do not ask their redress. They know that the redress of each grievance would be impossible: they merely state them as evidence of a vicious colonial system, of which they demand a radical change. This done, and they anticipate—*first*, that similar evils could not recur; and, *secondly*, that many of the said grievances would admit of redress within the colony.

Most of the evils which the people of Canada suffer, they attribute to the vicious constitution of the legislative council—the second branch of the colonial legislature. This council is composed of the official party and their adherents, who are appointed *for life* by the Crown; and, not being removable by any authority for any misconduct, they are a perfectly irresponsible body. They comprise the members of the executive council, and the clerks of the same, some of the judges, some of the beneficed clergy, the heads of departments, and some successful merchants. These form a large majority. To give an appearance of impartiality, about half-a-dozen popular men have been appointed; but their voice is drowned amidst the united voices of their twenty-eight or thirty opponents.

The House of Assembly, on the other hand, represents the people. It is chosen by the freeholders of a country where nearly every man is a freeholder.

The consequence of the democratic constitution of one branch, and the aristocratic constitution of the other, is, that the two Houses do not 'harmonize together.' Bills which are introduced into the Assembly, in conformity with the wishes and feelings of the people, are invariably thrown out by the Council; so that the business of legislation is at a stand. Now, I ask the editor of the 'Monthly Repository' which side he would take, were he in Canada? I will not await his answer. I know he would take the popular side. I know he would join the mass of the people in their prayer to the British House of Commons 'to be permitted to elect the second branch in future, as the only means of obtaining that harmony between the two branches, without which internal peace and good government cannot exist.' (Lower Cana-

dian Petition.) Yet, the tone of the article to which I am replying would lead to the conclusion that both writer and editor would fain support the oligarchical side more than the liberal.

I cannot feel myself justified in occupying so much of your space as would enable me to lay thoroughly bare the mischievous working of the system of virtual irresponsibility which pervades every branch of the local government of both the Canadas. I would remark, however, that the accumulation of offices in the same families, and, in many instances, in the same individual, would astound you. In Upper Canada four families, all connected together by several intermarriages, usurp seventeen offices. In Lower Canada one family enjoys seven lucrative offices. Where the members of the Council have not found offices lucrative enough for their desires, they have obtained enormous grants of land. A man named Felton is down in a parliamentary return as having received 14,000 acres. Not content with this, he has procured 1,200 acres for each of his eight children. Now, the people of Canada think that the radical change in the Council, which they propose, would check this, and nearly all other evils.

I now crave leave to say a few words on the state and strength of parties. The author of the article seems to be aware that the majority of the people of Lower Canada are of French origin, and he falls into the error which the Canadian oligarchy desires to foster, that the grievances are those of the 'French Canadians' only.—(p. 535, No. civ.) The grievances, as I shall show, are those of the governed many, without distinction as to origin or language.

In November last there was a general election, the rallying principle of which was the spirit of the ninety-two resolutions—the elective principle. If it can be shown that French Canadians only gave their votes in accordance with this principle, I will give up the point. It cannot, however, be so shown. The majority in favour of the elective principle was very large, whether the number of Members or the population represented be considered. In the former Parliament, the number of Members opposed to the elective principle was twenty-eight; in the new Parliament this number was reduced to ten, out of eighty-eight Members, of which the Assembly is composed. The change in the population represented will be seen by the following Table:

	14th Parliament.	15th Parliament.
Population represented by Members in favour of the Elective principle	373,382	429,485
Population represented by persons against the Elective principle	138,535	32,433
	511,917	511,917

The account put forward by the Colonial Tories of the present proportion which 'persons of French origin' bear to 'persons of

other origin is three to one; that is, 450,000 to 150,000. Assuming this, for the present purpose, to be correct, it follows that a majority of persons of British origin are against the colonial oligarchy. The larger the number they claim as 'British,' the more completely does it make against them in their attempt to show that it is 'the grievances of the French Canadians'—to use your author's words—of which we hear. Many of your readers are, doubtless, aware that the 'French Canadians' inhabit the seignories—the British, what are called the townships. Now, to bear out your author's view of the case, it would be necessary to show that the said township inhabitants have not joined their French brethren in their complaints and demands. What is the fact? In some of the largest counties inhabited by persons speaking the English language; Members in favour of an elective council were returned by majorities of two to one; and in the county of Sherbrooke, which was considered the strong-hold of colonial Toryism, the 'Constitutional' Members prevailed by a very small majority only. Now it is this reforming spirit of the British inhabitants of Lower Canada which has reduced the minority to the miserable plight which I have exhibited. It is composed, not as the oligarchy desire to be believed—not as the author of the article in your last number has assumed—of the British population, but of the official party and their few adherents.

