Poetry.

Love.—A Child.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ROUFFLERS.

My mother, dear good creature, says
That Love with all his coaxing ways,
Is fierce as any ferret;
But, Lord, she'll never prove to me
That such a little child as he
Can hurt a girl of spirit.

I am sure the ev'ning before last,
The choicest, sweetest whispers pass'd
Between ——— but that's no matter:
I know, I thought Love very charming,
And not by any means alarming;
For all my mother's clatter.

However, just to ease my mind,
(Though we must keep my mother blind,)
I'll search for Love with Thomas;
For even if her fears are true,
An infant is no match for two;
He'd meet with something from us. S.

The Shepherd's Daughter.

Where the golden hand of morn
Touches light the signing fountain,
There a maiden lowly born,
Guides her flock along the mountain;
Bashful as the fawn, and fleet,
She invests the world with beauty;
Simple grace, and manner sweet,
Dignify her humble duty.

Sudden light has wreathed the earth,
Robed the fields and flowers in gladness;
New delights, too deep for mirth;
Gentle griefs too sweet for sadness,
Who this sudden charm hath wrought?
Sent this flow of bright revealings?
Mind, that springs with joyous thought!
Heart, that glows with heavenly feelings!

Surely, 'tis some angel strayed,
Not a shepherd's daughter solely,
Who hath earth like heaven arrayed,
In a light and love so holy!
Oh! when stars, like drops of pearl,
Glimmer o'er the singing water;
There I'll woo my mountain girl,
Proudly wed the Shepherd's daughter!

Imitation of Anacreon.

ODE XVI.

DESCRIPTION OF HIS MISTRESS.

Rise, master of the painting art, arise!
Exalt your glowing genius to the skies;
And, while the chasy Rhodian touch lies still,
Form, my dear dame, obedient to my will.
In graceful motion let her ringlets flow,
As jetty beauties to a breast of snow;
Paint her all breathless with the voice of love,
And all the living odours of the grove:
Paint her with blushing cheeks and waving hair,
And leave her forehead as the e'ry fair.
This, this, alone, a lover cannot please,
Unless to love is join'd a lovely ease;
To all alike a human form is given;
'Tis your's requested—to depict a Heav'n.
If with your art, you could enslave my eyes,
Form Venus beauteous, and Minerva wise;
Let roses blossom o'er her nose and cheek,
And Cupid's wanton in the dimples sleek;
On her sweet lips let luscious sweetness play,
As the chill'd violets inhale the day;
Let the dear graces round her bosom toy,
Blythe as the air, and as the zeypher coy;
'Tis your's to draw the cyncture, and the vest
Of beauty lavish, and in purple drest;
'Tis mine to bid the lovely vesture flow,
And hide the very charms we wish to know.
Enough—the beauty stands before my eyes,
She speaks a goddess and a lover dies!

From the London Court Journal.

Glances at Life in City and Suburbs.

BY CORNELIUS WEBBE.

THE HYPOCONDRIAC.—'Here's a day! a February day! an English day!—rain, snow, sleet,—sleet, snow, rain—snow, rain, sleet—reciprocated *ad nauseam*, and all in the course of three little hours of sixty minutes each!—Horrible climate!—wretched beings who are heirs to it!—Lapland is a perpetual paradise to it!—Siberia an eternal summer! * * * * Why should I stay here and die? for die I must—who can live in such a country? and how can people, respectable people, be guilty of such a lie as to say they *do live* in such a country?' They do not, and they know they do not. It is not life, nor is it death—it is some intermediate state which they cannot understand, and have no term to express. But I see the horrid distinction too plainly, and sink, sink momentarily under the knowledge!

