DISQUISITION ON THE GENIUS, WRITINGS, AND CHARACTER OF WILLIAM HAZLITT.

By the Author of the 'Exposition of the False Medium,' &c.

WILLIAM HAZLITT began to think deeply at an early period, and while others of the same age were devoting their animal spirits to sportive games, or their minds to boyish projects, he was speculating on the abstract rights of humanity. His letter to the editor of the 'Shrewsbury Chronicle,' written at the age of thirteen, on the persecution of Dr. Priestley, is a sufficient proof of this masculine predisposition of his intellect and feelings. It was his first literary production, and was printed immediately. But who shall say at what far earlier dawn of youth his heart with voiceless sensibility brooded over the condition of mankind, and his mind began to develop itself through the hazy twilight of unrisen power? This reflection, combined with a knowledge of his works,—even though we are speaking of his childhood,—forces upon us the recollection of his fine and fact-like description of 'Blind Orion hungering for the dawn,' in the sublime picture of Nicolas Poussin.

The early years of his childhood were passed in America, where his father had taken his whole family. Here, as well as in former places of residence, William Hazlitt, then in his fifth year only, attracted the admiration and affection of everybody by the extreme beauty of his person, the amiability and sweetness of his disposition, and the vivid comprehension of his mind. The expression of his face is said to have borne a close resemblance to the beatified look of intelligence in the children of some of the paintings of Raphael and Corregio. His personal beauty was palpable to all; but his peculiar quality of intellect, even at the dawn, was not of course considered in the light of a presage of future greatness. We can seldom accuse relations and family friends of backwardness in conferring, with prophetic pride, all manner of future honours upon the precocity of their little favourites; but it is an amusing fact that the infant prodigies, thus singled out for posterity, never come to anything worth mentioning: the reality only remains undiscovered until fully developed. It is hardly just, nevertheless, and certainly unreasonable, to accuse individuals of dulness because they do not see the germ of great genius where it actually exists. To expect that they should do so, is almost the same as expecting them to be possessed of a similar genius themselves; since the powers in question must be seen and understood in their elemental forms. Looking, however, as we now do, to the application of high qualities, it may be recollected by some who knew William Hazlitt in his childhood that he gave unequivocal indications of that strong sensibility and comprehension which are certainly the visible,

though seldom seen, harbingers of superior powers, the fruits of which time only can ripen to practical manifestation and lofty maturity.

The most pure and perfect state of human existence,—the most ethereal in mind, being fresh from the creative hand; the most enthusiastic and benevolent of heart, being yet uncontaminated by the outer world and all its bitter disappointments; the sweetest, and yet the most pathetic, were it only from the extreme sense of beauty,—is the early youth of genius. Alone in the acuteness of its general sensibility,—unsympathized with in its peculiar views of nature; its heart without utterance, and its intellect a mine penetrated by the warmth of the dawning sun, but unopened by its meridian beams,—the child of genius wanders forth into the fields and woods, an embodied imagination; an elemental being yearning for operation, but knowing not its mission. A powerful destiny heaves for development in its bosom; it feels the prophetic waves surging to and fro: but all is indistinct and vast, caverned, spell-bound, aimless, and rife with sighs. It has little retrospection, and that little of no importance; its heart and soul are in the future, a glorified dream. Memory, with all its melancholy pleasures and countless pains, is for the old, and chiefly for the prematurely old; but youth is a vision of the islands of the blest; it tells its own fairy tale to itself, and is at once the hero and inventor. It revels in the radiance of years to come, nor ever dreams that the little daisy on the lawn, so smilingly beheld, or so tenderly gathered from its green bed, shall make the whole heart ache with all the past when it meets the eye some years hence. If this be more or less the case with youth in general, it is so in a pre-eminent degree with the youth of genius. At this early period of the life of such a being, impressions of moral and physical beauty exist in ecstatic sensation, rather than in sentiment; a practical feeling and instinct, not a theory or rule of right. Conscious only of its ever-working sensibility and dim aspirations, boundless as dim,—utterly unconscious of its own latent powers or means of realizing its feelings,—the child of genius yearns with a deep sense of the divinity of imperishable creation, with hopes that sweep high over the dull earth and all its revolving graves; and lost in beatific abstraction, it has a positive foretaste of immortality.

Such we may affirm,—if the reader will add that intensity of comprehension which pierces beneath the deepest roots of the heart, and to which all words are but the earth-like signs, the finger-marks of mortality pointing to the profound elements of human nature,—such was the early youth of William Hazlitt.

But a more distinct condition of mind,—less affecting perhaps from its approach towards self-reliance and manly equality, yet still touching from the very youthfulness of its power and evident unconsciousness of the practically incorrigible vices and perverse

bigotries of the actual world—was destined to supervene at a much earlier period than is common with any order of fine intellect, and more especially the highest. It has been mentioned that his first literary production was induced by the persecution of the benevolent and philosophic Priestley. Literature, to say the truth, has very little to do with the awkward effort; but sincerity of feeling, clearness of understanding, and the early manifestation of principles which time and circumstance have shown to have been fixed as the northern star, have everything to do with it. The following is a copy of the letter that appeared in the 'Shrewsbury Chronicle;' and the editor was not a little surprised when he subsequently learnt that the writer was a school-boy:

'Mr. Wood,—'Tis really surprising that men—men, too, that aspire to the character of Christians—should seem to take such pleasure in endeavouring to load with infamy one of the best, one of the wisest, and one of the greatest of men.

'One of your late correspondents, under the signature of "ΟΥΔΕΙΣ," seems desirous of having Dr. Priestley in chains; and, indeed, would not, perhaps, (from the gentleman's seemingly charitable disposition,) be greatly averse to seeing him in the flames also. This is the Christian—this is the meek, the charitable spirit of Christianity—this the mild spirit its great master taught! Ah, Christianity, how art thou debased! how am I grieved to see that universal benevolence, that love to all mankind, that love even to our enemies, and that compassion for the failings of our fellow-men that thou art calculated to promote, contracted and shrunk up within the narrow limits that prejudice and bigotry mark out!

'But to return. Supposing the gentleman's end to be intentionally good; supposing him, indeed, to desire all this, in order to extirpate the doctor's supposedly impious and erroneous doctrines, and promote the cause of truth, yet the means he would use are certainly wrong. For, may I be allowed to remind him of this, (which prejudice has hitherto apparently prevented him from seeing,) that violence and force can never promote the cause of truth, but reason and argument alone; and whenever these fail, all other means are vain and ineffectual? And, as the doctor himself has said in his letter to the inhabitants of Birmingham, that "if they destroyed him, ten others would rise as able or abler than himself, and stand forth immediately to defend his principles; and that were those destroyed, a hundred would appear, for the God of truth will not suffer his cause to lie defenceless." This letter of the doctor's, though it throughout breathes the pure and genuine spirit of Christianity, is by another of your correspondents charged with *sedition* and *heresy!* But, indeed, if such sentiments as those which it contains *be* sedition and heresy, sedition and heresy would be an honour: for all their sedition is that fortitude that becomes the dignity of man,

and the character of Christian; and their heresy, Christianity. The whole letter, indeed, far from being seditious, is peaceable and charitable; and far from being heretical, that is, in the usual acceptance of the word, furnishes proofs of that resignation so worthy of himself. And to be sensible of this, 'tis only necessary that any one, laying aside prejudice, read the letter itself with candour. What, or who, then, is free from the calumniating pen of malice, malice concealed, perhaps, under the specious guise of religion and a love of truth?

'Religious persecution is the bane of all religion; and the friends of persecution are the worst enemies religion has. Of all persecutions, that of calumny is the most intolerable. Any other kind of persecution can affect our outward circumstances only, our properties, our lives; but this may affect our characters for ever! And this great man has not only had his goods spoiled, his habitation burned, and his life endangered, but is also calumniated, aspersed with the most malicious reflections, and charged with everything bad, for which a misrepresentation of the truth,

"Nihil est . . ." *

and prejudice, can give the least pretence. And why all this? To the shame of some one let it be replied, merely on account of particular speculative opinions, and not anything scandalous, shameful, or criminal in his moral character. "When I see," says the great and admirable Robinson, "a spirit of intolerance, I think I see the great devil!" And it is certainly the *worst* of devils. And here I shall conclude, staying only to remind your anti-Priestleyan correspondents, that, when they presume to attack the character of Dr. Priestley, they do not so much resemble the wren pecking at the eagle, as the owl attempting, by the flap of her wings, to hurl Mount Athos into the ocean! and that while Dr. Priestley's name shall "flourish in immortal youth," and his memory be respected and revered by posterity, prejudice no longer blinding the understandings of men, *theirs* will be forgotten in obscurity, or only remembered as the friends of bigotry and persecution, the most odious of all characters.

'ΗΛΙΑΣΟΝ.'

From this letter it appears that the only champion who entered the field of the 'Shrewsbury Chronicle,' in opposition to the various correspondents who were the 'friends of bigotry and persecution,' and who assiduously displayed their base congeniality in one of the most heinous crusades that were ever instituted against individual wisdom and humanity, (and against all reason and human rights, looking at the principle,) was a schoolboy of thirteen, whom an impassioned love of abstract truth, a strong sense of indignation at the vulgar injustice of attempting to crush all spirit of free inquiry, and a generous sympathy, associated with a feeling of gratitude for intellectual improvement, derived from

* Quotation illegible in the original MS.

the study of works that have already outlived the names of nearly all their persecutors, had suddenly impelled to take a high place among men, and commence his arduous struggle in the battered cause of truth and nature.

From the period at which the above letter was written, the mind of Hazlitt made rapid advances in strength and subtlety, as manifested in certain profound speculations contained in manuscripts possessed by his son. Some of these were recently arranged under the title of 'Posthumous Essays, &c.,' with a view to their publication, which circumstances have made it advisable to defer. Various original critiques and laudatory papers were forwarded by eminent writers of the time to accompany the work, among which was an eloquent criticism by Mr. E. L. Bulwer; and there was reason to anticipate that the Memoir would have been supplied by the late editor of a powerful Review. But sundry delays and other circumstances intervening, and the ill health of an early friend of Mr. Hazlitt preventing the execution of a duty which I was most anxious he only should perform, the Memoir devolved on one who would not otherwise have presumed himself equal to the undertaking. This feeling was chiefly induced by a consciousness that the mere events of Hazlitt's life were as undiversified and unimportant as those of literary men in general, and that a Memoir could present no features worthy of the man, without including the history of his mind. Those who comprehend what that mind *was* (and *is*) will be well aware of the arduousness of my task; but it did not appear likely that it would be attempted by anybody else, and a sincere sympathy must be the best excuse for occasional failure, as it may be the chief grounds of partial success.

The strong and definite advance of his feelings in the cause of abstract truth, with the deepening of his understanding and powers of analysis, will be made sufficiently evident in the ensuing extract. It is taken from a manuscript, found after his death among a mass of other papers which he had packed together in an old hamper, probably from a feeling of affection towards the results of his early studies, but which it appeared, from the state they were in, that he had not seen for many years. The article is entitled 'Project for a new Theory of Civil and Criminal Legislation.'

'When I was about fourteen, in consequence of a dispute one day, after meeting, between my father and an old lady of the congregation, respecting the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts, and the limits of religious toleration, I set about forming in my head (the first time I ever attempted to think) the following system of political rights and general jurisprudence:

'I began with trying to define what a *right* was; and this I settled with myself was not simply that which is good or useful in itself, but

that which is thought so by the individual, and which has the sanction of his will as such,—1st, Because the determining what is good in itself, is an endless question; 2dly, Because one person's having a right to any good and another being made the judge of it, leaves him without any security for its being exercised to his advantage, whereas self-love is a natural guarantee for self-interest; 3dly, A thing being willed is the highest moral reason for its existence; that a thing is good in itself is no reason whatever why it should exist, till the will clothes it with a power to act as a motive; and there is certainly nothing to prevent this will from taking effect (no law above it) but another will opposed to it, and which forms a right on the same principle. A good is only a right, because it generally determines the will; for a right is that which contains within itself, and as respects the bosom in which it is lodged, a cogent and unanswerable reason why it should exist. Suppose I have a violent aversion to one thing and as strong an attachment to another, and that there is no other being in the world but myself, shall I not have a self-evident right, title, liberty, to pursue the one and avoid the other?—that is to say, in other words, there can be nothing to interpose between the strong natural tendency of the will and its desired effect, but the will of another. Right therefore has a personal or selfish reference, as it is founded on the law which determines a man's actions in regard to his own being and well-being; and political justice is that which assigns the limits of these individual rights, or their compatibility or incompatibility, with each other in society. Right, in a word, is the duty which each man owes to himself; or, it is that portion of the general good of which (as being principally interested) he is made the special judge, and which is put under his immediate keeping.

'The next question I asked myself was "what is law, and the real and necessary ground of civil government?" Law is something to abridge the original right and to coerce the will of individuals in the community. Whence, then, has the community this right? It can only arise in self-defence, or from the necessity of maintaining the equal rights of every one, and of opposing force to force in case of any violent infringement of them. Society consists of any given number of individuals, and the aggregate right of government is only the consequence of these inherent rights balancing and neutralizing one another,' &c.

It will be readily admitted that the above extract contains thoughts of no juvenile character, though they were conceived at so early a period. The greater portion of this short treatise, however, judging by the precision of the style, was no doubt written some years afterwards; but some passages and expressions occur which bear the stamp of the period in which they originated. The third corollary is very amusing and characteristic as a specimen of *naïveté* in expression and the early formation of strong and lasting opinions.

'*Cor.* 3. If I was out at sea in a boat with a *jure divino* monarch, and he wanted to throw me overboard, I would not let him. No gentleman would ask such a compliance; no freeman would submit to it. Has he then a right to dispose of the lives of thirty millions of men? or, have they no right to resist his demands? They have thirty millions of

times more right, if they had a particle of the same spirit that I have. It is not the individual, but thirty millions of his subjects that call me to account in his name, and who have both the right and the power. They have the power, but let them beware how the exercise of it turns against their own rights. It is not the idol, but the worshippers who are to be feared, and who, by degrading one of their own rank, make themselves liable to be branded with the same disqualifications and penalties.'

From an examination of various private letters sent to different members of his family, it appears that Hazlitt, notwithstanding the education he had received, both from his father and at the Unitarian college at Hackney, conceived a distaste for the clerical profession even before he had completed his studies. He alludes to this circumstance, somewhat painfully, in his 'Essay on the Knowledge of Character,' as having occasioned much disappointment to his father, who had entertained high hopes of him, and whose sympathy with his aspirations was damped, and almost withdrawn, for ever after. His first passion was an intense love of abstract truth, for which he searched, without ceasing, from childhood to the grave; his second was a devoted love of painting; and this he bound in vivid consummation with the former, using it as a rich vehicle for his thoughts, and clothing them with a figured garment, original in design, startling in effect, gorgeous in colouring, and powerful in its expression of the deepest feelings and noblest hopes of humanity.

It appears that he commenced his first regular essay, 'The Principles of Human Action,' at about the age of eighteen, and laboured painfully (both from the abstruse nature of the argument and his inability to express his thoughts clearly) at the composition during the same time that he was pursuing his early study of painting in France. In his essay on 'The Pleasure of Painting,' he says:

'My first initiation in the mysteries of art was at the Orléans gallery: it was there I formed my taste, such as it is; so that I am irreclaimably of the old school in painting. I was staggered when I saw the works there collected, and looked at them with wondering and with longing eyes. A mist passed away from my sight: the scales fell off. A new sense came upon me, a new heaven and a new earth stood before me. I saw the soul speaking in the face—"hands that the rod of empire might have swayed" in mighty ages past.'

This sudden impression may seem wonderful to many when they learn that a short time previously he was 'not only totally ignorant of, but insensible to the beauties of art.' It was the first sight of the assemblage of the greatest, that produced the miraculous effect. He had heard 'of the names of Titian, Raphael, Guido, Domenichino, the Caracci; but to see them face to face, to be in the same room with their deathless productions, was like breaking some mighty spell—was almost an effect of necromancy. From that time he lived in a world of pictures.' He felt the loud

clamour of the every-day world ‘ as mere noise and fury “ signifying nothing” compared with those mighty works and dreaded names that spoke to him in the eternal silence of thought.’ It seems that his father, although he would rather his son ‘ should have written a sermon than painted like Rembrandt or Raphael,’ became eventually so far reconciled to his study of the arts as to sit to him for his portrait. There is a very pathetic passage on this circumstance in the essay previously quoted:

‘When I gave the effect I intended to any part of the picture, when I imitated the roughness of the skin by a lucky stroke of the pencil, when I hit the clear pearly tone of a vein, when I gave the ruddy complexion of health, the blood circulating under the broad shadows of one side of the face, I thought my fortune made; or rather it was already more than made in my fancying that I might one day be able to say with Corregio, “*I also am a painter!*” I think that I finished this portrait on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came.’

How he exulted in the downfal of the Bourbons and in the establishment, through Napoleon, of the principle ‘ that there is a power in the people to change its government and governors,’ is very generally known; but the agony of his disappointment at finding the hopes of liberty blighted by the breath of Legitimacy and the Holy Alliance, is known but to few.

‘I walked out in the afternoon,’ continues he, ‘and as I returned, saw the evening-star set over a poor man's cottage with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. Oh for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that those times might come over again!—I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly. The picture is left: the table, the chair, the window where I learned to construe Livy, the chapel where my father preached, remain where they were; but he himself is gone to rest, full of years, of faith, of hope, and charity!’

