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THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE EMPIRE.

“The Rich and Poor meet together, but somehow both forget that God has made them all. \* \* \* Heaven help us! were there but a community of feeling, as honest as that which necessity has at last nearly made the community of metallic interests—and the value even of gold lies in the feelings which it can buy—how happy we might make many now, whose bruised hearts will be cold when ours are so, and to what blessed returns might thousands put their dormant virtues, if they would but believe that God’s image lingered in the world. \* \* \* Your fathers had their superstitions, but they were never so gross as yours, for they were fed and clothed while they followed them, and spoke of the powers of the old Church at their warm firesides; but you, in spite of the cries of nature, bend in reverence to oppression when it comes in a majestic shape, and receive the law of outrage with meekness, because disguised by a respected form of words.”—*The Young Widow*.

PERHAPS it is not one of the least extraordinary of the signs of the times that while statesmen and philosophers are daily enunciating some new utilitarian sentiment, and merchants and manufacturers are counting from deep money-bags their gold, the Poet and the Novelist are, with a fervour and energy till now unknown in the “world of letters,” devoting their time and their talent to the cause of the poor man, seeking to enforce his rights, and make his misery heard, by all the impassioned eloquence they can command. The delightful work from which we have quoted the above brilliant passages, and many others written in a kindred spirit—the novels of D’ISRAELI, DICKENS, and SUE—the poetry of TALFOURD, SMYTHE, and LAMARTINE—have done more towards directing public attention to the social condition of mankind than all the speeches of a PEEL, a RUSSELL, or a PALMERSTON, for they have addressed themselves to the holier feelings,—in the inmost chambers of the heart whispered bitter truths: and while the bold denunciation of the *Times* has spoken in a voice of thunder throughout the length and breadth of the land, the pages of *Coningsby* and *The Young Widow* have been read in the boudoir, and have enlisted on the side of humanity woman’s mighty influence, woman’s true and earnest sympathy. And it is meet and right that it should be so. Who will

not rejoice to see in the moral desert this spring of life and hope? And yet is the fact strange—melancholy—the duties of Government, even the sacred offices of the Church, are virtually administered by a power unrecognized by either, but which now, in the hour of necessity, has gathered up the straggling reins, and is holding them with a will and a determination at which their lukewarmness and expediency recoil. Yes, by the necessities of the times that power has been again called into being, or rather, awoke from dormancy, for it is deathless, before which ere now the proud Autocrat has grown pale with fear, and the infallibility of the Vatican confessed to error; that power which has hurried princely monarchs, founders of dynasties, heirs of a long line of ennobled ancestry, to an untimely and a cruel end, and which has raised from the lowest abyss of grimy penury an obscure and nameless being to occupy the vacant throne; that power which achieved the English Reformation, and which in later times has freed the Catholic from the bondage then imposed; that power which speaks but once in centuries, and then in a voice which makes the nations tremble, is again around and about us; the warning blast of its trumpet is becoming fearfully shrill and distinct. PUBLIC OPINION is guided by the Press more than Acts of Parliament, and the influence of Woman is greater than the power of a Cabinet Minister. A Windsor uniform may dazzle the eye, but it cannot move the mind. Opinion expresses itself in the literature of the day; the novelist and the poet are its most efficient representatives, and we repeat that it is most cheering in the dearth of good feeling, and cordial reciprocation of kindly offices, to see the man of letters heartily espousing the cause of the suffering poor, and striving for a moral regeneration of those social relations which are the support and the glory of a nation.

The evils of our Social Condition are now pretty generally allowed by all who think upon the subject; few have sufficient hardihood to defend things as they are; but many are yet careless, more refuse to look beyond the surface, and it is to these we would particularly address our remarks. The careless man most commonly seeks to excuse his criminality by shifting the blame to other shoulders than his own, or alleging that he is not responsible for the misconduct of another; but in the present instance we submit either plea is inadmissible. The fact is not disputed; the man must be blind, not careless, who will venture to deny the existence of a frightful, wide-spread, spreading, and fatally contagious misery, destitution, and wretchedness in this beautiful land, over-

flowing with riches, bringing forth plenty, and abounding in the good things of the earth. He must be blind, not careless, who, in traversing the streets and squares of our cities, has not seen squalid, homeless wretches, courting a moment's shelter beneath the lofty portico of some spacious mansion, and supplicating in speechless agony a morsel of bread to prolong a life of woe,—or, when the curtain of night has fallen over the earth, and a still more squalid poverty creeps forth from its hiding place, when keen hunger and the freezing air make the cries of the houseless beggar truly heart-rending, when the gin-shop is full, the pawnbroker's passage crowded, the poor courtesan covering a broken heart with hired garments, and the thief creeping warily along,—who that *sees* these things will dare to put the fact in issue? Who that *thinks* of these things can continue careless? No, the fact is not disputed—the hardest face-grinder must admit it; imposture there may be, and doubtless is, but the pretenders are very few indeed compared with the real sufferers, and to refuse all sympathy on such a miserable pretext is as wicked as it is hypocritical. The careless, and those who affect a carelessness which they think well-bred and fashionable, take a line of defence requiring a little more consideration, because, although it is equally untenable, it is more specious and sophistical. They constantly remind us that there is a “State provision for the poor,” that the Government of the country cares for its poor, that every poor man and poor woman has a refuge where to fly in distress, where their wants will be attended to and their interests watched over, and for which there is a regular assessment made throughout the land. This, and the like of this, we have heard over and over again, but, Heaven help our ignorance! we can see no sound argument in it. We will not say one word on the New Poor Law, or make a single remark on the barbarous and complicated machinery by which its unchristian enactments are carried into operation, but will at once attempt to show these superficial reasoners how exceedingly vague and unsatisfactory are their premises, how very illogical the conclusions they wish to draw, or rather leave us to infer therefrom, That the prevention of an acknowledged evil is better than any temporary alleviation of its sequences, is an observation so hackneyed as to require no enforcement here; still, notwithstanding the common and ready acquiescence in this great truth, many—and especially the class we are now addressing—neglect to follow in their practice the precept which their lips are not slow to preach for the benefit of

others : and though it be (as we admit it is) a common failing of humanity, such conduct merits reproof, and deserves unceasing reprobation ; and in no instance is this inconsistency more clearly to be recognised than in the answer of a careless man when the condition of the poor is urged upon his consideration. As we have already said, he talks much of the laws for their relief, the money he contributes to the rates, invites us to inspect the Union House (*on a visiting day*), and introduces us to the guardians, the nurses, and the matrons. He is eloquent on these topics, for he is not only talking to another but is also addressing his own conscience—is seeking to convince himself that he has done all that is required of him ; but if we venture to suggest that the parochial refuge will, in all probability, soon require very considerable enlargement—that it is already, in our opinion, too crowded for the health of its inmates—our indolent friend is suddenly seized with an unapproachable taciturnity ; or, if at last compelled to give an opinion or suggest a remedy, he will refer us to a volume of Malthus, rail much at early marriages, and descant on the unknown beauties of some hitherto unexplored island in the Pacific. Such are the contents of his medicine chest, and they are invariably crammed down our throats whenever we ask disagreeable questions. These men must have read history to little purpose, or they would have discovered that the policy they advocate, or by their silence approve, does inevitably lead to irretrievable ruin in the State by which it is adopted. The pages of the past are full of instructive lessons, are rich in that learning which makes politicians wise, but they must be perused by a free and unbiassed mind, and such we fear these cannot bring to the study. They have been too accustomed to regard the peasantry as mere ministers to their necessities or their gratifications, and they refuse to look into the rottenness of the core if they can heal for a time the broken skin. They treat poverty as a crime, and not as a misfortune, forgetting that in the decrees of Providence there is no wrong, and not remembering that the meanest serf, the veriest Lazarus that craves a crumb from their table, is a man and a brother. It may be that this class will temporarily appease the up-braidings of their consciences by the constant repetition of these fallacious arguments, but it is impossible that the impression can last, or will have the effect of convincing any well disposed to investigation. It is not sufficient that we build up large mansions for the poor, or provide them with food to hold body and soul together ; we should remember

that they have the same feelings as ourselves—that the same blood circulates in their veins as flows in our own—and that if the feelings are torpid, or the blood frozen, it is the rigour of our laws which has plunged the iron into the soul, and the wintry customs we respect which have congealed the waters of life. It is not enough that we support the body while we starve the mind; we may subscribe to one charity, preach sermons for another, and make soup and buy coals for a third—all will not absolve us from blame, or even free us from some self-censure, if we forget the commands of Heaven, or neglect the small still admonitions of Divinity within our own bosoms; all this, and much more, will not regenerate our social system, or restore the peasantry of our beloved country to their ancient and legitimate rank.