'I'll go out—I cannot catch more than fifty exclusivlye English complaints, which no man attached to the institutions of his country can wish to be without. Yes, I'll go out, or I shall have that simpering Simpson calling again, pretending to cheerfulness—the impostor!—cheerfulness in the city! Preposterous lie! He comes here grinning, chuckling and crowing out his good humour, as he calls it—his melancholy, the unhappy man! That Johnson too threatened *he* would call—Heaven avert such an affliction! I hate that fellow, and I hate his fat French poodle waddling and wheezing about the place, like a hearth-rug with an asthma!—And that Mr. Mountmidden, the poet—the poet! bah! the puppy!—one sore-throat catching school—fellows who think a sonnet and a neckcloth incompatible! He'll be coming here, with his collar down on his shoulders like a greyhound's ears, and his eyes turned up to the attic window, as if apostrophising the nursery-maid over the way.

'I *must* go out: for only listen a moment to those eternal Miss Thompsons, next door, beating Rosina to death with wires! and he deserves the martyrdom: that intolerable Italian has done more to break the peace of this country than all the radicals and riotists in the last quarter of a century! And there's that Betty below, buzzing about like a bee, with that eternal carcarole! I begin to be of opinion with Mr. Rundell (Domestic Cookery, p. 15,) that '*maids* should be hung up for one day at least' * * I must go out; for if I stay at home I shall be bored again with that rhubarb headed doctor, counting my pulse and the fractional part of his fee at the same time—one, two, three, four, five pulsations—shillings, he means, in fewer seconds, and looking at my tongue—pah! what's my tongue to him, the quack! as Figaro sings, 'Let him look to his own.'

"Yes, I'll go out; for it is as safe out of doors as in. More wind! there's a gust! a Trinidad tornado is a trumpet solo to it! More sleet—more snow—and that's rain! What a climate! Good heavens! there's a gust! Hah! hah! hah! the chimney pots at No. 10 are off on a visit to those at No. 11—and the fox that surmounted the flue at No. 9 is at his old tricks with the pigeons at No. 8. Whew! well flown, pigeons! well run, fox! Down they go over the parapet, with a running accompaniment of tiles and coping stones! That slow gentleman with the umbrella—the whole is on his head—down he goes—he is killed! murder! no, up he gets again—away goes his umbrella! and now his hat! a steeple chase is sedentary to his pursuit! they have turned the corner, hat, umbrella and gentleman—two to one on the hat—no takers! * * * Oh, lachrymese laughter! melancholy mirth!

"Mrs. Fondleman, if any thing should happen to me in my absence—(why do you smile madam?)—my affairs are arranged; you will find my will in the writing desk; and the cash in the drawer will disburse your account for the last quarter."

"La, sir, are you out of your senses!"

"Suppose I am, madam, have not I, as an Englishman, the birthright to be so if I choose?—not a word more, madam, but give me my parabones, my cloak, my umbrella, and let me go, for go I will. * * It is a sullen and savage satisfaction, in a day like this, when nature plays the churl, and makes one dark and damp at the heart as herself to look abroad at her in her own wretched woods and swampy fields, and to see that she is as melancholy and miserable as she has made her unhappy children. * * * Pish! pah! poh! rain, sleet and snow! Merry England! But no matter—out I *will go*. No, I *will not* have a coach—a hearse would be more germane to the weather. It is of no use your dissuading me, madam, I am determined!

* * * * * *

[*Enter Boots.*]—Zur.

"What a brute! in a smock frock turned up—one hand in his pocket fumbling his halfpence—a head like a hedgehog—a mandrake in top boots and corduroys—with a Salisbury plaid of check—the entire creature, a personification of that elegant compound *chaw bacon*. What is man, if this Cyclops is one!

"Have you any thing to eat?"

"Zur?"

"Why do you stand there rubbing your hair down? It's flat enough, you sleek roughness.—Send your master."

"Ize no measter, zur."

"What have you then? who is your keeper?"

"Miesuz."