With the intention of following painting as a profession, he subsequently studied at the Louvre, and, however dissatisfactory his progress, he ‘never did anything afterwards.’ Of his feelings during the progress of these studies he has left deep and lasting record. One passage will suffice:

‘Here, for four months together, I strolled and studied, and daily heard the warning sound, “*Quatres heures passées, il faut fermer, citoyens,*” (ah! why did they ever change their style!) muttered in coarse provincial French; and brought away with me some loose draughts and fragments, which I have been forced to part with, like drops of life-blood, for “hard money.” How often, thou tenantless mansion of god-like magnificence—how often has my heart since gone a pilgrimage to thee!’

If to yearn intensely for the accomplishment of an object, if to possess the genius requisite for a high success, if to sympathize deeply and comprehensively with the spirit of great and lasting works, while the energies of youth and of manhood burn and impel towards the sacred temple whose altar is in the centre of

the human heart; if these feelings and qualifications would have accomplished the desired end, William Hazlitt would have been enabled, with devout ecstacy, to echo the words of Corregio, and feel that he also was a painter. But nature is *not* art; *the* soul is not the form; the foundation is not the superstructure. Possessing continuity—practical continuity—to the utmost extent, Hazlitt was utterly incompetent to persevere in anything requiring elaborate mechanical industry. Writhing under his deficiency of means, he struggled to supersede practice, overreach time, and bound at once to the conclusion. That his intellect alone could accomplish this, is proved by the profound theories he has given to the world, so far in advance of general knowledge and opinion; but painting was not to be accomplished without the incessant labour of the hand in monotonous practice, and by slow and imperceptible progression. His imagination saw at once all that he passionately desired to produce; his overexcited, incorrigible will, rushed forward towards the end to clasp the whole with Atlantæan arms; his severe understanding and sensitive taste destroyed the illusions of self-love and vanity, forcing the abortive effort upon his conviction; and, after a few years, he relinquished the hope with an anguish that may be traced through his writings almost to the period of his death. I know not if the long grass would not sigh, and the earth heave above his grave, should I say that it is better for the world that he was *not* a painter!

(*To be continued.*)

ON THE CLOSE OF THE SESSION.

'Thank God we have a House of Lords' was the ejaculation of William Cobbett when the House of Commons persisted in passing the Poor Law Amendment Act against his existing opinion or expressed opinion. That changeable writer deemed that Lords were lovers of the poor like himself, or, like the 'Times,' lovers of the popularity arising from affecting to be the poor man's friend. But both William Cobbett and the 'Times' were disappointed in one of the few subjects on which they could agree. The House of Lords passed the Bill, not in any love to the people, but in love to their own property, which they could not protect without conferring a benefit on the people at large. The system of the old poor laws produced a constant increase of paupers, who were maintained on the property of those who possessed, and on the earnings of those who produced. Therefore the evil fell heavier on the working classes than on the Aristocracy; but if the Aristocracy had sustained no evil, they would have agreed with William Cobbett and the 'Times,' and would have thrown out the Bill. The 'Times' and the Lords are much alike in their sentiments towards the working classes. It is not upon record whether William Cobbett withdrew his proffered thanks to the Lords; but I, for one,

was quite satisfied with the passing of the Bill, the excellent results of which are every day becoming more conspicuous. It has been stated that English rural paupers are now furnished to the manufacturers who need more hands, instead of Irish paupers, and that masters and workmen are alike well pleased with the exchange. Heretofore it has been the custom for farmers to employ Irishmen during the time of harvest. It will not be long now ere they will employ English mechanics, and then two advantages will be gained: the rural population will acquire knowledge and enlargement of their intellectual faculties by witnessing the operation of machinery; and the operatives of the towns will acquire gentler and more refined tastes by occasionally indulging in rural pleasures and natural beauty. The poor Irishmen must be kept at home by a poor law, which, rendering it compulsory on their aristocrats to maintain them, will force on them the necessity of educating them and giving them industrious habits.

For all this we owe our thanks to the Lords: they preserve their own interests in that as in all other things. But still Radicals and Republicans,—for, as the 'Times' observes, they are synonymous,—Radicals and Republicans may well echo the cry of William Cobbett, 'Thank God there is a House of Lords!' But for the House of Lords the nation would not have now been so far advanced towards its desirable conclusion. Knaves as they are to all good ends, they are still fools enough to believe they are serving their own interests while doing those things which convince all men, even the most timid, that they are a mischief and a nuisance, which it is an unpleasant thing to have even to abate by the contact of collision, but which it were a still more mischievous thing to suffer to remain. The foolish 'Times' even knows this, though it makes awkward and unwieldy attempts to render service to its new masters, who despise it while they employ it. Ten years of constant agitation, as unremitting as that which destroyed the slave-trade, could not have so undermined the *prestige* attaching to the House of Lords as they themselves have done in a single session. Time was that, if a man talked of infringing on the smallest privilege of the Lords, he was looked on as an incendiary by most who heard him; but now, if a doubt is raised as to the propriety of taking away from the Lords all exclusive power, and making them entirely responsible to the people, the expression of the doubt is commonly regarded as one seeking either sinister gain, or possessed of consummate folly. Daniel O'Connell, the speaker of the Irish people, who but a few years back was looked on as little better than a vulgar howling rebel, only unhanged because he was too cunning to be caught, is now making a triumphant progress round England and Scotland, talking of the Lords and the doom about to be passed on them, with open and undisguised contempt. And more than this, the people who willingly listen to him are they

who constitute that oft-quoted and Lord-hated 'pressure from without' which, without much apparent effort, pushes down all opposition to the 'movement.' The men who constitute this pressure speak, in language not to be misunderstood, their determined meaning. All have spoken well, but none better than the 'Trades of Glasgow,' who, on a former occasion, approved the spoken purposes of Lord Durham: nervous, manly, and discriminating is their language; the thoughts strong and forcible, and the words well-chosen.

It is not now as in the days of ancient barbarism, when mighty empires were erected on brutal conquest, and maintained by physical force. Now the idle trappings of useless pomp, the tinsel show, the ill-got wealth, and the unmeaning title of unconstitutional place and power, charm us no more. It is the *man*, stripped of all the mummery of adventitious accompaniments, and standing forwards on his own personal merits and native energy of mind, that the people gladly hail and delight to honour.

Although the House of Commons as a body have, during the late session, proved it an outrageous fallacy that the people of this empire are fully, fairly, and freely represented,—have allowed the barbarous restrictions on the newspaper press, the inhuman restrictions on the importation of foreign corn, the State Church establishment in Ireland, and many other abominable acts and monopolies to continue in active force, and refuse the slightest protection to the labour of starving thousands,—we rejoice to find that there is among that body a powerful band of resolute patriots, ready at all times to lead the van in the march of Reform, and whose efforts must ere long, if properly backed by the pressure from without, successfully triumph.

These hard-handed and strong-brained men have got rid of the cant of *Respectability*, that sworn cheat who, under external fairness, professing to be the semblance of virtue, is a base coward, and guilty of all a coward's vices. Who abandons an unfortunate friend? *Respectability!* Who called the Radicals low-born knaves? *Respectability!* Who turned Radical when Radicalism became powerful? *Respectability!* Who would seek occasion again to abandon it, were the Tories to regain power? *Respectability!* The men of Glasgow seek no aid from *Respectability*. They care only for the MAN, stripped of all but 'personal merit and native energy of mind.' The House of Commons they have divided into two parts, the *respectable* men, and 'the band of resolute patriots.' They know what the House of Commons has done, but they have not forgotten what it has *not* done, and they will bear it in mind till an effective House of Commons shall exist, speaking honestly the people's will, and sternly carrying that will into effect, unmoved by the clamours of party, unawed by the threats of despotism, and uninfluenced by private feelings or sympathies. The House of Commons, as at present consti-

tuted, does not represent the people's will, but it does represent the fears of *respectability*. Sundry good men and true there are; but there is no Hampden. There is no one man possessing the mingled qualities of sound judgment, strong will, high enthusiasm, invincible honesty and popular talents, who can wield the 'pressure from without' as a single mass, and carrying conviction to the minds of the majority, enforce from their fears that compliance with his purposes which might not be hoped from their honesty. There is no such man now in the national council, and some there are who thence draw the inference that no such man exists. But it cannot be. Such men must exist, though overlaid by circumstances. If there be a coming time of peril, it will draw them forth; and it were worth the peril to draw such men into a nation's service. Meanwhile the working classes must not be idle. Great wisdom is not required to conclude the struggle with the irresponsible hereditary legislators; they are already scared, and definite action is all that is required on the part of their opponents. The class of men from whom legislators have hitherto been taken will not do the people's work; they will but promise, and dare not perform. They dare not encounter the obloquy of their social circle. They have not mind enough to conceive an original purpose, or to fulfil an acquired one. The working people must select representatives from their own body, ere they can expect a responsible legislature. It cannot be too often repeated that the question is not one of making wise laws at present, but only of taking power out of the hands of those who have long abused it, and making it clearly comprehended that, whether the Government is to be good or bad, the people are to be the masters, and not the slaves of that Government. Till this be done, no sound laws can be made; but when once done, when responsibility is assured, the people can well afford to select the wisest men to make their laws for them, in the confidence that their trust will not be abused. Our work is still to pull down, and not to build up; we need leaders for the strife, and not sages for the council chamber; and one thing above all we still need—rations for our warriors. The best men are shut out from our service, because they are obliged to work elsewhere for their maintenance. When we shall resolve, like honest men, to pay our members for their services, interest as well as inclination will link them to us. Who can say that the apostate Lyndhurst would not have been through his life a consistent and valuable labourer in the cause of human freedom, had a competence been secured to him as a salaried Member of Parliament? And let it not be said that this would have been an unworthy motive for honesty. We must remember that we are not alike strong in our power of resisting temptation; and, if human nature be weak, it is a fitting thing that it should be strengthened and helped in its better purposes.

The Reform Bill, as at first proposed, was a good Bill, and the Lords threw it out. It was brought in again, and the people enforced its acceptance by the '‘ pressure from without.' But they might as well have enforced it in the first instance, before the Chandos clause was introduced, making the majority of the counties rotten boroughs; and also the other alterations, which left the corporations mere nests of corruption, injurious to the people's cause. The Lords would have passed the Bill in its healthy as easily as in its unhealthy state, had the people 'pressed' at the proper time. The Corporation Bill was a good Bill as at first introduced, though not so good as it might have been. It should have been accompanied to the Lords, in the first instance, by a due quantity of ‘ pressure.' It will not do to be nice, and talk about Constitutions. We know that the Constitution as by law established is a bad thing for the people, and we must amend it as we do an old house, without studying too nicely the rules of architecture. The ‘ irresponsibles' from cowards become bullies, counting on our forbearance. They did not know how far they could go till they tried, and their friends in the House of Commons were secretly well pleased at the curtailments of the Bill. There has seldom been anything more contemptible than the conduct of the Collective Wisdom on this remarkable occasion. It was a question whether we were to have the Reform Bill a dead letter or not. Robert Peel affected at once to acknowledge the necessity for it, and the people were smoothed down. The Lords bounced, and declared they would cut the Bill down. And thereupon John Russell and Spring Rice affected to bounce also, and to be vastly patriotic, and determined to stop the Supplies, or the Appropriation Clauses; on which the House cheered, and was vastly patriotic also, and John Bull was soothed and gulled. And then the Lords murdered the Bill and kicked it out, and the ‘ Chronicle' swore woundily. Lord Melbourne and Henry Brougham seemed the only earnest people of the party. And then the Bill was amended by the Commons. And then a formal or ‘ free conference' was demanded, whereat Mr. Wakley—kept on his hat. And then it was found out that the Supplies having been voted, the cash could not be kept back; and then, all on a sudden, the Ministers discovered that the Bill was a most excellent Bill, and much better for the hereditary tinkering, for, lo! the Oligarchy could not bribe in the old fashion amongst the corporators, but would be obliged to use a new mode; and John Bull grew rather sulky, for he could not clearly make out how that would benefit him. And then Spring Rice went into Ireland to drink cheap whisky out of a cheap glass, which two inestimable benefits he had given the community with his budget; and—thus the Session closed.

But, nevertheless, it has been a good session, for the public mind has ripened apace. ‘ His gracious Majesty' has been

several times in public, and the people have neither hissed nor applauded him; their minds are bent on deeper matter. Peel is universally known to be a greater hypocrite than ever. Old Waterloo has talked himself out of a small portion of public hatred, and replaced it by a larger portion of public contempt. Cumberland has been obliged to escape to Kalisch in a worse condition than if he had been proved guilty. Lyndhurst has made the Tory cause worse than ever, by sucking the marrow of the Corporation Bill. Colonel Fairman has made it clear that the army are not quite such useful protectors as was supposed; and the rebuilding of the House of Lords not having yet commenced, it will perhaps be saved altogether. And last, not least, the House of Commons is understood, as a body, not to be implicitly depended on by the people. It will be well to intimate to them, next session, that the proper mode of proceeding with the Lords is to grant no Supplies till all the various Bills of Reform are passed. The House, however, will not do that till a very 'strong pressure' is felt from without. The travelling agitation of O'Connell will do good service; it will stir up people's brains, and teach men to think rather more than he seems to contemplate. He lays great stress on the advantages of *hereditary* monarchy, for the sake of keeping 'so rich a prize' out of the way of temptation for a struggle. You will alter this opinion, Daniel, ere five years elapse, and discover that hereditary monarchy is no better than hereditary legislation. Meanwhile, it would be an excellent thing if our popular orators would take on themselves the office of lecturers, after fitting themselves for the task by previous study, and go through the country on continual tours, spreading information, and teaching those who are ignorant on important political subjects. Such a mode were worth all the books that could be written. It is a mode in which, more than in any other, clear-headed men could fit themselves for the office of legislators, for they would study human nature while removing ignorance.

Lord Melbourne has won much repute during the last session by his firmness, and has probably thereby induced many to hope more from him than can be expected. This is vain. Tory insolence made him do what he did, in self-defence. Lord Melbourne is not a purpose-maker, but a circumstance-follower; and it is well the people should know this. If they drive him, he will act; if they do not drive him, he will do nothing, unless, perchance, the Tories should worry him as before. Meanwhile, we look forward to a stirring world in the session which is to come. In the people our trust is strong: not so in the Whigs—they will, at last, join their natural allies the Tories.

Junius Redivivus.

SKETCHES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

No. VII. The Insipid.

'What a *nice* girl is Harriet Ward!' exclaimed Mrs. Lang, a lady so remarkable for loquacity that her tongue might have been described as like the showman's wonderful animal, which grew an inch an hour and never came to its full growth.

'What a *sensible* girl is Harriet Ward!' muttered old Sir Benjamin Bubble, who had a remarkable 'talent for silence,' save when permitted to pronounce a dissertation on the Currency.

'What a *sweet gal* is Harriet Ward!' drawled a young man with whiskers in the most exemplary curl, and whose first love was a looking-glass, which, meet it where he might, he never failed to consult as to the state of his stock.

'Well,' thought Grace Clare, a gay, giddy, but withal good creature, to whom all these observations had been addressed, 'this is very strange: the fable of the old man and his ass no longer holds good; for it appears that it *is* possible to please every body.

'Why, Harriet has discovered a secret worth the philosophers' stone! What is perpetual youth, inexhaustible wealth, compared with the power of pleasing every body?

'There's my cousin Bell, with all her wit, thinks herself fortunate in *my* friendship and affection. To be sure she is something like cayenne pepper, apt to bite; but then the bite has such a wholesome pungency, and she is always good-naturedly inclined "to kiss the place to make it well," as we say to the children.

'Then there's Lucy, lovely as the daylight. I do think she has not half as many friends as fingers.

'And Anna, too, all high principle and noble purpose, like the good Lady Wentworth, "to nothing but herself severe," hundreds hold her in absolute horror.

'I must study this Harriet; this "hare with many friends."'

The young lady in question had, in common with many sisters, been secured by an industrious father, upon her coming of age, a small competency, and all, yet in their minority, resided with their widowed mother, who managed the interest of the united capital.

These girls, left to the education of chance, and no very favourable chance occurring, were guided by their animal instincts, not by their human reason; the former had received little of the regulation which they require, the latter still less of the excitement, encouragement, and cultivation, which in all, but most especially in the ordinary run of human beings, are essential to its development.

Each individual of this family, more or less uninformed or misinformed, was grossly selfish—eager for self-advantage—self-enjoyment—unconscious that either would be secured or increased by attention to the pleasures or interests of others. Each wilfully

struck into a path of her own, making home a chaos of discord, in which antagonism and antipathy reigned, to the utter exclusion of sympathy.

Music, drawing, the modern languages, and a long list of acquirements specified in the school advertisement, they had all received *hints* about, and of some proficiency in these branches of knowledge they contrived to yield presumptive evidence; as to any direct testimony to the fact, *that* they modestly kept to themselves.

These young women, when visited or visiting, appeared to be educated to please, a term which in strict truth means to please themselves.

Nothing can be more fallacious than the flattery ministered to men, by the popular notion that the end and aim of woman's life is to please man. Women, strictly devoted to this object, who dress, dance, and study all the arts of attraction, are living concentrations of selfishness: vanity is their appetite, admiration its aliment; and so that they can command the cates, they care no jot for the caterers. In fact, the interests of the whole human race sink before the anxiety for the set of a ringlet or the effect of a ribbon. Admiration is a sort of tax which they arbitrarily impose on men, who, if they cannot pay the tribute in the sterling coin of truth, are permitted to present it in the counterfeit coin of falsehood, rather than not at all; while these female tax-gatherers, compelled to share that which they would willingly engross, look upon every sister of the sex as infringing on this specious revenue.

