

deserves to be himself severely punished. Pulling the hair or ears, rapping the head with a thimble or with knuckles, boxing the ears, slapping the cheeks or the mouth, are all brutal expedients. Nature has provided other regions for the exercise of discipline, and to them it should be confined. The head is the seat of the mind. It is more liable to injury than any other part. These irritating and annoying practices are far more likely to rouse the child to malignant passions, than to alleviate them.

4. The feeling with which you administer punishment will, generally, excite in the child a corresponding experience. If you bring anger, anger will be excited; if you bring affection and sorrow, you will find the child responding in sorrowful feelings; if you bring moral feeling, the child's conscience will answer back again. Anger and severity destroy all benefit of punishment. Strong love and severity will, if anything can, work penitence and reformation of conduct. — *Irish Teachers' Journal*.

Sir Walter Scott.

(*Spectator*.)

It is not surprising that there should be a general desire at this time to do honour to the memory of Scott—the healthiest and most human man of letters which this century has produced. We know little of Chaucer; but can scarcely doubt that he was one of the most genial and loveable of men; we can but dimly guess at what Shakespeare was, and imagine the charm of the companionship among the fields and lanes of Stratford; but of the poets or literary men whom we know best, there is not one who is at once so well-known and so much loved as Scott. Dr. Johnson, thanks to Boswell, is a perfectly familiar figure. We admire his robust virtue, we are amused at his obstinate prejudices, we revere him for the goodness, and are repelled by his ungainly habits; but we are still better acquainted with Scott than we are with Johnson, and our knowledge is not wholly derived from books, since there are few men with a tolerably wide circle of acquaintance who have not heard something about Scott from friends who knew him and loved him. The knowledge was sure to be followed by the love. Scott's heart, to use a common phrase, was always in the right place. Human nature was dear to him not because he was an artist, but because he was a man. He could tolerate people's foibles and appreciate their goodness and enter into their pursuits without a thought or feeling that he was better or cleverer than they. It was truly said by one of his dependants that Sir Walter treated every man as if we were a blood-relation, and he retained the honest warmth of his heart, the homely simplicity of his ways, when his genius had gained wealth and a popularity wholly unprecedented. Nothing can be more beautiful or more significant of Scott's manly, wholesome nature, than the friendship that existed between the Lord of Abbotsford and his faithful servant Tom Purdie, unless it be the affection, equally honourable on both sides, that Scott and Laidlaw felt for one another. Who does not remember the pathetic words addressed by the poet to his bailiff when he came back to Abbotsford to die? "Ha! Willie Laidlaw! Oh man, how often have I thought of you!" All through life home scenes and homes faces were ever the dearest to Scott; and when Abbotsford was crowded with lords and ladies, the owner, although "few men have enjoyed society more," was still happier in his woods with Purdie, among the trees he had planted with his own hands, or while dictating a story to Laidlaw. His thoughtfulness for others, which had been, as Mr. Palgrave points out, "the grace of his life," was evidenced to the last; and we can readily believe that "for the last chill in the affection of any one dear to him he had the sensitiveness of a maiden." The most manly nature is ever the most sympathetic and tender. It is beautiful to note also how perfectly free Scott was from all literary jealousy. Indeed his warmth of friendship often led him astray in criticism, as in the opinion he expressed of Joanna Baillie; and where, as in the cases of Wordsworth and Lord Byron, high praise was but fitting praise, his thorough appreciation of his friends' genius was expressed in no measured terms. Scott was a modest man, and seems in some degree to have been unconscious of his powers. He told Crabbe that his poetry formed "a regular evening's amusement" for his children; but that they had never read any of his own poems; and it is related of Miss Scott that when asked how she liked the "Lady of the Lake," she replied simply, "Oh, I have not read it! Papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as

reading." Southey had the impression, and showed that he had it, that he was scarcely second to Milton; Wordsworth could talk best about himself, and could recite only his own poetry; but Scott was singularly free from conceit, or perhaps we should call it the preoccupation, so often exhibited by men of letters. He even prided himself upon being a man of the world and it appears that he did show considerable wordly sagacity at times, but then it was generally in relation to other people's affairs. His judgement, when it was not overpowered by his imagination, was eminently sound, and there were few men better qualified to preside over a committee or at a public meeting, or whose advice on practical matters was better worth having. Neither fame nor wealth did any injury to Scott's healthy nature; he was too wise to be proud, too manly and too happy to be puffed up by his marvellous success; and through the great vicissitudes of his career we mark at all times the simplicity and veracity of a noble nature. Scott's secret connection with Ballantyne cannot, indeed, be justified. In this he erred, and the folly brought a terrible retribution; but it proved of how fine a metal the poet was made; and if the picture of Sir Walter in his adversity be one of the most affecting, it is also one of the most beautiful, in literary history.

Whatever Scott did, he did with his might, and his might was tremendous. He lived three or four lives in one: the life of an author, of an antiquary, of a sportsman and country gentleman, of a tradesman, and of a wealthy aristocrat who kept open house such as no man of letters had ever kept before. When the invasion of England was expected, Scott rode a hundred miles in twenty-four hours to rejoin his regiment; he was passionately fond of field sports, he was a forester, and knew as much about trees as men who have made them the study of their lives; and a casual observer seeing Scott after one o'clock, when he had "broken the neck of the day's work," might have thought that he had little to do save to enjoy the free open-air life of a Scottish laird. All this time he was performing gigantic feats of literary labour, editing important works, writing articles for the *Quarterly*, biographies, poems, novels, succeeding in every work he undertook, and answering innumerable correspondents. "My bill for letters," he once said, "seldom comes under £150 a year; and as to coach parcels, they are a perfect ruin." Yet Scott, amidst a multiplicity of labours never before undertaken by one man (we must include in the number the duties of a justice of the peace and a clerk of session), never seemed lacking in the demands made upon him. He was always ready to say a kind word, or to do a kind act, and knew the face and fortunes of every person on his estate. Like Southey, he befriended poor authors; his children always had access to his study, so also had his dogs, and for both he was ready at any time to lay down his pen. What a tender heart, by the way, the man must have had who, when his dog Camp died, excused himself from a dinner engagement on account of the death of a dear old friend!

As a novelist, Scott's unparalleled popularity fifty years ago has been perhaps in some degree diminished by the achievements of more recent writers of fiction. When our fathers were enjoying the humour of the "Antiquary" or the pathos of the "Bride of Lammermoor," there was no Dickens, no Thackeray, no Lytton, no Trollope, no Charles Reade, no Charlotte Brontë, no George Eliot. Some of these writers have surpassed Scott in breadth of humour, in profound knowledge of the human heart, in subtle analysis, in exquisite perfection of style. One sees almost at a glance how inferior he is in one direction to Dickens, in another to Thackeray, in another to George Eliot; but, taken as a whole, we think that Scott is still, as in his lifetime, though not by far the greatest writer of fiction in its highest form, the greatest of all modern writers of romance, the novelist who has given the multitude the largest measure of delight, and that of the purest kind; who has told the best stories, and has ennobled what he has written with the charm of the liveliest imagination. And that this charm is still powerfully exercised is evident from the fact that there are seven or eight editions of the *Waverley* Novels always upon sale and selling rapidly. Mr. Carlyle anticipates the time when they will cease to amuse. It is possible that new ages may require a new literature, but Scott's works have lost no popularity in fifty years. No wonder that Scotland is glad to celebrate the birth of her worthiest son; but Sir Walter is the "world's darling" also, and it has rarely happened that the world's applause has been bestowed so worthily.