Oh! no; the day in which paltry measures of expediency might have availed is past. We must now strike with the axe, not trim with the pruning-knife; schemes of reform must be commensurate with the demands of the times, and they must be framed with a regard to what is just rather than what is necessary. They must be tried by the standard of a Catholic religion, and not by the loose morality of erring man. Legal wrong must yield to holy right, and Scriptural commandment supersede philosophical erudition. We must now, to effect a cure, eradicate the seeds of disease, and purge the body of every particle of that perilous stuff which preys upon our vitality. No; the hour in which temporizing might have sufficed can never be recalled; the deeds of that hour are registered, and it is now a record of the past. The hypocrisy and the double dealing, the open violence and the secret injury of that time, are gone by, but not forgotten. The ravages of the storm are oft more terribly apparent when the angry waves have subsided, and the blustering winds are hushed. Their memory lives after them; they are forced upon the recollection by the results they have already brought forth, and the yet more fearful ones with which these seem pregnant. Oh! no; if we would avert the calamities which threaten our very existence as a nation—for deprived of her peasantry England would soon vanish from the map of civilization—if we would ward off the coming blow—if we would be prepared to chastise the insolence of a foreign foe, or crush the rebel in our own bosom—let us unite as one man, animated with one purpose, and desiring but one end, diligently and religiously to promote that kindly and generous feeling between every class of society, the absence of which is a primary cause of the

manifold evils we all agree to deplore. Let us above all things cherish a charity free, extended, universal,—a charity which knows not the rivalry of sect, is a stranger to the contentions of party, which hopeth all things, and, in doubt, refers to the arbitration of Heaven what Omniscience can alone decide. Let us follow the plain commands of Holy Writ rather than dispute on doctrinal theology, feed the poor and clothe the naked before we study the creed of Calvin, and humbly confess our own sins ere we decide on the forms and ceremonies which others adopt as symbols of their faith. Let us, regardless of the sneer of ignorance, the taunt of vulgar minds, or the abuse of the interested and the unworthy, listen to the monitions of the heart, and receive its language as the oracles of inspiration, as the whisperings of Nature, and the still voice of Nature's God. Let us abide by this as the rule of life, and the influence of good example will soon become contagious. We shall reap a full harvest from the seeds we scatter around us, cull sweet flowers in the wilderness, and rejoice that we have, by the exercise of the virtues of humanity, saved the land of our birth from that fiery ordeal which in other countries must have purified and regenerated THE SOCIAL CONDITION OF THE EMPIRE.

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#### LETTER OPENING IN LADIES' SCHOOLS.

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As promised in our last number, we proceed to offer a few remarks upon the espionage very generally practised in Ladies' Schools in this country. A correspondent has favoured us with a letter written by a well-known school-mistress in one of the western cities, from which we fairly extract the following very plain, and, had it been printed in the circulars which announce the merits of this establishment, we should have been bound to add, very honest, paragraph. Here it is; we pledge ourselves to its accuracy, for the letter is now before us:—

“I seal and read the direction of every letter going *out* of my house, and I break the seal and read the signature of every letter coming *into* my house. Those from parents I do not read; all others are subject to my choice of inspection, and if I see anything which I do not approve, a letter is more likely to go into the fire than into the hands of the intended recipient.”

This, then, shall be our text. At all events none can charge us with exaggeration, for we have given *Madame's* own words; *she* cannot feel

aggrieved, for we see the letter is deliberately and cautiously written—written on this subject in reply to a complaint preferred, and is not a private letter; moreover it is a subject upon which we may legitimately comment, for it is one in which all are interested. We believe the assumed right to be indefensible—to be an engine of tyranny and capricious oppression—and we have a right to denounce it. Print this condition with your terms, *Madame*; tell every parent and guardian what you do *before* they commit their daughter or their ward to your keeping: and, as regards you we are silent; but we are informed you do not do so; we are told you do not state this in the preliminary interview; we cannot find it among the *extras* in your card. If you tell a father, a mother, or a guardian, that if you do not like a letter which a sister, a brother, or a friend, may write to their daughter you will burn it, we can say no more; we grant you may burn it, or may paste it in your scrap-book, or do any other thing with it seeming right unto yourself; the fault then rests with those who gave you that power, without which such conduct would be criminally punishable, and with this hint we will leave you, *Madame*, and address ourselves to those who are, or ought to be, more deeply interested in the welfare, happiness, and comfort of their children, than any paid governess, however upright and honest.

We do not wish to say one word personally offensive to any school-mistress; we can readily conceive that these individuals have much to encounter, but truth compels us to add that we fear they too often provoke the vexations to which they are subject, and of which they make such loud complaint. It is not so generally known as it should be that the mistresses of establishments for the education of ladies are very often, indeed, persons uneducated and vulgar. They have a little money, and are what is termed “good managers,” but the instruction of their pupils is necessarily confided to subordinate governesses, poorly paid, and more poorly treated, but who are not unfrequently ladies by birth, education, manners, and feelings, whose poverty compels a reluctant submission to the whims and insults of those who are unable to appreciate their worth, or understand the movings of their generous hearts. How much do the daughters of our aristocracy owe to these poor despised governesses! But these ladies are exposed to many and sore temptations—temptations which few can resist, which few can entirely master. They must be toadeys to their mistress, spies on her

pupils, say this and do that at her bidding ; or, by becoming friends of the ladies it is their duty to instruct, declare open war against *Madame*, who pays their wages, and add miseries a hundred-fold to those they already endure. If a *young* governess is seen to enter her pupils' chamber, be sure a servant will be directed to listen at the key-hole. Truth and feeling are interdicted in Ladies' Schools ; duplicity and hypocrisy daily encouraged.

We wish to confine our remarks to such an establishment as that brought under our especial notice by a veritable correspondent—to a school where most of the pupils are ladies from sixteen to twenty years of age—and we ask any one whether such should not be treated as reasonable and thinking beings ? If their letters are to be opened, why not still make them wear a fool's cap ? You tell them to behave like women, as they are, and treat them like babies, which they are not. We ask, why permit such a mortifying system of espionage to be practised on your daughters ? Why delegate to another a power which you never exercise yourself ? You would hesitate to alienate the affections of your grown-up daughters by pursuing a course which you permit a hireling to practise with impunity, even if you do not yield your express sanction. We will give the school-mistress the benefit of any doubt, and admit, for the argument, that she has your permission or direction to pry into every letter entering or leaving her establishment, which is addressed to or by your daughter ; we will *suppose* that this is so, and we must at once frankly and most unequivocally assert that if mothers have at all properly and diligently attended to the education of their children—if they have acted towards them as becomes a mother—if they have taken care to check evil, and to inculcate good—when they arrive at the advanced age at which they enter an establishment such as we have now in our eye, this degrading espionage is not only not necessary, but positively demoralizing. It is almost fearful to contemplate the possible sequences of such mingled suspicion and severity. How many of the sins of after-life may be traced to the treatment received in establishments like these, at this the most interesting and most important era in female existence. Bright hopes are there nipped in the bud—ardent expectations cruelly blasted by petty and prudish restrictions. How many a faithless wife, “ more sinned against than sinning,” does in the drear hours of a bitter repentance curse this blighting and withering policy. Oh ! talk not of the evils of romance and feeling !



Preach no more against the influences of the Drama, or the dangers of the Theatre! Out upon the hypocrisy which dictates such pharisaical and senseless abuse! Out upon the cold philosophy which knows not friendship, and shrinks from the embrace of love! And yet it is the object, the avowed object of this system, to prevent any correspondence above the frigid temperature of the school-room; and an unsympathizing mistress—and we grant a better instrument could not be found—is directed sedulously to watch the growth of the holiest and most heavenly feelings of which humanity is capable, and in a girl of *eighteen years of age* to crush them with the unsanctified but strong arm of authority. Need we say that any contravention of Nature's laws must infallibly tend to immorality; or is it necessary to refer to France, where this mode of female education has attained its perfection—where *Mademoiselle* passes at once from the dark recesses of the *Pension* to the marriage-bed? Do the matrons of England wish to assimilate the morality of the two nations? It is a trite observation, but one which cannot be too often repeated, that where confidence is freely and unre-servedly reposed it is very rarely betrayed; and we do think that if at any period of a woman's life it is expedient to place reliance on her honour, to appeal to her heart and to her understanding, it is at that critical moment when she is ripening into maturity; when for good or for evil her destiny must soon be fixed; when every expression is treasured up in the mind, every action recorded; when nothing escapes the intense observation of a searching eye, or fails to make a lasting impression on a fervid and awakening imagination. This is the moment to form the character of a life, to call into action all those charms and virtues which make woman not only an ornament to society, but the great essential to human happiness. Let mothers consider whether this is best accomplished by imputing to their daughters a criminality of which their pure hearts had never dreamt, till harsh restraints and hireling spies suggested its possibility.

Our correspondent has also furnished us with some details of the school particularly, but we hope not invidiously, alluded to in this article, which will bear comparison with any Parisian *Pension*. It is a common complaint of Protestant bigotry that the Roman Catholic is always seeking unduly and by improper means to make proselytes, and the priests of this religion are unscrupulously charged with intruding into the seminaries of youth—and especially among Protestant ladies of

the upper and middle classes—searching converts to their faith—and it may be so; but we think we can prove that some at least in the Church of England are equally and mistakenly zealous. We are told of this school that it is expressly stated that religious creed will not be interfered with, but that free toleration will be permitted, encouraged, and enjoined. These are the professions; what has been the practice? A distinguished “*Evangelical*” Doctor of Divinity has weekly visited this establishment, and, with the consent of the Mistress, talked and lectured on *controversial* theology in the school-room, and in so public a manner as to prevent those young ladies who were Dissenters leaving the room without incurring the censure of *Madame*, who presided. In this same establishment, we are informed, a young French governess, a Catholic, was insulted and mocked in the exercise of her religious duties in the presence of the Mistress, who sanctioned it by her silence—and her sneer.

Observation is unnecessary; the simple facts speak trumpet-tongued and we guarantee that they are facts.

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## BOODHISM.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT.