Well, send in the Sycorax. * * * * What a horrible dungeon of a room they have put me in! fit only for 'treasons, stratagems and spoils!' dark, dismal, black-wainscotted, and ringing to the tread like a vaulted tomb! But what does it matter? Can I be more dreary than my mind?—No. Then here will I take 'mine ease in mine inn.' * * * Now, d——n that peg in the wall! It was put up to hang a hat upon; but it seems by its look that it could sustain a hat wearer. And that imp there, perched on the top of it—how busy he is adjusting an unsubstantial rope, with a supernatural Jack-Ketch-like sort of solemnity! Shadows seem to flicker along the wall, and hideous faces mop and mow at me. That knot in the oaken wainscot glares like the eye of an ogre! The worm-eaten floor cracks and squeaks under my foot; and the cricket shrills horribly under the hearth-stone! And that hideous half-length of a publican of Queen Anne's Augustan age! How the plush-coated monster stares at me, like an owl from an ivy bush metamorphosed into a wig! I cannot bear this! Waiter! waiter!"

Laughable Incidents at the Liverpool Fancy Ball.

We have taken from the *Liverpool Albion* the following passages in reference to the fancy ball given at the conclusion of the late Musical Festival at Liverpool:—

At an advanced period of the evening, several individuals, intent upon observing the lovely beings who flitted, like fairies, across the scene, had stationed themselves upon the staircase. This was contrary to the regulations, and one of the stewards was sent to dislodge the gazers. Mr.——is remarkable for his urbanity, and every person moved off at his polite intimation, save a gigantic Turk, who maintained his post with a sullen gravity that might well have become the Eastern Sultan himself. "Sir," said Mr.——, "it is requested that the stairs may be kept clear." The infidel curled his lip and bent his brow, but made no reply. Mr.——looked rather blank at this. For our own parts we began to think that this was a real native of the Ottoman empire, and we have no doubt that some such thought passed across the mind of the worthy steward, for he cast rather a rueful glance at a scymitar, of huge dimensions, which the stranger grasped in his left hand. Summoning courage, however, he said, "Sir, I must request that you will leave this spot." The eye of the Turk gleamed with double ferocity, as he exclaimed, with a growl, "Sir, it is impossible!" The steward, nettled, said "Sir, if you do not leave the spot instantly, I'll call ——" "Ah! dog, dost thou threaten me?" cried the Turk, grasping the handle of the scymitar; but the steward had prudently retired out of reach. The Turk, bursting with suppressed laughter, seized the hand of his alarmed friend, saying, "Is it possible that you do not know me?" "Bless my soul, T——, is it you! why your mother would not know you." The parties were intimate friends.

The suite of rooms belonging to the Town hall were crowded to excess. "Of comfort no man spoke;" for there was scarcely room to move. This arose from the avenue leading to the underwriters' room and the refreshment room not having been yet thrown open. In this direction the high pressure principle was acted upon to a degree that proved extremely inconvenient to those individuals who stood not within the moderate compass of their fellows. "Let me have men about me that are fat," said a merry wag, who dressed as Figaro, stood steaming with perspiration, jammed between the ponderous paunches of two persions of the Falstaff calibre. Notwithstanding the crowd, however, numbers of individuals were hardy enough to attempt dancing, though, for any display, the sets might as well at this time have been formed inside the omnibus.

One incident amused us. A professional gentleman of this town, who was splendidly attired in a court dress of the last century, was passing across the floor of one of the small rooms, when he was accosted by an individual dressed as a *Child of the Mist*. Silently the Gael took the hand of our friend, and gazed intently in his face. The latter gazed in turn. "I know your face, Sir, but—but—I cannot call to mind where I have seen you." The Gael placed his finger, with a mysterious air upon his lips, and was about to depart.—Curiosity rose predominant over politeness, and the gentleman caught the arm of the mysterious personage, and forcibly detained him for a minute or two, begging that he would mention his name. Still the sign of silence was repeated with a countenance of the utmost gravity. A young lady, daughter to the gentleman in the court dress, came up, "Sandy," said she, addressing the Gael, why did you leave us?"—"Sandy!" exclaimed the gentleman, a light breaking in upon him, "Is it possible?" It was his own cousin.—"Hoo came ye no' to ken me, mun!" exclaimed the *Child of the Mist*.