Now for your author's remedy. In answer to a question, 'How is Lower Canada to be kept quiet?' he says, 'We should be answered by their neighbours of the surrounding British provinces, (as we have frequently heard those provincials express themselves,) "Bring the militia down the Ottawa, let the New Brunswickers pass their border, and we'll soon make a settlement of the stiff-necked Frenchmen." ' I propose to show that the Minister who should rely on the co-operation of the several colonial militia corps against the people of Canada, would certainly make a 'settlement of the stiff-necked Frenchmen,' but it would not be in the manner anticipated by your author; and for the very simple reason—that the mass of the people in nearly (if not quite) all the colonies sympathise with their brethren in Lower Canada, and are actually making similar demands of the Imperial Government. Upper Canada has passed a strong resolution against the constitution of the Council, and in favour of co-operation with the lower province. In Nova Scotia the expediency of rendering the Councils elective was discussed in 1834, when one of the law officers of the Crown even, admitted that such a measure was necessary to give independence to the body in question. In New Brunswick, Newfoundland, and Prince Edward's Island, the people are also at war with the local authorities. In the Assembly of the first-named colony supplies have been refused as in Lower Canada, and in all the colonies public meetings have been held in favour of the elective principle. At these meetings the warmest

sympathy for the people of Lower Canada has been expressed. Is it then likely that the militia of the 'surrounding British provinces' are to be relied on, if the British Minister should desire 'to settle the stiff-necked Frenchmen?'

There is another argument against coercion, or, as your author quaintly calls it, 'settling the stiff-necked Frenchmen,' which is worthy of consideration. The people of Canada—I may add the people of all countries, as distinguished from their aristocracies—are sure of the sympathy of the people of the United States. I do not mean to say that the Government at Washington would interfere, but I do say that there would be no want of aid from the Kentucky riflemen. In one of the very last New York newspapers which have reached this country, there is an account of a public dinner on the 4th of July, at which several toasts were drunk, expressive of sympathy with the Canadians. I quote the words: 'Our Canadian neighbours—may their struggle for reform be distinguished by the fearless and uncompromising spirit which consecrated the 4th of July in the calendar of freedom.' Again: 'The Hon. L. J. Papineau, D. B. Viger, and the Canadian Parliaments—oppressed by men who feel power and forget right; may their patriotism be crowned with success, and may tyrants learn wisdom from past folly.'

If I correctly appreciate and exhibit the state of public opinion in the colonies, the project of an union of the legislatures of the two Canadas is thereby proved to be futile. Taking the votes of the Upper Canadian Parliament, about two-thirds of the population are in favour of the elective principle, and, of course, at least that number against an union. These, added to the population of the lower province, make the adherents of the local oligarchies in the two Canadas to number 130,778, and the advocates for a reform in the Council to number 688,087. I can scarcely think the militia, even if brought down the Ottawa, would be much inclined to act against the 'stiff-necked Frenchmen.' In the united House of Assembly the numbers would be 112 reformers to 34 anti-reformers. Now, with this large majority against a legislative union of the two provinces, I again address myself to the editor of the 'Repository,' and ask him whether he would dispose of the question against the wishes and feelings of that majority? I can anticipate his answer. He would not legislate against the majority.

The emigration question is another question which bad men have misrepresented in this country. A fund for hospitals was raised in Canada by a five-shilling tax on passengers. The plan originated with Englishmen, and was carried through the Assembly in conformity with the earnest recommendation of Lord Goderich. It came into operation, and was attended with the most beneficial effects. Never were funds better administered. Part was expended on hospitals—part in forwarding

destitute immigrants to their place of destination; the whole on the immigrants themselves. Suddenly the Tory party discovered that the tax was only an expedient of the Assembly to check immigration. A more false insinuation never before came from the lips of man. The Canadians are not opposed to immigration. They receive with brotherly love those immigrants who settle among them. To the abuses of immigration they are opposed. For instance, they do not like to see 500 people cooped up in a dirty ship of 300 tons. They ask for a law to check this, when they are immediately met by a howl from the traders in human flesh, official and non-official, and are accused of animosity to immigrants.