Here is an ingenious contrivance for the generation of mischief and misery! thronging society with male and female pretenders, making believe to be amiable, and making believe to admire amiability!

Beauty, grace, accomplishments, are but the garniture of the virtues and talents. When the ornamental occupies the place of the essential, hollow and unsatisfactory must be the feast: the moral, like the material, stomach demands something more substantial; and thus hypocrisy, dropping the mask of decorum, revels perpetually with the great and petty vices, marking social and domestic life with sin and wretchedness.

Human beings, educated even as they are on the emulative principle,—the desire to excel, not the desire of excellence,—feel little rivalry regarding the higher attributes of character; and to these admiration *irresistibly* flows, not merely from man to woman, but from woman to man. Fine feelings, high aims, these are the forest trees which shed majesty on the mental and moral path of humanity; the charms of person, the fascinations of manner are the underwood, beautiful and deserving care and culture, but not *that* degree of culture which leaves the fine timber to fall and lie prostrate on the earth, while the parasitical plants fling their fantastic wreaths across it, hide it from view, and doom it to decay.

One of the Wards would caricature flowers for a firescreen; another litter the morning room with cutting coloured paper into a rickety ornament for the mantel-piece of some friend *who gave balls.* One would practice, with wearisome iteration, an air for an approaching vocal exhibition, to the infinite annoyance of another, who (by means of skipping the didactic and historical portions) was trying to get through the last new novel.

Time, the estate of the wise, was in this house a waste; each had her weedy patch, which bred its corresponding insects, spreading annoyance and disgust around. Almost daily disputes among the sisters, lectures from mamma—propounded more for the display of her authority than with any view to the advantage of the delinquents — eating, idling, gossiping, dressing, perhaps visiting, dragged through the hours of the day, often with weariness and pain, generally with indifference.

To marry well was the one aim and object of these girls. What did they anticipate from marriage? Escape from mamma's control, exemption from the necessity of association with each other, a household over which to exercise the arbitrary sway to which they abhorred to submit, the distinction which attaches to married people,—more luxury, more finery, more indolence. What did they expect from a husband? Adoration; that when absent he should toil for the maintenance of a splendid home, when present deify the being he had enshrined in it. What did they expect to give in return for this? Their persons; nothing more. Of the moral and intellectual power which creates a perpetual variety of fascination, which preserves a consistent standard of excellence, they had as much idea as the maggot has of the mammoth. As they thought a pleasing exterior was enough for them to bring into society, they thought it more than enough for home, where they could appeal to the admiration of only *one,* instead of many.

Silly speculators! what visions were these! The adoration of which you dream shall turn to the dust and ashes of disgust and indifference; you shall be pieces of property bearing your husband's name, like his streetdoor; occupying his house, like the rest of his goods and chattels; receiving his guests, like his servants; going hither and thither, like his shadow, wherever his caprice or the necessities of his fortune may carry him; and then, if you conceal your sufferings and disappointments, you may die in the odour of conjugal sanctity at thirty, or if you be made of sterner stuff and can throw off the anguish which otherwise preys inly, you may survive unto widowhood, keeping your grief a profound secret unless as far as cap and crape are concerned.

La Bruyère says, 'Why should men be blamed that women have no learning? What laws, what edicts have they published to prohibit them from opening their eyes, from reading, remembering or making their advantage of what they have read, when

they write or converse?' Is not, on the contrary, this ignorance of theirs owing to a custom they have introduced themselves; or to the weakness of their nature; or to laziness of mind; or to an inconstancy which will not let them prosecute any long study; or to a genius they have only to employ their fingers; or to the distraction of family affairs; or to a natural aversion to all things serious and difficult; or to a curiosity far from that which gratifies the mind; or to a quite different pleasure than that of exercising the memory?'

Such observations I have heard again and again broached in conversation by many the reverse of the shallow and uninquiring. Let me ask what is it moulds the common mind? Is it not early impressions and associations arising from family and friends, the gradual and unremitting influence of the manners and customs of class, of the laws and institutions of country, of the public and private teaching of the preacher and preceptor? Now and then an instance of gigantic genius rises among us, breaking, like Gulliver, the thousand little threads which tie down ordinary natures, calling light out of darkness, and, with irresistible power, striking out for itself a new and perfect path in the tangled wilderness of the world. But even these, hampered by circumstances, probably give half their strength to the struggle, instead of being able to give their whole strength to the object of it; and much as they now accomplish, might, in a more genial position, accomplish much more.

Truly says Dr. Bryce, 'there is in every human being a tendency to conform to the feelings, opinions, modes of expression, tones of voice, and even the very features of those with whom he associates. * * * * This principle, strong in all minds, is peculiarly powerful in those of the young. Papa's opinions are implicitly adopted; mamma's code of morality comes in place of the decalogue or New Testament; the phraseology of nurse becomes the standard of language; and the manners of servants and playfellows are copied faithfully, to the no small annoyance of all parties concerned, when children are introduced to strangers.'

What is the question with parents regarding a son? What must we make of him? Some source of independence is decided on; he is put into a position to receive some mental culture, to secure for himself the free exercise of choice in the disposal of his affections.

What is the question regarding a daughter? Is she pretty? The animal is preferred to the moral and intellectual creature, and she is educated accordingly. Her very bread is contingent on her being able to sacrifice her affections to her interests.

Let it not be imagined that I come to this subject with the feelings of an ascetic; that, in the necessity which I see for making women independent, I dream of making them indifferent to love and the domestic duties. *It is now that they are so.* Women,

like men, were created to love and to be loved; to feel and inspire love is the most blessed privilege of their mutual existence.

It is said that love renders the beloved more beautiful, more full of moral dignity, to the lover than to any other person. Nothing can be more true; and it is just as true that the being, if returning the love, *is really* more beautiful, more dignified; for there is an influence acting upon her or him which quickens soul and body into brighter, loftier life; therefore the fancy and the fact go together.

I believe that humanity is best and most beautiful when in love; that it would be permanently good and beautiful, could it be kept in love; and that it is better and more beautiful after love has passed away than it would ever have been without it. But the system of society in general forbids woman to love or to be lovable. The husband's house, not his heart, is *her* question; how she will *look* in his house, not how she will *act* in it, *his*.

Were all beings educated to be able to provide for themselves, to prefer a frugal self-dependence to pampered dependence on others; were all in thought, word, and deed as free as the nature of humanity admits, *then*, when the summer-time of love came upon the heart, neither lucre nor licentiousness would profane it: men and women would marry, not because one wanted a home and another a housekeeper, but because each required a shrine and a sanctuary for the superabundant affections flowering in the heart.

That even partially operating external influences produce notable effects, is already apparent in the conviction slowly growing on the general mind for the necessity of female elevation; it is placing some women in the ranks of science, many in those of art and literature. I would that I could write 'with a pencil of light' the names of Mrs. Somerville and Mrs. Janet Taylor, as especially giving evidence that Minerva now walks the earth without the repulsive armour of pedantry, and does not disdain the distaff because she can use the telescope.

May star after star arise, till every cloud which now obscures the moral world be banished. May the field of mental power be thrown open to the *whole* human family, imposing no restriction, making no reservations but such as natural incapacity may render necessary; then leisure, arising from whatever cause, instead of being the waste land of mischief, will be the preserve of taste, talent, and usefulness.

Bad as is the education of boys, far worse is that of girls, as regards all the means of mental enlargement; and the question of female education, instead of taking equal part with that of male education, is never even alluded to in any journal or any proceedings devoted to the subject of instruction. A learned barrister, on being asked how he could possibly get through all

he had to do, replied, 'why some I do, and some does of itself.' Such an idea or such a feeling of a business doing of itself must exist regarding the education of one-half of the community; it is a kind of hook-and-crook work, and the effects are commensurate with the fashion of the proceedings.

A boy has *some* chances of meeting books and people of various information and experience; even flinging stones is a circumstance in a boy's life better calculated to generate ideas than any circumstance of which I know in a girl's: in *his* path knowledge lies scattered, and if he has a grain of the gunpowder of intellect, it gets ignited; out of *her* path knowledge is carefully swept, and be her intellect what it may, it has little chance of excitement or employment.

One of the effects of female elevation will be improved male education. Mothers now supinely, I may say supremely, indifferent to the corruptions to which they commit their sons in schools, whether public or private, so that if in the one they make the acquaintance of a young Lord Henry, if in the other are allowed to devour the plum-cakes with which they pamper them, and leave either, not holding up their heads like men, but turning out their toes like dancing-masters; mothers then, with a conscious and acknowledged right to assist in the regulation and reform of all that concerns the interests of the great human family, will cry aloud against abuses, and not cease the cry till they be abolished; will propose amendments, and persevere till they be carried; with a prospective view to the mutual interests and equal advantages of the two great divisions of the human race, instead of, as now, a mere present anxiety for the gratification of individual vanity and ambition, will minister to the highmindedness of their sons, and keep a watchful eye upon the principles and practices of the institutions to which their germinating natures are confided.

The sweet and natural recompence of virtue and talent is the estimation and sympathy of the virtuous and talented. To show in its purest, holiest manner this appreciation of the awakening merits of the young, to let the sunshine of the heart's joy out upon them, is enough. Enough? it is every thing; the fulness of satisfaction is perfect, both in those who dispense and those who receive such reward; no after-effects can follow but such as are permanently and perfectly beneficial; it is the moral light and air in which the flowers of the mind best put forth their blossoms, and without which the future fruit will neither be rich nor abundant.

Harriet Ward permitted one sister to play the eccentric, consisting in efforts to appear singular and a perpetual declaration that she was like no one else in the world; another to affect sentiment and an enthusiastic interest about every body and every thing: both characters of exertion, and, as ever moving upon the

springs of uneasy effort, producing a sympathetic feeling of uneasiness in all to whom they attempted to attach themselves.

Harriet, indolent to the last degree, with the instinct with which animal feeling makes a path for a propensity, decided on being an insipid, (as I have called the character, but as she by no means conceived it.)

I know not which is the most common combination,—simplicity and intelligence, or cunning and ignorance; I believe the latter. Harriet's first standing rule was never to have an opinion of her own, and, consequently, never to offer opposition to any one; but, as a kind of contingent provision for the secure maintenance of this rule, she framed for herself a sort of ambiguous language, consisting of looks, sounds, and syllables, which, like the fortune-teller's phraseology, appeared to mean what the inquirer wished it should mean. Without the slightest interest in a subject, without the slightest comprehension of it, she would sit and listen with a dormant or alienated mind, satisfying the speaker with a judiciously inserted simper or monosyllable, which would enliven her silence without materially breaking it. Thus it was that a feeble coxcomb had been relating to her a history of his athletic exploits, which, in reality, never exceeded getting in and out of his tight-waisted coat; and that Sir Benjamin Bubble, who despised him as a fool for talking to a girl upon a subject so unsuited to her comprehension, was led (with so *much more judgment*) to give her an improved version of his last speech on the Currency, delivered, 'amid unbounded applause,' at a public dinner. Thus it was that Mrs. Lang, who had wearied every one, and was in positive despair of finding another listener that night, felt due gratitude to the passive ear which received the remainder of her redundant communicativeness.

Harriet took her quiet way through the phantasmagoria of society upon this plan:

> 'Her care was never to offend,
> And every creature was her friend.'

But she did not gain friends only; she secured lovers. In correspondence with the character she had assumed, she had a placid, even, pleasing exterior; no conscious power elevated her carriage, no self-possession gave her the dignity which does not disdain, but can dispense with, common aid; she was one of those who determined to prove the policy of seeking strength in weakness, of not offending the self-love of others by appearing sufficient to herself, nor were hers the eyes which

> 'seem to say
> Come and worship my ray;
> By adoring, perhaps you may move me.
> *Her* blue eye, half hid,
> Said from under its lid,
> "I love, and I'm your's, if you love me."'

Some such endearing insinuation from her downcast eyes melted the adamantine heart of a Mr. Manning, a gentleman of character and consequence, whose peculiar affinity for a woman like Harriet may be inferred from one or two points of his character.

He had a high idea, not of his species, but of his sex,—an idea which analysis would have showed for its base the circumstance that *he* was one of that sex. So strong was his love of dominion and possession that he had made himself master of a large estate in the very midst of fens and fogs, because at a cheap pecuniary outlay it afforded him a large domain, for which, besides the purchase money, he paid an annual rental in ague and asthma. But then, in the midst of a shivering fit, he could exclaim,

'I am monarch of all I survey;'

that is, when the fog would let him see it. If the asthma was a necessary evil, an obsequious medical attendant, who would take frequent and judicious occasion to introduce an appeal to Mr. Manning, as lord of the manor, was decidedly a luxury. The law declares that a man who cannot pay for any unusual *penchant* in purse shall pay in person; now Mr. Manning evidently thought he ought to pay in both.

He looked upon woman as 'a creature pressed to the earth by original sin,' that it was necessary for him to stoop very low to raise her, and that for such condescension she could scarcely be too grateful. He sagely thought 'love essentially a *female* passion,' and therefore resolved (of course no sooner said than done) that the supply necessary to *his* matrimonial compact should entirely fill the 'weaker vessel,' so much fitter to hold so volatile an essence.

His faith in the Mosaic history of the creation was only inferior to his faith in his own infallibility. Man, 'fashioned immediately after the Deity,' was 'perfect;' 'fashioned in a strife of grandeur,' was 'complete.' Whereas woman, made merely because it was not good that this perfect and complete creature should be alone, 'was not so properly created, as formed—made after man:' hence while *he* draws his irradiation *directly* from the Deity, *she* only by reflex; in fact, a sort of moonish lustre. Neither did he forget 'that man sinned only by instigation,' that 'woman was the open transgressor.'

With all his convictions and reflections, Mr. Manning resolved (as it is 'not good for man to be alone' especially with the ague and asthma) to take one of these 'fair defects' so strong in all that is evil and so strange to all that is good, and make her part of his perfect self—a sort of errata to the volume of his existence. Stepping into society with the conscious dignity of one who feels himself 'clothed with authority to rule the *whole* earth, and from the eminence of his creation assume the moral right to carry the sceptre in wedlock,' he looked around upon his fragile inferiors, wondering whether any could be found worthy of wifehood with

him. Not few were among the number of the proscribed; a witty woman he abhorred: his familiarity with fogs might account for that, no less than a belief

> 'That wit, like wine, intoxicates the brain,
> Too strong for feeble woman to sustain.'

A learned woman he loathed; he allowed no 'learned lumber' to cumber his own head: a vain woman he, of course, felt to be insupportable; for those are ever the most offended at vanity in another who have the greatest share of vanity in themselves.

In the midst of his doubts and difficulties Harriet appeared, and they all vanished. She was submission personified, and very soon, in *her* peculiar way, convinced Mr. Manning that she thought him the wisest of men; there needed nothing more to convince him that she was the most desirable of women. His appeal was immediately made to Mrs. Ward.

Justly concluding that she was of the popular opinion,—that

> ''Tis but in flowers of gold,
> That married bees find honey,'

—he showed her the 'parchment scrolls delicious' of his fair estate, leaving, however, the fogs to speak for themselves on further acquaintance. Settlements were signed, ceremonies and satins, blessings and bridecake, duly dispensed, and Harriet departed for Shivershire Hall.

There Mr. Manning, by the high and mighty power of his matrimonial sceptre, planted the *person* of his wife; but her *mind*, such as it was, the whiskered coxcomb had caught, and her inclinations lingered in London. There was a power to make her *swear* to 'love, honour, and obey,' and she *swore;* but there was no power to make her *feel* the glow of an adoring heart, the veneration of an appreciating and satisfied mind, the acquiescence of a convinced and confiding spirit,—and *she felt none of these.*

Mind, in the mean as in the mighty, is all beyond arbitrary control; it makes laws for itself of which none know anything but itself; it can believe and feel only upon conviction, and conviction cannot be forced upon it: the folly and fallacy of chaining the sea, or tying up the wind, is not so great as any attempt at the arbitrary control of an element more subtle and incomprehensible than either.

Years rolled on, the insipid became the heartless wife—the soulless mother. Schiller says that

> 'He deserves to find himself deceived
> Who seeks a heart in the unthinking man.'

It may be added, or in the unthinking woman.

Mr. Manning's folly formed his punishment. To the errors of judgment he had already committed, he added another even yet more fatal,—a habit of drinking. Ardent spirits he hoped would enable him to defy the fogs amid which ostentation kept him, and the *ennui* to which a mindless companion consigned him.

Inculcated indolence and luxury made almost as much havoc with Mrs. Manning's health as other evil habits had done with her husband's; when one day the thought occurred to her that a source of amusement might be found in advertising for a companion: the rival candidates who would present themselves (none of which she had any idea of electing) would, she thought, when she felt disposed to admit them, afford her some entertainment. Among the number of dupes and victims to this unfeeling, perhaps rather unthinking manœuvre appeared Grace Clare, changed, by affliction, from the joyous gladdening girl to the saddened, yet serene, woman. As she entered Mrs. Manning's drawing-room, the heart of Harriet, cold as it was, awakened to a momentary thrill of feeling. Her mind, vitiated and narrowed as it had ever been, caught some idea of the strange and unseemly change in the fortune of Miss Clare; but almost immediately the meaner impulses flowing from self-sufficiency stifled pity: the feeble perception of the injustice of fortune yielded to a petty curiosity to know Grace's story and to a paltry sense of triumph from holding such a being in a dependent capacity about her person.

Miss Clare accepted the office; and now, as companion to Mrs. Manning, was enabled to study a character so fair to the cursory eye, so fruitless of all for which a human being should exist. Harriet was a negative, and nothing but negatives emanated from her; yet were all her proceedings pregnant with the most positive ingredients of annoyance.