Mr. Charles Wilkins, barrister, of Manchester, personated *Napoleon*. The dress was exceedingly characteristic, and Mr Wilkins supported the character admirably, as the following anecdote will show:—As he was passing across one of the ante-rooms, a young man dressed as the *Duke de Reichstadt*, advanced to him, and, after a formal salute, said, "Behold your son!" After uttering some fustian on the state of Europe, &c., the young man expressed his pretended feelings of gratification at having met a father. "How's your mother?" exclaimed *Napoleon*, drily. The *Duke de Reichstadt* seemed thunderstruck at this reply, and left his newly found parent without answering the question, while the auditors, who had gathered round, were convulsed with laughter.

A gentleman took up a lady's veil from the floor, and presented it to a pretty little lady, with a request that she would deliver it to the owner—"Pardon me," said she, "I don't intend to take the veil yet." A barrister requested a flower-girl to dance with him, "And what law will justify such a step?" inquired she. "I know of none," replied he, "but the Lex Taglioni."

The Maid Servant

Must be considered as young, or else she has married the butcher, the butler, or her cousin, or has otherwise settled into a character distinct from her original one, so as to become what is properly called the domestic. The maid-servant, in her apparel, is either slovenly and fine by turns, and dirty always; or she is at all times snug and neat and dressed according to her station. In the latter case, her ordinary dress is black stockings, a stuff gown, a cap, and a neck-handkerchief pinned corner-wise behind. If you want a pin, she just feels about her, and has always one to give you. On Sundays and holidays, and perhaps of afternoons, she changes her black stockings for white, puts on a gown of a better texture and fine pattern, sets her cap and her curls jauntily, and lays aside the neck-handkerchief for a high body, which, by the way, is not half so pretty. There is something very warm and latent in the handkerchief—something easy, vital, and genial. A woman in a high-bodied gown, made to fit her like a case, is by no means more modest, and is much less tempting. She looks like a figure at the head of a ship. We could almost see her chucked out of doors into a cart, with as little remorse as a couple of sugar loaves. The tucker is much better, as well as the handkerchief; and is to the other, what the young lady is to the servant. The one always reminds us of the Sparkler in Sir Richard Steele; the other of Fanny, in Joseph Andrews.

But to return. The general furniture of her ordinary room, the kitchen, is not so much her own as her master's and mistress's, and need not be described: but in a drawer of the dresser or the table, in company with a duster, and a pair of snuffers, may be found some of her property, such as a brass thimble, a pair of scissars, a thread-case, a piece of wax candle much wrinkled with the thread, an odd volume of Pamela, and perhaps a sixpenny play, such as George Barnwell or Mrs. Behn's Oroonoko. There is a piece of looking-glass also in the window. The rest of her furniture is in the garret, where you may find a good looking-glass on the table; and in the window a Bible, a comb, and a piece of soap. Here stands also, under stout lock and key, the mighty mystery—the box—containing among other things her clothes, two or three song-books, consisting of nineteen for the penny; sundry tragedies at a half-penny the sheet; the Whole Nature of Dreams laid open, together with the Fortune Teller, and the Account of the Ghost of Mrs. Veal; the Story of the beautiful Zoa, who was cast away on a desert island, shewing how, &c.; some half-crowns in a purse, including pieces of country-money, with the good Countess of Coventry on one of them riding naked on the horse; a silver penny wrapped up in cotton by itself; a crooked sixpence, given her before she came to town, and the giver of which has either forgotten or been forgotten by her, she is not sure which; two little enamel boxes, with looking glass in the lids, one of them a fairing, the other "a trifle from Margate;" and lastly, various letters, square and ragged, and directed in all sorts of spellings, chiefly with little letters for capitals. One of them, written by a girl who went to a day school, is directed "miss."