The Lower Canadians object to the British American Land Company, not because it will promote immigration, for they think its tendency will be to check immigration. They object to it on grounds which should, I think, secure some approval. They object to it because the Constitutional Act, by conferring upon the Canadians local legislatures, assigned to the said legislatures the management of their internal affairs, including the public lands. The Declaratory Act of 18 Geo. III. c. 12, besides securing the people of the colonies from taxation by the Imperial Parliament, guaranteed to them the disposal of all moneys levied within the several colonies. The proceeds of land sales have always been considered as a ready means of avoiding direct taxation. In the United States not only a considerable portion of the expenses of the States Governments is supplied from this source, but a considerable fund is raised for the purpose of education. The sale of land to the Companies for much less than the market price, and the appropriation of the proceeds without the consent of the local legislatures, have deprived the people of the two Canadas of this mode of superseding direct taxation. Both the Canadian legislatures have resolved that the establishment of these Companies is a violation of the Declaratory Act of 18 Geo. III. c. 12, and their opinion is borne out by that of many sound constitutional lawyers. Many persons are favourable to these Companies, because they coincide in opinion with the author of 'England and America.' To them I would remark that the Companies in question violate the principles laid down by that author, and about to be put in practice in South Australia. For instance, the Canadian Companies sell lands on long credit, and, by that means, enslave all those who become their purchasers. They will, if unchecked, fill the Canadas with rotten boroughs and rotten counties. But I am filling too much space. I will, therefore, say but little more.

At page 536 your author speaks of the refusal of indemnity for war losses as the 'principal grievance of the French Canadians:' this is a mistake; it is the Upper Canadians who suffered such losses. But the refusal of indemnity is not their principal grievance. The principal grievance of both provinces is the vicious constitu-

tion of the Councils; then come the Land Companies, and a host of other grievances follow, much more numerous than that which your author has named:

There are other errors which need scarcely be noticed, after the general exposition I have given of the case of Canada; such, for instance, as those which are involved in the expressions, 'the paltry opposition of the Quebec and Montreal orators,' (p. 542;) 'the reluctance of the French minority,' (p. 536;) 'denying bread and home to the British labourer,' (p. 542;) 'the mass of the French population, exclusive of their agitators, the supporters of Papineau, are well affected,' (p. 537;) and other passages tending to convey an idea that all we hear of Canadian discontent has no reference to the general opinions of the people—an error which, if acted upon by our Government, would certainly be productive of most disastrous consequences.

H. S. CHAPMAN.

P. S. Since the above was in type Canadian newspapers have been received as late as the 4th of August. They exhibit a progressive increase of discontent.

Reform Associations are organizing all over Lower Canada, in communication with a parent Association in Montreal. Similar Associations have, for some time, existed in Upper Canada, and the two central Associations of Toronto and Montreal are in close and amicable communication. Thus the plan of 'bringing the militia down the Ottawa' would not be attended with the results anticipated by your author.

A great Reform Meeting had been held in a county where the 'Constitutional' interest was supposed to predominate, namely, *Missisquoi*. This appears to have disheartened the colonial Tories. The Liberal papers say, that *Missisquoi* is lost to the Tories for ever. It may be safely affirmed that the 'Constitutionalists' are reduced to a most miserable minority.

The language of the 'Constitutional' papers is extremely abusive towards the present Administration. Towards Lord John Russell and Lord Glenelg their tone is contemptuous in the extreme; and yet it is for this very party that these two noble lords are sacrificing their characters as statesmen. My Lords Glenelg and John Russell, I pray you look to this.

H. S. C.

EPISTLE TO G. C. HOLLAND, ESQ., M.D.,
WITH MRS. LOUDON'S 'PHILANTHROPIC ECONOMY, OR THE
PHILOSOPHY OF HAPPINESS.'

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'CORN-LAW RHYMES'

Doctor, I send you, with this scrawl,
A thing by no means common ;
For, by the Power that made us all,
I send—a perfect Woman !

No flimsy thing of pride and prate,
Corruption's empty pander,
Who loathes not quite the goose, her mate,
Yet loves her neighbour's gander.

I do not praise her cheek's rich hue,
Her dress, her air of fashion ;
I say not that the soul's deep blue
Melts in her eye of passion.

But I commend her to the heart
On which your own reposes,
Because her stern worth can impart
A grace, like rain on roses ;

And teach parental flowers to teach
The lore of gainful duty
To every plant within her reach,
And all their buds of beauty.

The meek-tressed angel of your home
May take to her own bosom
Thoughts bright and pure as ocean's foam,
And fresh as morning's blossom.