MR. BARROW, the great astronomer, says that “the Boodhist superstition (erroneously termed ‘religion’) had spread over the whole earth at one period; that Stonehenge, in Wiltshire, is one of the temples of Boodh; and that astronomy, astrology, arithmetic, holy-days, games, &c., may be referred to the same original.” Even at present, says a late English visitor at China, “the Chinese priests of Boodh live in monasteries, practise celibacy, fast, pray for the souls of the dead, use holy water, burn incense, worship relics, pray (to and with the people) in a strange tongue, and represent Boodh with rays of glory round his head. In saying their prayers, they count the ‘*Soo choo*’ (the name of their beads or rosary) as the Roman Catholics do their Pater-noster. The principal creed among the untutored or ignorant, consequently among the majority of the people, is Boodhism. Boodh (the founder) flourished 1500 years before Christ, and had several incarnations. His priests worship daily in temples, and have a Pontifex Maximus, as a High Priest or Pope. Boodhism or Buddhism, as it is oft written, is not though supported (only tolerated) by the Emperor, who, with his

family and the nobility, and their *literati*, or men of letters, are all pure *Theists*, worshipping solely the true and great Creator of the Universe, as taught by their worthy lawgiver, Confucius.\* In the religious temples erected to Boodh is their triad or trinity of Buddhor (*San, Paon, Füh*) like the magnificent piece of sculpture in the cavern of *Elephantor*, in India, representing the Hindoo or Indian triune deity, to indicate the *Creator*, the *Preserver* or *Regenerator*, and the *Destroyer* of mankind. There is a smaller sect likewise (thus forming three sects among them) who are followers of Laon-Heuntze. These last are partly Budhists, partly Epicureans." *Apropos*, this Greek philosopher (Epicurus) has been sadly maligned and misunderstood. It is generally inferred that he was a man whose whole soul was devoted to the enjoyments of the table—that he was the *beau-ideal* of a *bon-vivant*; in short, a sensual man in every respect. Epicurus, on the contrary, was a model of self denial; but he has been thus introduced by the priests, because he recommended cheerfulness in opposition to their ascetic and gloomy dogmas. As a proof, over the door of his house at Athens he had inscribed the following words:—

"A great house, but no cheer,  
Bread and cheese, small beer;  
Epicurus lives here."

He was not the patron of voluptuousness; his philosophy was more of a self-denying philosophy; his doctrines inculcated self-control, and were directly opposed to all excess. He was truly the advocate of pleasure, and innocent and rational enjoyments, for he recommended temperance in everything, and the harmonious exercise of all our faculties (like Gall and Spurzheim†), under the belief or assured conviction that without that discipline (and which could not begin to be practised too early in life) neither the body nor the mind could be kept in a sound state of health. Let us bear in mind, too, Horace's maxim, "*Mens sana in corpore sano.*"

\* The moral doctrines of Confucius resemble closely those of the Christians.

† Phrenology is the natural history of the incarnate mind; "*nosce te ipsum*" is the most useful of injunctions, and the "proper study of mankind assuredly is man."

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Man is made for society, not for solitude, like beasts of prey, he being a gregarious animal, and is made for joy, not for mourning his life away. It is but misconception of our destiny, barbarism, ignorance, superstition, and insanity itself, that may prefer suffering to enjoyment (aye, "to enjoy is to obey"), or a less sum of happiness to a greater one. The greatest sum of earthly happiness is to be found in social and friendly life, and in the discharge of all our relative duties. Let us then be laughing philosophers.

## THE MONK AND THE STUDENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CHARLES ARNOLD."

### CHAPTER I.

"Mourn not thy mother fading,  
It is the common lot,  
That those we love should come and go,  
And leave us in this world of woe,  
So murmur not.  
No pangs or passionate grief,  
Nor anger raging hot;  
No ills can ever harm her more;  
She goes unto that silent shore,  
Where pain is not."

It was a calm and gentle evening in Italy as an invalid lay reclining on a sofa, to all appearance rapidly hastening into eternity. The sufferer was in the prime of life, and possessed a loveliness which, though almost destroyed by the inroads of disease, retained still a beauty which death only could finally battle with and destroy. By her side stood her daughter, a young and lovely girl, who was watching with deep earnestness and affection her only parent. Tears fell fast, and her whole frame exhibited marks of the toil and anxiety she had undergone in painful watching. The sufferer opened her eyes, but she appeared not to recognise her child, and she again relapsed into her former state of lethargy. In a few minutes a priest entered, for the purpose of giving religious consolation to the dying woman. He was a young man, of commanding figure and appearance, and his words were bland, and his manner conciliatory. His countenance, although highly intellectual and striking, had an air of deep and repulsive cunning, and his fine dark eye an aspect startling and disagreeable. He was a man whom one might fear rather than respect. People said his sanctity was feigned, that his religion was not the religion of the heart, and that it was assumed to gratify a dark and haughty ambition. There he stood seemingly gazing on the patient before him, yet one could not observe him long without perceiving that his glances were often wandering towards the daughter with a deep and sinister expression.

Margaret, for that was the daughter's name, stood as mute as a statue beside her mother. The presence of Claude, the priest, was forgotten. Soon, however, his voice was heard addressing the young girl. His tones were not hushed as the solemnity of the scene would naturally have demanded, but were uttered with coarseness and unconcern. His words awoke the dying woman, and she gazed on him long and intensely, her large black eyes shining with a deep and unearthly lustre.

"Madam," said Claude, "you wait to receive the last rites of the Church: there is little time. Is your daughter to enter the holy sisterhood of Saint Margaret's?" He turned and looked on Margaret.

"No," cried Margaret, with deep vehemence, "never. Mother, let me go with thee to the grave."

"Silence, girl," said the priest, "obey the Church."

"Daughter," faintly ejaculated the mother, "all that I have possessed, all that you have regarded as your inheritance is yours no longer. To the Church have I given it. Margaret, give yourself as an offering to God, or my soul's pangs will be sharper and more severe as the moment of my departure comes."

"Mother, mother, spare me; I am young," said the maiden, meekly.

Claude looked on her with an almost fiendish aspect as he exclaimed, "Methinks thou art a heretic who would thus talk to a dying parent. Madam," he continued, addressing the sufferer, "speak not to your daughter again. The Church has power to make her obey your request."

"The Church will never commit such an unholy wrong as this," said Margaret.

"Daughter, I have vowed before this man of God that thou should'st enter the Church. I have cherished thee from childhood; till now never hast thou refused my lawful commands. 'Tis not I who bid thee enter the cloister; 'tis the voice of God. Margaret, forsake the world and all its vanities."

"Do not let thy mother curse thee as her soul is about to leave the body," said Claude; "if she curseth thee, the curse will follow unto death. Beware, I say; a parent's dying curse is a fearful thing."

Margaret caught the words. "No, mother," she exclaimed frantically, "thou shalt not curse me. Bid me die, bid me go to the convent, but curse me not. 'Tis that base man who stands before thee, mother, who hath induced thee thus to vow. A righteous God will mete him with a deep punishment." Turning to Claude, she fastened her keen indignant eye on him, and exclaimed, "Mark me, sir, for all this baseness punishment will come, slowly but surely."

Claude looked confounded. He attempted to speak; the words died on his lips. He remained silent for some moments, when an involuntary expression of agony escaped from the lips of the dying woman. By much effort she whispered feebly, yet intelligibly, "Margaret, it is the

pastor who hath besought me thus. All thy wealth goes to the Church; thyself will be consecrated to its service. I feel myself failing; the last struggle is rapidly hastening. My child, trust in God." This was the last sentence she uttered, and Margaret and the priest stood by the bed-side watching the gradual approach of death. It came speedily. As the physical organs failed, the mind's powers seemed to grow more vivid. The voice was almost too weak for articulation, still frequent exclamations of "Margaret," burst from her lips; but these gradually ceased, and the sufferer was soon released from pain. Margaret flung herself on the dead body of her parent, weeping, and calling on God mercifully to grant her prayer that she might die with her mother. It was a sorrowful sight to see a young girl, in the prime and beauty of existence, calling on the Almighty to number her with the dead. The priest left the room, and summoned a domestic, who bore Margaret from the scene of death to her own apartment. In an hour afterwards Claude again made his appearance, and forcing his way into the room of the maiden, he demanded to know if she could go to the convent that evening.

"To the grave," said Margaret.

"I am sorry you feel not the position in which you are placed," returned the priest.

"By whom, sir, but yourself, who have robbed me of all. Your black hand of villainy and fraud has done this during my absence from my mother's side, when, faint and ill, she could not contend against your foul machinations. Away man, your presence insults the memory of the dead. There is an eye," continued Margaret, "which neither slumbers nor sleeps, which will punish you according to your deserts. You have falsely induced my departed mother to assign to the Church all the property she possessed; and to carry out your own dark schemes would compel me to become the inmate of a convent. Oh! man, thy sin will find thee out."

"Here is the will," said Claude; "read it."

"I will not; thy baseness is the author of it."

"Enough," he said, "I will pray for you."

"Pray for me," exclaimed Margaret, passionately. "Oh! if the wishes of those dead to honesty, virtue, and every holy sentiment, can be called prayers, then may you pray. But take not my name in your polluted lips when you would approach your Maker."

Claude listened no more, so sharply was he stung, but hastily retreated from the room, and was soon on his way to his dwelling; whilst Margaret, prostrate and spirit-broken, knew not how to act. She had pledged her word to her dying parent that she would enter the convent. Could she break it? She was now alone in the world, with no relative, and not a farthing to call her own; how should she proceed? She sat down and wrote the following note, and at once dispatched it by a messenger:—

“Dear Pierre,—Come to me directly. My mother has just breathed her last. I am pennyless, wretched, and miserable. Claude, the priest, has practised fraud and villainy of the deepest dye. By a series of artful contrivances, known only to himself, he first alienated my mother’s affection from me, and finally persuaded her to make over all her property to the Church, leaving me completely destitute. About an hour before my mother died she took me to her arms and blessed me. The fearful wrong she had done seemed to oppress her mind. Claude visited her during the last few moments of her existence. He persuaded her to tell me that the remainder of my life must be passed in a convent. I refused, implored, and entreated that I might not thus be dealt with. My dying mother urged me, and told me, in the dark sepulchral tones of the grave, that no rest could her soul know until I had consented to her request. Again I expostulated, wept, and prayed. At the instigation of Claude a mother’s dying curse would have sounded in my ears. That could not be. I said no more. I fear I must go as a prisoner to the convent. Haste to me, Pierre; I know not what to do. They would urge me to enter the hated cloister ere my mother’s corpse is yet cold. They would part us, Pierre, for ever.