She never contradicted her husband in word; she never did otherwise in deed. Quiet as a calm at sea, she was also as provoking. It was one of his memorable sayings that 'her tormenting ways would have exhausted the liver of Prometheus.' She never directly refused anything, but as little did she ever decidedly or promptly grant anything; indecision was both a principle of her mind and a habit of her conduct; she had a delight in prolonging evasions and hesitations just in proportion to the impatience she provoked: was there any eagerness for dispatch, she would create delays; was there a desire for decision, she would suggest doubts; she would keep up expectation just to the point of the completion of any task she might have undertaken to execute, and then often find some pretext for destroying all that she had done, and deliberately beginning *de novo*. In all such cases her imperturbable calmness, her incessant laughter, or spontaneous tears, ever throwing the onus of blame on the party she exasperated.

When Mrs. Manning's curiosity and vanity had been gratified by worming into Miss Clare's confidence, and exhibiting her as a dependent, she wished to shake her off, perhaps exchange her for a more obsequious, more congenial associate; with this view, and with her usual indirectness, she endeavoured to make Mr. Manning the ostensible cause and instrument of Miss Clare's dismis-

sion. But he was become sensible of the power of intelligence and real kindliness, of the relief they yielded to his vapid home and vacant heart; and he decidedly opposed the wishes of his wife. It was no matter; the Janus character of *her* proceedings defied discountenance, and in this determination of her husband, in which she instantly acquiesced, a finer field than ever was presented for the exercise of her peculiar proficiency in the art of tormenting. She feigned the jealousy she did not feel, nor had any grounds for feeling; tears, sighs, insinuations, airs of resignation, and half-stifled complaints, were her weapons of offence at home and abroad. Soon began the buz of scandal with which the gossips of the neighbourhood sweetened their tea, and enlivened their way to church and back. '*Poor* Mrs. Manning!' 'such a *sweet* woman!' 'base ingratitude!' 'shameless effrontery!' These were parts of their gamut; every one talked in italics, and had notes of admiration always at hand.

The unconscious Miss Clare was at length enlightened upon the subject of the reports current, by a gentleman to whom Mr. Manning confided the management of his property, and who in the discharge of the duties involved in this trust was a frequent visiter at the Hall. Congeniality of taste and a corresponding standard of mind had drawn him and Grace much together. Both had shed the first flowers of their affections; but their hearts bloomed again, and again grew rich with the fruit of reciprocal love.

'My sweet Grace,' exclaimed her lover one day, after a mutual explanation, 'now that you have accepted my heart, let me urge you to an immediate acceptance of my hand, and let me tell you *one* cause, among others, why I urge it. You are suffering from your insidious friend Mrs. Manning, and the censorious appetency of the idlers of this neighbourhood;' and he entered into a brief explanation.

For a moment a spark of indignant light burned in the eyes of Grace Clare, and deepened the glow upon her cheek; but the one melted immediately after into the beam of confiding love, and the other softened into the bloom of pleasure as she placed her hand in the hand of him to whom she had betrothed herself.

'Be it as you say,' she cried: 'transplant me when you please. I am a shrub that *here* never took kindly root; but I have an inherent power, which has flung off the tainting vapours which have surrounded me.'

A few days after, Grace departed from the Hall the bride of a man worthy of her high heart. The scandal-mongers were about to close accounts in dread of insolvency, when Mrs. Manning's elopement with a beauish baronet allowed them to open them afresh, and they had only to make a transfer of stock and invest their virulence in a new name.

M. L. G.

WILLIAM.

BY THE AUTHOR OF CORN-LAW RHYMES.

'Lift, lift me up!—my broken heart
Must speak before I go:
Oh, mother, it is *death* to part
From you—I love you so!

'You did not tell me I should die,
You fear'd your child would grieve;
But I *am* dying! One is nigh
Whom kindness can't deceive.

'My angel-aunts I hope will take
A little gift from me;
So let them cherish, for my sake,
My "Pennant's Zoology."

'My pencil-case must not be lost,
'Twas giv'n me by a brother;
I give it her who loves me most:
You will not lose it, mother.

'Ere summer came, I hoped in God
I should a-fishing go:
Let Henry have my fishing-rod—
He loves to fish, you know:

'Give him my reel, my gimp, my lines,
My flies with silk moss'd o'er;
Again the lilied summer shines,
But I shall fish no more.

'Edwin and Francis never can
By these poor eyes be seen:
Kiss four for me—give this to Ann,
And this to Mary Green.

'Henry and Fanny—Noah, John,
Ebby, and Benjamin,
Are all at home; so, one by one,
Dear mother, bring them in.

'To make my will and bid adieu,
Before I pass away,
Few hours are mine; and short and few
The words I wish to say.

'I have not much to leave behind,
But what I earn'd I have;
For well you taught my willing mind
That Spendall is a slave.

'You have the keys of both my locks,
And keep my little store;
Just forty pounds are in my box,
My father owes me four.

'When I am gone, among them all
Divide it as is fit;
I 'm sorry 'tis a sum so small—
But God bless them and it!

'Mother, I feel as in a dream,
My dark'ning senses reel
Like moonlight on a troubled stream:
This cannot last, I feel.

'Yet it *has* lasted. Oh, how long
This sick dream seems to me!
My God! why is my weakness strong
To bear such agony?

''Tis sad to quit a world so fair
To warm young hearts like mine;
And, doom'd so early, hard to bear
This heavy hand of thine.

'The dim light sickens round my bed,
Your looks seem sick with woe,
The air feels sick, as o'er my head
Its pantings come and go.

'Oh, I am sick in ev'ry limb,
Sick, sick in ev'ry vein!
My eyes and brain with sickness swim,
My bones are sick with pain!

'What is this weary helplessness?
This breathless toil for breath?
This tossing, aching weariness?
What is it? It is Death!

'The doctor shunn'd my eyes, and brook'd
Few words from my despair;
But through and through his heart I look'd,
And saw my coffin there.

'I, like a youngling from the nest,
By rude hands torn away,
Would fain cling to my mother's breast,—
But cannot, must not stay.

'From her and hers, and our sweet home,
My soul seems forced afar,
O'er frozen seas of sable foam,
Through gloom without a star.

'I go where voice was never heard,
Where sunbeam ne'er was seen,
Where dust beholds nor flow'r nor bird,
As if life ne'er had been!

'I go where Thomas went before;
I hear him sob "Prepare!"
And I have borne what Thomas bore;
Who knows what he can bear?

'But eight will stay, when I am gone,
To weep because I died,
And think of William's churchyard stone,
Their mother's hope and pride.

'And I will look upon her face
When she thinks none is nigh,
Like silence on the lonely place
Where my poor bones will lie.

'Farewell! farewell! to *meet* again;
But, oh! why *part* to meet?
I know my mother's heart is fain
To share my winding-sheet!

'Can't you die with me, mother? Come
And clasp me!—not so fast!
How close and airless is the room!
Oh, mother!'—It is past!

The breath is gone, the soul is flown,
The lips no longer move;
God o'er my child hath slowly thrown
His veil of dreadful love.

Oh, thou chang'd dust! pale form that tak'st
All hope from fond complaint!
Thou sad, mute eloquence, that mak'st
The list'ner's spirit faint!

And oh, 'ye dreamy fears that rest
On dark realities!' *
Why preach ye to the trembling breast
Truths which are mysteries?

THE VISION.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

(*Continued from* p. 610.)

SCENE II.—*Stranger and Spirit; their figures seen against a broad disc of luminous ether, all else being utter darkness.*

SPIRIT. Thou hast invoked me, Mortal. Power and will
Are attributes of all immortal beings.

STRANGER. And not less mortal ones. My will is strong
To work my purpose; power alone is lacking,
And that is but a question of degree,
Even like thine own, unless thou be the highest,
And that thou art not.

SPIRIT. Thou hast no power to tell what power I hold;
Enough that I have power to work thy will:
Speak then thy purpose, Mortal.

STRANGER. Thou needest not my words. Unless thou canst
Divine my will, I will not trust in thee,
Or in thy power to do it.

SPIRIT. And if thy power were equal to thy pride,
Thou wouldst not need it. Being only mortal,

* Opium Eater.

Thou wouldst hold commune with immortal spirits;
As though thou wert an equal.

STRANGER. The soul within me is thine equal. Matter,
In which it lies enearthed, obscures its vision;
And therefore only do I ask thine aid,
As blind men seek a guide.

SPIRIT. I will not argue with the limited range
Of mortal attributes. I come to serve thee,
And help thee in thine objects. Thou wouldst look
On woman's beauty; not upon the forms
Which long have passed away, but as they live,
Move, and have being at the present time.
Thou wouldst see pass before thee Earth's perfection,
And make choice of a sympathizing spirit,
Like to thine own, yet without speck or flaw
In its external shrouding.

STRANGER. Show me these
Until I bid thee stop, and our communings
Shall be of deeper purpose.

SPIRIT. Behold!

STRANGER. A form of beauty glows upon the disk,
Radiant in streamy light. Her garments float
Like airy gossamer. Her long fair hair
Twines in symmetric tracery. Her feet
Are Motion's twin-born children, and her hands
Seem like Proportion's music. Now she turns
Her fairy face this way; those soft blue eyes
Are radiant with affection still unclaimed,
But eager to expand. Those parted lips
Are eloquent of maidhood's gentle thoughts;
And the small ear is turned towards the air,
Which stilly moves, as though the lover's voice
Born in her dreams were gently whispering vows
Sweet to youth's first affection. Beauty! Beauty!
Thy silence is more eloquent than words.

SPIRIT. Thy longing, then, is satisfied.

STRANGER. Peace!
Mine eyes drink in her sweetness, my chilled heart
Warms at her aspect, yet my spirit shrinks
As though there were a yawning gulf beneath
A shelving bank of flowers. I'll gaze on her,
And crush emotion. Like an analyst,
A calm, cold analyst, I'll scan her o'er.
Those eyes, which look affection, do they beam
With the awakening senses? do they seek
An object, or the object? Has she mind
To know the true, and choose the true, and leave
The false and worthless? Let me look again.
Oh! she is beautiful, for sense is beautiful,
A bountiful bestowal of sweet nature,
Without which sympathy would die. Yet sense
Is but the pleasant couch where Soul reclines.

She yet is [illegible] upon life, and sense,
Now springing forth, will check the growth of soul,
And leave her like a weedy garden. All,
All the emotions she can ever feel,
Will be but as the [illegible] of life. The [illegible]
She cannot win her way to. In her youth
Her life will be a luscious dream, whose waking
Will be a cloyed disease. Those lineaments
Which now yield pleasure to the gazer's eye
Will sharpen and deform. Her love will be
A form of selfishness. And when love dies——
Let me look on another.

Spirit. Mortal, thou lookest too narrowly into hearts
For thine own welfare. There is nothing perfect,
And it is wiser to seek fair externals,
And shut thine eyes against deformity.

Stranger. I will not heed thy counsel. I have plucked
The tree of knowledge, and I will believe
The true way to shun misery is to make
That knowledge perfect.

Spirit. Look again.

Stranger. Another form appears upon the disk,
With less aerial brightness than the last:
She wears an anxious look upon her face,
Her arms are meekly crossed upon her breast,
Her soft eyes are imploring, and her spirit
Breathes absolute devotion. Self seems dead,
Save as a sharer of another's fortune;
And sense is but a handmaid to her purpose
Of building her heart's bower within the shelter
Of a strong refuge, which may bar the world
From rudely breaking in upon her rest.
Her aspect asks protection, and its guerdon
Will be devoted love from one who never
Listened to lover's voice. All fondly clinging,
With arms, and heart, and lips, and weeping eyes,
She is a creature man might dote upon,
And lose all other thought.

Spirit. Is she, then, thy choice?

Stranger. She is a being to protect, but not
To fill the heart of sympathy. She cannot
Rise with high thoughts, and meet high intellect
With an expanding mind. She cannot thrill
With high exalted courage to achieve
A noble object in impending peril;
She can but listen while her idol speaks,
And fear, and sigh, and tremble, and dissuade,
And foretell evil in uncertainty,
And baffle the high purposes of one
Around whose stem, all ivy-like, she clings,
And checks his vigour's growth. A waste of mind,
A puling, tender, and unpurposed life

Would be the only fruit a man could reap
By seeking sympathy with such a being,
Show me another.

SPIRIT. Thou art hard to please.

STRANGER. And little hoping. Thou canst do thy will;
I must be free of choice.

SPIRIT. I will not disappoint thee, Mortal. Look!

STRANGER. This is a creature to enchant the sight
With changing loveliness. She is a being
Of a chameleon nature. Not a shade
Of seriousness or sorrow has e'er passed
Over that joyous face; but every form
Of hope, and mirth, and laughter hath been worn.
Like one of Summer's daughters, in a clime
Which knows no chilling breezes. Like a child
Born of no earthly parents doth she seem,
But unapproachable by earthly pain,
And free from earthly cares. She is a flower
Born to know no gradations, but to perish,
As the bright summer insects pass away,
Extinguished, not decaying. In her hand
She bears a new-strung lute, and her sweet lips
Proffer a strain of pleasing, meanless words
That mock the heart which hungers after love.
Thou, too, art mocking, Spirit.

SPIRIT. I mock thee not, thy choice is not controll'd.
Wilt thou pass on, or fix?

STRANGER. Impale that butterfly on my strong heart,
And sell my soul for painted loveliness?
Link the eternal to the transient? Pass
A gaoler's life to watch a pining bird
Beating itself to death against the bars
Which bound its prison-house, while many mates,
Seeking its frivolous caresses, gaze
And peck at its enslaver? Let her go
And flutter out her brief existence. I
Will further look, although I look in vain.

SPIRIT. She hath departed. Look on her successor.

STRANGER. Woman herself, in ripened womanhood,
With all her attributes in full perfection
In what concerns externals. Such a form
Might warm a heart that never warmed before,
And carry reason captive, bind down judgment,
And change discretion into glowing impulse,
Melt down a man's firm purposes, and make
His will a woman's slave. My heart is steeled
By life's long custom, or mine eyes would shrink
From such a strong temptation. Even now
The glow of ripening youth is warming through
My swelling veins, and quickening the calm pulse,
Calmed by the lessons of the impressive teachers,
Pain and Experience. Down, ye rebel senses!

Ye shall not be my masters. Yet once more
Let me look on that witchery of shape,
And mark that cheek's surpassing loveliness,
And gaze upon her world of beauties. Oh!
All but divine she looks. Were but the heart
That dwells within that faultless bosom pure,
She were a woman worth a wise man's choice.

Spirit. (*Aside.*) His firmness melts. Yet but another trial,
And he and his stern pride alike are mine.

Stranger. Tell me, Spirit,
Dwells that bright vision on the face of earth,
Or dost thou mock me with a shadowy form?

Spirit. If she be thy choice,
I'll guide thee unto her abiding place.

Stranger. Tell me one thing more;
Wears she a virgin heart?

Spirit. Mine office doth not stretch so far. Thy judgment
Must be thine only guide.

Stranger. Again let me read o'er her face. No lines
As yet have seamed her beauty. All is smooth
As youth's first season. That expanded brow,
And the deep-set eye beneath it, mark the power
Of lofty Intellect, yet lacks the form
Which Wisdom's self should wear. They are not perfect;
There is irresolution in the smile
That plays upon her face. Her rounded chin
And dimpled mouth denote that sense there lurks,
But give no trace of passion, that strong spirit
Which changes sense into a god, and, lacking,
Leaves it a beast. There is a proud defiance
At times mounts to her lips, as though in scorn
Of all base contact; yet there is a look
Of weakness in her eyes, which mocks the heart
That would put trust in her. She cannot stand
In her own strength, though she would rule the purpose
Of each one whom her fascinations hold,
Like birds in limed twigs. She would be great,
But inborn weakness cheats her of the power,
And teaches her to lean on other minds,
And be an echoer of other's thoughts,
While dreaming that she guides them. I could weep
That such a creature should be thus debased,—
That so much sweetness should be given to waste,
A sacrifice at Vanity's base shrine,—
That such a woman should but be a waiter
And watcher for coarse praise. The needy wreckers,
Who prey on woman's weakness, watch their time
To pour their poison in her ears. She sinks
Into a common worldling, a rich wreck
Of beauty and of mind, which might have raised her
To be an earthly wonder. I am sick,
And I will gaze no longer. Farewell, Spirit!

Thou hast no power to ease the aching heart
That hungers after excellence, and seeks
For Nature's highest sympathies.

SPIRIT. Mortal! be wise, and look yet once again;
The disc is shadowed by another form,
Which even thy stern judgment must approve;
Turn thee this way.

STRANGER. Thou dost but mock me, Spirit. Fare thee well.

SPIRIT. Thou hast called me to thine aid, and now dost shun
The help I bring thee. I but tried thee, Mortal.
Look once again.

STRANGER. Lo! a wonder;
An earthly marvel, which hath overthrown
My faculty of judgment. Thought is gone,
And speech is stricken dumb; I can but gaze,
And flood mine eyes in glory.

SPIRIT. *(Aside.)* He is mine.
His senses are laid prostrate by the power
Of woman's varied beauty, and this last—
A choice child of old earth, and deep endowed
With the inherited attributes of those
Beings of higher order, who chose out
Their mates from men's fair daughters in the times
Long passed away—this last hath overthrown
The firmness of his spirit. He regains
The faculty of speech, but he hath lost
The faculty of will.