Nor need she dread a rival's look,
Or hate a rival's merit :
I send—a woman in a book !
A world-awaking Spirit !

A charm ! a host ! a scourge ! a sting !
By tyrants seen with sadness !
A truth-taught power ! whose mental wing
Shall smite them into madness !

Oh, thanks to Loudon !—and to thee,
Sword-breaking Might of Letters !—
Enfranchised Woman shall set free
The slave who forged her fetters.

For Truth is freedom unto those
Whose souls have strength to seize her ;
They play a game which none can lose
Who seek her

E. B. B. B. B.

Sheffield, August 24, 1835.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Sunday. A Poem. By the Author of 'The Mechanic's Saturday Night.'

AND by the author, also, of 'Saint Monday;' a fact of which Mr. Brown's title-page omits to remind his readers, but which we shall not allow ours to forget. The three poems ought to go together; nor shall we complain if the author versifies all the week for us, and shows us the working-days in their succession, as well as pay-day, rest-day, and holyday. We have already made the author known to our readers, and trust that no further introduction is needful, as we can only bestow a brief and passing notice on his present publication. It is a more finished composition than either of the preceding ones. There is more method, and the versification is polished to a high degree of smoothness and sweetness. The first line, which offends by its redundancy, is almost the only faulty line in the poem; and the spirit is as gentle and benignant as the versification is mellifluous. He differs from Ebenezer Elliot, the great poet of his class, in not being a denunciator; but writing of evil, bitter and grinding though it be, 'more in sorrow than in anger.' This is as it should be. He follows the tendencies of his own nature. He rightly feels that he too is an Artisan Bard; and that his claim is good without imitating even one who has forced the whole critical world to recognise him in that character. The poem is divided into three cantos, corresponding with the progress of the day. We are thus invited to

' Breakfast with Nature: flowing to the brim
With the first purple day-draught is her cup,
And from it poor and rich are welcome all to sup.

' The mighty Sun has risen! in a glare
Of light immortal onwards comes fair Day.
The heavenly sunbeams, darting through the air,
O'er fields, and flowers, and trees, and streamlets play.
Oh! now step forth, ye wise ones, who ne'er pay
Glory to God on high for night or noon,
Summer or winter, or the vernal ray,
The fruits of autumn, or the flowers of June,
The zephyr's balmy breath, or light of stars and moon.

' Come, walk abroad with me, where berries red
And woodland blossoms their young graces show;
Or where the clear brooks, in their pebbled bed,
Through fields of cowslips and of daisies flow;
Or where the peerless beauteous roses grow,
And gorgeous tulips and fair lilies spring;
Where summer fruits in sunny richness glow
Upon their native branches, and where cling
The fruitful vines, and their large luscious clusters swing.'—p. 5, 6.

There is then an argument on atheism; and sundry sketches, amongst which those of a Bird-catcher and a Street-preacher are conspicuous. The latter is a portrait excellently hit off; a class portrait, we mean; it may perhaps have had an individual original.

The second canto is chiefly occupied with church-going matters. It is an Episcopal Charity Sermon day. The Bishop is thus ushered into the pulpit:

' He comes ! he comes ! the Bishop comes ! Behold !
Slowly he paces, dressed in stiffened lawn ;
About his neck his classic band is rolled,
And round and ruddy as the healthy dawn
Of day he looks ; the Rector, nicely drawn
In his parochial best, does honour due
Unto the holy man, with gentle fawn,
And leads him on, amid the mighty view
Of all the people, to the lofty pulpit-pew.

' Then all the people stared again ; but he,
The great grand Bishop, all in calm repose,
Leaned down his head, coolly, sedate, and free,
And prayed a moment, and then nobly rose ;
And like a prince, erect and portly, shows
His sash-bound form, brimful of antique creeds ;
And then with grace scholastic open throws
The gilt and holy Bible, and proceeds
At once, and the fair text in solemn tone he reads. — p. 49, 50.

The concluding stanzas (except the last) may make old Stebney rear high her head. They are genuine poetry ; and the reader must be pitted whose feelings they fail to touch :

' Fair Stebony ! I love thy ancient fane,
Its old grey walls, its eight-bell minstrelsy ;
Its grassy resting-place, and still domain
Of those awaiting immortality,
Have earnest, deep, yet sadd'ning charms for me ;
So doth thy waving trees, that bowing meet,
Kissing each other, as in sympathy
With the cold host that slumber at their feet,
Hold mournful sway, yet indescribable and sweet.