“MARGARET D’SEAL.”

The domestic had been absent on the errand but a short time when a billet was placed in the hands of Margaret. She tore it open with evident anxiety. It was in the hand-writing of her lover, and read thus:—

“My dear Margaret,—I have just received a summons to attend my unhappy brother in Bordeaux, who is on the point of death. I would have seen you before I left, but the packet sails immediately. In the meanwhile rest assured of the eternal love of Pierre Guillard. I know not how long I may be detained, but will write every day,”

Margaret read the letter once, twice, and then again. A sickness crept over her as the full import of the words flashed across her brain. It was her last chance, and that, too, had failed her. Pierre Guillard was a young, handsome, and intelligent student, who resided about three leagues from Myan. His circumstances were easy, having a small competency, which, though barely enough for a livelihood, yet, joined with the proceeds of his literary labours, was sufficient to afford him all the necessaries, and perhaps a few of the luxuries, of life. Pierre was of an amiable disposition, and his habits were retired and unosten-

tatious. He had met Margaret but a few weeks before her mother's death. An acquaintance had sprung up which ended in love, and their passion was marked by a singular intensity and devotion. Pierre had seen many, many troubles during his short life, and these had tinged his habits and train of thought with a deep melancholy. His parents had died while he was an infant; all his relatives were dead and gone with the exception of a brother, whose latter years had been marked by unblushing profligacy and vice.

On the fortunes of Pierre, Margaret, and Claude, does our narrative turn.

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## CHAPTER II.

"Methought the billows spoke and told me of it;  
The winds did sing it to me, and the thunder."

*Tempest.*

VEXED and dispirited, Claude hastened to pour out his troubles to Garana, a priest, who resided in an adjoining hamlet. What this man's character was the conversation that ensued will tell.

"It is finished," said Claude; "she is dead."

A joyous emotion came across the countenance of Garana as he exclaimed, "It is well; the dead tell no tales. How now, Claude, you seem out of humour, man. You have done a good thing for us both; money we have secured, which we can use as we list. Besides, Claude, there is Margaret; when did ever a maiden refuse a handsome monk? Try her, brother; taste love's draughts; you deserve them. A skilful intriguer upon my word. We'll drink to night: what still silent, Claude?"

"We have robbed the living," returned Claude; "we have destroyed the dead. Guilt and blood hang on our hands. Can'st say drink, when the spectre form of the departed would flit about the goblet, and choke him who drinketh."

"Tush man," replied Garana, "why thou art like a silly wench giving thyself to doleful fancies. What care I for these things? I have had enough of them since I entered life; many things have I done that a craven heart would fear; vast sums of money wrung from ignorance and superstition have passed my hands; I have rioted in wealth, money has been mine in countless hoards, and—"

"Where is it now?" said the other. "Would these menial vestures,



these homely things about thee, be here if thy wealth had not departed as swiftly as it came. Money it is that has cursed, ruined, and trampled on human nature and on God's laws. Its curse clings around the pathway of frail humanity. Dost think that hell would be so stocked with fiends—that the groans, curses, and cries of despair would ascend from that pit, as they do, if money had been wanting? No; it is the living destroyer in every man's hand; it is every man's tempter."

"A moralist, forsooth," said Garana, and his sneering eye caught that of his companion.

"I was a moralist," said Claude, bitterly, "until you knew me. I was happy and good till your form crossed my path, and since then sin and hell have been my companions."

"Go on," said Garana, and he bit his lip.

"I will go on, thou man of guilt. I was innocent till you bade me sin; I was a mother's pride, a father's joy, till thy machinations destroyed my hopes of eternal salvation."

"Do not let us quarrel," said Garana, calmly; "there are things which may bring you to the gallows."

"With thee," said Claude, scornfully.

"Without me," said Garana. "I can bring witnesses to prove that you plundered Madame D'Seal of her jewels—that her death, which thou know'st was sudden, was the work of thine own hand."

"The jewels were got by thy cursed persuasion; we shared them together. Oh! thou false lying reprobate."

"Another word," said Garana, "and I denounce you to the officers of justice;" and as he spoke his countenance bore the marks of demoniacal hate and madness.

Claude moved not, but sobs burst from his lips. Garana, with his eyes fastened on the ground, kept his former position, and a silence of some moments ensued.

"Claude," said Garana, "we must not quarrel. We shall dig a pit into which both may fall. I have seen in my long life many hurled to destruction, gone for ever,—and why? Because in all their schemes they have adopted companions who have betrayed them, snared them, and they have lost life, lost all. I have trusted thee, Claude; it is too late now to talk of repentance. I, too, feel anguish, sorrow, and misery, when I look back. I can't retrace a step in the path of virtue. You cannot; it is idle to talk."

“Garana,” said Claude, “I feel it; thy weaknesses are not confined to thy mortal frame, old as thou art, grey as are thy locks; but what pain can equal that of a young heart, knowing character is gone, virtue is gone; that Satan is here ruling all.” He stopped, and then with a voice almost hushed to a whisper, continued, “Society laid the first stroke on my character. I joined in the gaiety of youth; I mingled with those around me as a man. Months passed in innocence, peace, and happiness. I was a pastor; my heart was pure; my hope and trust were in Heaven. Calumny laid her hand on me. I noticed it. I scorned the ruthless gang of petty slanderers, but I had no peace; afterwards I lost my flock; I lost my all; and, Garana, I met with thee, alas! alas!”

“’Tis in vain,” said the priest, “these regrets are useless; they only tear open the wound. Here is liquor, Claude: drink, drink.”

Claude, like a man perishing from thirst, seized the goblet. He drank again and again; it was no sooner emptied than Garana re-filled it. That, too, was soon gone, and then his deep and cautious companion began to draw him gradually into conversation.

“What do you think of Margaret, now?” said Garana.

“That she hates me.”

“So all the girls say when you first make love to them.”

“Garana, I have begged Margaret to view me only as a friend.”

“And she did?”

“Nay, she told me that hell was the colour of my heart—that I was a bad, base man.”

“You talked with her gently?”

“I did. She told me she despised me, spurned me, nay, she defied me. You know, Garana, her mother was always under the power of the Church. She thought a priest was but an angel on earth—that his words and his acts were as true as God’s own love. I saw her in an agony of soul for some sin which she fancied she had committed. I told her the price of absolution would be 4000 pistoles, to be given to thee for purposes of charity—that thou wert a man whose life and conduct were just and holy—that not the smallest part of it would be misapplied. She gave me the money for thee to distribute amongst the poor; thou hadst it all. Margaret, her daughter, won my heart. I loved her with madness; I met her; I told her what I felt; I entreated her to pity me, to love me in return. Beaten back in all my endeavours I vowed revenge on her—a revenge which few heads would plan or

carry out. I live but for that one purpose : I shall yet triumph over the girl. Thou hast taught me to hate, Garana, too well. I spoke to the mother of her daughter ; I pointed out that she was living in sin, and that she loved a heretic, and that eternal death would be the result of such a connexion being formed. I pointed out to the sick woman that she might lose her own soul if she took not some steps to cut the link asunder. The poor credulous being believed all ; at thy instigation I prevailed on her to execute a deed known only to herself and me, wherein she left houses, lands, all she possessed, to the Church. I thought her end was approaching, but it came not so soon as I wished. Margaret was at her bedside serving her faithfully and lovingly ; the mother would not speak to her. She begged her parent on her knees to tell her in what she had offended. My false lies had laid a silence on her tongue, and though the sufferer panted to embrace a child whose deep affection was apparent in all she said and did, my voice hushed those throbbings of love. It could not long remain thus ; nature could not be kept pent within a mother's breast. I arrived one morning, and Margaret was in her mother's arms weeping. The voice of love and tenderness which dwell in that loving heart could be staid no longer. I saw it ; I felt it ; I knew that I must take a bold step, or I should be ruined. I did so. In an adjoining cabinet was placed a number of rich and valuable jewels that had belonged to Margaret's father. I watched my opportunity, and stole them ; they are even now, Garana, in thy coffers. I then went to a woman, and by means of my priestly office and a heavy bribe induced her to accompany me to the chamber of the invalid. Margaret was not there ; she had retired to rest for a few hours, to recruit nature after long watching. I left this creature with the dying woman, and she told her that Margaret, her child, had given the jewels to her lover. She told more. That head never again raised itself from the pillow. I spoke to the mother ; I recommended, as a safe means of securing the wealth which she had left behind to the Church, that the maiden should be sent to the convent. She assented, fearful of the disgrace that might be brought on her name. I saw she was dying ; she could scarcely speak. I left her for an hour ; when I returned Margaret was by her bedside, watching the fleeting pulses of her parent. Madame D'Seal awoke from her slumber, and a few moments before she died she spoke to her daughter. Margaret even before her dying parent accused me of crime and fraud. Life passed away.

That girl is now a beggar ; she enters the sisterhood to night. She still accuses me of poisoning the mind of her parent, and doing a deep and grievous wrong."

Claude finished this recital, seized the goblet, and hastily draining its contents, bade good night to Garana, and started for his home. When he reached his house the first thing he did was to write to the Archbishop, informing him of Madame D'Seal's death, and that she had left a large property to the Church ; that her only daughter, who was quite young, was of heretical opinions ; and her mother, before her death, had, by great persuasion, induced her to consent to enter the convent, so that if her life and conduct were consistent she might ultimately become one of the nuns. The letter concluded by stating no steps could by any possibility be taken to set aside the will, as there were no friends to interest themselves in the matter. When this was done he went to the convent and informed the Abbess of what had taken place, and that Margaret would enter that night.

Taunton.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Reviews.