STRANGER. Once more I have perused her, and my choice
Lights on its early longing. My charmed heart
Leaps to its resting-place. My glowing spirit
Bathes in new-springing life. Mine own! Mine own!
Turn thy bright eyes upon me. Beautiful!
In all things art thou perfect. Like a nymph
Of the old fabled fountains dost thou seem,
With feet formed but to glide o'er flowery paths,
And limbs of light half borne upon the air,
Nestling within the flowers' elastic cups,
Whose soft lips kiss them as they pass. Thine arms
Are like a circling cradle of ripe love,
Hushing all sounds with beauty; shutting out
The unholy hardened world, and changing all
Into such sweetness as a spring-time dream
Pours o'er imagination. Oh! how sweet,
How passing sweet, is thine enchanting face,
With its young look of budding love! Those lips
Arched into curves that mock the power of words
To speak [illegible] gently part,
As though some sweet thought stirred them. [illegible] eyes,
Large, dark, and [illegible]
The [illegible] brows, whose thoughts
Of noble purpose [illegible]
And glorious [illegible]

Looks through the thoughts of others, and shapes out
Imaginings of higher things than man
In his cold calculation can conceive
Of woman's inspiration. Her dark locks
Play on the night-breeze, and her eye is bent
In earnest contemplation, which sees nothing
Beyond the inward spirit. Is she earthly ?
Can she be matter doomed to pass away
Like to the many millions who have passed
Unheeded by their fellows ? Tell me, Spirit,
Hast thou not called a child of air before me,
To mock my hopeless longing ?

SPIRIT. Thine own suspicions mock thee. She is thine
If thou dost choose her.

STRANGER. Is she mortal ?

SPIRIT. Even like thyself, and has all thoughts in common
With such as thee ; but has perchance some others
Time will unfold to thee.

STRANGER. And canst thou not forestall Time in this knowledge
I most desire to know ?

SPIRIT. It is not in our bargain. Thine own reason,
Of which thou art so proud, must read the riddle ;
Or thou must share the evil of thy fellows,
And school thee by experience.

STRANGER. Bitter doom !
I do mistrust thee, Spirit. Tell me yet,
May that fair form yield answer to my speech ?

SPIRIT. It is the shadow of Earth's fairest daughter ;
A sample only. If you need the substance
You must use earthly means. Your gallant steed,
Pricked by the spur, would neigh beneath her window
Ere morning dawned. You are a cavalier
To please a lady's eye, and make her bower
Seem like a restless prison. You have words
Even at your will to gain a lady's ear,
And fill her fruitful fancy. Shall we on ?
I'll take a human guise and lead the way ;
You need not fear, you were death-proof in peril,
And should not fear a woman's eye. Your reason
Is your unerring safeguard. *(Aside.)* He is mine ;
There is no bait like woman.

STRANGER. Lead on, Spirit !
My choice is made. Why dost thou blench away ?
What change hath suddenly come o'er thee ? Ha !
A greater change is coming o'er the form
Of that fair vision. 'Twas then an illusion
Looking like beauty. Ha ! her face is changed,
And the hard lines are deeply scored that mark
Unscrupulous AMBITION. Juggling fiend !
Thou shalt not mock me more.

SPIRIT. *(Aside.)* A power beyond mine own hath aided him,
And I have lost a subject worth an army

Of ordinary mortals. A strong spirit
Is near at hand which withers up my force.
STRANGER. Thou, too, art changing, Spirit, in thy form,
And now I know thee as an evil power;
Thou didst but work thy nature, and my pity
Grows stronger than my hate. Thy face is fearful,
Thy beauty is departed, and the lines
Of a deformed and inharmonious soul
Grow momently still deeper. Would I could
Change thy condition to a happier one!
Awhile since I was wretched, but the sight
Of one more wretched still has changed the course
And current of my thoughts. Thou growest more fierce
And horrible to look on. Now the crisis
Shows thee a perfect devil.

* * * * * *

He shows more dim and hazy, less defined
In his appalling lineaments. They melt
In gradual roundness, like the sharpened furrows
Following a water-plunge, more indistinct
With each succeeding movement. Like a form
Of vapour now he looks, but many times
Increased in outward bulk. I see the stars
Dimly shine through his shadowy form, and now
Air only fills the space where late he stood,
And wafts the gentle moonbeams o'er the earth.

* * * * * *

The light grows stronger and more beautiful,
As though pure ether were around, and earth
Had faded from the view. Another form
Is gliding from above, but indistinct
In all, save brightness.

* * * * * *

Thou art a spirit of good, thou wearest a calm
And placid smile of sweet benevolence,
Which veils the outward seeming of thy power,
And bids unquiet thoughts depart from all
Who gaze upon thee. He who vanished hence
Could but stir pride within me to defy
The very power which seemed to promise aid
To my most wretched heart. But thou, good Spirit,
Dost with thine influence bid all pride depart,
And rearest up hope instead.
SPIRIT. Mortal! thou hast endured thy trial well;
Good triumphs in thine heart, and evil dies;
'Tis given thee to look on thy twin spirit,
To cheer thee on thy path. Look well upon her,
And seek her through the earth.
STRANGER. I see a form before me which my heart
Yearns thrillingly to clasp. I cannot mark
What colour tints her eyes, but I can feel
Their love-inspiring glances in my soul;

I cannot clearly mark her features' cast,
But I can feel they are of noble mould;
I cannot see her shape, or clasp her hand,
But I can feel 'twere happiness too great,
Once felt, to lose again. I cannot hear
The modulated tones of her sweet voice,
But I can feel they would be music to me.
I cannot know her thoughts, but I can feel
That mine but echo them, and calmly sure
I feel that when we meet we part no more
In this most happy world, till Death's cold hand
Shall strike the one or other, and not long
Ere it be both, shaking our matter off,
To live a spirit-life of endless joy.
Thou art departing from my longing sight,
But sorrow never can afflict me more,
For I have seen thee, and my cherished creed
Is no illusion. Through the world I wander
Contented in my search, and I will strew
Benevolence along my pleasant path,
And cheer the hearts of all I sojourn with,
And be an active aider in the work
Of hastening man's progression. No cold doubt
Shall shake me from my most determined purpose;
And when we meet I shall have much to tell
And pour into thy gladdened ears, and thou
Shalt listen in deep sympathy, and plan
New modes of working good unto man's race.

* * * * * *

I am alone within the chamber-walls,
And the stars glisten through the trellis-work.
My heart is changed, and I go forth again,
Strong in a new-found hope.

* * * * * *

JUNIUS REDIVIVUS.

THE WILL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'DOUGLAS D'ARCY.'

'Now confound that bitter-spoken and bitter-looking woman; she has positively made me out of humour with her, with myself, and with——' 'All the world; is not that it, George?' interrupted the handsome Harry Herbert, as he looked half drolly and half gravely upon the lugubrious features of his friend, with whom he was just returning from the house of Harry's uncle. 'Why, to say the truth, that is precisely the way in which I was about to conclude my sentence,' said George, after a few moments of reflection. 'And your sentence,' returned his friend, 'would have been just about as wise as the words of passion and prejudice usually are. That Miss Green, at the mature age of seven-and-forty, is

by no means a pleasant specimen of the softer sex I am quite willing to admit; but when, oh when, my friend, shall I persuade you to remember that all of human kind are indeed, did we listen always to justice and never to passion, to be sympathized with even while they are to be blamed?'

'I know, I know,' said George, 'your old story about "creatures of circumstance," "faulty education," "mistaken rather than wicked," and all the rest of that queer philosophy which you think so fine, and which I so sincerely and entirely detest.'

'I prove my faith in my philosophy, you know, George, by listening to your diatribes against it, not only without anger, but with that commiserating indulgence which is due to your youth and inexperience.'

'My youth! come, I admire that! you being born in January of the year eighteen hundred and three, and I in the first week of the March of the same year!'

'Well, I suppose I must waive the question of seniority; but I will still maintain that poor Miss Green ——'

'Say what you please about her, I maintain that she is an evil-speaking, lying, and slandering old person; a locomotive pestilence; a moral sirocco; a creature thoroughly hateful, and invariably hating.'

'Do you know her history?'

'Not I; I only know that she is an embodied and visible indigestion, and that nothing can excuse, far less justify, such concentrated and blasting slander as that which she utters whenever she sees ill to speak. But perhaps her history is more diverting than her conversation?'

'It is, at least, more instructive. Her father was quite the wealthiest man in this county; liberal, in the very best sense of that word, but with one exception; he was obstinately bent upon what he called "having his own way."'

'And wherefore not, thou particular fellow, thou most precise of moral philosophers, wherefore not? A rich man anxious to do good with his wealth may surely claim the right to do that good in his own way. Mr. Green was a very capital fellow, I dare swear for him.'

'Why, to say the truth, if you are a good hater*—and in that respect Samuel the Surly would have pronounced you perfect—you have no inconsiderable talent at liking with as little foundation as you hate withal.'

'As, for instance, my determined propensity to the society of a certain Harry Herbert, all his odd notions, out-of-the-way theories, and most prolix and incomprehensible lectures to the contrary notwithstanding. Ha! "I have thee on the hip!"'

'Be it so. But to return to Mr. Green. He really was a capital fellow, as you have termed him, in every respect excepting

* "Sir! I love a good hater!"—Dr. Johnson.

his unfortunate love of mortifying and indulging his self-will. But this was a great fault; and, as I shall presently show you, it had the usual consequence of great faults——'

'To wit, a great misfortune?'

'Say, rather, a great calamity resulting from a fault, but misrepresented by vanity as the infliction of fortune; the *mala dea* which human vanity has created and set up on a lofty pedestal to bear the blame of all the results of the human hydra of self-will, mistaken self-love, envy, hatred, foible, fault—crime!'

'But the consequence, my dear fellow, the consequence? I care no doit about the definition if you do but condescend to favour me with the particulars. Give me as many facts as you please, but the comments upon them I prefer to provide from my own head and from my own heart.'

'A very good preference too, if you would be more guided by what you think than by what you feel; more inclined to listen to the syllogisms of reason than to the exclamations of those energetic but deluding declaimers—Passion and Prejudice.'

'But the story; your "most exquisite reason" will keep well enough until another time.'

'I have said that Mr. Green was wealthy; he was also benevolent, so far as a man can be who would infinitely rather do no good than do good in any other mode than that which seems best to himself.'

'Ay! he was what I call a strong-minded man.'

'And what I only call an obstinate one; for, though he was firm in his purpose, his purpose sprang not from reason, but from impulse. But you have covenanted for fact and not for commentaries.'

'Exactly; and I crave pardon for having myself infringed my own rule.'

'Among the many benevolent actions of Mr. Green, was that of receiving into his own family an infant niece whose father had died, "covered with glory," indeed, but as literally penniless as a man could be whose whole stock of money was with his baggage in the morning, and, together with the baggage itself, divided among sundry Spanish plunderers before nightfall. Glory is a fine thing, but it will neither hire servants nor pay tradesmen's bills; and little Anne Norton, whose mother had died about twelve months earlier than Captain Norton, would in all probability have shared the usual fate of orphans who have not property enough to demand the care of Chancery, had not Mr. Green, with his usual kindness, adopted her. The marriage of his sister with a captain in a marching regiment had given him such deep offence, that for years he had ceased even to correspond with her. It was true that the captain was a brave man and an accomplished gentleman. Nay, more, though he was poor, he would not on that account have been objected to by Mr. Green,

who valued wealth only for the power it gave him of doing good. But, as I have said, he would only do good in his own way. He had objected to the match, and that, in his own phrase, was enough. His sister had no right to be happy when he had prognosticated her misery; and so, like other prophets, he helped to verify his prediction; and, while spending immense annual sums in pure benevolence, he withheld all assistance from his sister, though comparatively little aid would have made her happy by ensuring the promotion of her husband.

'But when he heard that Captain Norton as well as his sister was dead, and when he learned that their orphan had not an earthly shelter except the school in which her father had placed her when going on his last fatal expedition, Mr. Green determined to adopt the helpless girl. Perhaps in his heart of hearts he felt that he had been a little too *firm—firmness* was his favourite name for his peculiar modification of self-will; but, if he felt this, he never gave the feeling utterance. He attributed his kindness to the orphan not to any doubt as to the justice of his conduct to her parents, but simply to her own helplessness. Perhaps, in fact, he was really only actuated by pity for the child; for we can do a marvellous deal of wrong without disturbance to our consciences when we call our obstinacy firmness, and when our desire to gratify self-will is exalted into wise anxiety to prevent others from following the silly devices of their own hearts. I really think that, if men were both able and willing to define their terms, the devil would lose most of his victims, and hell would cease to be "paved with good intentions." But this is only by the way, and I almost promise you that I will no more digress from my proper subject. Mr. Green raised his niece from her state of dependence upon the strangers who were already tired of her, and who were, of course, almost inclined to mingle ashes with the bread they reluctantly gave to her; he adopted her as his own; and with his own daughter and son she grew up. If I were telling you a fictitious tale instead of an "owre true one," I ought to tell you that she grew up in beauty and in grace, and that she was far and away the most perfect feminine personage that ever figured in the world—of a novel in three goodly volumes. But the truth is, that Anne Norton was from very babyhood a singularly ugly child; and neglect on the part of the people in whose charge her unfortunate father had been obliged to leave her, had added a slight, but still a perceptible deformity to the ill work of nature. And, as she grew up, the consciousness of this deformity rendered her morose and sneering in her temper, and gave to her low forehead and lowering brow a darker and more repulsive scowl. Out of such a personage no writer of fiction would think of making a heroine; and yet Anne Norton was by no means without the qualities proper to heroines—of a sort. She had talent and bitterness; and she had that self-hate which rarely fails to ensure hate of others.

The beauty of her cousin—the "evil-looking and evil-spoken" lady to whom you have taken so strong a dislike—was at that time remarkable; Anne cursed her own deformity the more bitterly, and nourished her misanthropy with a deeper determination, whenever she gazed upon the joyaunt countenance and the glad and bounding gracefulness of the fair creature whose very kindness seemed to be the result of pity rather than of affection. To confess the truth, this did not merely *seem* to be the case, for Emily Green knew of no earthly advantages which she could for an instant put into competition with wealth and beauty; and she well knew that "poor dear Anne," as she habitually called her, was to the full as destitute of wealth as of beauty. She pitied her, therefore, rather than loved her; and the condescending style in which she always spoke of her or to her, left not the slightest doubt that the wealthy beauty was very comfortably indifferent as to the feelings which her manner and her words might excite in the bosom of the plain and penniless dependant.

'To say that the orphan deeply felt the contemptuous treatment she received at the hands of the more highly endowed Emily, would be to speak far too faintly. It seared her heart and maddened her brain; it possessed her; it gave her up wholly and for ever to the dark demons of envy, hatred, and revenge. And she *had* her revenge—a fearful one! But I must not anticipate.

'If the orphan felt dislike to her cousin Emily, it was with a widely different feeling that she looked upon Emily's only brother, Edward. In childhood she followed him as a shadow; in more advanced years she gazed upon him in passionate but unspoken love. Her large dark lustrous eyes, which, beautiful as they were, derived an added beauty from their singular and striking contrast to the rest of her features, were rarely and only stealthily turned toward him—but oh! with what an earnest and living light did they then gaze! His tones were to her a surpassing music, his presence a rapture; she loved him with an intense and undivided love, and her glance brightened, and her *fierté* of tone became at once softened and mellowed, whenever she had occasion to address him.

'Thus passed on years: and Edward Green, having completed his terms at college, and travelled as much as he thought desirable, settled himself at "the Hall" to soothe the growing infirmities of his father, whose life was now fast falling into "the sere and yellow leaf."

'The arrival of "Mr. Edward" at "the Hall," to depart from it no more, delighted all the abiders there, even to the meanest of the most menial servants; for his frank and liberal habits, and his singular beauty, made him a favourite with all. But to no one, I ween, did his arrival give such a rapturous delight as to his orphan cousin. During his absence she had suffered much from the petulant, and occasionally even insolent, temper of

Emily; and her suffering had been doubly poignant from her lack of the accustomed counterpoise of Edward's kindly manners and speech. It was therefore with a wild and yet a disguised delight that she found herself once more cheered, soothed, and blessed, with his perpetual presence.

'Women make a slight mistake in supposing that they can conceal from their intimates the love which they really and *fervently* feel. Fancy, caprice, a slight preference, or an *incipient* love, they may disguise; nay, I make no doubt that they can do so without any very great or very painful effort. But *love*—the entire and passionate love which alone is deserving of the name—was never yet the inhabitant of woman's heart but its evidence beamed in her eyes and trembled in her tones; and I am not quite sure that the evidence is not all the more obvious to a skilful and industrious observer the more painfully the efforts to conceal it are made.

'Now, Mr. Green *was* both a skilful and an industrious observer; and the love which his niece supposed to lie deeply and impenetrably hidden in the recesses of her own heart was not a whit more hidden from him than the sun's rays at noon. To nearly any other man than himself either anger or scorn would have been suggested by the discovery that his penniless and plain niece dared to look in love, even though it was an unspoken love, upon his son, born to vast wealth and radiant in the very perfection of manly beauty. But Mr. Green was, psychologically, different from most other men. Though—as we have seen in the case of his utter abandonment of his sister, for no greater cause than that she married to the liking of the principal person concerned—to wit, herself—*he* could be guilty of injustice in his own proper person, he yet was by no means an admirer of injustice when committed by others. And he had been, though a silent, yet by no means an unmoved spectator of the *hauteur* with which his daughter bestowed her "pitying frown" upon her poorer and plainer cousin. He did not like his daughter's manifestation of an unamiable temper, and *that was enough*,—his usual mode of *gnashing the teeth of his mind* when he was determinately fixed upon the performance of any extraordinary piece of self-will. "*Why* should I suffer this?" he asked—and the question was a very proper and reasonable one. But he did not act upon his determination *not* to suffer it in the most reasonable manner possible.