' For there my mother, resting, waits th' advance
Of the last trumpet-summons from the skies ;
And by her side, in the same frozen trance,
Her children's children, in the grave's sad guise,
Recline : and quenched are those bright infant eyes,
And gentle matron looks, that oft did beam
So light and cheerful, dressed in smiles and sighs,
Tinging life's darkling moments with a rosy gleam :
Alas ! that such fair things should sink into a dream.

' Oh ! cruel Death ! canst thou not rest content
With thy fair share of ripe and autumn fruit,
That fall in the full season, by consent
Of gentle Nature, mellow at thy foot ?
Why dost thou 'mong the foliage, slyly mute,
Climb with destroying touch ? Why dost thou rend
And tear the lovely blossoms ? Oh ! I do dispute
With thee, this sacrilegious, and will contend,
As mortal man with Death, these fair buds to defend. — p. 56, 56.

A word with Sir Andrew Agnew, a family scene, a glance at after-noon, and a beautiful tribute to pure religion, occupy the third canto, all the approach of evening :

The setting sun hath shed his farewell glance,
 And suddenly has sunk with all his train;
 The mild moon's paly shadows now advance,
 And, sweetly silent, lighten hill and plain;
 And star by star comes glittering through the main
 Of dark and wide-spread ether's broad extent;
 New clusters momentarily resume their reign;
 Their twinkling flames, still beauteous and unspent,
 Dapple the jetty sky with bright embellishment.'—p. 81.

The return of the people homeward, and the reviving power over them of the world's cares, are the concluding topics:

'Now homeward throng the people, fallen and dull:
 Some countenances gleam, while others glare
 Broad signs of nothingness; and others full
 Do show of still, yet busy, anxious care;
 And others brood, as if they did prepare
 Within their hearts some hopeful golden scheme,
 To kill the approaching week. Some seem to fare
 But ill at heart; and all around do seem
 Waking regrettingly from some enchanting dream.

'And evil spirits seem to fasten on
 Each visage. Circumvention, cunning, fraud,
 And all their hidden family, one by one,
 Among the people spread themselves abroad.
 The demon of the mighty town, unawed,
 His sly approaches makes; his workings speak
 In every look; each to his favourite gaud
 Awakes; and now the same prepares to seek,
 Through the hot strife and struggle of the coming week.

'The Sabbath's past!—Farewell, sweet Sabbath-day!
 Farewell, sweet Sunday! Speed, kind spirit! speed
 Thy bright return; for, whilst thou art away,
 Many a doomed and sinking heart must bleed;
 And cruel lawless rulers will not heed
 Their humbler brethren, through their week of pain.
 Once more, light mystic day, farewell indeed!
 Hasten, oh, haste! resume thy magic reign!

Farewell, sweet Sunday! haste, make haste to shine again!—p. 83, 84.

The description and emotion of these verses have in them all that 'eloquence of truth' which Campbell has made the definition of 'Song.'

There are some useful hints for cogitation in the notes. We conclude by extracting three of them, interesting alike for the facts they record, and the writer's comments.

Swinish Multitude.—'I need not go into the origin and history of the term "swinish multitude," and how it was applied to the people some years ago: no doubt it is fully in the recollection of every one; at all events it is quite fresh in mine. I shall never forget the time when I first read that phrase in a newspaper; nor shall I easily forget the feeling which it produced among the circle in which I moved at that time. I think I see them now listening to the reading of the paper, with all the signs of jealous shame reddening in their countenances. About this time Mr. Cobbett published his paper, in which he, in his usual infinitely powerful style, urged the people to cultivate their minds, and put themselves in the art of laying out clearly their thoughts on paper; for that, that was the only scheme by which they could combat successfully their enemies, and finally achieve for themselves a real triumph. Acting on this advice, myself and some of my fellows went seriously to work; and perhaps the present duty owes its

and George Wither; and a variety of articles which originally appeared in Leigh Hunt's 'Reflector,' a periodical which, though long since dead, remains embalmed in its own spice and fragrance. We take this opportunity of introducing the following few but valuable sentences, imputed down from the lips of the late S. T. Coleridge:

Character of Charles Lamb, by Coleridge.—'Charles Lamb has more totality and individuality of character than any other man I know, or have ever known in all my life. In most men we distinguish between the different powers of their intellect as one being predominant over the other. The genius of Wordsworth is greater than his talent, though considerable. The talent of Southey is greater than his genius, though respectable; and so on. But in Charles Lamb it is altogether one; his genius is talent, and his talent is genius, and his heart is as whole and one as his head. The wild words that come from him sometimes on religious subjects would shock you from the mouth of any other man, but from him they seem mere flashes of firework. If an argument seem to his reason not fully true, he bursts out in that odd desecrating way: yet his will, the inward man, is, I well know, profoundly religious. Watch him when alone, and you will find him with either a Bible or an old divine, or an old English poet; in such is his pleasure.'