THE CHIMES : A GOBLIN STORY. BY CHARLES DICKENS. *Chapman and Hall, London.*

ALTHOUGH a month has passed since the publication of this book we are inclined to think that a short notice of it will even now be interesting to our readers, and particularly so to those who are by their inability to purchase or procure a loan of it from a circulating library deprived of the gratification and instruction which its perusal must afford. Such we advise to club together a sufficient sum, and at once order *The Chimes*, and that they may be induced so to do we will give one or two extracts, only premising that to commend any work written by Mr. Dickens would be almost an insult to that public who rightly receive in his magic name a guarantee of worth and merit.

Here is a scene between Trotty Veck, a poor old porter, and his daughter Meg, which should be read again and again by every cold hearted and unfeeling Malthusian. Meg has brought her father unexpectedly a tripe dinner, which he is eating on the door-step of a rich man's mansion, and while thus employed Meg broaches the subject of her long talked-of marriage :—

"'And Richard says, father—' Meg resumed ; then stopped.—'What does Richard say, Meg?' asked Toby.—'Richard says, father—' Another stoppage.—'Richard's a long time saying it,' said Toby.—'He says then, father,' Meg continued, lifting up her eyes at last, and speaking in a tremble, but quite plainly, 'another year is nearly gone, and where is the use of waiting on from year to year, when it is so

unlikely we shall ever be better off than we are now? He says we are poor now, father, and we shall be poor then; but we are young now, and years will make us old before we know it. He says that if we wait—people in our condition—until we see our way quite clearly, the way will be a narrow one indeed—the common way—the grave, father.—A bolder man than Trotty Veck must needs have drawn upon his boldness largely to deny it. Trotty held his peace.

“And how hard, father, to grow old and die, and think we might have cheered and helped each other! How hard in all our lives to love each other, and to grieve, apart, to see each other working, changing, growing old and grey. Even if I got the better of it, and forgot him (which I never could), oh, father dear, how hard to have a heart so full as mine is now, and live to have it slowly drained out every drop, without the recollection of one happy moment of a woman’s life to stay behind and comfort me, and make me better!”

“Trotty sat quite still. Meg dried her eyes, and said more gaily—that is to say, with here a laugh, and there a sob, and here a laugh and sob together:—‘So Richard says, father, as his work was yesterday made certain for some time to come, and as I love him, and have loved him full three years—ah! longer than that if he knew it!—will I marry him on New Year’s Day? the best and happiest day, he says, in the whole year, and one that is almost sure to bring good fortune with it. It’s a short notice, father—isn’t it?—but I haven’t my fortune to be settled, or my wedding dresses to be made, like the great ladies, father—have I? And he said so much, and said it in his way—so strong and earnest, and all the time so kind and gentle—that I said I’d come and talk to you, father. And as they paid me the money for that work of mine this morning (unexpectedly, I am sure), and as you have fared very poorly for a whole week, and as I couldn’t help wishing there should be something to make this day a sort of holiday to you as well as a dear and happy day to me, father, I made a little treat and brought it to surprise you.’”

We have only space for a part of Will Fern’s speech; we trust every landlord, magistrate, and clergyman, will read and inwardly digest it;

“ \* \* \* ‘Gentlefolks, I’ve lived many a year in this place. You may see the cottage from the sunk fence over yonder. I’ve seen the ladies draw it in their books a hundred times. It looks well in a picter I’ve heerd say; but there an’t weather in picters, and maybe ’tis fitter for that than for a place to live in. Well! I lived there. How hard—how bitter hard I lived there, I won’t say. Any day in the year, and every day, you can judge for your own selves \* \* \* ’Tis harder than you think for, gentlefolks, to grow up decent, commonly decent, in such a place. That I grew up a man, and not a brute, says something for me—as I was then. As I am now, there’s nothing can be said for me or done for me. I’m past, \* \* \* I dragged on somehow. Neither me nor any other man knows how, but so heavy that I couldn’t put a cheerful face upon it, or make believe that I was anything but what I was. Now, gentlemen—you gentlemen that sits at Sessions—when you see a man with discontent writ on his face you say to one another, ‘He’s suspicious. I has my doubts,’ says you, ‘about Will Fern. Watch that fellow!’ I don’t say, gentlemen, it ain’t quite nat’ral, but I say ’tis so; and from that hour whatever Will Fern does, or lets alone—all one—it goes against him. \* \* \* Now, gentlemen, see how your laws are made to trap and hunt us when we’re brought to this. I tries to live elsewhere. And I’m a vagabond. To jail with him! I comes back here; I goes a nutting in your woods, and breaks—who don’t?—a limber branch or two. To jail with him! One of your keepers sees me in the broad day, near my own patch of garden, with a gun. To jail with him! I has a nat’ral angry word with that man when I’m free again. To jail with him! I cuts a stick. To jail with him! I eats a rotten apple or a turnip. To jail with him! It’s twenty mile away, and coming back I begs a trifle on the road. To jail with him! At last the constable, the keeper—any body—finds me anywhere, a doing anything. To jail with him, for he’s a vagrant, and a jail-bird known; and j il’s the only home he’s got. \* \* \* Do I say this to serve my cause? Who can give me back my liberty, who can give me back my good name, who can give me back my innocent niece? Not all the lords and ladies in wide England. But, gentlemen, gentlemen, dealing with other men like me begin at the right end. Give us, in mercy, better homes when we’re a lying in our cradles; give us better food

when we're a working for our lives; give us kinder laws to bring us back when we're a going wrong; and don't set jail, jail, jail, afore us everywhere we turn. There an't a condescension you can show the labourer, then, that he won't take, as roady and as grateful as a man can be; for he has a patient, peaceful, willing heart. But you must put his rightful spirit in him first; for whether he's a wreck and ruin such as me, or like one of them that stand here now, his spirit is divided from you at this time. Bring it back, gentlefolks, bring it back! Bring it back afore the day comes when even his Bible changes in his altered mind, and the words seem to him to read, as they have sometimes read in my own eyes—in jail: Whither thou goest, I can Not go; where thou lodgest, I do Not lodge; thy people are Not my people; Nor thy God my God!"

One extract more, and we must close a book, almost every line of which speaks eloquent truth:—

"The voice of Time cries to man, Advance! Time is for his advancement and improvement; for his greater worth, his greater happiness, his better life; his progress onward to that goal within its knowledge and its view, and set there, in the period when Time and He began. Ages of darkness, wickedness, and violence, have come and gone: millions unaccountable have suffered, lived, and died, to point the way Before him. Who seeks to turn him back, or stay him on his course, arrests a mighty engine which will strike the meddler dead; and be the fiercer and the wilder ever for its momentary check!"

YOUNG LOVE. BY MRS. TROLLOPE. *Henry Colburn, London.*

THESE volumes are rich both in the beauties and the imperfections which so strongly mark all the writings of Mrs. Trollope. There is the usual quantity of truthful and keen satire, and the usual extreme exaggeration; the same ridicule of the Americans, the same bitterness against Dissent, which are so conspicuous in all the former works of this lady. The advice of Hamlet to the players may, indeed, be very appropriately addressed to many Novel writers of the present day, and among the rest to the authoress of *Young Love*, for anything which exceeds the modesty of Nature must grate upon the ear, and weaken the interest; and morality is not served by representing vice in darker clothing, or folly in a more ridiculous garb than that in which they are commonly attired.

The plot is tame and meagre. Colonel and Mrs. Dermont are the occupants of a pretty country house called the Mount, their family consisting of an only child, Alfred (the hero), and Julia Drummond, a ward of the Colonel's. In the third chapter we find Alfred twenty years of age, a spoiled child grown into a wilful, conceited young man, and Julia, at sixteen and half, "a queer looking little creature still." The business of the novel opens with a *dejeuner à la fourchette*, which introduces us to all the neighbourhood, and particularly to Miss Thorwold, its acknowledged *belle*. Beautiful, very fascinating, and with the experience of twenty-nine summers, it would not be surprising if a better trained youth than Alfred Dermont became deeply enamoured of the highly connected and penniless Amelia Thorwold. He falls most outrageously in love, of course, and insists that the fair one be invited to his father's house to be wooed at his leisure; this a clever mother easily manages for him, and the ardent admiration and fervid passion of the boy are laughably contrasted with the accomplished artifice and shrewd policy of the maturer lady, who will not give him an opportunity of speaking explicitly until she has satisfied herself that she has no

hope in another quarter, where she loves "not wisely, but too well." Lord William Hammond, a man upon town, and "dreadfully involved," is the object of her adoration, and he is easily induced to visit the house of Mrs. Knight, where she is residing, and there proposes to Amelia a secret marriage, which, after a little hesitation, she agrees to, leaves her home on the plea of visiting a sick friend, repairs to the abode of a certain Mrs. Stedworth, in London, who is a dealer in ladies' left-off wearing apparel, a letter of furnished apartments, a bill discounter, with two or three more et ceteras, from whence she is married, and becomes Lady William Hammond. After the ceremony, which is performed in some suburban church, the noble pair make a short excursion in the country, and then return to "dear kind Stedworth," where, after a few preliminary jars, Lord William pens a note to his wife, commencing "My dear Miss Thorwold," assuring her that the marriage was only "a farce," and earnestly advising her immediate return to Alfred Dermont, and real matrimony. This she does with as little delay as possible, and with excuses so plausible, that she is received with every demonstration of joy, and no exertion is spared to expedite the union now so ardently desired by both parties. Julia Drummond, who has ever loved the son of her guardian, views the preparations for the approaching wedding with much dismay, but with the most patient submission. Her present maid, however, happens very unfortunately to be the very same Abigail, "who" (in the feminine language which Mrs. Trollope makes Miss Thorwold write to "dear Stedworth,") used to have the honour of waiting upon my Ladyship, when my Ladyship was preparing for her downy pillow, in expectation of my Lord," and in spite of an offer of ten guineas, large promises, and many threats, honest Susan tells the Colonel her story,—and is turned out of the house for her pains. The happy morning at length arrives, and when all are on their road to the church the old Colonel receives a note from Mrs. Stedworth, who having fixed her heart upon a trip to Paris, in company with Lord William Hammond, is greatly exasperated at that nobleman declining the proposed honour, and in the excess of her spleen writes this letter, proving that Miss Thorwold is Lady William Hammond, the marriage having been perfectly legal, and inclosing a certificate thereof from the officiating clergyman. Mr. Alfred Dermont receives this astounding information with extraordinary *nonchalance*, and with much promptitude offers his hand and fortune to Miss Julia Drummond, who kindly but decisively refuses her consent to such an arrangement. He then leaves England, and she visits a relative in Scotland; but at the expiration of four years they meet again in the *salons* of London; the refusal is not repeated, and from a few concluding lines we are led to infer that Julia Drummond becomes Mrs. Alfred Dermont. Lord and Lady William Hammond live together for a short time, but he at length discovers a wealthy lover, gets damages to the amount of twenty pounds, and a divorce.