In her manners, the maid-servant sometimes imitates her young mistress; she puts her hair in papers, cultivates a shape, and occasionally contrives to be out of spirits. But her own character and condition overcome all sophistications of this sort; her shape, fortified by the mop and scrubbing-brush, will make it's way; and exercise keeps her healthy and cheerful. From the same cause her temper is good; though she gets into little heats when a stranger is over saucy, or when she is told not to go so heavily down stairs, or when some unthinking person goes up her wet stairs with dirty shoes, or when she is called away often from dinner; neither does she like to be seen scrubbing the street-door steps of a morning; and sometimes she catches herself saying, "drat that butcher," but immediately adds, "God forgive me." The tradesmen, indeed, with their compliments and arch looks, seldom give her cause to complain. The milkman bespeaks her good humour for the day with "Come, pretty maids." Then follow the butcher, the baker, the oilman, &c., all with their several smirks and little loiterings; and when she goes to the shops herself, it is for her the grocer pulls down his string from its roller with more than ordinary whirl, and tosses, as it were, his parcel into a tie—for her, the cheesemonger weighs his butter with half a glance, cherishes it round about with his patties, and dabs the little piece on it to make up, with a graceful jerk.

Thus pass the mornings between working, and singing, and giggling, and grumbling, and being flattered. If she takes any pleasure unconnected with her office before the afternoon, it is when she runs up the area-steps or to the door to hear and purchase a new song, or to see a troop of soldiers go by; or when she happens to thrust her head out of a chamber window at the same time with a servant at the next house, when a dialogue infallibly ensues, stimulated by the imaginary obstacles between. If the maid-servant is wise, the best part of her work is done by dinner-time; and nothing else is necessary to give her perfect rest to the meal. She tells us what she thinks of it when she calls it "a bit o' dinner.' There is the same sort of eloquence in her other phrase, "a cup o' tea;" but the old ones, and the washerwomen beat her at that. After tea in great houses, she goes with the other servants to hot cockles, or what-are-my-thoughts like, and tells Mr. John to "have done then;" or if there is a ball given that night, they throw open all the doors, and make use of the music up stairs to dance by. In smaller houses, she receives the visit of her aforesaid cousin; and sits down alone, or with a fellow maid-servant, to work; talks of her young master or mistress and Mr. Irvins (Evans); or else she calls to mind her own friends in the country, where she thinks the cows and "all that" beautiful, now she is away. Meanwhile, if she is lazy, she snuffs the candle with her scissars; or if she has eaten more heartily than usual, she sighs double the usual number of times, and thinks that tender hearts were born to be unhappy.

Such being the maid-servant's life in doors, she scorns, when abroad, to be any thing but a creature of sheer enjoyment. The maid-servant, the sailor, and the school-boy, are the three beings that enjoy a holiday beyond all the rest of the world; and all for the same reason—because their inexperience, peculiarity of life, and habit of being with persons and circumstances or thoughts above them, give them ail, in their way, a cast of the romantic. The most active part of money-getters is a vegetable compared with them. The maid-servant, when she first goes to Vauxhall, thinks she is in heaven. A theatre is all pleasure to her, whatever is going forward, whether the play, or the music, or the waiting which makes others impatient, or the munching of apples and gingerbread nuts which she and her party commence almost as soon as they have seated themselves. She prefers tragedy to comedy, because it is grander, and less like what she meets with in general; and because she thinks it more in earnest also, especially in the love-scenes. Her favourite play is "Alexander the Great, or the Rival Queens." Another great delight is in going a shopping. She loves to look at the patterns in the windows, and the fine things labelled with those corpulent numerals of "only 7s."—"only 6s. 6d." She has also, unless born and bred in London, been to see my Lord Mayor, the fine people coming out of Court, and the "beasties" in the Tower; and at all events she has been to Astley's and the Circus, from which she comes away equally smitten with the rider and sore with laughing at the clown. But it is difficult to say what pleasure she enjoys most. One of the completest of all is the fair, where she walks through an endless round of noise, and toys, and gallant apprentices, and wonders. Here she is invited in by courteous well dressed people as if she were the mistress. Here also is the conjurer's booth, where the operator himself, a most stately and genteel person all in white, calls her ma'am; and says to John by her side, in spite of his laced hat, "Be good enough, sir, to hand the card to the lady."

Ah! may her "cousin" turn out as true as he says he is; or may she get home soon enough and smiling enough to be as happy again next time.

THE VISIT.

In one of the freezing days of our climate, a young physician, but recently married, invited his wife to accompany him on a visit to one of his patients.