The London Review. No. II.

It is not our purpose to criticise the contents of this number, but only to mention that we have been both surprised and grieved by a note appended to an article on the 'Rationale of Political Representation,' and the more so, on account of the signature (A) which that article bears. There must be some inadvertence or mistake in the case; or else we must have mistaken the writer, and the character which it is intended the 'London Review' should sustain. The note in question is appended to an extract from Mr. Bailey's work, relative to the exclusion of women from the elective franchise (the passage was quoted in our own notice of the work, 'Monthly Repository' for June last, p. 467); and runs thus:

'Into the reasons of any other kind which may be given for the exclusion of women, we shall not enter; not because we think any of them valid, but because the subject (though in a philosophical treatise on representation, it could not have been passed over in silence) is not one which, in the present state of the public mind, could be made a topic of popular discussion with any prospect of practical advantage.'—p. 353.

We must protest strongly both against the general principle here laid down, and the particular application of that principle.

The 'London Review' can confer no greater 'practical advantage' on the public, than by the free and full discussion of any and every topic that may be fairly presented to its notice. It was announced as the organ of the Philosophic Reformers, whom we understood to be, not a party banded together for the attainment of influence by avoiding unpopular topics, but a set of original and independent thinkers, whose aim was to inculcate sound principles in political and moral philosophy, and to lead the way in the fearless application of those principles to all social relations and individual concerns. The last thing we expected of them was, that they should seem to blink a subject because it might be distasteful to 'the public mind,' or not be connected with a motion for leave to bring in a bill, &c., or any such immediate practical advantage! Our notion was, that these reviewers were to be the

pioneers of social improvement, and to ply pickaxe and shovel all the more vigorously whenever the obstacles were most formidable, instead of turning aside into an easier path for their own progress. We looked for their teaching England the lesson which France has learned of the importance of *principles*, and doing something for our deliverance from the narrow, shallow, retail, and empirical mode of treating public matters to which our countrymen are addicted.

Moreover, the condition of women, of which the exclusion from all political right is a prominent feature, is a topic to which the public mind may not only be usefully directed, but towards which it is turning of itself; as witness the clever pamphlet of 'Lydia Tomkins,' with many other indications both in books and in periodical literature. The 'Westminster' predicted some time ago, that this would be the popular topic of the next generation; now one generation is perhaps rather below than above the average advance of the 'London Review' upon its contemporaries. At any rate, we should expect it to be never behind the foremost rank in the discussion of grievances and improvements. There is no mischief so deeply rooted, so wide spreading, as that which results from the dependent and degraded position of women. The superficial education to which they are condemned; their dependence on marriage for a civil existence; the absence of those rights of property which are essential to their protection; their exclusion not only from political rights, but their being warned off all public interests as ground on which they are trespassers; the selfish, enfeebling, and debasing character of the influence which they too often exercise over man in his public capacity, and which is the reaction of his own conduct: these are sufficient evidence of the necessity of 'popular discussion,' and in such hands as those of the writer on whom we are commenting, who can doubt the 'prospect of practical advantage?' It is a subject worthy of him, and of which he is worthy; and we do hope that he will soon advert to it in a different spirit, and shew what can be done towards the redress of one of the greatest grievances, by the efforts of one of the finest intellects of the age in which we live.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The hint of 'A Subscriber' must depend on some correspondent for its realization. Could he undertake the task himself?

Although the article on 'Female Education' be not inserted, it is too good for destruction. It is left at our office, directed according to the signature of the envelope.

E. I. should study simplicity.

Speranza's lines have been forwarded to the party addressed, who is much pleased with them.

We heartily wish that W. H. P., Frank Friendly, and other young men of talent, would employ their time and their ability (of which they give unquestionable evidence) in something better than versification. Prose composition, for some distinct purpose, is a much more wholesome exercise; and if there be poetry in them, it will not rust for lack of rhyming. But there can be no great poet whose intellect has not undergone a long and vigorous training.

The 'Sketches of Domestic Life,' by Mrs. Leman Grimstone, will be resumed next month.

We do not do business in the way supposed by the writer of the Critical Notice that was to have been anonymous.