Such is a hasty outline of this story: there are, however, two personages whom we have not had occasion to mention, but who, nevertheless, occupy a considerable number of pages in *Young Love*—Miss Celestina Marsh, a lady of middle age, much attached to men

in general, and the military in particular; and Mrs. Stephens, a literary lady, and a Unitarian.

We care not to speculate whether Mrs. Trollope has drawn some of her *dramatis personæ* from real life—whether “recent events” in fashionable circles have furnished her with materials—this is foreign to our intention; but we cannot refrain from observing on a few of those exaggerations which we alluded to in the commencement of this notice, and which, coming as they do from a female pen, we consider very reprehensible. We will say nothing on the deep, unrepeatable oath, which a young lover of nineteen is made to swear in the ear of his mistress at a crowded breakfast table! But we must protest against very many of the sayings and doings of Miss Amelia Thorwold—protest against them as libels upon womanhood; and really we are unable to reconcile the entire portrait of this lady with either truth or probability. Read her letters to Stedworth; hear her own account of that woman, given to a man when proposing marriage to her,—“a person who gains her living by being considered as trustworthy.” Mark how ready she is to defraud any one, from her Uncle to Julia Drummond. There is not one good trait in her character as painted by Mrs. Trollope, and yet she is bold enough to ask her countrywomen to accept this as a faithful delineation of one of the educated and high born of their own sex! Modest authoress!

Then there is poor Celestina Marsh, who is made to outrage, and habitually outrage, all female delicacy or decorum in almost every word and action of her recorded life; and Mrs. Stephens, also a broad caricature, but less offensive. We do not deny that these are all forcibly sketched, but we think sketched from the prejudiced creations of a sinister fancy, rather than nature, and such is, we regret to say, a common failing in the works of this authoress. Any moral which the story may be intended to convey is lost sight of in the repulsiveness of its details; and even supposing that there are a few such creatures as Amelia Thorwold and Celestina Marsh, still is Mrs. Trollope as inexcusable in holding them forth as representatives of a class. We admire the vigorous language in which Mrs. Trollope ever arrays her ideas, but we can bestow no more particular praise on this novel.

VACATION RAMBLES AND THOUGHTS; COMPRISING THE RECOLLECTIONS OF THREE CONTINENTAL TOURS, &c. BY T. N. TALFOURD, D. C. L. Two Vols. *Moxon, London.*

LET none, however wearied with the sameness and insipidity of ordinary Books of Travel, be deterred from perusing these volumes, for we assure them that the talented author of “*Ion*” has invested a subject long deemed exhausted with a freshness and originality very delightful. He has enveloped it in his own rich eloquence, and adorned it with “thoughts” speaking in their every syllable the good and the accomplished man. It is a book extremely entertaining, and, what is more, permanently interesting.

To the many who, like ourselves, are devoted admirers of the poetry, the enthusiasm, and the brilliant abilities of the learned Serjeant, his name will be a sufficient passport for these “*Rambles*,” and to those



(if such there be) who are not intimate with his writings, or acquainted with his fame, we would say lose no time in overcoming an ignorance which does you discredit as inhabitants of a nation rightly claiming him as her first dramatic poet.

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ORIGINAL POETRY.

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WANDERINGS OF A FAY.

PART II.

In sadden'd mood he takes his flight,  
 And now he chances to alight  
 Within a room of ample space,  
 Adorn'd by many a form of grace ;  
 And one fair girl all silently  
 Hath seiz'd the Postman's mystery,  
 And reads in earnest guise.  
 Is it the Spirit's breezy wings  
 That to her cheek such deep flush brings,  
 And brightens up her eyes ?  
 Ah no ! but passing well he knew  
 'Twas Love his own bright radiance threw  
 From his triumphal throne ;  
 For, after many a peril past,  
 Her lover seeks his home at last,  
 And woos her for his own.  
 Each sister looks with kindly eye,  
 And a young brother standing by  
 Speaks of a *bridal* near.  
 At length is raised her beauteous head,  
 Her hasty glance around is sped,  
 Veil'd in a misty tear ;  
 She gazes on her father's face,  
 Where anxious love her heart can trace,  
 And then her hurried eye hath met  
 Her mother's look of fond regret,  
 And round that cherish'd form fast clinging,  
 Her gushing tears are wildly springing,  
 And other dear ones come ;  
 And hearts their earnest hopes are breathing,  
 Around her head a halo wreathing,  
 Shed from the shrine of home.  
 The Spirit's eye again was bright,  
 He wav'd his wings in rich delight,  
 And felt an inward joy to know  
 Our world was not one scene of woe,  
 Unlighten'd and uncheer'd ;  
 For sure the Everlasting Love  
 Must smile from his bright sphere above  
 On love by love endear'd.  
 And now again he soar'd away,  
 And paus'd where some poor sufferer lay  
 Upon her bed of sad despair,  
 O'ercome with grief, and pain, and care.  
 Her sailor boy had cherish'd still  
 His mother's age through ev'ry ill,

But oh! his good ship now was lost,  
And age, and want, and sickness crost

Her pathway to the grave;  
When lo! that radiant beam of light  
Brought once again before her sight  
His missive o'er the wave.

He was not lost, but soon would come  
To cheer once more her humble home.  
And oh! in that entrancing thought  
Her pain and sickness seem'd forgot,  
Hope shone so warmly in her breast,  
Her path appear'd too brightly blest;  
For poor may be the lowly cell  
Where feelings exquisite may dwell,  
And from a mother's yearning heart  
Love for her child will never part.

Then lightly the Spirit floated along,  
Trilling his joy in a murmuring song,  
That in its gentle and musical swell  
Seem'd the sweet tones of some far distant bell,  
In echoes of melody borne on the wind,  
Waking old mem'ries of love in the mind;  
Or like the soft song of some love-stricken bird,  
In the shadows of twilight so gracefully heard.

(To be continued.)

FLORENCE.

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## THE ENGLISH CATHEDRALS.

THE old Cathedral Churches,  
In their majesty they stand;  
The temples of a holy faith,  
In this our favoured land.

Within their sacred precincts  
Low falls the voice of mirth;  
Race after race have worshipped here  
The God of heaven and earth.

I love their solemn grandeur,  
Meet to raise the soul on high;  
The vaulted roof, the cloisters dim,  
Grown dark with years gone by.

Around are shadowy forms,  
Silent and soft we tread;  
Alone—amid a voiceless crowd,  
Alone—with the slumbering dead.

Alone with the perishing dead,  
Returned to their native dust,—  
Mitred abbot and sceptred king  
Have yielded their earthly trust.

The knight from the bold crusade  
Lies down in a dreamless rest;  
The hands that wielded sword and spear  
Are folded upon his breast.

He hears not the clarion's blast,  
The thrilling trumpet's sound;

The pealing organ's melody  
Lulls him in sleep profound.

And hark! from the ancient tower  
Sounds forth the deep-toned bell—  
A faithful servant Time has had,  
One who did his bidding well.

Joined to the peal of mirth  
When it bade the heart rejoice,  
And tolled to the passing crowd  
A loud and warning voice.

Will ye hear that solemn voice,  
Frail dwellers of the sod?  
Let it pierce to your inmost souls,  
"Prepare to meet your God!"

Filled with pleasure, with care,  
How will ye meet the day  
When the flaming earth to its centre shakes,  
And the heavens shall pass away?

And ye hear the unearthly blast,  
Thrilling all hearts with dread;  
The voice that shall break the iron sleep,  
And arouse the slumbering dead?

Oh! let us all so live  
That we may not fear to die;  
Lifting up our heads when God appears,  
And feel our redemption nigh.

ADA.

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## MONTHLY GOSSIP,

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THE BATH THEATRE.—*Mr. and Mrs. C. Kean.*—This Theatre has opened for the season, with Sir Bulwer Lytton's comedy of *Money*; *Evelyn* by Mr. Kean, and *Clara* by his talented wife. Those who, like ourselves, have again and again listened whilst the classic genius and the kindly heart of Mr. Macready have invested the part of *Evelyn* with that truthful reality which in such a character *cannot be simulated*; and seen Miss Helen Faucit even raise the creation of the poet, and render her *Clara* a sweet and touching representation of feminine delicacy, will not be surprised at our failing to appreciate the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Kean in this play, for while regarding their *Evelyn* and *Clara* we can never divest ourselves of the idea that *it is acting*; the trick of the stage is ever visible, and Nature is often sacrificed to produce a momentary and most worthless sensation. Mr. Kean is quite competent to give the requisite effect to the last scene in *Macbeth*, and to make some acts in *Romeo and Juliet* attractive; but he is utterly unable to do justice to the high mysticism of *Hamlet*, the impassioned gloom of the *Stranger*, or the proud mind of *Evelyn*. It is not his fault, but his misfortune. Heaven has not blessed him with the talent which can alone make a great actor, and which is not to be acquired in schools. It is the presumption of his friends and admirers which provoke comparisons that to Mr. Kean must be especially odious. To Mrs. Kean we bow with willing homage. Miss Ellen Tree in *Ion* it is impossible to forget; but we must confess that even her sweet elocution cannot give to *Clara* that secret charm by which Miss Faucit has made this character, as well as the *Pauline* of the same author, essentially her own. We have no space to notice the characters in which Mr. Kean has subsequently appeared; but we cannot refrain from observing that the

plays of the immortal bard require more than the meretricious ornaments of the stage—fine dresses and gaudy scenery—can ever give. They require that right conception of the poet, in which (although he is certainly improved) we deem Mr. Charles Kean lamentably deficient.