'You are romancing, James; what! visit a family without an introduction or an invitation, or exchanging cards!'

'In this family, my dear Amanda, there are no ceremonies of cards,' said James; 'but they will not be less pleased to see you.'

'I never used to go to see poor people,' said Amanda, thoughtfully; 'but,' continued she, after a short deliberation, 'I'll go with you, James, any where.'

They passed from the handsome street of their residence to a public square, and crossing over, entered a small alley, in which Amanda saw a row of houses in a manner that showed they were for the laboring classes. Crossing the whole range, they entered the last house, and at the last door Dr. Ledson gave a gentle tap. A common woman opened it, and welcomed him.

Two chairs were immediately set, one with the back broken off, the other rickety and unstable.

Before the fire were two little children seated on the hearth, making a noise which the attendant female vainly endeavoured to quell. A girl of about ten years of age came out of a small pantry bed-room, and smiled as she spoke.

In a large rude chair sat a thin female. She looked up when Dr. Ledson addressed her, but neither smiled nor spoke. Her complexion was sallow by illness, her lower jaw had fallen from its socket, and her teeth chattered with the vain endeavour to close the mouth.

On receiving some nourishment from the hand of her companion, she seemed revived.

'I am glad to see you, Doctor, though I had hoped to have been released from my wretchedness before now. I do not complain, but my bones have started through the skin, and I suffer'—she shivered and stopped an instant. 'I thought it very hard when I lost my baby last summer; but I see it was kind; what would have become of it now? I must leave these, young enough, to take care of themselves, and my husband is none of the *studdiest*.'

She did not weep—she was past that human feeling. Amanda looked on in silence. She had learned more of life's state from the scene than she could have acquired from volumes. She felt now a wiser woman at eighteen, than she would otherwise have been at twenty-five.

It brings down all our vanity and little repinings, a spectacle of such woe. Even the almost total insensibility of the sick, was more touching than ordinary sorrow. It gave a feeling of so much that must have been endured before.

'Is this your sister?' said the woman.

'No,' said James, and Amanda smiled as he replied 'it is my wife.'

'Is it your wife?' said she, showing some vivacity. 'How sweet she looks. Can she sing? Oh, can she sing "I would not live always."'

How often had Amanda sung that carelessly before. She felt awed and humbled now by every syllable that floated on her soft rich tones around in the narrow apartment.

The dying looked up so thankfully that she even looked pretty. A slight hectic relieved her vivid countenance. She said audibly, 'I hear the angels singing now around me,' and then relapsed into a monotonous groan of weariness.

The young girl shook hands beseechingly as the young couple left, and in a subdued voice, Amanda whispered 'we will take care of you.'

Who like the physician, save indeed the minister, is called upon to see human nature in every stage, in every shadow of a tint! The rich and poor, the delicate and the coarse, the learned and the ignorant, come before him without disguise.

Amanda thought before that she had loved her husband; but luxury is a Dead Sea atmosphere, in which the noble passions sicken and lie motionless. She clung to James' arm as she returned home, with a feeling of devotion to him, that she had never even imagined before; and in the pleasure she experienced in softening the horrors of her fellow-creatures' poverty, she found every day new cause to rejoice in having shared her fortune with one, who, if he brought to her no addition of her earth's wealth, had taught her that there is a way of employing it, that will awaken the purest delight.

Self-Educated Men and a Wise System of Education.

We continue our extracts today from the splendid inaugural of President Hopkins, and invite the attention of our readers particularly to the passages referring to a "Wise System of Education."

We hear much said about self-educated men, and a broad distinction is made between them and others; but the truth is that every man who is educated at all, is, and must be, self-educated. There are no more two methods in which the mind can make progress, than there are two methods in which plants can grow. One seed may be blown by the winds, and cast upon the southern, or perchance on the northern side of some distant hill, and may their germinate and take root, and do battle alone with the elements, and it may be so favored by the soil and climate that it shall lift itself in surpassing strength and beauty; another may be planted carefully in a good soil, and the hand of tillage may be applied to it, yet must this also draw for itself nutriment from the soil, and for itself withstand the rush of the tempest, and lift its head on high only as it strikes its roots deep in the earth. It is for want of understanding this properly, that extravagant expectations are entertained of instructors, and of institutions, and that those who go to college sometimes expect, and that the community expect, that they will be learned of course—as if they could be inoculated with knowledge, or obtain it by absorption. This broad distinction between self-educated men and others has done harm; for young men will not set themselves efficiently at work until they feel that there is an all-important part which they must perform for themselves, and which no one can do for them.