'The only reasonable plan would have been for the old gentleman to have settled a handsome slice of his fortune upon the poor girl,' interrupted George. 'It would so,' resumed his friend, 'but the old gentleman contented himself for the time by *making his will*. It would have been well for all parties if he had never done so. But he did—and the will was scarcely made ere Mr. Green was gathered to his fathers. I ought to have

observed to you that no portion of Mr. Green's property was entailed. From his father he had received comparatively little, and with his wife still less. But during the war mercantile gains were immense, and Mr. Green was a bold and sagacious speculator. His gains were enormous; and as he felt himself to be the architect of his own fortune, so he determined to bequeath it as he himself chose.

'The will was read, and, to the inexpressible mortification of his children, he left the sister wholly dependant upon the brother. To the latter he left his whole fortune, on condition that he should marry his cousin within ten days after she should have completed her twenty-second birth-day; failing that condition—whether by the refusal of either party or the death of the lady—the whole of Mr. Green's property was to be bestowed in certain portions upon certain charities, only excepting one hundred pounds per annum to each of his children. To each of those children this eccentric will gave pretty nearly equal annoyance—but they each displayed it differently. Emily changed her formerly insolent manner for one of equally remarkable sycophancy—while her brother, who had ever behaved kindly to his cousin, now assumed a sternness of manner towards her, and busied himself in seeking some means by which to set aside his father's will. *That*, however, he found to be utterly impossible. The details, to the minutest technicality, had been skilfully cared for—and poor Edward acknowledged, with a sigh, that he had no alternative but beggary or an ill-assorted marriage. As the day for his decision, upon which so much depended, drew near, the conversations between himself and his sister were frequent. She well knew his generosity, and knew, therefore, that her interest would be safe if he saved the property by compliance with the will. And hence it was that she now fawned upon her cousin, and endeavoured to show her brother that he *might* marry worse if he had his own unfettered choice. "And besides," said Emily, in one of these conversations, "Anne is evidently much attached to you—and I do really think that your manner towards her has been such as to confirm her attachment, by leading her to believe in yours."

'"My attachment! And to her! *Mort de ma vie!* As if a man cannot show some kindness to a pauper cousin without straightway falling in love with her round shoulders, beetle brow, and inimitably bandy legs! However, needs must when the devil drives, so I shall e'en marry the amiable deformity at the latest day allowed by the will—and separate from her on the earliest possible day afterwards." Before Emily could reply to this speech, so much in accordance with her own feelings, a heavy fall in the adjoining room reminded them that they had been separated only by half shut folding doors from the unfortunate girl of whom they had been talking, forgetful, in their eager

speech, that she was likely to overhear them. On hastening to her they found that she had fallen senseless to the ground—in that terrible syncope which the utter prostration of the heart so rarely fails to produce.

'Alarmed lest what she had overheard should cause Anne to inflict him with reproaches as well as with her inevitable self, Edward received her, when she was again able to leave her room, with the utmost show of sorrow for the past, and with most eloquent falsity of promise as regarded the future; and, though she wept long and bitterly ere she accorded to him the forgiveness he so strongly and hypocritically solicited, she at length *did* accord it. Up to the very eve of the bridal all went well; and it was with mingled horror and astonishment that Emily, on the morning that was to have seen her brother and her cousin united, found the latter a blackened and stiffened corpse. A few brief but biting sentences, in the handwriting of the unhappy suicide, recounted all that her spurned love and her trampled feelings had inflicted upon her, and exulted in much more of the heathen spirit than became her—great as had been her suffering—over the wounded pride and painful privations, the unaccustomed misery, of those whom her death would infallibly render what she termed "those poorest of all poor creatures, accomplished paupers." Edward, unable to endure poverty in his own country, sought the burning East, and added his bones to the myriads of English skeletons that have bleached upon the plains of India; and Emily upon her miserable pittance has vegetated from youth to age, each year rendering her more and more ill-tempered. Youth, hope, personal attraction, and self-esteem, have left her: and has she not cause of misery? is not misery *some* excuse for her evil looks and evil speech?'

'Not a whit, not a whit,' replied George; 'she owes her misery to her temper, not her temper to her misery.' 'I fear you are incorrigible,' replied Harry Herbert; 'but there *will* be a day when you will feel that in *every* human being there is something to pity as well as something to blame. Only we can see the vice or folly, but *not* the misery.'

And here the friends parted.

W. T. H.

BLIGH'S HINTS ON ANALYTIC TEACHING.*

The author of this pamphlet is a schoolmaster, and one of those singular and restless beings who are not content with things as they are, but commit the almost unheard-of pedagogical impropriety of inquiring what Locke, Pestalozzi, and such like, have to say on education. Nay, he has gone so far as to think on

* Hints and Examples illustrative of Analytic Teaching. By John Bligh, Master of the Grammar School, South Crescent, Bedford Square. London: [illegible] 183[illegible]. pp. [illegible]

the subject himself, and to criticise severely the practice of his brethren. Is such a man to be endured? Is our constitution pedagogical to be destroyed by allowing—aye, and encouraging, youngsters to exert their faculties—a luxury which their instructors do not permit themselves to enjoy? Is the birch to be openly impugned, the cane to be secretly sneered at? Doctrines more levelling, more subversive of some portions of society, are not to be conceived.

Time was when schoolmasters durst not swerve from the even and orthodox tenor of their way; they were content, like the trunkmaker, to produce their slender result by an infinity of noise and blows: and now two or three restless spirits dare to disturb the peace and pockets of this large and respectable fraternity, as yet uninfected by the seductions of novelty, and determined advocates of the prostration of the understanding.

Mr. Bligh is not ashamed to fly in the face of our oldest precepts: he will not even allow a boy to mind his book.

'Not only are children introduced to names through things to a much less extent than might be done, but, just as they are beginning to manifest an intelligent curiosity, this plan is reversed: the school-book is almost substituted for the book of nature; things are thenceforward viewed through the cloudy medium of words, and, in many instances, never seen at all: so that, as Dr. Aikin observes, it is only their names, and not the things themselves, with which we are acquainted.'—p. 4, 5.

'The boy is not teaching himself who merely accumulates the thoughts of others, though he receive no aid from a tutor, and however assiduous he be; nor can *he* be said to have formed a habit of attention who can, for hours, pore over lessons without looking off from the book, if those lessons call into exercise only one of his powers; if his attention be passive, not active, and the powers of comparing, combining, and classifying, take little or no part. Such was not the attention to which Newton ascribed his discoveries, and is not worth the name; and yet better attention than this can only be secured by a deviation, on the part of the student, from the beaten and prescribed path. Knowledge is generally presented in so artificial an order, so enveloped in technicalities, and so trammelled by rules, that the pupil is forced into habits of Pythagorean docility and mechanical assent most unfavourable to the development of his mind.'—p. 2.

Not satisfied with this, he brings Burke to his aid, taking as his motto the following passage, of which Burke ought, in the opinion of many, to be heartily ashamed:

'I am convinced that the method of teaching which approaches most nearly to the method of investigation is incomparably the best; since, not content with serving up a few barren and lifeless truths, it leads to the stock on which they grew; it tends to set the reader himself in the track of invention, and to direct him into those paths in which the author has made his own discoveries.'

That foreign schemer, Pestalozzi, is next held up to public admiration; yet Mr. Bligh will not encourage our home produce

in the shape of Bell and Lancaster, of whom he thus speaks slightingly:

'The improvements introduced by Bell and Lancaster appear to me to relate more to the machinery than to the principles of education; more to economy of time and expense, and ingenious expedients for securing a kind of military order and mechanical attention, than to any higher characteristics of a system.'—p. 12.

Nevertheless he does *not* hesitate to expound at considerable length, and to praise loudly, the plans of Jacotot, which, except as they regard the acquisition of language, demand as perfect prostration of the understanding as heart could wish.

What does the intelligent reader think of such doctrines as these?

'No lesson is considered as learnt and done with, but will be referred to on all fit occasions, and continue, from time to time, to receive and afford illustration, and to supply points of comparison. It is considered as merely a link in a chain,—a part of the body of universal truth. Bacon's remark, that "no natural phenomenon can be adequately studied in itself alone, but, to be understood, must be considered as it stands connected with all nature," is corroborative of this plan. It is owing to neglect of it that many read so much and retain so little. They travel through the regions of literature, like persons through a country on a stage-coach, each landscape obliterating the preceding. They resemble the man who, after reading through Bailey's Dictionary, did not know what it was about.

'This is especially the case with those who are in the habit of reading periodicals, and more particularly the cheap periodicals of the present day. Owing to the miscellaneous character of their contents, and the want in the readers of a distinct purpose and aim to connect each fact with their previous knowledge on the same subject,—to put it, as it were, in its proper place in their minds,—they find themselves at last in the precise predicament of the above student of Bailey's Dictionary.

'It would be an interesting subject of speculation—perhaps, to many, a painful one—to ascertain, in our own cases, how much reading has been lost for want of this distinct purpose to profit, how many truths lie entombed in our minds, in juxtaposition, not in union.'—p. 34, 35.

Where can the author have picked up the following notions?

'I do not mean to insinuate that it is unnecessary to study the sciences separately to gain a profound acquaintance with them, but merely to express my opinion that it has been an error in *elementary* education to make them objects of independent pursuit. The sciences are not counters to be laid side by side, but branches growing from a common stem, and must therefore be studied simultaneously and in their mutual connexion. The consequences of thus isolating the various branches of education have been most pernicious, and not the least has been the imperfect kind of knowledge that has been acquired. How many know the names and can describe the situations of every place of importance on the surface of the globe, and know nothing, or have only the most general and vague notions, of their history, present condition, the nature of their government, soil, animals, plants, &c.; and yet, without

some knowledge of these, how comparatively useless and idle is the most exact knowledge of the former! As well might we boast of knowing the names and residences of a number of persons, whilst ignorant of every thing else that concerns them. Let a person once determine to subordinate language to ideas, and not to rest satisfied with mere verbal attainments,—with the mere names of things,—and he will find that the real knowledge of any one branch involves an acquaintance, greater or less, with all.'—pp. 23, 24.

'So history cannot be studied with advantage exclusively, or independently of other sciences: to be really known or remembered it must be associated, to a greater or less extent, with all; and every opportunity must be embraced of gathering and combining the *disjecta membra* of universal truth.'—p. 29.

Our readers will readily perceive from these extracts what opinion should be entertained of the author, and what treatment he deserves from the public if he carries his principles into practice in his school.

THROUGH THE WOOD, LADDIE.

Through the wild wood, through the wild wood, all alone I love to ramble,
'Mid the sapling oak and hazel, the ground-ash and the bramble,
In the thickest; here I care not for sunny noon or shower,
But I lack the clue or track to guide me through my bower;
And every bough is fanning me with rudely courteous leaves,
And I stumble in the toils that my woodland carpet weaves,
And o'er mossy stools of underwood they won't let grow to trees;
And I creep on, lower, lower, now almost on my knees.
Ho! ho! what are you frightened? Then I will e'en go back,
'Tis a poet, not a poacher, is pressing on your track;
So nibble the wild parsley that's mantling at my feet,
I'll mumble out a measure to mock you while you eat.
Hie on then, if you'll stay not, to the entrance of the wood,
For I know you're thinking of them, thy mate and youngling brood;
And I am looking homeward, so let us on together
To the upland-warren's fern and gorse, and broom and blooming heather.
Ah, rabbit, gone! they stir not—those leaves behind they speed,
I thought thee an elf-pilot to guide me in my need.
But your parting chides my error; I've stray'd, and mine the pain;
And has the wood no charities to lead me back again?
That light! ah I have gained it, the outlet of the wood,
Come back just where I started to roam an idle rood.

G. S.

POETRY AND SCIENCE.

A revelation of the essence of God
Is Poetry; Science, of his effluence:
This, a revealing of the power of God;
That, of his being is a vision intense:
This, a disclosure of the acts of God;
That, God himself reveal'd to evidence.
The Spirit of all things felt before he knew;
And from his feeling was his knowledge drawn—

Effect divine of a diviner cause!
So from the heart the head hath its prime laws;
For Poetry's noon-hues our souls imbue
Ere Science breaks on them with her cold dawn.
O, self-proud Head! bow down thy Science high
To the creator Heart and its great Poetry!

* W *

THE DEAD GRASSHOPPER.

How beautiful and rife
Are the deep lessons that doth Nature give
In death, e'en as in life!
Come thou and be my teacher,
Thou mute, yet eloquent preacher
Of the true life that in dead things doth live.

Bird of the meadow grass!
Although thy chirruping for aye is still'd,
Say what thy sweet life was;
What strength of joy showed in thy winged leaping,
And, when amongst the mosses gently creeping,
What peace and love thy little being fill'd!

Or, as the sun went down
And the moist dew upon the fragrant clover
Was fleshly strown,
Pois'd on a blue-bell in the light breeze swinging
Out of thy happy heart a love-lay singing,
A world of sweets around, and heaven all over!

How couldst thou leave it all
Into the busy haunts of men to come
In draperied thrall?
I lur'd thee not from out thy furrow'd passes,
Nor wrong'd thy sleep amongst the verdant grasses,
To bid thee die, far from thy pleasant home.

Poor fool! yet with thy fate
Doth wisdom inly dwell to warn the free
Ere yet too late.
Like to the breathing sweet from out dead roses,
Thy death to all a living truth discloses,
Would they might heed its silent ministry!

Like thee, they quit the fields
Of their most sunny freedom, by whose power
Each joy its double yields;
The world a subtle web around them weaving,
The pleasant garden of their hearts now leaving
To seek a life unknown—Say! what its dower?

A prison dark, where, pent,
The elastic soul essays its strength, to be
In its own element.
In vain! and apathy comes o'er it stealing,
The light that shows the darkness, but revealing
A withered, soulless, lifeless thing—like thee!

S. Y.

ON EDUCATION, AND THE CONDITION OF THE RURAL POPULATION.

The Spartan's education taught him to say little and do quickly. The Athenians were educated by public spectacles, poetical contests, and the triumphs of sculpture—all having as their result the diffusion of taste. The Persian youth was exercised in shooting with the bow, managing the horse, and truth-telling. The Jew was instructed not to muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn, not to take the mother-bird with her nestlings, not to reap nor gather in the corners of his field; in other words, he was subject, from his youth up, to enactments in favour of liberality and charity. The rudiments of two dead languages, and four years of licence at college, can alone entitle Englishmen to rank as of 'the educated' classes.

This reference to the national education in different countries will preclude the necessity of a definition of the term. Now to try the question whether education should be diffused generally among British subjects. 'Oh yes,' quoth the new squirearchy of the Pitt creation, 'let the people have a practical education;' meaning by this, that, like the Russian serf of the horn band, he should be restricted to learning a single note. "Let the "educated classes" compass only such as afford to subscribe to our stamped paper," insists the editor of the 'leading journal of Europe.' Then who will be left to buy and read Peel's penny speeches? This is the era of letters: as well prohibit any to travel by steam, save who, by herald-law, can add esquire to their name, as prescribe that only the 'educated classes' shall read a newspaper. Our question is not confined to teaching literature, that the people will get, if not in youth, then at schools for adults; if not from the parish pedagogue, then from some more expeditious schoolmaster. To prevent them acquiring such learning, you must deprive them (as the mass have been deprived during thirty years) of all leisure to turn and con a page of easy syllables; but, if you were to succeed in dividing this branch of education from all other branches, where would you leave the poorer individuals of the community? to devour with their looks some factious libel of the graver, to gape at some ribald singer in the streets, to hang upon the false news of some mis-speller of the journal, and to subscribe to the doctrine of the one man of letters of the village.*

The question of popular education, in its most comprehensive shape, remains for solution. How can you send taste to vil-

* The argument from 'the hanged' being generally *unlettered*, is not conclusive; the [illegible] of the gin-palace, of Crockford's, and of the list of the fraudulent insolvents, are too intimately connected with the cause of letters to exclude immorality from the pale of the 'humanities.' But, on the other hand, as to the motives of [illegible] pro-hibited [illegible] Others [illegible] What! are we to light no candles, lest moths fly into them?

lages?' says some Tomkins or Simpkins, who has hissed Shakspeare from the boards of the patent theatres. 'The poor have their Bibles and Testaments, and may learn thence the Hebrew and the Christian codes of charity.' True; but does your reverence consider how little influence the mere habitual reading of the book may have on our practice? As to the Spartan and Persian schools, it will be said that there was something like them here at the Elizabethan era; but subsequently standing armies have been found a safe substitute for them.

Yet it is a truism that sound morals and correct taste cannot be too widely nor too thoroughly inculcated in the community; and, in an era of danger, that forward and habile patriotism, which volunteers into public service, cannot be found too extensively among the people. 'Oh, yes, yes, of course we would have, by all means, sufficient numbers in our volunteer corps in case of an invasion.' Ay, and in case the Carlton Club should choose to summon recruits of the starving masses around their treasury, or should require new levies to support their military Orange lodges; in that case they would desire disciples of the school which teaches men to give their famished bodies to the service of traitors.