**THE LATE MISS CLARA WEBSTER.**—The following remarks on “the spirit of the age,” as exemplified in the disgusting apathy of the audience assembled at Drury Lane Theatre, on the evening of the melancholy accident which caused the death of this talented young lady, are from a very eloquent letter in the *Times*, subscribed S. G. O., and which is generally understood to be written by a respected gentleman in our own district, eminently distinguished for his Christian virtues and exalted philanthropy:—“A ballet, called, I believe, *The Revolt of the Harem*, was in course of representation at one of our largest theatres. One of its scenes represented women bathing. An actress in this scene accidentally set fire to the very light drapery in which, in such a scene, she was necessarily clothed. She rushes screaming about the stage, and is at last rescued from the flames around her by a carpenter courageously throwing her down and rolling on her. She is taken home; and, in spite of all that skill and attention could do, in a few days she dies. The audience who had looked on her in flames and heard her screams, remained in their seats, saw the performance of the ballet out, and went home at the usual hour. And now for a development of the spirit of the age. An inquest is held, a verdict returned of ‘Accidental Death,’ and then the Coroner tells the jury and the public—nay, it is said he sent for a candle and proved the fact—that an ingenious chemist has invented a starch which will make even the light drapery of the ballet-dancer fire proof; there is a funeral, and the scene closes. The cruel, heartless indecency of the spectators of such a scene, who could remain one moment longer than necessary at the theatre that night, receives no reproof; the nature of the scene exhibited passes without comment. Public decency has been outraged—a mother has lost her child by a shocking, cruel death. The public and the profession have gained a knowledge of fire-proofing starch. Henceforward the tender feelings of the playgoers need undergo no apprehension, though the ‘pet of the ballet’ should, in one of her most fascinating pirouettes, spin her scanty drapery over the very foot-lamps of the stage.”

We learn from a respectable provincial journal that the Reverend Vicar of Seaton, in Devonshire, is now most busily occupied in denouncing the Theatre. Why do not these clerical orators vent a little of their bile on the degrading Poor Law system and the murderous Game Laws?

**THE FINE ARTS.**—We are much gratified to find that a Society of Arts is about to be established in Bristol. We shall watch this projected institution with great interest.

We extract the following remarks from an extremely interesting paper in the *Athenæum*, on Sacred and Legendary Art, by Mrs. Jameson:—“In the old times the painters of these legendary pictures could always reckon securely on certain associations and certain sympathies in the minds of the spectators. We have outgrown these associations; we repudiate these sympathies. We have taken these beautiful works from the consecrated localities in which they once held each their dedicated place, and we have hung them in our drawing-rooms and our dressing-rooms, over our pianos and our sideboards; and what do they say to us? That Magdalen, weeping amid her hair, who once spoke comfort to the soul of the fallen sinner—that Sebastian, arrow-pierced, whose upward ardent glance spoke of courage and hope to the tyrant-ridden serf,—that poor tortured slave, to whose aid St. Mark comes sweeping down from above—can they speak to us of nothing save flowing lines, and correct drawing, and gorgeous colour? Must we be told that one is a Titian, the other a Guido, the third a Tintoret, before we dare to melt in compassion or admiration? or the moment we refer to their ancient religious signification and influence, must it be with disdain or with pity? This, as it appears to me, is to take not a rational, but rather a most irrational, as well as a most irreverent, view of the question. It is to confine the pleasure and improvement to be derived from works of art within very narrow bounds. It is to seal up a fountain of the richest poetry, and to shut out a thousand ennobling and inspiring thoughts: and such was the opinion of the late Dr. Arnold, whom no one, I imagine, will suspect of a leaning to Puseyism. In speaking of the pictures in the church of San Stefano at Rome, he remarks:—“No doubt many of the particular stories thus painted will not bear a

critical examination. It is likely enough, too, that Gibbon has truly accused the general statements of exaggeration. Divide the sum total of reported martyrs by twenty, by fifty if you will, but after all you have a number of persons, of all ages and sexes, suffering cruel torments and death itself for conscience sake and for Christ's; and *therefore*, he adds, 'pictures of this kind I think very wholesome, not to be sneered at, nor looked at as a mere excitement, but as a sober reminder to us of what Satan can do to hurt, and what Christ's grace may enable us to bear; neither should we forget those who, by their sufferings, were more than conquerors, not for themselves only, but for us.'

THE TAUNTON INSTITUTE.—We have received a number of letters from various correspondents in Taunton, five or six of whom describe themselves as members of this Institute, and all complaining of the annoyance which is occasioned to them and their fellow members by the narrow minded and canting, but vain attempt, which is annually made to obtain the closing of the News-room on the Sunday. It appears that for several years past an individual has attended the yearly meetings of the Institute for the purpose of renewing a futile debate on this question. His eloquence is described to us in language not the most complimentary, and it seems that although constantly defeated in argument and numbers, this valiant Sabbatarian intends to persevere until his pet motion is carried. Although feeling that the Sabbath is a day which entitles it to a sacred observance, apart from other days, we cannot see the objection to the perusal of a newspaper on that day. Where can be the sin? With what law of the Bible does it interfere? We believe that a newspaper has a useful tendency; it prevents the childish, the unprofitable, and oftentimes exaggerated conversation on men and things, which so constantly ensues on that day; and to the poor man especially the possession of a newspaper on a Sunday—for on that day alone has he time to read it—affords a rich mental treat, gives a humanizing turn to his mind and inclinations, which he could never obtain in a pot house. But we fear in the present instance we are wasting words. A man whose notions are so bigotted—so replete with intolerance; who can hardly walk on the same side of the street with a Catholic or Unitarian; who would have no politics unless they were based on spurious Evangelism; who wages a more than mortal warfare with the innocent amusements of life, and would have no social feeling aroused unless created at the missionary or tea meeting, is not amenable to the laws of common sense, is deaf to the remonstrance of reason, and is blind to his own insignificance.

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## GLEANINGS.

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At school friendship is a passion. It entrances the being; it tears the soul. All loves of after life can never bring its rapture, or its wretchedness; no bliss so absorbing, no pangs of jealousy or despair so crushing and so keen! What tenderness and what devotion; what illimitable confidence; infinite revelations of inmost thoughts; what ecstatic present and romantic future; what bitter estrangements and what melting reconciliations; what scenes of wild recriminations, agitating explanations, passionate correspondence; what insane sensitiveness, and what frantic sensibility; what earthquakes of the heart and whirlwinds of the soul are confined in that simple phrase—a schoolboy's friendship! 'Tis some indefinite recollection of these mystic passages of their young emotion that makes grey-haired men mourn over the memory of their school-boy days. It is a spell which can soften the acerbity of political warfare, and with its witchery can call forth a sigh even amid the callous bustle of fashionable saloons.—*Coningsby*.

Good breeding is the result of nature, and not of education; for it may be found in a cottage, and may be missed in a palace. 'Tis a genial regard for the feelings of others that springs from an absence of selfishness.—*Ibid*.

Conservatism is an attempt to carry on affairs by substituting the fulfilment of the duties of office for the performance of the functions of government; and to maintain this negative system by the mere influence of property, reputable private conduct, and what are called good connexions. Conservatism discards Prescription, shrinks from Principle, disavows Progress; having rejected all respect for Anti-

quity, it offers no redress for the Present, and makes no preparation for the Future. It is obvious that for a time, under favourable circumstances, such a confederation may succeed; but it is equally clear that on the arrival of one of those critical conjunctures that will periodically occur in all states, and which such an unimpassioned system is even calculated ultimately to create, all power of resistance will be wanting; the barren curse of political infidelity will paralyze all action; and the Conservative Constitution will be discovered to be a *Caput Mortuum*.—*Ibid.*

Fame and power are the objects of all men. Even their partial fruition is gained by very few; and that, too, at the expense of social pleasure, health, conscience, life. Yet what power of manhood in passionate intensesness, appealing at the same time to the subject and the votary, can rival that which is exercised by the idolized chieftain of a great public school? What fame of after days equals the rapture of celebrity that thrills the youthful poet, as in tones of rare emotion he recites his triumphant verses amid the devoted plaudits of the flower of England? That's fame, that, *s*—*real*, unquestioned, undoubted, catholic. Alas! the school-boy when he becomes a man finds that power, even fame, like everything else, is an affair of party.—*Ibid.*

There are some books when we close them—one or two in the course of our life—difficult as it may be to analyze or ascertain the cause,—our minds seem to have made a great leap. A thousand obscure things receive light; a multitude of indefinite feelings are determined. Our intellect grasps and grapples with all subjects with a capacity, a flexibility, and a vigour, before unknown to us. It masters questions hitherto perplexing, which are not even touched or referred to in the volume just closed. What is this magic? It is the spirit of the Supreme Author, that, by a magnetic influence, blends with our sympathizing intelligence, directs and inspires it. By that mysterious sensibility we extend to questions, which he has not treated, the same intellectual force which he has exercised over those he has expounded. His genius for a time remains in us, 'Tis the same with human beings as with books. All of us encounter, at least once in our life, some individual who utters words that make us think for ever. There are men whose phrases are oracles; who condense in a sentence the secrets of a life; who blurt out an aphorism that forms a character, or illustrates an existence. A great thing is a great book; but greater than all is the talk of a great man! And what is a great man? Is it a Minister of State? Is it a victorious General? A gentleman in the Windsor uniform? A Field Marshal covered with stars? Is it a Prelate, or a Prince? A King, even an Emperor? It may be all these; yet these, as we must all daily feel, are not necessarily great men. A great man is one who affects the mind of his generation; whether he be a monk in his cloister agitating Christendom, or a monarch crossing the Granicus, and giving a new character to the Pagan world.—*Ibid.*