And here I may mention, that from this view of the subject, it is easy to see what it is that constitutes the first excellence of an instructor. It is not his amount of knowledge, nor yet his facility of communication, important as these may be; but it is his power to give an impulse to the minds of his pupils, and to induce them to labor. For this purpose, nothing is so necessary as a disinterested devotion to the work, and a certain enthusiasm which may act by sympathy on the minds of the young. It is from the decay of this, that courses of lectures and of instruction once attractive, often cease to interest. When a teacher has advanced so far beyond his class, or has become so familiar with his subject, as to feel no interest in its truths, then, however well he may understand them, and however clearly he may state them, he is not all that a teacher ought to be. He who carries the torch light into the recesses of science, and shows the gems that are sparkling there, must not be a mere hired conductor who is to bow in one company, and bow out another, and shew what is to be seen with a heartless indifference, but must have an everliving fountain of emotion that will flow afresh as he contemplates anew the works of God, and the great principles of truth and of duty. This is no more impossible in regard to the beauties and wonders which science discloses, than it is in regard to the more obvious appearances of nature, and the instructor may adopt in spirit the words of the poet:—

"My heart leaps up when I behold
The rainbow in the sky,
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man.
So let it be, or let me die:
The child's the father of the man;
And I would my days should be,
Bound each to each in natural piety."

It is such a one alone who can know the pleasure of carrying forward a class of ingenuous youth, and watching them as they gain new positions, and take in wider views till the whole prospect is at their command. And when, as sometimes happens, he has a class of an opposite character, and his instructions fall dead, and no interest is excited, it is he alone who can know the anxiety, I had almost said agony, with which, as the prophet of old upon the dead body of the child, he once and again as it were puts his mouth to its mouth, and his eyes to its eyes, and stretches himself upon the class, and finds no life come. And he alone knows how cheerless and hopeless, and slavish is the dull routine of his labors after that. There are, it seems to me, few modes of gaining a living short of actual villainy, which a man of sensibility would not prefer to it.

With such an object, and such a method, our further views respecting education will be determined by the opinions we may have formed respecting the faculties of man which are to be perfected, and the relative attention to be bestowed upon each. On these points there are different views, and views substantially the same may be involved in different classifications. I may however remark briefly, as my limits compel me, that a wise system of education will regard man.

First, as possessed of a body which is to be kept in health and vigor. It is now agreed that the health of the body is to be one great object of attention, not only for its own sake but from its connection with a sound state and vigorous action of the mind.

Second. A wise system of education will regard man as possessed of intellectual faculties whose object is truth. It is upon these faculties that education has too often spent all its force. In cultivating these, we may point out the great sources of provision which mankind are liable in their search after truth, to strengthen the memory, to exercise the judgment, to teach the mind both to apprehend and carry on general reasonings, and to descend to details; we are to make distinctions, and go back to first principles, and always careful to quicken and keep in exercise all that there is of that most rare quality, good common sense. As far as possible, knowledge is to be common; and as we are not to aim so much at a world of world men whose minds are all on a level, those who have the power of attention, habits of analysis, and of accurate discrimination, and of intellectual labor, and the power of communication.