We must disengage ourselves from the aid of such advisers, whose pretensions stand apart from the genius of the land, whose interests are isolated amid a community struggling against the overwhelming consequences of nearly three quarters of a century of misgovernment. We have had enough of the Tory Lord of a past generation; we have heard enough of the patriotism of Pitt-made monopolists of this. There is room for no private interests nor peculiar right of dictation in an argument involving the character of the British nation. There can be no doubt that this people are susceptible of all the perfections attainable by education. Taste is no stranger to the English village, for our sweetest music, old roundelays, and madrigals, glees, and other melodies, appear in the days of Shakspeare and Isaac Walton to have been rife in the roadside hostel and day-labourer's cottage; and the milkmaid was cross-grained indeed who had not voice and memory to recall to the ear of the polished citizen the ditties he admired.* Perhaps, since our farmers have dismissed their boarders, the day-labourers, and sent their daughters to boarding-school, the singing taste of the cottager has deteriorated; but knowing the steps down from the better state, we may remount these yet. Again: can it be doubted that Englishmen, in the mass, have the spirit of cooperation and the strong purpose of conquerors, when they have so lately, without any outbreak or any disorder in their ranks, won the victory of reform? Furthermore, can any

* At Carshalton, in Surrey, Mr. Lorraine has supplied with musical instruments the talent of the town, and a very efficient band of his neighbours perform weekly in his concert-room. The Norwich weavers are renowned for their style of singing Handel's choruses!

misgiving of English morality be entertained, when we consider that 'Corporal Trim' conveyed the real character of the rank and file who won the victories of Blenheim and Ramillies; when we find that a Marlborough in the army, as subsequently a Collingwood in the navy, could convert the most reckless citizens into champions of the safety of their country and promoters of civilisation, even within the camp and under hatches?

To know really the English capacity and character, let us recollect that the nation have always led in some art tending to greatness and stretching toward empire. We were in early times famous in archery; in the infancy of our navy we coped successfully with the greatest fleet that has been equipped in modern times,—the Spanish Armada; before we were accustomed to standing armies we raised an armament, and fought successful campaigns against a power then the terror of the Continent, winning battles against that power in the heart of the kingdom of another enemy, mastering a province of fortresses, mocking the 'lines' which were erected, first as a composition with empire, and afterwards as a narrow frontier defence; and (but for a change in the councils of St. James's) marching to the enemy's capital, and dictating terms of reconciliation in his palace. The Pitt dynasty first laid England beneath the foot of her enemies, but they were the children of her soil: yes, exaction was to be submitted to, loans and subsidies were to be raised, one hundred millions sterling was required for the service of one year. Mark how the energies of England responded to that woful necessity! our tillage was immediately advanced to the utmost limit of productiveness; we became the first farmers in the world. That was not enough; manufactures must contribute to the public purse. Then rose the epoch of the civil engineer and the cotton-spinner. It were superfluous to expatiate on this branch of the argument; but it may be insisted that a people who thus mount with the occasion, cannot be wanting in any of the faculties which, by education, (or bringing out,) ennoble our species and adorn creation. And be it remembered that, in the instances we have given, it was in the people, and not in their rulers, that England acquitted herself as it is our boast to record. Pitt came on the scene before Englishmen had learned to distrust their rulers: should such a scourge appear again, he might call for supplies, but would they come for calling? He must gather up in his mantle all the love of all Englishmen, or he could only prophesy his own speedy downfall: he could not make us slaves to his empire when we had perceived in him a sinister purpose. And could England, from her present state, rise to meet such occasions as have speeded her on to her old glories? Perhaps not; but that is not the question. Are Englishmen worthy of being rescued from a position disgraceful to their lineage, or are they not? That is to be determined. There are other capital

cities more gay than our own; thither our courtly patrons of taste may with facility transport themselves and fix their abode: there are other ports than London and Liverpool; the English capitalist has a right to do what he will with his own; he is not necessitated to watch his hoard on the banks of the Thames: there are millions of fertile acres beyond the four seas; English farmers are not compelled to cater to us from the fields of their fathers; they may leave us; were they to do so, their leaving might show like virtue; it might be charity in despair. But while they stay here, Englishmen among Englishmen, let them not despair, but be doing. It needs not so great an outlay as may appear implied in the different benefits which are to result from national education; that is to say, morality, taste, and the practice of manly exercises, together with correct information on all topics that concern citizens of all degrees.

Taste is expensive. What furnishes an orchestra or a cabinet of *virtù* is necessarily costly; but Goldsmith's 'Deserted Village' records tasteful refinements, precious though unpurchased. Look on an infant sleeping; its little fingers and composed features peering from the coverlid. The cottager may gaze on the truth, surpassing sculpture's fairest creations; ay, on the pillow of his cradled child. All the gorgeous 'effects' of sunrise and sunset are his, without the necessity of an introduction to '*atelier*' or 'exhibition.' There is sweet music in the voices of children, as you will confess if you hear by the hedgerow the human chirrup flung to companion of their games, a brother cherry-cheek or a pet dog.

Manly exercises among the labouring class are implied in their vocation; the only matter to be amended here is, that the maxim should be observed 'the labourer is worthy of his hire;' in other words, it is the duty of the patrons of the poor to see that their health is sustained under the daily trials of their corporal powers.*

The morality of the labouring classes occupies a peculiar position. They are a brotherhood, of which the members cannot compete with each other in appropriating wealth; they are, or have been, as a material enhancing the value of the soil they labour upon, and not a party to contracts affecting those values. One result is an absence of jealousy, and envy one of the other! the memory of our schoolboy days will take us to the condition of society among the villagers; a neighbour's smile is returned without fathoming its motive, a laugh at his expense is made to his face, being generally levelled at *gaucherie*—but why enumerate particulars? we all have been schoolboys.

How is education, in this sense, to be conducted into our villages, or what remains there if the simple elements of village taste,

* Lord Bacon, in his essay 'Sedition,' says, 'A strait hand should be kept upon the devouring trades of usury, engrossing, great pasturages, and the like.' We must not think *with* any class if we would direct our thoughts really to the regeneration of the poor.

morality, and dexterity, be wanting? What is to be done if the "charities of father, son, and brother" are becoming subdued by an agency which the pen almost refuses to describe? what if that brotherhood shall become a conspiracy against the laws of the country and the decencies of society, if parents are early taught by a power (to be after mentioned) to hate their children? How can the intelligence of a citizen, or the forwardness of a patriot, be expected among such degenerate hordes!

If the case shall appear extreme, the depravity irrecoverable; yet, until all means of improvement have been tried and found unavailing, let us not despair. The class in cities, which may be styled 'hewers of wood and drawers of water,' meaning those having a precarious subsistence by employments beneath that of the artisan, these can scarcely come under our cognizance: they appeared in fearful potency in the former Parisian revolution; but this class having among us no authorized place of rendezvous, being attached to no factory, under no head, and responsible only to their customer of the hour, these can scarcely be brought under any supervision made with a view to the bettering of their education. But the village day-labourers are at least living within limits, can be brought together at a call, are under the eye of their superiors, and have, at least, one superior (the village pastor) among them. Let the village poor be never dismissed from the patriot's scheme of the public weal. But has it come to pass that those virtues, self-planted and of easy growth, are now in want of a soil in which to flourish?

The excellent Bishop Hooker observes (on Church Government, cap. i.) that without sufficient food and clothing we cannot attend to the relations of society nor the interests of religion. On this authority, therefore, proof of the utterly destitute condition of the class of day-labourers would have great weight in deciding the question of their moral debasement.* Now what can weigh against the fact, proved to the satisfaction of the most enlightened patrons of the agriculturist, that quarter acres, and less parcels of land, leased out to the poor at the full rent paid by land in the neighbourhood, and submitted to spade-labour, being worked after the hours of service, or in the intervals when the labourer is not hired out in employment; that this little property is sufficient to yield the rent and to keep the labourer's family from the accustomed resource—the parish rates? Again: take the average wages of a day-labourer, viz., 12*s*. per week, with a total cessation of hiring during the winter months, or something less than 10*s*. per week through the year, (reckoning in the extra wages at harvest time,) and consider the weekly outgoings for a family of five persons: rent, 2*s*. 6*d*.; bread, at a quartern per day, 4*s*.; leaving 3*s*. 6*d*. per week for food beyond the dry bread and clothing, and the reserve for medical assistance. It would be difficult

* See Reports of the 'Agricultural Employment Society,' published by Ridgway.

to imagine that fathers of families so circumstanced refrain from imitating the heads of other falling houses, and from opposing the pretensions of the Carlton Club with the wrongs of its victims, the injuries of the class who are forced to contribute most largely to the malt tax; but the English labourer at home is superior to venal lordlings, whose abuse of a public trust buys pensions for their families; the poor man considers his labour as the fund for supporting his children; while he can work he will not disturb the State, while he can earn wages he will make himself and children contented; and his English wife will laugh at him if he repine, and will set him the example not to despair.

I have the following particulars to add, from a few weeks sojourn among the poor in a village about fifteen miles from town. They are almost all in debt: one, the most respectable man in the neighbourhood, owes a sum equal to a third of a year's wages for food and clothing, and is in arrear for three quarters' rent; 'the shop' at which I deal may have forty poor customers, and it has among these debtors whose joint debts exceed 50*l*. I find three families crowded into a cottage of four small rooms, (two rooms on a floor, on a site 10 feet by 16 feet,) each family comprising the parents and a child, and one of the three having three children; another house, of the same dimensions, besides the family of five persons, takes in a lodger; two others have each two families with children; one contains a family of nine persons. This is the state of four, out of a row of eight houses. There is one poor woman who has destroyed her constitution by taking in a lady's child to suckle, while she had her own at the breast; another family have united trade to day-labour, to eke out their means: the shop is for the sale of beer, and the young children exhibit marks of the contamination which the shop-customers communicate. To leave this neighbourhood, I would mention a fact told me by an old woman, living in Putney, near the corner of the bridge; she has acted for thirty years as midwife, and has delivered 500 births: she informed me that women in childbed used to keep their room for a month, and that the period of a month is necessary for the nursing after the event; but now, she says, the poor women cannot afford themselves this interval of repose, and are compelled to resume their employments in a week, ten days, or, at most, in a fortnight. Add to this that the commons which used to feed the hog, or cow, or flock of geese, are now generally enclosed, and that the steam conveyance across the channel has introduced the Irish labourer to compete with or forestall the villager in the labour market: with these facts, and others that must occur to the reader's observation confirmatory of the foregoing, the case is, perhaps, too plain to call for further evidence. But alas! we cannot stop in this position, worse or better must ensue; this is not a natural con-

dition, it is not a state of rest; another generation, perhaps another year, will drag on events to their dreadful crisis. The incendiaries of the rickyard are anomalous Englishmen, as we have been accustomed to consider our countrymen; but I have a fearful misgiving, a doubt I would turn to disbelief, but which I must still entertain. I observed that among the married men in the village, who had been in the married state one, two, three, four, and five years respectively, and who were the ablest hands at work and play, and knowing beyond their fellows—that these were generally childless.

I have travelled in Wales: the poor classes go barefooted and have no glazed windows, yet they are well fed and contented; the young men are fathers at eighteen, and at thirty they have a house full of their lively children and wear the gravity of patriarchs, and are looked up to as village senators. Early marriages are not restrained, but in Wales a little neighbourly assistance crowns the wedding-day with prospective comfort, and fills the cottage with unpurchased household gear. English neighbours pay their own rent and their contribution to the malt-tax, but can contribute to each other's comforts only the memory of better times and despair for the future. I have no doubt where should be laid the first stone of national education, or of the regeneration of English taste, morals, manual dexterity, and mental activity.

It is hoped that the foregoing remarks and examples will not be considered as put forth here in a spirit of carping at those who have not an opportunity of answering. No, the dilemma of poverty must not be solved by that heroic response, '*Qu 'il meurt.*' The labourer's '*il faut vivre*' is not to be met as that knave who used it to a witty king of France, and was answered '*Je n'en suis pas sûre.*'

That they whose labour feeds and clothes all the community should be the only class to starve, is a most preposterous convention of modern society. The castes who can live are bringing themselves in close collision with that which cannot. The gear which is not oiled will by much friction grow hot, and give out a flame. It is not now as at the dissolution of monasteries; the 'sturdy vagabonds' of the proclamations issued in the reign of the last of the Tudors were not in the case of our honest day-labourers, whose wages being *under the mark* were eked out by the rates; until that at length is reformed. Pitt and the thousands of enclosure Bills will explain the cause of the depreciated value of the Saturday night's shillings and pence, and the freedom of the rural parish. 'Give me my unexcised beer and my low rent-paying corn,' is as pathetic a claim to the arbiters of our glories as that of Augustus for his legions. The English labourer, the man of all the best sympathies and noblest instincts, child-loving,

independent, frank, and fearless;* the nursling of free institutions and ever-advancing civilization is not to be sacrificed without an effort for his preservation,

The mistake is, that all classes unite in a struggle for the turn of tax-taking: the 'Upper House' must give in: the young aristocracy must turn their education to account, and become 'whips' to the 'Age,' or 'Tally-ho:' the commercial aristocracy come next into power; the college-educated chip of old Ledger has learned, like the Malayan bear, that the smack of champagne is worthy of preference, and the classical festivity of his discourse would point the school of Falstaff; but he is brought up to a 'genteel profession,' and his uncle has a seat in Parliament, or his father has *influence;* and thus a chief justice or attorney general is provided for the Colonies.

In fine, the sceptre of prerogative must be lopped of its modern circumstance, and all classes of liege subjects merge in that of the honest men who earn their living, or live on their fathers' earnings; for the necessary education for the community at large is a process of undoing patriotism and pot of beer, 'King and Church' and the poor rates, the 'heaven-descended' and the Corn Laws. Let the schoolmaster look to it, or the uneducated poor may proceed to chastisement.

G. S.

THE PROTECTIVE SYSTEM OF MORALS.

THROUGHOUT the whole range of language there is no word which calls up so beautiful and affecting an image to my mind as the word resignation. It has a spell of power to which tears have often answered. Robe Misfortune with it and how the eye feeds on her, adoring what it looks on!

Submission is for the slavish and the subtle; there is a parade about it which mocks the modesty it pretends to. Humility is for the feeble and the frail who sue pity upon the plea of poorness. It is the moral Conservative only, who, folding his arms upon the breast the pulses of which he cannot kill, but can command, stands aside in the meek majesty of resignation.

All these conceptions are peculiar, perhaps, to myself; the very words thus pregnant for me may bear a very different import to others.

Language is so imperfect, or so imperfectly understood, that a thousand avenues are left open for imagination. In vain patient Philology, busy at the roots, turns the cold clay of Antiquity, and frowns upon the blossoms which Fancy finds upon the tree of language; Feeling is ever ready to twine them into wreaths, Ge-

* A man running away from another was injured by a blow received from his pursuer; I was sympathising with the sufferer, and accusing the man for giving a blow in the back; but a young lad said 'T'other's as bad as he—he shouldn't ha' let him do it.'

arms to lend his letter of licence, Custom to give her countenance, and Philology, pale as the ghost of Horne Tooke, must e'en let Imagination 'gang her ain gate.'

Beautifully does Wordsworth assert the poetic power which endues mute nature with eloquence and character. Hear when his muse goes nutgathering:

> 'Then up I rose
> And dragged to earth both branch and bough with crush
> And merciless ravage; and the shady nook
> Of hazels, and the green and mossy bower,
> Deformed and sullied, patiently gave up
> Their quiet being.
> I felt a sense of pain when I beheld
> The silent trees and the intruding sky.'

Those silent trees! how violence stands rebuked before them; how sympathy answers to the moral sentiment with which they seem imbued! They were defenceless, and they were wronged and ruined, and all this wrong and ruin is sacrilege—they were so pure, so unoffending. To me these trees embody the idea of humility—their fate, the world's usage of humility.

Could I wake the image of Humility in marble, it should be as a girl, just at that early point of time in which the sunny light of childhood passes away into the mist which an undefinable consciousness of change throws round her, and through the silvery atmosphere of which gleam trembling rays which make her tremble too.

In the life of a gentle, an amiable woman, humility is the first stage, submission the second, and resignation the last.

In the first I pity her, and weep in very agony of compassion, for she is at the mercy of those who can

> '—— drag to earth both branch and bough with crush
> And merciless ravage.'

In the next I lament over her; lament the inertness, the passiveness with which she suffers the turbulent tide of society, which by opposing she might conquer, to bury the treasure with which she is freighted. In the last I honour her; give her emotions of mingled respect and love as I see her hide, under smiles of benignant forgiveness and serene resignation, a lacerated heart, while she continues the toil of life for others, not for herself.

Long has woman been looked upon as the peculiar object of protection. A fashionable female writer of the present day says:

'One of the most simple associations in the mind of a man who loves is, that of being strong to defend and protect the loved one. He feels instinctively that she is the "weaker vessel;" and the woman who carries into her household the consciousness (real or fancied) of superiority, carries with her a poison which will imbitter the cup of life.'

'First, I will dispose of the "protection," and then turn to examine the 'poison.'

The necessity which exists for protection to woman pronounces the severest libel upon man. From what is she to be protected? Wolves and tigers do not prowl upon the highways, and the progress of ingenious art has raised refuges against any sudden visitation of accident or the elements. From what then has man to protect woman? From himself; from his own violence, injustice, and rapacity. Often still is he enough of the wolf and the tiger to worry and destroy her, unless, availing herself of the institutions which he singly has made for both, she binds herself a slave to one to avoid becoming the victim of many. By means of a compact something like that by which bandit agrees to respect the appropriations of bandit, men have made among themselves, and *for* themselves, a code which breathes nothing of the divine morality that aims equally at the annihilation of slavery and tyranny.

When of the whole male world it may be said as the lady in the song says of the sons of Erin, there will be no talk of 'protection.'

> 'Lady! dost thou not fear to stray
> So lone and lovely through this bleak way?
> Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
> As not to be tempted by woman or gold?
>
> Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
> No son of Erin will offer me harm;
> For though they love woman and golden store,
> Sir Knight, *they love honour and virtue more.*'

While men are barbarous, women will, in its popular sense, need protection; while men are men, and women are women, they will severally and mutually need *moral* protection—the sacred shelter—the holy refuge which spirit offers and yields to spirit in the moral conflicts, contingencies, and catastrophes, incident to humanity.