A coquette is a being who wishes to please. Amiable being! If you do not like her you will have no difficulty in finding a female companion of a different mood. Alas! coquettes are but too rare. 'Tis a career that requires great abilities, infinite pains, a gay and airy spirit. 'Tis the coquette that provides all amusement, suggests the riding party, plans the pic-nic, gives and guesses charades, acts them. She is the steering element amid the heavy congeries of social atoms; the soul of the house, the salt of the banquet. Let any one pass a very agreeable week, or it may be ten days, under any roof, and analyze the cause of his satisfaction, and we might safely make a gentle wager that his solution would present him with the frolick phantom of a coquette.—*Ibid.*

We are too apt to believe that the character of a boy is easily read. 'Tis a mystery the most profound. Mark what blunders parents constantly make as to the nature of their own offspring, bred too under their eyes, and displaying every hour their characteristics. How often in the nursery does the genius count as a dunce because he is pensive; while a rattling urchin is invested with almost supernatural qualities because his animal spirits make him impudent and flippant! The school-boy, above all others, is not the simple being the world imagines. In that young bosom are often stirring passions as strong as our own, desires not less violent, a volition not less supreme. In that young bosom what burning love, what intense ambition, what avarice, what lust of power; envy that fiends might emulate, hate that man might fear!—*Ibid.*

MUSIC.—Oh, Music! miraculous art, that makes the poet's skill a jest; revealing to the soul inexpressible feelings, by the aid of inexplicable sounds! A blast of thy

trumpet, and millions rush forward to die: a peal of thy organ, and uncounted nations sink down to pray. Mighty is thy three-fold power! First, thou canst call up elemental sounds, and scenes, and subjects, with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! Lo! the voice of the winds—the flash of the lightning—the swell of the wave—the solitude of the valley! Then thou canst speak to the secrets of a man's heart as if by inspiration. Strike the lyre! Lo! our early love—our treasured hate—our withered joy—our flattering hope! And, lastly, by thy mysterious melodies thou canst recall man from all thought of this world and of himself—bringing back to his soul's memory dark but delightful recollections of the glorious heritage which he has lost, but which he may win again. Strike the lyre! Lo! Paradise, with its palaces of inconceivable splendour, and its gates of unimaginable glory!—*Vivian Grey*.

**THE UNFORTUNATE.**—The wretched wanderer of the night, whose only "home" is the noisome stew, reeking with the foul breath of infamy; whose emaciated, squalid, and care-worn features are bedaubed with the mockery of health; whose diseased and attenuated frame is decked in the gaudy rags of bygone pleasure; whose heart is sapped, whose memory is blighted, and whose breast is hopeless—none regard her with compassion—most with profound loathing and contempt. Few think of the hidden rock on which the fair vessel struck. The effect is seen and condemned, but the fatal cause escapes mole-eyed censure. Who thinks upon the probable treachery, falsehood, and villainy that have been exerted to corrupt the unbefriended, weak, and too confiding woman? Who inquires if the depravity, which glares in every expression, was drawn in with the first breath of life, and the blood tainted in the veins by the authoress of her being? Not one among the million that spurn the poor outcast, and, by adding to her misery, think to increase the moral observance on which they plume themselves. The creature of unhappy destiny—she who drew her first nourishment from the bosom of crime and ignorance—whose first lisp of infancy was the instructed curse—is thought of only as a wretch fitted for the cell and the felon's brand. The victim to fraud and perjury, whose every comfort, every joy, every hope is shattered and annihilated—whose once tender heart is made callous by sorrow—is remembered only to be despised. Meek-eyed mercy seldom sits in judgment on either.—*Old English Gentleman*.

**MESMERISM.**—There being nothing palpably absurd on the face of the subject,—only strange, unthought of, and overwhelming, to minds unaccustomed to the great ideas of Nature and Philosophy—the claims of Mesmerism to a calm and philosophical investigation are imperative. No philosopher can gainsay this; and if I were to speak as a moralist on the responsibility of the *savans* of society to the multitude—if I were to unveil the scenes which are going forward in every town in England from the wanton, sportive, curious, or mischievous use of this awful agency by the ignorant, we should hear no more levity in high places about Mesmerism—no more wrangling about the old or new names by which the influence is to be called, while the influence itself is so popularly used with such fearful recklessness.—*Miss Martineau*.

If you contend at all let it be for Truth; for truth throws a lustre on the combatant which error cannot do.

Names are but the arbitrary marks of conceptions. Sound honest principles possess a charm worth all other talismans.

To be deceived is not always a sign of weakness; for he that never deceives readily believes that others are as honest as himself.

Insolence is the offspring of ignorance and cowardice, and the mark of meanness. Sin and punishment are like the shadow and the body, never apart.

We should use a book as the bee does the flower.

**NATIVE CATS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.**—Several of the mischievous little animals, commonly called native cats, were destroyed by our dogs. They seem to occupy the same place in Australia that the weasel and ferret family do at home, being terribly destructive if they can get into the hen-house, not only killing to eat, but continuing to kill as many fowls or turkeys as they have time for, leaving a sad spectacle of mangled corpses behind them. They are pretty, but have a sharp, vicious countenance, very different to the deer-like expression of the herbivorous animals here. Their common colour is grey, finely spotted with white; the tail thin, covered with rather long, wiry hair, which forms a sort of tassel at the end. They are about the size of a lean, half-grown domestic cat, very agile, fierce, and

strong, and extremely tenacious of life. Dogs seem to have a natural propensity to destroy them, but sometimes find the engagement rather more equal than they might wish.—*Meredith's Sketches of New South Wales.*

THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.—I went to see and to explore the pyramids. Familiar to one from the days of early childhood are the forms of the Egyptian Pyramids; and now, as I approached them from the banks of the Nile, I had no print, no picture before me, and yet the old shapes were there; there was no change; they were just as I had always known them. I straightened myself in my stirrups, and strived to persuade my understanding that this was real Egypt, and that those angles which stood up between me and the west were of harder stuff, and more ancient, than the paper pyramids of the green portfolio. Yet it was not till I came to the base of the Great Pyramid that reality began to weigh upon my mind. Strange to say, the bigness of the distinct blocks of stone was the first sign by which I attained to feel the immensity of the whole pile. When I came, and trod, and touched with my hands, and climbed, in order that by climbing I might come to the top of one single stone, then, and almost suddenly, a cold sense and understanding of the Pyramid's enormity came down overcasting my brain,—*Eothen.*

THE AGES OF MOUNTAINS.—There is no part of geological science more clear than that which refers to the ages of mountains. It is as certain that the Grampian mountains of Scotland are older than the Alps and Appenines, as it is that civilization had visited Italy, and had enabled her to subdue the world, while Scotland was the residence of "roving barbarians." The Pyrenees, Carpathians, and other ranges of continental Europe, are all younger than the Grampians, or even the insignificant Mendip hill of Southern England. Stratification tells this tale as plainly as Livy tells the history of the Roman republic. It tells us, to use the words of Professor Phillips, that, at the time when the Grampians sent streams and detritus to straits where now the valleys of the Forth and Clyde meet, the greater part of Europe was a wild ocean.—*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation.*

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Passages in the Life of a Radical, by S. Bamford, 2 vols., 10s.—Zoe, the History of Two Lives, by Geraldine E. Jewsbury, 3 vols., post 8vo.—Valentine M'Clutchy, the Irish Agent, by W. Carleton, esq., 3 vols., post 8vo., £1: 11s. 6d.—Eothen, 2d edition, 1 vol., demy 8vo., 12s.—May Morn, and other Poems, by Swynfen Jervis, 2s. 6d.—Revelations of Russia, by an English Resident, 2 vols., 24s.—St. Etienne, a Tale of the First Revolution, by Miss Martin, 3 vols., post 8vo.—The Ward of the Crown, by the author of "Seymour of Sudley," 3 vols., post 8vo.—Lady Willoughby's Diary, so much as relates to her Domestic History, 2d edition, foolscap 8vo., 8s. cloth, 18s. morocco.—Letters of a German Countess, written during her Travels in Turkey, Egypt, &c., in 1843 and 1844, by Ida, Countess of Hahn-Hahn, 3 vols., post 8vo., £1: 11s. 6d.—Lady Cecilia Farencourt, by Henry Milton, esq., 3 vols., post 8vo., £1: 11s. 6d.—Beauties of Jeremy Taylor, 1 vol., post 8vo., 7s. 6d.—Arthur O'Leary, edited by Harry Lorrequer, new edition, 1 vol. 12s.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A," (Yeovil) in our next number.  
The lines sent by "C. A.," (Exeter) cannot be inserted. We know more than "C. A." was pleased to communicate to us.  
If "M. B." (Gay-street, Bath,) will favour us with her name in confidence, we will reply to the "private" letter.  
We are extremely sorry to be obliged to postpone the publication of the poem with which we have been favoured by Captain Bellew.  
It will be more convenient if our correspondents write only on one side of their paper.  
"M." We are very much obliged.  
All communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed to him at Mr. Custard's, Library, Yeovil.

*Errata in our last number.*—In the note to "The Poet's Love," for "Ricciardo," read *Ricciarda*. In "Wanderings of a Fay," line 30, for "the," read *his*.