Third. A wise system of education will consider man as having faculties whose object is beauty. That part of our frame whose object is beauty and sublimity, (if I may use a word expresses it exactly,) does not properly receive its due share of attention, and is sometimes wholly overlooked. The neglection of these emotions is by some pushed, though dry intellects, rejected as effeminate, and they are often buried up almost for pursuits of ambition and of wealth. But it is not for nothing that nature addresses herself to this part of our constitution in a thousand forms, and with a thousand voices; that she has so frequently united beauty with utility, and even stamped it with an independent value by often setting it alone. It is not for nothing that she has consulted apparently by painting the flower, and turning the green side of every leaf to the eye, and dipping in gold the plumage of the bird, and painting its pomp of hues the coming and the parting day. Nor was it merely to impart a transient pleasure; but it was that the exercise of this part of our nature might throw a refining and softening influence over the rest, and lead us to carry the principles of taste into our manners and outward conduct. If there is nothing morally good in these emotions, they are they naturally allied to goodness, and seem to be its twilight; they are the first step in the creation, from mere matter to moral worth and beauty. And if this can be done, which is by no means certain, cultivate directly this part of what may be called the emotive or affective part of our frame; we at least need not overlay it, and carry forward education as if it did not exist. We may appreciate it, we may dwell upon it, we may favor to some extent the operation of circumstances in eliciting it.

Fourth. It is hardly necessary to say that a wise system of education will regard man as possessed of a moral nature, the subject of which is goodness.

This implies the combined action of the rational and affective nature of man, and is their consummation and final cause. The union of cultivated intellect and refined taste with moral corruption, however common it may be, is monstrous; and if there are institutions, the legitimate tendency of which is to produce that result, they are a curse to the community. As in the intellect we endeavour to form the mind, if I may be allowed the expression, to self-progress, so in morals we are to endeavour to form it to self-government. This gives us our principle in moral education. Evil is in the world, and must be met. This world was intended to be a place of trial, and if a scheme of optimism can be made out upon any supposition, it is upon this. Temptation cannot be excluded. It leaped the walls of Paradise, and the frontier which we have to guard is far too wide to enable us to prevent its incursions. Our main reliance must lie in strengthening the citadel. There should be no needless exposure; there should, if possible, and this is the point to be attended to, be *none* till there is strength to meet it. The youth must, if possible, be prevented from tasting the cup of Circe, till we have shown him the swine that had once been men; he must be kept from the fascination of the serpent, till we have shown him its fangs; and having done this, we must commit him to his own keeping, and to God.

Summary.

DR. PENDLEBURY.—If all the faculty in Manchester were guided by the same sense of duty as Dr. Pendlebury, the poor would have no cause to complain. In a lecture given at the Marsden-street Medical School he said—"If a medical man understood the treatment of a disease, however poor or mean the subject of such might be, every principle of virtue and humanity would dictate to him that he was bound to employ his best information and talents, and to exercise every kindly feeling and all proper softness of manner, in order to remove or alleviate it, whether or not he expected any pecuniary return for his services."

RAPID COMMUNICATION.—A line of telegraphs is established from Liverpool to Holyhead. The distance from one place to the other, and back is 144 miles. To a question put at the one place, an answer has been received from the other, in the incredibly short space of twenty-five seconds!

DUBLIN GAZETTE.—Mr. Price, the patentee, has surrendered his right on a superannuation of £1,500 a-year. He is nearly related to the Castlereagh family, and about 85 years of age. No government advertisements in the *Gazette* are to be charged in future, and any profits over the expense of printing and management will be credited to the public.

WM. Marsden, Esq., LL.D. F.R.S., who recently died, in his 82d year, at Edge Grove, Aldenham, was author of several well-known works connected with the history and languages of the East. His family were of Derbyshire extraction, but he himself was born in Ireland, and went to India at an early age. Soon after his return to this country he published "The History of the Island of Sumatra." About 1795 he was appointed second Secretary to the Admiralty, by Lord Spencer. After his retirement from public life, in 1807, he resumed the studies of his youth, and has left behind him a number of publications which are well known to the Orientalist. Since the death of Lord Stowell he has been the senior member of the club which was founded by the great lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, Edmund Burke, and Sir Joshua Reynolds, and known by the honorary designation of "The Club." Mr. Marsden some time ago exhibited a not very common instance of patriotism, in voluntarily resigning a pension of £1,500 a year, which had been bestowed on him as the reward of his public services.

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