There is such a spell in the appeal of weakness, there is such a joy in soothing, sustaining, restoring the wounded heart, that we can scarcely desire to see humanity exempt from the occasional frailties which so beautifully elicit from the stronger or more fortunately formed character, those healing affections, that holy ministry, which make the weak one well again and wiser. Do men imagine that they never make these appeals to the female heart? What are the pleadings of mere physical feebleness, compared with those of moral and mental weakness—the struggles of sinking energies—the vacillations of irresolute purpose—the dawning aspirations which let

> 'I dare not wait upon I would?'

I as little desire to see any of the mixed relations of life divested of the softness, sweetness, sympathy, and trusting tenderness of devotion and affection, as Washington, when he rose for liberty, desired to see licentiousness.

The relation existing between men and women is formed upon the protective system, and out of it has grown so much necessity for the preventive service. It was the policy of Frederick the Great to do all *for* the people, nothing *by* the people—apparently a paternal, but really a despotic principle. It is only by generating a self-acting power that a people or an individual can be free,—effective to their own happiness, and useful in aiding the happiness of others.

The existing mode of social intercourse between the sexes, in its *best* form, is that of an adult and a child; in peculiar cases this is a happy and beautiful relation, but it is not the true one, and in its general effects produces the mischief incident to everything that is false. It may be said of such a relation as it may be said of a monarchy, that to secure the permanency of the happiness which it may in particular instances bestow, some scheme to preclude the human contingencies of mortality and mutation must be devised.

As the sexes walk hand in hand during childhood, so should they walk arm in arm at maturity; even now there is no such great difference in their intellectual stature as to prevent this, and when equal education and equal freedom is the order of the day, still less may that be apprehended.

The characters which are formed upon the system which endows one party with power, and dooms the other to dependence, do not stand the wear and tear of the world's trials. It renders man irresponsible, and so tempts him to be unjust; it renders woman resourceless, and tempts her to be insincere: there are who resist both temptations, but are they the many?

And now a word about this same 'conscious superiority,' which, when it cleaves to *woman*, must, it appears, imbitter the cup of life. I suspect the sentiment meant by 'conscious superiority' is self-esteem, not that elevation which lifts a being above self, as above everything else merely selfish.

The higher a mind rises, the more it sees of the infinitude amid which it is hung,—the more it feels its distance from greatness and its alliance to littleness: it becomes incapable of inflating itself, or of insulting a littleness less than its own; it carries everywhere a Divine aspiration which lifts it above the petty pride of the world, but it also carries everywhere a sympathy which draws it towards its kindred clay. These feelings keep real superiority benignly floating in the genial atmosphere of social and domestic life, as the centripetal and centrifugal forces keep the planets to their course. But self-esteem (for real or fancied merits) is of 'the earth, earthy,' and may well, when overweening, be said to carry poison to the cup of life.

Real superiority, such as I have attempted to define it, may be carried either by man or by woman into a home, and it will assist to make that home a heaven. Self-esteem, allowing its cause to

be as real as possible, is very likely to produce pain to its possessor, and perhaps diffuse it. It does not float on that fine ether, it is not possessed of that elasticity by which real superiority rises above the vapours of the world, or recovers from the shocks it dispenses. Self-esteem often superciliously congratulates itself that it is not like unto the sinner or the fool; real superiority never, for it feels itself as sharing the degradation of every being who departs from the dignity of human nature, and it applies itself zealously to raise that nature with which it must either rise or fall.

In a late number of the 'Journal of Education' it is observed: 'Females (the writer means women) must be taught from their earliest childhood that they will be required to live for others rather than for themselves; that their best happiness consists in ministering to the happiness of others.'

And are not men (or males, to adopt a corresponding phraseology) to be taught the same? Universally applied this precept is a fine truth; partially applied it is despicable cant, and like all cant has this consequence, it produces hypocrisy and imposture.

Truth cannot minister at the altars of falsehood,—as little can women minister pure morality to men undeserving of it. The partial morality which corrupt and selfish power instituted enjoined all the virtues upon women, not merely in a state of greater perfectness than they were demanded of man, but it was also expected that those virtues should retain their brightness and purity amid the infected atmosphere of his infamy. Not only was this unscrupulously demanded, but the strength and constancy of mind—the cultivation of mind necessary in any degree to fulfil such a requisition was denied and refused. The condition of the Israelite, of whom bricks were required, and the straw necessary to make them denied, forms but a poor parallel to this wholesale instance of injustice. I fancy I see the ghost of Pharaoh looking with a ghastly grin of satisfaction upon men, and forgiving all the obloquy they have heaped upon his name, in consideration of the eminent manner in which they have followed his example.

When we send an individual to sea, intending he should ride the ocean and brave the elements, do we embark him in a leaky and ill-furnished ship? Never. But men, it seems, thought that a weak and uncultivated understanding could carry a high morality. When we arrange a scheme of commerce, do we direct it to a place in which our commodities are not in demand, or if they be, where there is neither produce nor money for us to receive in exchange? Never. But men arranged a scheme of morality, proposing for its object that women should carry purity, prudence, patience, and every other virtue to bosoms insensible of their value; and as for the return, infidelity, indifference, insolence, neglect, and contempt, so far from being rejected, were to be thankfully, at least patiently, accepted.

For what purpose, let me inquire, *par parenthèse*, was male nature preserved from wasting its energies on the virtues? That would be a curious chapter of the inquiry—I leave it to some one among men who will be as honest a censor of their faults as I am of ours.

"This monstrous morality is breaking down, partly from decay natural to its corrupt materials, and partly from the strengthening light of knowledge, which is exhibiting the hideous deformity of the abuses ambushed in every part of our domestic, social, and political life. Women are ceasing to practise the hypocrisy which has been a main pillar of this one-sided morality, and men are beginning to feel that their true interest consorts with female elevation, energy, and intelligence; since to women, whether weak or wise, they must trust—on women, whether worthy or unworthy, they must depend, from the cradle to the grave, for all that distinguishes humanity from brutality.

Burke said, speaking of his wife, 'she has a steady and firm mind, which takes no more from the female character than the solidity of marble does from its polish and lustre;' and, it might be added, without the solidity the permanency of the polish and lustre were an impossibility.

M. L. G.

CRITICAL NOTICES.

Minor Morals for Young People. Illustrated in Tales and Travels. By John Bowring. Part II.

In this second part of 'Minor Morals' the author has shown good judgment in not strictly confining himself to such matter as is commonly deemed level to children's capacities. 'My own observation,' he says, 'leads me to think that children are more apt to learn than parents and instructors generally suppose; and that their powers of mind are much strengthened by being exercised with topics which are sometimes deemed too exalted or abstruse for their undeveloped faculties.' The execution of his work fully justifies his hope of thus increasing its usefulness and interest, while there is no ground for any apprehension of its being unintelligible to those for whom it is designed.

The contents of this volume are very diversified, both in the topics and in the modes of illustration. No systematic arrangement is affected, nor was it desirable. As the work is capable of indefinite extension, omission cannot be complained of; nor is any subject introduced of which we can desire the exclusion.

To one exception, and that of no little importance, we must hold that the morality of this publication is open; the same exception that we hinted at in reference to the former part, and which we take against the 'Deontology' itself, the principles of which are the avowed guidance of the author. In our apprehension Mr. Bentham failed in his application of the doctrine of utility to the practical purposes of individual morality, by allowing far too much to the opinion of society on the one hand;

and, on the other, by almost, if not entirely, overlooking the extent to which provision is made for benevolence in the human constitution, independent of any expectation of personal advantage from the good opinion or gratitude of others. The highest benevolence, or rather that which alone deserves the name, feeds on the happiness of others as actually witnessed, or as realized by the imagination, and is well content, in the fulness of this felicity, to go without any external return or recompence. But of this true virtue there are but few and faint glimpses, either in 'Deontology' or in 'Minor Morals.' A lower and comparatively worldly tone is adopted. Thus, in describing the selfish man, we are told that

'He will not do another man a service if he can help it, because he fancies that in doing a service without an *immediate* return, he is giving something away in waste. He forgets that he obtains for the service the desire to do him other services. He forgets that the gratitude of others is fertile in acts of kindness.'—p. 184.

The converse is, by implication, the author's notion of a benevolent man. It is not ours. Were a man to do a service because secure of an *ultimate*, though not an 'immediate return,' and were he to *remember* that the service purchased other services to himself, and excited a gratitude that would be 'fertile in acts of kindness,' we cannot perceive that he would be less selfish, though he might be more long-headed. Does he, or does he not, find his own happiness in promoting the happiness of others? that is the test, we conceive, of benevolence or selfishness. It is not that the benevolent man makes the calculation of personal advantages more correctly, but that in consequence of his different mental and moral state there is another and most important element to enter into the calculation. Dr. Bowring's benevolent man thinks that

'Benevolence is the best selfish calculation, that *he realizes more by it* than he could do by any other habit. He finds that *he gets great interest upon all the outlay of his friendly and generous feelings.*'—p. 186.

This is the moral which Mr. Howard teaches his daughter.

'"Do you understand my meaning, my gentle Edith?"—"Indeed, papa, I think I do. You mean that we do not get anything by being ill-natured; but that *we get something* by being kind and good."'—p. 193.

And again, when the children show a moral instinct which is much above their father's philosophy, it is thus repressed:

'"But, papa," said George, "you said that kindness brought back kindness in return; may not kindness sometimes fail in doing so?"'

(Well asked, little boy; and for 'sometimes' you might have said 'often.' You might have asked your papa how Bentham himself fared; or, indeed, most of the world's best friends and benefactors.)

'"Surely," replied Mr. Howard, "but the *habit* of kindness will never fail; and the habit you know is the result of acts."'

The boy who asked the question might have demurred to this reply.

'"Yes," said Edith, "but may we not love persons and things that *cannot* love us—persons that are dead, and things that cannot feel?"

"Undoubtedly you may," answered her father, "but that very disposition *to love wins the love of others.*"'—p. 196, 197.

There is more to the same purpose in the chapter headed 'Prudence.' Indeed the influence of this view of benevolence could not but spread itself to a considerable extent, and is the great deduction from the worth of the work.

We have several 'minor' objections to passages in this book, on account either of their affinity with the primary one just stated, or of a loose and inaccurate mode of expression which is scarcely to be tolerated in the teaching of juvenile ethics. For instance:

'If others form too low an estimate of *their* calamities, do not persuade them they are worse than they think them to be.'—p. 13.

That is, do not open their eyes to *the truth*; a direction, the benevolence of which we take to be very often questionable.

The following is a rare specimen of indistinctness, both of thought and expression:

'The desire of gain, in itself a laudable and even virtuous feeling, when controlled by prudence and kindness, is thus by commerce made subservient to the happiness of man.'

If this was penned while half asleep, the author must have afterwards got fairly into a doze, and dreamed of the wisdom of Martha Martin:

'As she grew older, she found that we may habitually, if we please, dwell upon pleasant thoughts; and this experience made Martha one of the wisest of women.'—p. 223.

There is no doubt of it. And, amongst men, we question whether Solomon himself could have matched her. The secret is worth an empire.

The anecdotes and little stories in this volume are beautifully told, and several of them cannot fail to reach the hearts of adult readers, while they fill young eyes with tears. We must particularly mention those of the 'African Princess,' the 'Russian Mushroom Girl,' and the 'Breton Farmer.' The chapters on 'Swallows,' 'Flowers,' and 'Songs of the People,' are distinguished both by interesting facts and by their poetical spirit and adornment. In these portions of the volume our sympathy with the author is entire. And although we know that wherein we differ from him he is the follower of Bentham, yet we also know that wherein we agree with him and admire him he is the follower of the dictates of his own nature, which, in this publication, brought out amid the bustle of legislative duties most honourably fulfilled, and literary and other avocations most energetically pursued, affords fresh evidence of the versatility of its powers and of its poetical and philanthropic tendencies.

Hydraulia; an Historical and Descriptive Account of the Water-Works of London, and the Contrivances for supplying other great Cities in different Ages and Countries. By William Matthews. 8vo. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

Mr. Matthews has traced, with laborious research and indefatigable zeal, the means resorted to in all ages, from Jacob's Well to the completion of the New River water-works by that great benefactor to posterity, Sir Hugh Myddleton. A portrait of this excellent man is prefixed, and the work contains several maps and a diversity of illustrations, exhibiting the progress of various other plans, as well as those for supplying London, from the time of William the Conqueror to the present day. In a subsequent chapter is described by what means Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Greenock, &c. are supplied with this important element of subsistence and protection. Having illustrated what has been done in his own country, he proceeds to show the great

importance that the nations of antiquity placed on an ample supply of water, not only for common wants, but also for the luxurious enjoyment of baths, as in Egypt, China, Greece, Rome, &c. &c. Indeed, the residents of the latter, with a grandeur of thought and splendour of execution, made their baths and aqueducts national monuments of unparalleled magnitude. Attached to these magnificent buildings the author justly observes:

'Great, however, was the propensity to indulge in gorgeous display and voluptuous extravagance. In many instances the wealthy Romans devoted their superb and highly embellished galleries to different useful and laudable purposes; some of their saloons being the receptacles of libraries as well as the finest works of sculptors and other artists. Persons who were eminent for mental endowments or moral excellence usually resorted to and assembled in them, to participate in the rational delights of social intercourse and the improvement resulting from literary conversation. In such places Cicero, Virgil, and Horace luxuriated among intellectual entertainments; for here philosophers disputed, orators declaimed, and votaries of the Muses recited their effusions to persons of both sexes and different ages, who indiscriminately mingled together in friendly communion. In these assemblages sages also imparted the fruits of their experience, and thence the aspiring youth of Rome imbibed lessons of wisdom and virtue, animating them to perform magnanimous deeds for the glory of their country.'—p. 184.

The author reproaches this country for its very limited use of public baths, apparently so necessary to the health of the population:

'Universal as may be the use of baths in the countries inhabited by the followers of Mahomet, and extensive as may be the practice in some others, to how limited an extent has this healthful and cleanly practice prevailed in Great Britain, so distinguished for its refinement and improvement in the useful arts!'

Coinciding with the feeling expressed in the above quotation, and to induce our countrymen to adopt means for a cheap and more general use of baths, a variety are described in this work, very simple in their construction, so as to bring them within the means of the humblest mechanic, whose health forms a portion of the wealth of his country.

The author very justly boasts of the superior means which, at this era, we possess for the supply of large populations with water, and thus illustrates his position:

'The Roman aqueducts, the machinery of Egypt, the souterazi of Constantinople, and some other contrivances of former times, strongly excite our curiosity and claim our admiration; but how obviously inferior are they in many respects to the ingenious inventions of later periods for similar purposes; chemistry having disclosed by what means the potent agency of steam may be employed and regulated for almost indefinitely augmenting mechanical force, the skilful application of this great elastic power has facilitated the execution of plans for affording an exuberant supply of water to any city, whatever may be its extent, the loftiness of its buildings, or the number of its population.—p. 312.

It may be suggested to the author, whether, in a second edition, he might not procure analyses of the water with which London and the other great towns are supplied. Such an appendage would probably be useful to medical practitioners, by enabling them to point out the means of correcting any injurious quality in the water supplied to the public. Besides, it may tend to set the public right with regard to many prejudices previously imbibed on this subject.

There are some redundancies of language in this work, which we have no doubt his good sense will correct in a future edition; in general, however, the style is simple, perspicuous, and energetic. But merit of a superior quality pervades every page of it, and that is a most earnest desire to convey to the reader valuable information on a subject which is interesting to every class and station in society. N.

The Natural History of Man. Darton.

The materials of this compendium are chiefly and avowedly derived from the writings of Blumenbach, Pritchard, and Lawrence, the author intimating his dissent from the speculations of the last two writers, and contending that climate is the ultimate cause of the present varieties of the human race, and consequently that 'all men may have descended from one original stock.' He appears to have exercised much diligence in the collection and skill in the arrangement of the facts, and has produced a valuable elementary work on a subject the study of which ought to be much more general.

Exercises for the Improvement of the Senses; for Young Children. By the Author of 'Arithmetic for Young Children.'

That education includes the training of the body as well as the mind, and guiding to the knowledge of things not less than to that of words, are the principles of which this useful and admirable little work is founded. It is not designed for the pupil, but for the teacher or parent, and every teacher or parent, who has a right feeling of his important task, will be very thankful for its aid. The 'Introduction' and 'Directions for the Teacher' contain hints which those concerned in the care of young children will do well to 'read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest.' The work is brought out, as was the former publication by the same author, (mentioned in the title,) 'under the superintendence of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge,' and we rejoice to see its resources and influence thus employed. They cannot be turned to better account.

The anecdotes often recounted of practised acuteness in the American Indians; the power acquired by those (the deaf, dumb, or blind) whom nature has deprived of one faculty in the use of others which remain to them; the many enjoyments which in travelling, &c., are lost for want of greater readiness of observation, quickness of movement, or other corporeal or mental faculties which might, at an early age, have been cultivated, and that by most pleasurable processes, into a higher degree of power; all make us regard such a work as this as a valuable contribution to the future well-being of human nature.

Le Nouveau Testament. Glasgow: Reid and Co.

A very *petite* and very beautiful edition of the French New Testament.

CORRESPONDENCE.

We thank 'Vine' for his information concerning 'Mutual Instruction Societies,' and shall be glad to promote the formation and success of such institutions.

H. G. C. and E. I. are declined, with thanks.